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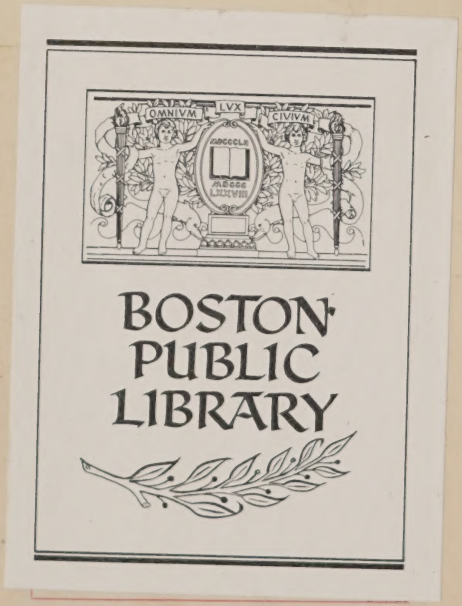

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ERRATA.

Page 1, date line, For "1867" read "1868."
" 3, second paragraph, For "Kervuegen" read "Kervéguen" wherever the name occurs.
" 389, second column, line 14, For "restorations" read "restoration." Line 25: for "Durham" read "Denham." Line 34: for "Calamella" read "Columella."
" 390, first column, line 24 from bottom, For "poem" read "form."

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The Week.

The holidays have happily made political news scarce. Congressmen, being in the bosom of their families, have withdrawn their piercing gaze from the nations of the earth and their affairs. The Emperor Theodorus is apparently to be left to fight it out with the British without the help of belligerent rights; the Fenian interests are left uncared for; the national banks, the bondholders, the freedmen, and the rebels are all enjoying a respite. Mr. Johnson has said nothing of consequence for some time, and done nothing except remove Generals Ord and Pope; the reconstruction process goes on without interruption, no massacre of whites having been attempted by the blacks on Christmas day. The whites still continue to cry for the disfranchisement of the freedmen, and do appear to suffer occasional inconvenience from their voting. We wish, for our part, the freedmen were better educated; but the world turns round always in the one direction, and no crying or lamenting will make any change. The winter bids fair to be one of unusual gloom and depression everywhere. There is unquestionably great poverty and suffering in the South, which will undoubtedly complicate the political problem seriously. We know of nothing now so important for the reorganization of Southern society as a revival of industry and a rise in the price of cotton. The ballot is a great thing; but the natural man craves also beefsteak and potatoes.

Probably General Pope's radicalism is the cause of his removal. It must have been for a long time trying in the extreme to Mr. Johnson and elderly men in Georgia and Alabama. Whether General Meade will be willing to make their case any easier, or whether, with the new constitution formed and pretty sure to be ratified, he will be able to make it any easier, remains to be seen. We believe neither in his willingness nor his ability to give a different complexion to the reconstruction affairs of the Third District, but it is among the possibilities that the news of Pope's removal may, coming just at this time, affect the vote on the acceptance of the constitution. General Swayne, who, we suppose, has had in his hands the government of Alabama, and in whom General Pope must have found a sagacious counsellor and an able administrative officer, has also been removed, and there is little doubt was singled out by the President by advice of old Alabamians, who knew how powerful General Swayne had been both with Governor Patton, the Alabama legislature and convention, and with General Pope, and who knew how he had circumvented old Alabamian plans. Mr. Johnson's removal of him is a tribute to the thoroughgoing character of his Republicanism; yet he is not a Radical in any bad sense of that term. General Ord is said to have been removed at his own request. Little has been heard from his district. The Mississippi convention is elected, so is the Arkansas convention, and even if a less honest gentleman than General McDowell were going to take General Ord's place, we should have little fear that the Congressional scheme of reconstruction would be effectively interfered with. General Swayne's removal seems to be the most regrettable part of the business. Meade and McDowell do not badly replace Pope and Ord, but of all the four probably no one so well understands the duties of command in the South as General Swayne, and he might be of very much more service to the country while in Alabama than at Nashville as colonel of an infantry regiment.

The negro insurrection, which has been postponed from year to year for several years, failed of making its appearance this year also. We believe the terror on the part of the whites was not so heart-sickening on the Christmas just passed as on former occasions. The governor of Mississippi, however, got out an absurd proclamation. We do not know whether he is more to be pitied if he did or did not believe what he wrote. There was not the least disturbance in his State. In Mobile the insurrection took the form of a procession of negroes through the principal streets and an assemblage to listen to speeches—"incendiary," the Associated Press says. In another part of Alabama the rising consisted of the murder of a negro family, "said to be thieves," by four white men who were drunk at the time, and whom General Swayne has by this time arrested. In South Carolina, North Carolina, and Georgia the negro leaders seem to have advised their secret bands to keep themselves perfectly quiet; and in Florida, also, they "bide their time." At Hampton, in Virginia, a sheriff named Lattimer made a murderous assault on a negro and then locked himself into his house. This being surrounded by the colored population of the town, he ran, but was caught and severely beaten. At the intercession of three of the negroes their companions released him. The riot act was read at Hampton and apparently "the horrors of St. Domingo" came nearer being "reinaugurated" at that place than at any other. The rising is undoubtedly put off till next Christmas, by which time the negro, unaccustomed to think for himself, unwilling to labor, made insolent by the radical gang with Stevens at their head, may be depended on to rouse his brutal passions and reinaugurate, etc.

The efforts to take Grant's nomination "out of the hands of the politicians" still continue, and "Grant clubs" and "committees" are making their appearance all over the country. An organization of this kind has been got up in this city under the auspices of Mr. A. T. Stewart, and is composed entirely of leading merchants and lawyers. It seems to be Mr. Stewart's aim to have them use their business connections throughout the country to create or foster a feeling in favor of Grant's nomination which will leave the convention when it meets no choice. But it would be just as well not to rely as much as Mr. Stewart seems inclined to do on the capacity of "men of business," as "men of business," for this kind of work. "Men of business" as such, unfortunately sometimes, fortunately at others, affect public opinion very little, and New York men of business less than those of any other place of nearly its size and importance. The "politicians" know this as well as anybody, and if they are bent on mischief will not be deterred from shelving Grant by his having the endorsement of any

number of merchants. Those who want Grant elected must produce something more stirring in his behalf than a mercantile testimonial to his "soundness."

Mr. Raymond has made an important contribution to the history of the Pennsylvania Convention, showing that it originated with Messrs. Johnson and Seward, that they intended it to be not the foundation of a new party but a kind of tonic for the Republicans, which was to clear their heads and brace their nerves. All the doubtful and wavering men were to be brought in by it, and the extravagant to be toned down; but it was not intended to help the Democrats in any manner or form, unless the Republicans should nominate "extreme Radicals;" in that case Mr. Johnson was to "desire the election of Democrats in their stead." Mr. Raymond was earnestly urged to go into the Convention for the purpose of writing an address, embodying the views which he had promulgated a few days previously in a speech in the House, and which had excited Mr. Johnson's highest admiration, and Mr. Raymond agreed to do so, after some hesitation, but with the understanding that if it fell under the control of the Copperheads he would "bolt." In the propriety of this stipulation Mr. Johnson cordially concurred. We know what the result was. The whole undertaking was due to a deplorable misapprehension of the state of Northern feeling—which in Mr. Johnson might be excused, but in Mr. Seward and Mr. Raymond not so readily—together with a great deficiency of sense of the humorous on the part of some of the managers, we can hardly say which—probably Mr. Doolittle. Nobody who was not fatally wanting on that side of his nature could have contained himself when it was proposed to make Messrs. Orr and Couch walk up the aisle arm-in-arm. In fact, we do not remember a better illustration in political history of the value to a politician of a ready perception of the fun of things. There is little doubt, however, that the Convention would never have worn so black a look if Mr. Johnson had not resolved to compensate himself for its failure by "swinging round the circle" immediately afterwards. The tour in the West was regarded by the country as the sequel of the meeting in Philadelphia, and people naturally enough concluded that any proceedings of which the Cleveland speech formed a part could hardly be worse than they were painted. Altogether it was one of the most singular, and at the same time drollest, incidents of the crisis. It lost the *Times* the position it had acquired during the war by pluck, constancy, and good sense, and enabled the *Tribune* to appear as if fresh from the fray with streaming wounds, battered armor, and a terrible countenance for foe. During the remainder of the year the "weak-kneed" fled from Mr. Greeley with as much trepidation as if he himself had been a man of iron.

We have frequently called attention to the exposures of Radical misconduct at the South which our Democratic contemporaries are nearly every week obliged to make. This misconduct, of course, varies greatly in its nature; but it commonly consists in the despatch of negroes, of a "brutal expression of countenance," on errands of divers degrees of atrocity, from merely fraudulent voting up to rape and massacre. A somewhat novel outbreak of Radical villany has, we learn from a "special despatch" to the Louisville *Courier*, occurred at a Radical nominating convention at Nashville, Tenn. On this occasion Judge Brien "hauled off and struck Senator Corry in the face," and a scene of confusion followed "which can only be rivalled by pandemonium itself." They adjourned to another building for the sake of more room, and there "the shrieks and yells could be heard *for miles*," and the meeting broke up in the wildest confusion. "It was," adds the reporter, though quite unnecessarily, "an exclusively Radical affair, and the proceedings were disgraceful in the extreme." "The negroes," who were two thousand in number, he tells us elsewhere, "were manipulated and controlled by about two dozen white Radicals." The latter must certainly have had a busy time of it, particularly as the negroes "at times cuffed and dragged each other while shrieking and yelling like demons." It is hard to know which to admire most—the vocal powers of the convention or the dexterity of the two dozen whites in "manipulating" two thousand blacks, who were cuffing, dragging, and yelling while in the hands of their guides, and, of course, were more or less under the influence of whiskey.

There was an incident at the New England dinner in this city last week such as is seldom witnessed in a social gathering of any kind, and least of all of the kind to which the New England celebration belongs. Mayor Hoffman assailed the Yankees in a style with which few people are familiar who have not had the privilege of listening to the light badinage by which the glowing hours are occasionally chased in the lower order of bar-rooms or on the forward deck of coasting or river steamers. There is often a good deal of fun made by what we call "live men" of attention to the smaller proprieties of life, but no close observer of human nature has ever failed to detect a very intimate connection between morals and manners, and a man in Mr. Hoffman's position who forgets himself as he forgot himself last week, does a real injury to the community, none the less real because its effect is not immediately visible. Bad manners are a sign of barbarism; and barbarism, if it means anything, means selfishness and coarseness and bluntness of the moral perceptions. A New Englander who behaves in the way in which Mr. Hoffman, at a dinner to which he was invited by New Englanders, insinuated that the New Englander is apt to behave, is certainly a very disreputable person; but it must be admitted that a Dutchman who would throw his vices in his teeth at his own board, after having dined with him, would be fit company for him. It is useless to talk of Mr. Hoffman's performance as a joke. Bad, ill-timed, unseemly jokes are amongst the most serious things in the world, and they are never so serious as when a high public functionary perpetrates them, because the discredit of them is not borne by himself alone.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who is better known as "Historicus," has called public attention to the question of the common law doctrine of the indissolubility of allegiance, with a view to its modification. He shows that it is of purely feudal and mediæval origin; that it had no foundation in Roman law; that it has received no countenance from modern writers on international law; that it was the product of a state of society and manners which has for ever passed away; that, in view of the enormous scale on which emigration to this country now takes place, it is absurd, inconvenient, and even dangerous, and he asks that it be overhauled by a "mixed commission," and that the English and American law of allegiance be assimilated to the French law, as laid down in the Code, on the basis of Cicero's famous dictum, that nobody should be forced against his will either to change his country or not to change it. The necessity for "a mixed commission" it is hard to see. Each country can readily determine what theory of citizenship suits its convenience, and it is quite certain that neither England nor America will go farther than France went sixty years ago in loosening the ties of "natural allegiance." Moreover, it is for Congress, we take it, to fix the exact force and meaning of American naturalization.

The Fenian "agitation" continues in England, the means employed being, as usual, assassinations, midnight assaults, infernal machines, fires, explosions, and mock funerals. This mode of expressing discontent has, so far as we remember, never before been resorted to, even when all outcry by pen or tongue was prohibited, by any civilized people however weak or outraged; the lowest raccs, when all else fails, turn and fight against any odds, but there seems to be no fight in the Fenians. If their present performances secure candid attention to Irish wrongs on the part of England, it will be the worst blot that English history has ever received. That a constitutional government should have remained for two centuries deaf to argument and entreaty, and should then surrender to Greek fire, powder barrels, explosive letters, vitriol bottles, and assassination, is something new under the sun, and as shameful as it is new. It is hard to say whether the Fenians or the English liberals will have most reason to hang their heads hereafter whenever Irish reform is spoken of.

The opening of the Mexican Congress has taken place with the proper solemnities and with a very sensible and appropriate address from President Juarez. Nobody who thinks that all a country needs to be free and well governed is a good paper constitution and a chief magistrate animated by the right kind of sentiments but must have been cheered by the spectacle. But then there is already news of

rebellion in half-a-dozen places; the high roads swarm with brigands, who make travelling impossible; people are robbed or held for ransom in broad daylight in the streets of the capital, and the treasury is empty. In fact, the country is giving every possible proof, all the proof that any country has ever given, that it is not yet fit for republican government, and that the proceedings in the City of Mexico are but dissolving views. We call attention to the matter once more as an illustration of the truth that, to be free, people must not only desire but know how to be free.

It is now much more fully recognized than it was a month ago that the French people are by no means friends of Italy, and that in supporting the Pope against Italy, Napoleon has really appealed from his own nobler instincts and better judgment to the passions and prejudices of the least enlightened portion of the population. The check in Mexico and the rise of Germany have maddened them, and probably nothing said in the late debate touched the popular heart so much as M. Thiers' exclamation that no government in its senses would raise up a nation of 25,000,000 on its own border. The army bill has been again brought forward with some modifications, the principal one being the concession of greater facilities for marriage. The term of service is fixed at nine years, of which four are to be in the reserve. The Chassepot rifle rises every day in the estimation of military men—the Prussians themselves acknowledging its superiority to the needle-gun.

It was undoubtedly the general opinion both in France and throughout Europe, prior to the late debate in the French Chambers, that the Emperor had interfered somewhat unwillingly for the Pope's defence—that his opinion of the temporal power or his intentions with regard to it remained unchanged, and that he simply sent troops to Rome to prevent France from being humiliated by the open breach of the Convention of September 15. Even so acute an observer, and one so distrustful of the Emperor as M. Eugene Forçade, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was so satisfied of this on the first of December, that he confidently anticipated the meeting of the proposed Conference, and the successful solution of the Roman difficulty by it, in a sense favorable to Italy, and with the approval of France. This theory has, however, been blown to the winds completely by M. Rouher's speech in the Corps Législatif, in which he announced with passionate, and yet deliberate earnestness, that "Italy should never have Rome." It is well known, too, that his speech was delivered after a lengthened private conference with the Emperor. This, of course, puts an end to the conference scheme. If France be determined to uphold what is called the "temporal power," in any event, of course there is nothing to confer about, and that such is her determination M. Rouher emphatically declared. This admission has, of course, taken everybody by surprise—both Napoleon's friends and enemies—and it is looked on as a decided indication that his recent reverses have alarmed him so seriously that he has thrown himself into the arms of the clerical party. The clergy are of course jubilant. The two French cardinals demand, if necessary for the Pope's security, the destruction of the Italian Kingdom. One of them compared Mentana to Thermopylæ, and the other has discovered that Garibaldi is a coward. The *Univers*, in an account of a visit to the battle-field, describes a dead Pontifical Zouave as wearing a radiant smile on his face, while a dead Garibaldian beside him "looked damnation." There was a rumor by the Cable on Tuesday that the Conference would yet meet, but it does not deserve credit.

In the meantime the condition of Italy is deplorable. The southern provinces are threatened with insurrectionary movements; the Parliament is so split up, parties so pulverized, that no ministry seems able to count on a working majority. Ratazzi's vacillation and tergiversation have demoralized everybody. General Menabrea has been defeated, and proposes to dissolve, and appeal to the country; the finances are in an alarming condition, and trade and commerce languishing under the prevailing uncertainty and anxiety. Moreover, there is not much sign of either pluck or audacity amongst the politicians, and the people while waiting for a leader, are settling down to hate the French with that silent, steady Italian hate which for so many centuries has been Italy's only weapon. Garibaldi is back in Caprera a sadder and we hope a wiser man. His latest exploit gives singular point to Cavour's witty saying, that Giuseppe was only a sham Garibaldi, that the real Garibaldi was the king; meaning that Garibaldi without the government and the nation at his back was a mere simulacrum.

The long-bruited charges of corruption against the French press were brought out into broad day in a recent debate in the French Chamber by M. de Kervuegen, a Breton count, and of course a partisan of the Papacy, who alleged, on the strength of information received from Berlin, that 1,500,000 francs had been divided amongst the five leading French liberal journals by the Prüssian Government to get them to advocate a peace policy. M. de Kervuegen made his charge in detail but without mentioning the names of the papers, but before he had done, the excitement of the opposition became intense, and M. Guéroult, the editor of the *Opinion Nationale*, a liberal paper of the Prince Napoleon hue, advanced upon him in what the reporters call a "threatening manner," which, we suppose, means that he gave signs of an intention to pummel him with his fists—whereupon there was a terrible uproar such as we used to have at Washington in the old days of Barksdale and Roger A. Pryor, and after the adjournment the outraged editors proposed a court of honor to hear and sift the charges, and M. de Kervuegen accepted the proposal. The enquiry will be interesting, as it will be the first application of the laws of evidence to a kind of suspicion which has long floated about both in Paris and London with regard to all the leading newspapers, though we doubt if the public faith in their corruptibility has ever been so strong as that of the public here is in the corruption of American newspapers. We doubt very much, however, whether there has ever been a journal bought up by anybody either here or in Europe without the fact being tolerably well known and without a decided distinction being made in popular estimation between it and its fellows. We believe the cases are very rare indeed in which the course of a great newspaper in either France, England, or America has been determined by the cash it had received. Puffing in return for advertising patronage is not uncommon, but we doubt if any paper has ever preached war or peace for a bribe without the fact getting abroad and its losing all character by it, and we doubt if any prosperous paper has ever done it on any terms. When governments or cliques want an "organ" to advocate base interests from base motives, they generally are forced to buy up some old jade whose praise or censure has long had difficulty in finding a market. In the present day no sovereign or individual can afford to pay a great paper for being dishonest what it gets from the public for being tolerably honest.

One of the most singular manifestations of the hostility of the priests to modern ideas is the opposition of the French clergy, headed by the now famous Bishop of Orleans, M. Dupanloup, to the movement for the higher education of women. All attempts to teach women to *think*, to give them any other education than what is called "the education of the heart," and which is supplied by the priests, they treat, and rightly, as a blow struck at the supremacy of the Church. If the hold of the clergy on the Frenchwomen of the middle class were loosened, the Church would have lost all foothold in the towns, as the men have long abandoned it. The worst of all movements towards religious reform, both amongst the French and Italian Catholics, is, however, that they pass from Catholicism into pure materialism, from absolute credulity into absolute negation. It is the fear of this which makes Protestants like M. Guizot strong supporters of the Pope. As we said last week, the ideal side of the French character seems just now under an eclipse, and plays a much less prominent part both in their politics and literature than it has done for forty years. The rapid exhaustion of the expedients by which the Imperial régime has been thus far sustained, the increasing financial complications, and the growing distrust of "personal government," no longer amongst the cultivated Liberals only, but amongst the body of the people, seem to promise before many years another convulsion, out of which, perhaps, something better may come.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE EARTH-HUNGER.

THE purchase of Russian America has produced symptoms of a revival of that craving for more soil which was such a marked incident in politics in the old days of the anti-slavery agitation. The Southern leaders managed in this as in other matters, with considerable dexterity, to use one of the national aspirations or weaknesses for the benefit of the peculiar institution, and, under pretence of gratifying a healthy appetite for expansion, were successful in adding thousands of square miles to the area of slave territory. With more patience, more forbearance, and more caution they would have come much nearer than they ever did to the realization of their dream of a vast collection of slave states along the shore of the Gulf, supplying the Union with cotton, sugar, and statesmen, and submitting in return to as much of its rule as the slaveowners found convenient. Their over-eagerness proved their ruin. It made expansion repulsive to the North by associating it with the extension of slavery, and caused slavery at last to be treated territorially, and to be repressed rather by denying it room than by waging direct war on it as a moral or political evil.

Now that slavery has passed away, and that extension of territory means in reality the enlargement of the area of freedom, Mr. Seward has evidently come to the conclusion that the public taste for it can readily be revived, and that in the gratification of it lies a sure road to popularity. Whether he is right or wrong, time only will tell. We suspect, for our part, that the increasing soberness of the national judgment and the increasing confidence of the people in the value and solidity of other titles to distinction than mere extent of superficial area, have done much to block up this avenue to the popular heart. We doubt very much whether a nation which has gone through successfully the ordeal of the last six years can readily be persuaded by such orations as Caleb Cushing and Franklin Pierce used to deliver that it has received an enormous accession of power and dignity from the annexation of such a patch of the earth's surface as Aliaska; or that all it needs to put the finishing touch to its fame and importance is the acquisition of the Dominion of Canada; or that, unless it can secure such a port as that of St. Thomas in the West Indies, it will fall an easy prey in the next war to British and French cruisers. The reports, messages, resolutions, and other state papers that appear on these subjects are of course interesting reading. Aliaska has value; so has Canada, and so has St. Thomas; but nobody who has ever seriously considered in what the sources of American greatness consist, or by what circumstances the future of this country is to be shaped, can help feeling that there is something very youthful—almost amusingly youthful—in the solemn disquisitions on the importance of annexing them with which our statesmen and admirals occasionally favor us. Admiral Porter's picture of the naval value of St. Thomas, for instance, though doubtless perfectly accurate, was written apparently in boyish forgetfulness that value is a relative term, and that what might be of the last importance to Holland or Denmark or Belgium is, after all, to the United States only a bagatelle.

The fact is, that the figure the United States is to cut in the world hereafter, the part it is to play in the family of nations, and the influence it is to have on civilization, religion, or politics, depend no more on the extent of its territory than on the color of the people's hair or the length of their noses. There was a period in the national history when the extent of the national area was of great moment; but that has passed away. This Government has for over half a century possessed every material advantage necessary to produce the greatest power ever seen in the world or ever dreamed of by poet or philosopher—a power whose natural growth alone will probably half a century hence not only render it unnecessary to buy naval stations in the West Indies or give hundreds of millions for Cuba or Canada, but make every and any hostile nation in the world afraid to come near the West Indies or acknowledge that it had any interest in any spot of soil on this continent. Moreover, it is not the extent of our territory that is winning the race for America or "giving the battle to her hands." There are tracts of land in Eastern Europe nearly as fertile as ours, of easier access, of enormous extent, but European emigrants avoid them as if they were plague-stricken, and seek homes beyond the ocean, under a more rigorous climate and amidst stranger social conditions. The magnet which draws them is not that America is the biggest country in the world, but the freest, the best-governed, the least taxed and policed and vexed by "authority." The moral and political atmosphere makes even the fever-haunted swamp or forest a more attractive home than the alluvial plains of the Danube or the breezy steppes of Southern Russia.

There can hardly be a question that the too rapid spread of population is prejudicial to good government. More than this—we believe few careful observers will deny that although the opening up of the West by steam has added enormously to our material wealth, it has not added in the same ratio, or anything like the same ratio, to our moral and political strength. A certain denseness in population is well known to be necessary to steady growth in civilization, to the preservation and strength of popular reverence for law, for property, for human life. A sparsely settled country is pretty sure to be a semi-barbarous one. The scattering of population over wide areas, which slavery made necessary, was one feature of Southern society which did much to degrade it below the Northern level in civilization, more than anything else except slavery itself; and until the South is more thickly settled than it is now, we do not anticipate for it any rapid moral or material advance. The minister, the schoolmaster, the newspaper, the bookseller and the post-office, and all other civilizing agents, work at an enormous disadvantage when they have to deal with families living five or ten miles apart from each other. Moreover, the habit of self-defence, of trusting for little or nothing to the organized force of the community at large, and for nearly everything to individual courage and energy, though it produces some valuable traits of character, produces also a ferocity of temper, an impatience of the slow processes of law, which are a curse to society. This temper is developed from the necessity of the case in all colonial settlements. But our colonies—for the whole of our Western settlements are colonies—differ from those of all other nations and ages in this, that they are never cut loose from the parent community. They continue to form part of it morally as well as materially, and instead of being governed by it, or being left entirely to govern themselves, help to govern it, and, by constant intercourse, help to influence its manners and ideas. Consequently, the civilization which prevails in New Mexico and Colorado influences our civilization. Their political and moral ideas and their manners act upon and modify our political and moral ideas and manners. We cannot reach any very great height of refinement or cultivation as long as we have communities fastened to us in which, as the other day in New Mexico, the chief-justice is murdered by a member of the Legislature, and the Legislature itself is largely made up of the scamps and vagabonds of the district. We have no hesitation in saying that much of the decline in moral and political tone at Washington and elsewhere during the last fifty years, of which intelligent observers complain, is due to the enormous preponderance in government and society given by the railroads and steamboats to communities scattered over immense areas, and slenderly influenced either by church or school or social intercourse.

There is in this, too, no imputation cast on the far West under which it need wince. It has done wonders under the circumstances; but the circumstances have been such that more than wonders, impossibilities, were necessary to prevent deterioration. We are constantly talking of the immense force of New England character and manners; but what kind of manners and character would they be, of what value to religion or civilization, does any one suppose, if New Englanders, instead of being cooped up along the sea-coast in dense communities for a hundred and fifty years, in strict subjection to a mental and moral discipline the like of which for strengthening purposes the world has never seen, had scattered through the forest as soon as they landed, and left every family to become a law unto itself?

We are suffering just now from political corruption—a corruption which is eating its way into nearly every State Legislature, and which,

unhappily, is also reaching the courts; we are suffering from drunkenness; from crimes of violence; from growing indifference to law; from widespread contempt for training and study; from a clumsy, corrupt, inefficient civil service, whose agents, instead of serving the country, defile and disgrace it through their dishonesty and incapacity. We have before us the tremendous problem of reconciling to each other the white and black races at the South—of reducing the whites to civilized subjection to the law, and of teaching the blacks to use the law temperately and intelligently for their comfort and security, and not for vengeance or proscription. We have to make head against the great tide of barbarism which our vast frontier is ever rolling back on us, and at the same time to raise up to the American level the vast horde of immigrants which are every year deposited on our shores without any other preparation for their new life than discontent with their old one. We have, too, to strengthen the national conscience to resist the assaults of the crop of demagogues whom every political trouble brings to the surface, who seem to seek the national dishonor with almost satanic eagerness, and to find their highest happiness in persuading the community to do things which no individual would like to confess to his son that he had a share in. To ask us to pay large sums of money for new patches of territory and new naval stations under these circumstances, under pretence of assuring the national future, is very like the remedy which old topers prescribe for the headache following on a debauch. If the national future be in peril at all, it is not for want of territory but from excess of it—not because we have not soil enough, but because we are unable to cover what we have with law, order, religion, and education.

THE LATEST PHASE OF FENIANISM.

THERE is, probably, no question of foreign politics which interests the United States at this moment so much as the Irish question. In all other questions the interest of Americans may be said to be speculative or sentimental or humanitarian merely. But the Irish question is almost as much a question of American as of British politics. There are nearly as many Irishmen in America who are only nominally Americans and bestow their hearts and allegiance elsewhere as there are Irishmen in Ireland who are only nominally Britons. Moreover, the growing power of the Irish element in American politics, combined with the growing determination of Irishmen to make the United States assist, by some means or other, in the solution of the Irish difficulty, opens up nearly as troublous a prospect, though happily less clouded with moral responsibility, for the American Government as for the British. The United States occupies towards Ireland now a position very similar to that which France occupied in the last century. After the Revolution of 1688, and the final overthrow of James II., the Irish flocked in nearly as great numbers in proportion to population to France as they have during the present century flocked to the United States, with this difference, however, that the Irish emigrants to France were recruits for the French army, while the Irish emigrants to the United States include women and children, and are in search of better food and better clothing and a better future for their descendants. But the participation of the mass of the Irish voters in American politics is due to very much the same feeling as the participation of the Irish troops in the wars of Louis XIV.—the desire of annoying and damaging the English. Of interest in France or her affairs, the famous "Irish Brigade" made little pretence, although it is calculated that in the first half of the eighteenth century nearly half a million of Irishmen died in the French service.

With the French Revolution as an uprising against Church and King the Irish had not a particle of sympathy, any more than they had with the late war of the North against the slaveholders. The Irish in France probably all stood by the old régime, just as the Irish here in the main sympathized with the Confederacy; whatever sympathy the popular cause in France received from the Irish at home, was due to the fact that England was opposed to it. But there was one feature common to both the French Revolution and the late war here which caused them to exert a powerful influence on Irish affairs — each brought a first-class power into an attitude of hostility to England, and each threw out of employment a large number of Irishmen, possessing more or less knowledge of the military art, and eager to use it against Great Britain. Each also—and perhaps this is the more important of their effects—sent a strong tide of democratic feeling into Ireland, though in Ireland the democratic wave, whenever it passes over the island, takes a local hue unknown either to Frenchmen or Americans. The French Revolution accordingly produced the "United Irishmen" and the rising of 1798, just as the late war has, we do not say produced Fenianism, but lifted Fenianism from the position of a little whiskey-stained conspiracy in a Chatham Street grog-shop into the rank of a formidable association, aping the airs, and exercising some of the powers, of a regular government. The United Irishmen had, however, a maddened population at their back who rose and fought like furies, though without a trace of military spirit or of military skill, while the Fenians have only a discontented and hopeless peasantry, who will do nothing for them but keep their secret. The regular Fenian "army" in Ireland, who plunder the gunmakers and hold midnight drills, are generally young clerks and artisans from the towns, whose imaginations have been fired by Fenian literature and oratory. In campaigning they have proved the most harmless and best-natured men in the world, and will hardly fight as long as any other means of exhibiting their dislike to English rule is left open to them. The immense popularity of the mock funeral rites which have been celebrated so extensively for the men who were hanged in Manchester has been undoubtedly due to the strong dislike to more "active operations" which most of the Brotherhood contracted during the brief campaign against the police last spring; and the blowing-up of the jails and assassination of single policemen is probably partly a revival of the traditions of "Whiteboyism," which have never wholly died out, and partly a copy of the Confederate operations at the North during the closing year of the war.

The hope of the Fenian leaders now is beyond question that England will get into a war somehow, with somebody, and that they will then at last find both an ally and a purchaser for their services. Ireland, in its present state of discontent, would be a very formidable auxiliary to a foreign enemy if England ever lost the control of the sea. It was her complete command of the sea which deprived Napoleon of the aid of the Irish malcontents, and made the expedition which landed in 1797 under Humbert, at Killala, such a complete failure, and prevented the Emperor from ever again attempting to operate against England on this her vulnerable side. In any future war, also, no enemy will ever be able to use Ireland against England which is not able to beat England in a fair stand-up fight at sea, and keep the Irish ports open. A foreign army in Ireland which did not also hold the sea would find itself in a *cul de sac*. Whether England is still the mistress of the seas, even of her own seas—whether the sceptre has not departed from her with the application of steam and iron-plating to war vessels, is one of those momentous problems which nothing but a great war, with France or the United States opposed to her, will solve; and the solution is so doubtful that we think most Englishmen shrink instinctively—perhaps unconsciously—from seeking it, just as a man who feels poorly shrinks from having his heart or lungs examined, though persuaded in his own mind that they are sound. There can, we think, hardly be a question that this vague misgiving has had much to do with the firm adhesion of the English public of late to a peace policy, and the strange indifference they have of late displayed to any loss of prestige which is not caused by positive reverses in the field.

Foreign interference in Ireland she would have little difficulty in crushing if she was able to hold the ports; and the bigger the invading army was, the more rapidly would its fate come upon it. Armies need stores and arsenals; Ireland would furnish neither one nor the other, and the help the Fenian chiefs would supply would be of a kind that would in three weeks either drive a French general mad or cause him to try his Chassepot rifles upon them. An American general would be more patient, partly from his greater experience of volunteers and raw levies, and partly from his greater sympathy for the Irish, and partly because his army would be largely made up, under such circumstances, of Irishmen; but his patience would simply bring his destruction on him somewhat sooner. England, too, has her sympathizers in Ireland. One-fourth of the population are on her side, heart and soul, and they

happen, unfortunately for the Fenians, to be the fourth which possesses nearly all the education, money, and organizing power to be found in the island. If they were properly let loose at this moment, a very large portion of the country would become far more unsafe for the Fenian leaders than any district in England.

Nevertheless, the present state of things cannot and ought not to last. It may be quite true, and we believe is true, that one cause of Irish trouble over and above English misgovernment is, that the Irish have not moved on in the general stream of European progress, that they have not yet emerged from the clan condition, and that they are, therefore, still unable to grasp and comprehend the great political ideas by which the other constitutional nations of the world are guided. English rule has undoubtedly done much to check their development, and fix certain archaic ideas in their minds, by presenting civilization, liberty, and progress to them in the guise of foreign oppression. The danger now is that this stoppage in their growth has lasted so long that it cannot be immediately cured. There is hardly a question that the political condition of the country during the last three or four hundred years has not simply made the people poor, discontented, and hostile to England, but has formed a type of character which it will take three or four generations of good government to change; and without this change the country can hardly hope for prosperity.

The Church Establishment is unquestionably doomed. The great body of the Catholic gentry, who have hitherto taken but little part in political agitation, have just signed a solemn protest against it, which is doubtless but the opening of a vigorous contest in the House of Commons; and we should feel tolerably confident of a speedy and satisfactory issue if it were not that nobody is able to suggest any good mode of disposing of the church property, worth about $100,000,000. A considerable portion of it would be absorbed in compensating the present holders of benefices, but enough will still remain to furnish the finest bone of contention over which parties ever fought. The priests say they will not have it, and if they will not have it, or any part of it, what is to be done with it? Until this is settled, everybody is afraid to move; but movement there will unquestionably be. So, also, the land question will doubtless soon receive the only solution which we fear Englishmen will ever accept, by making the good-will of farms legally salable, as it is now customarily salable in the province of Ulster. The adoption of the Stein system is talked of, but we are satisfied the "landed interest" in Parliament must be totally overthrown before it will be more than talked of. When all this is done, however, we do not see that any immediate change in the condition or feelings of the people is likely to follow. The Church Establishment now hurts nobody, except in his feelings; its abolition would produce no effect on the physical condition of the people. The change in the land tenure will doubtless be a substantial boon, but it is a boon by which this generation would profit very little. The proximate cause of the Irish farmer's misery is his ignorance, his want of capital, his want of enterprise, and the badness of the climate. For all these things, except the last, bad legislation is to blame; but not one of them can good legislation at once remove.

Moreover, the dream of national independence has taken fast hold of all that portion of the population which is now active in its demonstrations of hostility to England. That it is a wild dream; that it can never be realized for even a month except by the overthrow of the British Empire, and that the overthrow of the British Empire would be speedily, if not immediately, followed by the absorption of the British Isles by some Continental power, either France or Germany, every sensible politician knows perfectly well. But there is no politician either in England or Ireland who is capable of convincing the Irish Fenians of this. Their knowledge of the world is too slight, their political experience too limited in range, and their political judgment too feeble, to make it of any use to argue with them on the subject. How little political discussion there is amongst them, in the sense in which the more advanced nations of the world understand the term—that is, balancing of advantages and disadvantages, counting of chances, calculation of means, enumeration of facts, of moral and physical and political forces, any one may satisfy himself by dipping into the Fenian periodical literature of this country or listening to the Fenian speeches at the meetings here. He will find that neither orators nor writers ever attempt argument at all, that they appeal incessantly to the imagination and passions of their hearers, and invariably dwell upon the wrongs inflicted by the English on Ireland, and on the desirableness of getting the English out of Ireland, as if these things furnished the means of achieving Irish independence. Six hundred years of wrongs are talked of as if they were equivalent to six hundred thousand men or six hundred millions of dollars. England is spoken of as if she were simply a great tyrant and oppressor, and were not also a first-class power, upheld by nearly thirty millions of one of the most martial races in the world—with a great fleet, a great army, boundless treasure, and had not behind her a history which, numerous as its stains may be, has perhaps matchless power of inspiration. In a word, one never sees a Fenian speech or article which takes any more account of the facts of the case, or makes the Fenian future any clearer, than a street ballad might do.

This indifference to facts and insensibility to the ordinary political argumentation, while it makes the Irish, perhaps, the least formidable rebels that have ever existed, renders them the most troublesome malcontents. We doubt if any statesman has ever had a problem of greater difficulty presented him than their pacification. What the war in this country has done for them is to make the immediate solution of this difficulty imperative. The good-for-nothing adventurers who go over from America to raise the standard of revolt are simply a new species of Jeremy Diddlers. They do not perform anything they undertake to perform, but they excite hopes amongst the Irish which make them tenfold more troublesome to England than if they took the field under General Burke or General Sweeny or James Stephens. Of the Fenian armies a battalion of police is fully able to dispose; but the spectacle which Ireland now presents of a whole people lavishing its ingenuity in inventing expressions of hatred and discontent, is one before which the most subtle, the most experienced and far-seeing of English statesmen may well stand puzzled and appalled. In one sense, it is a most instructive spectacle. It furnishes, next after the Southern rebellion, the most awful warning of modern history against wrong and oppression—yes, more than this, against compassing even good ends by cruel or unjust means. It says as plainly as if it were written, that you must not seek to civilize men or to convert them or even to enlighten them with the sword or the whip; that so surely as you do, you will sooner or later learn through confusion and failure that God has reserved to himself the fashioning of the great channels of progress and civilization.

THE JUDICIARY UNDER DISCUSSION.

The Constitutional Convention now sitting at Albany has spent a good deal of time in discussing the judicial system of the State with considerable advantage to its own members, and we trust not without benefit to the public. There is no subject of greater importance to the welfare of the State; and we regret, not that so much, but that so little time has been devoted to its consideration, and that so little attention has been given to it by the people and the press.

In the course of the debate, Judge Daly, of this city, justly urged that the courts ought to be so thoroughly upright and independent that no one could even *suspect* them of corruption or favoritism; and without discussing the truth or probability of the charges made against the courts, he referred to the *North American Review* of last July as an example of grave and sweeping imputations upon the administration of justice in New York, proceeding from a quarter of high respectability and remaining entirely unanswered. He claimed that such an event was never known under the old judicial system, and that the mere fact of widespread doubt as to the probity of any of the judges was strong evidence not of the want of integrity in the particular persons who might be suspected, but of the defects of a system which left room for suspicion.

A Mr. Schumacher violently resented this allusion to the article in the *North American Review*, which he declared was a foul libel concocted "by a notorious corruptionist and an English ticket-of-leave man"—the former epithet referring, we understand, to an eminent

lawyer whose worst enemies do not suspect him of the slightest use of corrupt influences, and the latter to a well-known literary man of perfectly respectable character, who, we have good reason to believe, had no more to do with the article in question than Mr. Schumacher himself. This personal abuse was the staple of the argument in defence of the judiciary of this city. A general assertion that the article in question was false and scandalous was certainly made; but as some of the charges contained in the article are notoriously true beyond doubt or controversy, such a general denial is evidently made in bad faith. A man who swears that the sun does not shine cannot expect to be believed upon any other point; and a lawyer, addressing his brother lawyers of the city of New York, might just as well say that the sun does not shine as deny the truth of *all* the accusations brought against the judges.

We have referred to this debate because it affords an apt illustration of the line of argument pursued by all who attempt to vindicate the existing order of things in this city. There is absolutely no reply possible to the charges freely made against the administration of justice except personal abuse. If it be said that the charges thus met are themselves attacks on personal character, still that does not constitute any apology for this mode of defence. Charges of corruption must necessarily be personal. Of course, they may proceed from sources utterly unworthy of respect, as where they are made by men out of their right mind or of notorious propensities to falsehood. But this defence, if relied upon, must be very clearly made out. It will not do to argue that the accuser is unworthy of belief *because* he makes such charges. That is reasoning in a circle of the worst kind. Yet it is constantly resorted to in dealing with this subject.

The fact is, that the rumors affecting the integrity of the courts, which are now so widespread, have originated among the most reputable members of the bar, and are most firmly believed by the best classes of citizens. The deterioration of the courts in this city is so universally admitted by all who deal with them that it is impossible to find a respectable lawyer who doubts it. Indeed, there has not thus far been found any man, respectable or otherwise, who will publicly assert the contrary. It cannot be said that this is a mere result of a lawyer's habitual reverence for the past, for there is no want of commendation of the new system in those portions of the State where it has worked well. The lawyers of those sections are so zealous in their support of the elective system as to constitute the greatest obstacle to any change in the mode of selecting judges. Why is it that the bar of New York city presents an almost solid front in favor of a life-tenure, and that the great majority of that bar, without reference to party lines, are in favor of an appointed rather than an elected judiciary? Obviously because their experience has taught them that a steady and uniform administration of justice is not to be had under the present system. Even those men who make a profit out of the corruption and favoritism which are now rife feel that their hold is uncertain, that some new power may come in susceptible to new and adverse influences. They are not, therefore, so unwilling to consent to reform as might be expected, especially if they are men who could command a good practice under a better system. The great obstacle to reform at present lies among the lawyers and farmers of the rural districts, among whom justice is satisfactorily administered, and who do not come in contact with the abominations which sicken the city practitioner. But they will surely suffer in time from the taint of maladministration in so important a part of the State as the city of New York. Indeed, it is well known that the same influences which have degraded justice there are working gradually into the rural districts, and although there is at present no reason to suspect that anything more than favoritism has obtained a foothold in the courts outside of the city, yet that is an entering wedge which may yet lead to worse results.

We believe that the Convention has not yet made a final decision against a long tenure of judicial office. We hope that it will yet decide in favor of it. For bad as affairs are in the city, they must steadily grow worse for many years to come under a system of frequent elections. The immense tide of immigration must and will carry the moral tone of the city lower and lower during the next twenty or more years. Some improvement takes place amongst the settled population, but not enough to counterbalance the effect of the flood of ignorance that is annually poured in. Weak as are the courts now, they will be filled with weaker or worse judges at every succeeding decade, and the bar would far rather let the courts stand exactly as they are than have new judges introduced from time to time during the next twenty years under the elective system.

We cannot close without saying that several judicial officers in the Convention deserve credit for the stand which they have taken upon this question. Judge Monell, we know, and Judge Garvin, we believe, voted for Mr. Evarts's proposition of a life-tenure for judges. But to Judge Daly especial credit is due for the courage with which he acknowledged the defects of a system of which he constitutes a part, and the earnestness with which he strove to accomplish a thorough reform. The fact that such a man is able to retain his place upon the bench is about the best argument that can be made for the present system. If all our judges were as able and as upright, we should be well satisfied with an elective judiciary.

LITERATURE TRULY AMERICAN.

It is very common to hear it said that a magazine or newspaper, or other periodical published in this country, ought to be "truly American;" that this or that poem is truly American; that somebody ought to write a truly American novel; and Mr. Eugene Benson and Mr. Walt Whitman are so far from being the only persons who declare that they crave a literature that shall be truly American, that perhaps half of us who have turned our thoughts in that direction would admit that we are of Mr. Whitman's and Mr. Benson's mind. We, for our own part, confess that we do not know with exactness just what is meant by these words so often heard. It is not to be doubted that there is some idea, more or less clear, of what it is that he wants in every man's mind who says that our literature ought to be truly national. But we may as well acknowledge that in our belief this idea is oftener very vague than at all well defined. We seriously doubt if the man who is in the habit of saying that he would like his family paper or his magazine to be American from the very first line to the last, would not be obliged to sit mute if called on suddenly to state accurately what he means by a magazine American from the first line to the last. Yet there must be something at the bottom of so common an expression; and we have given the subject some consideration, with intent to fix, if possible, upon the meaning of it—some of the meanings of it, rather; for when we constantly see that phrases of precise definition have all sorts of various meanings given them, it is not to be hoped that a phrase which extremely often is used without any thought will not be found to have very various senses.

If Mr. A. B. Street should say that he wanted our literature to be purely American, we should know what he desired. He would want, we suppose, descriptive prose and poetry devoted to the panther or American lion, to the soaring of the bald-headed eagle, to the Palisades, to Washington and Lafayette, to Mount Hood, Weehawken, and Communipaw, to the rush of the indigenous buffalo beside the north fork of the Platte River, to the Red man and his canoe, to the Falls of Niagara—though the Mammoth Cave of our own Kentucky, as not being partly in a British province, might appear to be a better theme for patriotic bards. We all know very well what constitutes a truly American literature in the opinion of those persons of whom we have chosen to make Mr. Street the exemplar. They seem to think America is square miles of natural scenery, and a fauna and flora entirely different from the fauna and flora of certain despotic countries that we might name.

Then akin to these are the people who, in the plenitude of a genuine love of country, and, it is true, in the plenitude of a lack of knowledge on almost all subjects, seem to have a notion that Columbus's discovery of America necessitated the invention of a new world of literature. Not very long ago the people of Utica, in this State, laughed with derision at an Irishman who, when a certain Mr. Price set up an opposition band, remarked that, "Now there was a new band, there 'd be new music entirely," as if the blessed Saint Cecilia were about to descend in the interest of Mr. Price and his new sax-horns. But our Irish fellow-citizen, even under the misconstruction of the Sassenach, was certainly not more foolish than many of his unnaturalized compatriots. It is not improbable that if Utica had on one of those old days been polled on the question, Shall we have a purely American science of pure mathematics? a large minority of the legal voters would have thought upon the national emblem and voted in the affirmative. But there is little need of speaking about these classes of friends of an American literature, for they now have little influence and are disappearing with rapidity, and their works follow them with even pace.

Then there are men among us who, when they demand that our literature shall be national, seem to have in mind, as distinctively American literature, literature printed on a Hoe press in four or five editions daily. They give a great and honest admiration to the Washington correspondents of our enterprising journals. Anything more moderate in tone or more polished in style than the ordinary reckless newspaper writing seems to them somehow foreign and aristocratic, and to be distrusted, if not denounced, as "un-American." Trying literary performance by this standard, the only standard which they use, they have serious doubts if it is desirable that a prospective editor should go to college. Generally they think that the best training for men who are to supply their fellow-citizens with opinions morally and intellectually sound, who are to wield the influence of several thousand ordinary men as regards most political and social questions—the best training for the editor, in short, is to go into a printing-office when he is twelve years old, get thoroughly grounded in Mr. Greeley's tabulated election returns, and, generally, feed his mind on newspaper cuttings, party platforms, orations, lives and speeches of "little giants," "prominent statesmen," "first men," and "grand public men, and things of that kind. Many men have been trained in this way, some to honor, many to honors, none, so far as we know, to dishonor, as men count dishonor, but none either, so far as we know, to be of any service to literature, unless one thinks literature is made fresh every night and delivered by carriers every morning. People who do conceive of it so, when they talk of un-American literature mean most literature—all which their peculiar training has unfitted them to estimate aright.

Then there are many men, more than one not familiar with the rural districts would imagine, who remember very well the time when no foreigner had anything but insolence and contempt to bestow upon the American government and people, and who, being not so much wider-minded than the calumniators of America, got themselves into a condition of bitter hostility to the country's enemies and have hardly yet begun to get out of it, but are still painfully patriotic in all the relations of life. It is of one of these that the story is told that, presiding in a justice's court in the West, he indignantly rebuked a young attorney for citing English decisions on a common law point in the court of a man whose father had fought in the Revolutionary war, and who himself had been present at the battle of New Orleans. The sort of literature which would seem truly American to Americans of this kind is well known. Not to mention too many branches of literature, it is for them the poetry is fearfully and wonderfully made which describes the making of the national colors with "the milky baldric of the skies," the flush of aurora, and the azure of the mid-day heavens. The books of travel are written for them which describe Pompeii and call to mind the highly creditable record of our native land in the matter of volcanoes; which compute in dollars and cents the enormous annual expenses of the British royal family, and compare them with the cost to this country of the establishments of President Polk or President Taylor; and, in general, books are written for them which not only set forth a justifiable pride in the United States, but a more or less unjustifiable contempt for all things not American. Of course much of this contempt is due to the spirit of uncorrected brag which infests the hearts of most men, American or otherwise; we would not say that it all has so creditable an origin as a natural wish to resist and offset foreign calumny and misconception. But whether born of uninstructed patriotism or of ignorance, it exists—most of it existed—and what would be a truly American literature, tried by this standard, it is easy to see.

Disregarding the notions of those who entertain so inadequate a conception of what America is as to suppose that all is said when one gives its boundaries on the map; or when one thinks of it as a democracy, and of a democracy as ignorance and vulgarity; when one has celebrated our peculiar autumn foliage, and vindicated the superiority of the Hudson to the Rhine, and substituted as poetical properties the mocking-bird for the nightingale and Tecumseh for Sir Lancelot; or when one has sufficiently hated the Queen's birth-day and exalted the twenty-second of February—disregarding these and similar ideas of the true American and the truly American in literature, we come to an idea of which Mr. Whitman may as well be made the representative, and which, if not overwise, is not altogether foolish, and is to be spoken of with some respect.

Although, as men and women have for some centuries agreed to talk to each other, orally and in print, Mr. Whitman is to be called indecent in speech; and although, as able men have for all these centuries been talking to us for the common benefit, one would say that he lacks a pinch or so of brains; and although it may be said that in his poems he as an artist leads a very intermittent life, and is generally non-existent, still there is this to be said of him, that he has so heartily and honestly, with such belief in it and such love for it, "sounded his barbaric yawp," as he happily phrases it, in behalf of the greatness of mere manhood and the consequent perfect equality of every man with every other, that he may very well be honored as a preacher of democracy—democracy in its wider, humanitarian sense—as it is perhaps to exist in "these States." For the poet of democracy we, for our own part, feel as if we should have to wait, and, thinking of what poetry is, we feel as if we should wait willingly. What Mr. Whitman wants when he speaks of an American literature we can easily understand, and to a certain extent we can join with him in the desire for its coming. That every power of the mind of man may be allowed free activity, that no laws or institutions of human invention may be suffered to trammel man's faculties in any field of human endeavor, that men may believe in themselves, respecting each other democratically, and neither feudally oppressing nor pitying any one, that the feeling of brotherhood may become the basis of society—all this is good. We like to believe that in America, sooner than elsewhere, and better than elsewhere, it may all come to pass, and there is a reason why a literature that should reflect Mr. Whitman's hope in this regard, might, with no great impropriety, be styled distinctively an American literature.

Not to take up more time in considering special traits that it may be desirable our literature should or should not possess, it is safe to say that American literature, to use figurative language, ought to express America. But it is safe, too, to say that it will; that it cannot help doing just that, whatever that may be. Literature, as somebody says, all literature whatsoever, is the thought of thinking souls. And whatever it is that souls in America are thinking, whether concerning democracy, or the color of the leaves in the fall, or wild-fowl on Seneca lake, or what not, is perfectly sure to get itself expressed. We may be absolutely confident that just so far as America is American, the literature of America will be American, and whosoever wants more than this is not wise, and, for another thing, will certainly be disappointed; and people who are anxious that our literature should be American may rest assured that it cannot be anything else.

CALM AND COLD.

BREAK into spray and fly and fill the air
With ghastly mist that freezes ere it falls,
O struggling waves! whom not the wind appalls,
Nor all the wrestling tempests overbear,
But secret fear lest, pausing weary there,
Instead of peace renewing whom it calls,
The subtle cold that levels and enthralls
Should creep and find and bind you unaware.
And what were worse than, smoothly calm and cold,
Wrapped in false peace, to fancy strife is o'er,
Forget the woes that all the winds deplore,
Forget the cares that all the clouds enfold,
Watch not nor wait for changes as of old,
And feel the movement of the world no more?

ROBERT WEEKS.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, December 13, 1867.

THE revival of "Linda" at the Théâtre des Italiens has been the occasion of a new triumph to Mdlle. Patti. Brilliant as was her performance in this rôle two years ago, not even her warmest admirers were prepared for the pathos and passion of her present wonderful rendering of the part. In the mad scene especially she surpassed all her former triumphs, throwing an intensity of tenderness and anguish into the famous air of that scene that fairly carried away her hearers, and left not a dry eye in the house.

The other principal dramatic event of the week has been the bringing out, at the Gaîté, of an amended translation of "Hamlet," done into most un-Shakespearian French verse by the younger Dumas and Paul Meurice. As formerly given here, this translation took a good many liberties with the text; among others, the suppression of most of the deaths at the end of the play, which were considered too sanguinary. It seems that the translators, feeling that they had taken a heavy responsibility on themselves in changing the *dénoûment* of so great a work, were debating the propriety of restoring the situation as "the divine Williams" had left it, when the elder Dumas turned the scale in favor of fidelity to the first translation.

One of the great theatrical "attractions" of the moment is the new piece by Messrs. Anicet and Bourget, brought out with splendid scenery a few days ago at the Ambigu, and entitled "The Knights of the Fog." On

its first performance the scene in which the hut of the Vieille-Masure is set fire to by order of the sheriff created such a panic among the audience, who fancied the stage had caught fire in earnest, that it was with the greatest difficulty they were restrained from rushing out of the theatre *en masse*.

George Sand's brilliant but unsatisfactory son-in-law, Clésinger, an excellent sculptor and an execrable husband, has just lost a suit he brought a short time since against Barbédienne, the great dealer in bronzes and similar objects of artistic adornment, for multiplying casts of statuettes, etc., sold by him to the latter for the purpose of being reproduced in bronze. Clésinger claimed that Barbédienne, by making too many casts of a given work, rendered that work common and vulgar, thus injuring him in his artistic reputation; and that, moreover, by using the same mould too often he disseminated imperfect copies of his works, calculated to give the public an unworthy idea of the originals, and thus still further injured his reputation. He therefore demanded damages for the injuries already received and an injunction restraining the multiplication of his works complained of. The court, however, after due investigation, decided that both these charges were devoid of foundation, refused the demand for damages on the ground that no injury had been inflicted, and sentenced the vain and quarrelsome artist to pay the cost of the suit.

The initiative of the Minister of Public Instruction in regard to the providing of improved opportunities of instruction for girls is being actively followed up, despite the opposition of the leaders of the clerical party. A group of authors and *savans*, assisted by a committee of lady patronesses composed entirely of women known and esteemed in the literary world, are about to open a course of superior instruction for women and girls in the handsome and convenient concert-room of M. Adolphe Sax, the well-known inventor and perfector of brass instruments of music. This course will be continued from the 15th December to the 15th June; the meetings will be held thrice a week, from 1 to 3 P.M., when two lectures, of an hour each, will be given. The department of natural history will be represented by M. Henry Berthoud, chemistry by M. Hersch, ancient literature by M. Edouard Herué, thoroughbass by M. Gevaert, drawing and painting by M. J. Grangedor, physics by M. Paschal Grousset, astronomy by M. Amedée Guillemin. These lectures are to be amply illustrated by means of charts, diagrams, and experiments, and arrangements will be made in connection with the course for facilitating the studies of those who may be disposed to follow up by individual effort the pursuit of the various branches of study thus brought within their reach. The price of admission for the six months of the course is fixed at 120 francs.

Similar courses are being got up in many of the principal towns of France, and will, no doubt, do much to turn towards something more serious than dress and coquetry the minds of a few of the mothers of the next generation of Frenchmen. It must, however, be admitted that the efforts hitherto made in this country to enlist the sympathies and interest of *le beau sexe* in literary and scientific pursuits have had but very limited success. Mlle. Daubié, who has completed a full university education, has taken all the regular academic "honors," and has even been admitted to lecture at the Sorbonne, has already had one or two emulators, and her example may possibly be followed by others; but the ignorance of the great majority of lively and brilliant Frenchwomen in everything relating to science and literature is deplorable, although the excellent lectures delivered gratis, on almost every subject of study, throughout the academic year, at the Sorbonne and the Collége de France, by the most accomplished professors, are open equally to both sexes. It was thought that the courses of evening lectures, opened with so loud a flourish of trumpets three years ago in the Rue de la Paix, would do something towards effecting a diversion of feminine forces from the field of dissipation. But the attempt can hardly be said to have succeeded, the lectures having generally been voted "dry" and the lecture-room disagreeable.

The gayest dames of the capital flock to the *séances* at the Institute on the rare occasions when the doors of that palace of eloquence are thrown open for the reception of a new member; but the interest felt by this portion of the brilliant auditory then assembled springs much more from the fact of the gathering, with its opportunities of displaying an elegant toilette, of showing off the wearer's acquaintance with a greater or less number of the forty "immortals," and of evidencing her sympathy with one or other of the speakers, than from any special interest in science or literature *per se*.

The evening lectures delivered at the Sorbonne are more popular among the ladies of Paris than any of the others, partly because the hall in which they are given is exceedingly magnificent, splendidly lighted, and delightfully warmed, and also because its form and arrangement, with its comfortable seats, allow of the diagrams and experiments by which the lectures are so lavishly illustrated being well seen by all present. So popular, indeed, were the lectures delivered there last winter, especially those on electricity, that between three and four thousand applications for tickets were refused for want of room, and of those who were fortunate enough to obtain cards a great number waited every lecture-night at the doors of the Sorbonne for hours together, standing in the cold, and often in rain or snow, in order to secure good places on the opening of the doors.

The other principal course of lectures, that at the Observatory, is less popular. The Observatory itself is a very fine, commodious, handsome building, though, having been rebuilt and enlarged at various times and under the auspices of various directors, it is deficient in unity of plan; but the room in which the evening lectures are given is so ill-adapted to the purposes of a lecture-room that only a very small portion of the audience can see or hear anything of what is going on. The seats are narrow, hard, and without backs, and furious draughts render it next to impossible to pass an evening there without taking cold. Add to these heavy drawbacks the fact that, although the magnificent telescopes—to get a look through which is the delusive hope that brings most people to the lectures—are duly "placed at the disposal of the public" on the noble terrace of the building, the absence of the employees, who alone could direct the unlearned visitor in the business of getting them to the proper focus, renders it utterly impossible for the public to obtain a glimpse of any of the skyey marvels it would be so glad to see.

For this constant disappointment the ill-tempered obstinacy of the renowned discoverer of asteroids, M. Le Verrier, is directly responsible. Placed at the head of the Paris Observatory, he not only rules the whole establishment from garret to cellar in a manner so tyrannous as to provoke perpetual insurrections among the rest of its *personnel*, but seems to take pleasure in thwarting the wishes of all who are brought, even occasionally, within reach of his autocracy. If the Observatory instruments remain inaccessible to those who go to the lectures mainly in the hope of being enabled to take a look through them, it is simply because the director of the establishment does not think it worth his while to gratify them.

M. Le Verrier is rather tall, rather large, of strong but ungraceful build, with yellow hair, pink complexion, glassy blue eyes, and heavy mouth. His smile is frequent but disagreeable, and his general expression the reverse of sympathetic. Of humble parentage, he has been fortunate in finding, on his road from obscurity to his present brilliant position, influential friends, to whom, it is said, he has not always shown himself grateful. The pupils of the Polytechnic School subscribed among themselves the cost of his studies in that eminent establishment; and he subsequently found effectual aid and support in the kindness of Arago, de Lionville, and others.

Though not a man of genius, Le Verrier possesses very great talent, boldness, ingenuity, and indefatigable industry. He is especially skilful in all that relates to calculation; but is weak and inexact as an observer. His rivals are perpetually holding up to criticism the mistakes he makes whenever he attempts to fix the relative situations of the celestial bodies; but all admit the admirable talent with which he has discussed, completed, and set in order the sidereal observations conducted during the directorship of Arago, and published by him in several volumes, constituting a contribution of great importance and value to the archives of astronomic science. But he manages, nevertheless, to keep the establishment in a state of intestine feud, and to deprive it of the services of those who should be its most valuable aids. During two years he arbitrarily kept M. Foucault, a member of the Institute, and one of the most learned physicists of France, from fulfilling his functions at the Observatory, and this in the teeth of the reiterated orders of the Minister of Public Instruction, in whom is vested the supreme control of the Observatory, and who regularly paid to M. Foucault the salary of which M. Le Verrier endeavored to deprive him. During five months he shut M. Lucas out of his cabinet, and deprived him of his salary, which the Minister paid to him, as he had done in the case of M. Foucault. M. Lepissier had the same fate. He has suppressed, in similar style, the salaries of twenty-eight of his subordinates in the space of fifteen months; seven of these suspensions having been inflicted by him in the course of a single month. Being annoyed at the brilliant success of M. Marié-Davy, who has created the Meteorologic Board of the Observatory and rendered immense service to the French marine, M. Le Verrier first of all arbitrarily deprived the rising young *savant* of his aids and secretaries, and then, three years ago, caused to be built up the door by which his cabinet communicated with the interior of the Observatory, so as to compel M. Marié-Davy to go out of doors, and make the round of a good part of the extensive edifice, every time he needs to pass from his cabinet to his private rooms, and *vice versâ*. The director has also absolutely forbidden all the servants of the establishment to make a fire or to carry wood

for M. Davy; so that this gentleman, whose official rank corresponds to that of *chef de division*, is compelled, all through the winter, to carry wood to his cabinet with his own hands and to make his own fire! Since 1854, when M. Le Verrier was made director of the Paris Observatory, he has either summarily dismissed, or driven away by continued persecutions, no fewer than one hundred and two of the functionaries, of various ranks, placed under his orders. Several others consider themselves as marked for ejectment, and expect to find themselves turned out at a moment's warning.

Very ugly stories are also rife in relation to M. Le Verrier's management of the funds of the Observatory, of alterations made, apparently, for the sake of pocketing a large part of the sum demanded for the same, and of additions to the building for which exorbitant estimates have been accepted by the director, and which have been so badly constructed that they threaten to fall on the heads of the inmates.

The Government has at last determined to put a stop to the scandals resulting from the maladministration of this important establishment, and has appointed a committee, consisting of MM. Delaunay de Lionville, Serret, Balard, all members of the Institute and men of high mark in the scientific world, to enquire into the stewardship of the director, and report accordingly.

Notes.

LITERARY.

HOFFMANN & CAMPE, of Hamburg, Germany, will publish this month the first volume of "Märchen und Sagen der nordamerikanischen Indianer" ("Tales and Legends of the North American Indians"), by Carl Knortz, editor of the *German Family Paper*, published at Detroit. The volume will contain ninety-seven of the tales, with explanatory notes and an introduction, giving a comparative sketch of the religious views of the Indians and of certain Asiatic nations, which may, perhaps, throw some light on the origin of the former.

—It is said by the *Publishers' Circular* that experience has taught the English publishers the lesson that it is not well to put forth at Christmas the greater number of their most important or, at any rate, most attractive books. The show of gorgeous volumes dependent for their interest upon the artist rather than the author, is much smaller this year than it was last. The same thing is true of our American publishers, and to nobody's regret, we presume, unless that of the designers and engravers. We suppose the publishers never found the highly ornamented holiday books a very profitable part of their stock, and the reader surely seldom took up one without firmly resolving never to take up another. They are almost always books to look at and not to read, and this even when their contents are of importance, for they are made too pretentious to be comfortable to handle, and, withal, are generally ugly. As for their value as gifts, no one who really cares for books ever presents one of these illustrated things to anybody else who cares for books. It is matter for congratulation that so few of them were issued by our publishers this year; persons of limited imagination who buy highly ornamented books for Christmas gifts because of inability to select something else had their task made easier by reason of the fewness of them, and doubtless the sale of real books was considerably larger than it would have been otherwise.

—Mr. Spofford, in his report to the Joint Committee on the Library of Congress, says that the collection was never more prosperous in all its interests than at present. Exclusive of unbound pamphlets, periodicals, etc., the whole number of volumes now on the shelves is 165,467. The library has been just doubled in size during the last two years. The acquisitions of the past year have been particularly numerous. The Peter Force collection, purchased now nearly a year since, has been removed to the Capitol, and will, we suppose, make the Congressional Library, as it ought to be, the richest in the country in works belonging to the political and historical literature of America. Besides the Force collection, the library of the Smithsonian Institute has been united with the old Congressional Library, and by means of its exchanges there have been added to the total number of books 1,432 volumes, 4,417 pamphlets and parts of volumes, and 187 maps. Aside from the two special additions above-mentioned, 9,474 volumes have been added by purchase, by gift, by the exchanges of the Smithsonian Institute, and by the operation of the copyright law. From this latter source a stricter enforcement of the law has caused a very decided increase in the number of books received. In 1866, Congress provided for the free transmission through the mails of the publishers' tribute to the library and imposed a penalty on non-compliance; so we have this year 1,493 volumes sent in, as against 836 last year; 1,340 periodicals and pamphlets, as against 572 last year; 1,256 pieces of music, against 386 in 1866; 319 engravings and photographs, against 170 last year; and 91 maps, against 32.

—The execution of the Fenians Allen, Larkin, and Gould, at Manchester the other day, will doubtless be often celebrated in song; for whatever else an Irish patriot wants, the *sacer vates* is never wanting to him, and the fate of these men has evidently stirred the feelings of their countrymen as deeply as any event in recent Irish history. The first-fruits of the coming harvest is "A Lamentation on Allen, Larkin, and Goold," which on the day of the execution was hawked about the streets of Dublin. We print verbatim four of the eight stanzas:

> "Good people all, both great and small, that hears my case bewail,
> This day now terminates our fate before Manchester gaol,
> For the foul deed of murder we are condemned to die,
> And pay the penalty of that crime upon the gallows high.
>
> "John Allen, Gould, and Larkin, to Ireland did belong,
> Their friends all did wish them well, and saw they did no wrong.
> For the shooting Constable Sergeant Brett our lives were took away,
> And for the breaking of the van and demanding of the key.
>
> "November the 23rd will be remembered well,
> When Larkin's wife and children came to take their last farewell,
> It would grieve your heart to see that sight, in grief you would deplore,
> When they bade farewell in the dead cell, to part and meet no more.
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> "The Marchioness of Queensbury three hundred pound has sent,
> To help these suffering families it is her full intent,
> Should a subscription now be raised, as we expect will be,
> To keep their wives and families from want and misery."

The author confounds persons and tenses in a helpless way, and throughout displays a profound contempt or a heedless disregard of all the unities; but there is a sort of gallows pathos about it too, and for the rest, although it is guarded in its language and escapes being seditious—unless "Erin Go Bragh" at the head of the slip is seditious—still it is not a poem that an Englishman would very much like to read.

—The subject of one of the essays in Müller's first volume (and the only one which bears upon the religions of aboriginal America) is "The Popol Vuh," that relic of Central American literature for our knowledge of which we are indebted to the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg. It is also especially dwelt upon as one of that gentleman's most important works in the review of his life and labors given in *Lippincott's Magazine*, as recently noticed by us. In Müller's pages, as in those of the Philadelphia critic, are clearly to be seen both the strength and the weakness of the Abbé—on the one hand, his immense enthusiasm, faith, and enterprise; on the other hand, his rashness, credulity, and philological unsoundness, combined with something of the complacency and swell which are apt to characterize the French explorer in new fields. He is a man whose researches are of the highest value, and whose name is not to be spoken without admiration and gratitude by any one who loves the study of American antiquity; while, notwithstanding, his results call for the most careful and enlightened criticism before they are accepted as authoritative and turned to use. Of such criticism, unfortunately, we can hardly hope that they will receive a great deal among us, who have no school of American archæology, no living and active society, even, charged with its promotion, but only a few scattered workers (some of them, to be sure, of very high character) who follow the study in intervals of leisure won from other engrossing occupations. The chief seats of American learning are outside the borders of our own country. Buschmann, at Berlin, has during the past twenty years published researches both comprehensive and profound into the languages of the North. The veteran botanist, Von Martius, has just put forth at Munich two stout volumes on the ethnology and linguistics of Brazil. At Paris there was formed, some ten years ago, a "Society of American and Oriental Ethnography," the two sections of which have since, we believe, become separate though closely connected organizations. M. Aubin, to whom the writer in *Lippincott's* also does justice, has been one of the conspicuous members of this society, and its publications deserve to be far more widely circulated and better known among us than they are. We are thankful to the Philadelphia magazine for contributing its quota towards awakening and enlightening the public interest in such matters, and hope that it will follow up the good beginning it has made. How bare our country is of true American archæologists may be seen in the fact that the professorship in this department founded a year ago by Mr. Peabody at Cambridge still remains unfilled. There is room to fear that, as the object of the Peabody gift was to found a museum, as well as a chair, of American archæology and ethnology, the general American tendency to building and collecting will be suffered to have its way, to the comparative neglect of the study of our aboriginal lan-

guages and literatures, as if these, when they are to be had, were not by far the most important and trustworthy sources of archæological and ethnological knowledge. Let us have in Harvard a school of American study, sustained by one who understands the spirit of antiquity, who is versed in the religions and literatures of primitive peoples, and thoroughly trained in historical and philological research, and there need be no fear that the museum will not rapidly fill with objects illustrative of the deeds and ways of our aboriginal races. And, perhaps, as the importance of the subject is better comprehended, men will be found to emulate Mr. Peabody's noble liberality, and enrich other institutions with similar endowments.

—Max Müller has just collected, in two handsome octavo volumes (Longmans & Co., London), a portion of his occasional essays and criticisms. The work bears the name "Chips from a German Workshop"—a quaint title, suggested, as the preface informs us, by a remark of the author's early patron in England, the celebrated Bunsen. Two more volumes, of essays on literature and on the science of language, are announced as in preparation. Of those before us, the first is specifically designated as made up of "Essays on the Science of Religion," the second of "Essays on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs;" but the contents of both are very similar in character, hardly requiring to be separately classified; and, indeed, the special title of the former is, to a certain extent, misleading, as it might lead us to suppose the author's attempt to have been the laying out and establishing of a "science of religion," rather than, as is the case, the furnishing of contributions to a knowledge of the world's religions—materials for a science, if such a science there is to be. He tells us himself that his aim is to "succeed in attracting more general attention towards an independent yet reverent study of the ancient religions of the world, and in dispelling some of the prejudices with which so many have regarded the yearnings after truth embodied in the sacred writings of the Brahmins, the Zoroastrians, and the Buddhists, in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, nay, even in the wild traditions and degraded customs of Polynesian savages." His view of a science of religion is clearly to be gathered from this statement; it contemplates a study and comparison of all the creeds and forms of worship, ancient and modern, of the human race, regarded as outgrowths of the religious spirit common to all men, as the efforts of different races and communities, with what light and insight each was possessed of, to arrive at a knowledge of the unseen Creator and a communion with him. Truly a grand idea, *catholic* in the highest sense of the word; and an idea which is so in accordance with the spirit of investigation of our time that though thus far chiefly confined to a few more enlightened minds, it is destined yet to become generally apprehended and adopted. We heartily admire Professor Müller's design and the spirit in which he carries it out. None of his other works shows his fine qualities of mind and heart in a more favorable light or does more credit to his widely varied learning. We rejoice in the thought that his wonderful popularity will draw to these essays and their theme the attention of great numbers whom they would not reach if put forth under the auspices of a less famous name. Into any detailed criticism of them we do not care at present to enter; it will be time enough for that when they are made more accessible to the American public by a reprint—as, we are informed, will soon be the case, Messrs. Scribner & Co., Müller's authorized publishers in this country, having already taken them in hand for that purpose.

HOWELLS'S ITALIAN JOURNEYS.*

Clough having spent an evening with Thackeray when they both were in this country, said of him, in one of his letters home: "Thackeray does n't sneer; he is really very sentimental; but he sees the silliness sentiment runs into, and so always tempers it with a little banter or ridicule." In this remark, which we believe Clough was the first to make, there seems to be a great deal of the truth about Thackeray, and about a great number of his literary contemporaries—a number that bids fair to be larger before it is less. For it is true we suppose, beyond a doubt, although it has been said so often, that this is not the age of faith; probably we do live in a century even morbidly critical; probably the men of to-day do find it very hard to yield themselves with abandonment to belief in anything, whether outside of themselves or inside; it seems to be a fact that they do habitually exercise the criticising spirit, and to all things indifferently give nothing more earnest than contemplation tinged sometimes with ridicule, sometimes with discontent or contempt or wrath. Ever since "Werther" everybody has been saying that this is so; the loudness and constancy of the complaints against it are proof enough, if any were wanting, of the existence of the tendency. There are people by the hundred who are almost as much worried about it as if really it were profitable to quarrel with facts, and they did well to be angry with the revolving world. Mr. Carlyle, notoriously, has been for many years in great concern about it; the uncomfortable cold iron of it has entered deep into Charles Kingsley's soul—not hot enough to fuse it; Matthew Arnold—who is by no means the least complete exemplar of it—indeed, whose anachronistic "Empedocles on Etna" is, in a sense, the poem of the present—is tormented by this enquiring, introspective, continually baffled spirit, which, however, he is not the man to pronounce a spirit of evil; Clough himself was incessant and relentless in critical inspection and introspection, though he was not of a nature to rest content in discontent, despised himself and the rest of things, if he at all despised anything, in such a way as if it might eventually turn out that he and they were, after all, not to be despised. Hundreds of other names might be mentioned; Roman Catholic writers are fond of making lists of such critics and doubters, from Byron and Heine to Guérin, and thereupon urging all unserene mariners to drive on shore from the troublesome waves into the peace of the church. But there is no need of borrowing examples—frightful examples. It is, as we have said, universally admitted that we are all nowadays apt to be disbelievers and critical; that some of us are obtrusively unhappy in our scepticism; that others of us secretly cherish what we much more than half believe to be delusions, and then take vengeance on ourselves for the confessed folly of this course by laughing at ourselves for cherishing them, as well as at everybody else who cherishes them. The sentimental character is of no particular age; no more is the satirical; but the union of the two in a sentimentalist satirized by himself is, we suppose, almost peculiar to our own time—at any rate, is commoner now than ever before. Not so very long ago, it would hardly have been Thackeray who would have seen the silliness into which his sentiment ran; it would have required another person to do him that office of doubtful kindness. He did it for himself, and is, therefore, called cynical by that large and respectable class of people who can only believe that one is in pain if one roars with a sufficient larynx, that one is kindly if one sobs audibly where four ways meet, and, generally, can never have anything made too plain for them, and some things never plain enough.

With such people the author of "Italian Journeys" will not be so much of a favorite as he deserves to be. The thing which chiefly struck us in reading his book, or rather one of the things which struck us, was that he, better than any other American writer, illustrates the tendency of which we have been speaking. He was certainly a sentimentalist before he was a satirical humorist; in these "Italian Journeys," as well as in his "Venetian Life," he talks of Italy so that one sees he had dreamt of it before going there, and, also, as if he had done not a little dreaming after he went. Both books finally leave on the reader's mind the same sort of impression left by the Italy of story and song. But though Mr. Howells's books are pervaded by sentiment, it is sentiment satirized—satirized not with the least bitterness; on the contrary, with unfailing good nature and cheerfulness, but still so treated that the reader thinks of the writer as a man who, knowing that he has enthusiasms, knowing the delusiveness of enthusiasms, deliberately moderates, habitually restrains them and banters them. One thinks that as a poet he might make the same kind of *vers de société* as Praed made—and Praed would have been a sentimental lyrist of considerable name but that in him the lyrical ardor was "sicklied o'er" with an over-sensitive reserve, and balked by a delicacy and severity of judgment born of the spirit of self-criticism. Mr. Howells has the same good taste, the same love of high finish or incapacity for slovenly execution, the same knowledge of the extent of his powers, some well-proved ability as a versifier if not an equal facility, at least equal sense and wit if not equal acquirements, and a felicitous subtlety of humor, in which he has the advantage of Praed—in which, in fact, so far as we know, he has not his equal among living writers in English, and decidedly has no superior among American-born writers, living or dead.

But to leave talking about the sort of man which this delightful book and its predecessor reveal to us, and to come to the volume in hand. Of a great deal of it there is no need that we should speak to readers of the *Nation*, for much of it was first published in these columns. The reader makes pilgrimage in Mr. Howells's company to Padua and Ferrara and Genoa and Naples, to Pompeii and Herculaneum, to Capri under the guidance of the scoundrelly Antonino, to Rome, which Mr. Howells, like Clough, was glad and sorry, or sorry and glad, to find "rubbishy"—to Petrarch's house, to Canova's birthplace at Arquà, to Cimbric Bassano, to Como and Bologna, and many places more, all of which are treated with a sort of

* "Italian Journeys. By W. D. Howells." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.

loving disparagement, which belongs partly to Mr. Howells in Italy and, if we may so speak, partly to the nineteenth century in Italy.

We would not be understood as saying that very much of our author's humor does not refuse subjection to the description of it that we have given. He overflows with pure fun and humor of a delightfully quiet sort. Exclude the first sentence of the following quotation, and the passage is humor of any century—and all centuries—as well as of this century of ours:

"I hardly expected him to turn out so red-hot a democrat as he did on better acquaintance, but being a warm friend of man myself, I was not sorry. Garibaldi was the beginning and ending of his political faith, as he is with every enthusiastic Italian. The honest soul's conception of all concrete evil was brought forth in two words, of odd enough application. In Europe, and Italy more particularly, true men have suffered chiefly from this form of evil, and the captain evidently could conceive of no other cause of suffering anywhere. We were talking of the American war, and when the captain had asked the usual question, *'Quando finirà mai questa guerra?'* and I responded as usual, *'Ah, ci vuol pazienza!'* the captain gave a heavy sigh, and turning his head pensively aside, plucked his grapes from the cluster a moment in silence.

"Then he said: 'You Americans are in the habit of attributing this war to slavery. The cause is not sufficient.'

"I ventured to demur and explain. 'No,' said the captain, 'the cause is not sufficient. We Italians know the only cause which could produce a war like this.'

"I was naturally anxious to be instructed in the Italian theory, hoping it might be profounder than the English notion that we were fighting about tariffs.

"The captain frowned, looked at me carefully, and then said:

"'In this world there is but one cause of mischief—the Jesuits.'"

We should never have done quoting if we were to quote all of this volume that has given us great pleasure. From the beginning to the end it is a proof that in Mr. Howells we have a new writer with a peculiar gift of value sufficient to ensure him a place by himself, and a very honorable place, in American literature—in English literature. He has yet to prove that, except for his humor and his taste, he is to be of mark; we do not know that when men shall be purely rational animals and do not any more delight in being pleased, he will be of importance; but, speaking for the present, we should say that as a humorist he is the superior of all other American writers. The "Biglow Papers" will be enduringly famous for their character-painting and wit, if we do not misjudge, rather than for their humor. Mr. Howells is master of so elaborately finished a style—finished almost to finicalness in places—his taste is so exquisite, his humor so refined, that perhaps he may as well look for only a part of his audience in this generation. Some authors are wise in their generation, and for some authors there are other generations, but, if we do not rely too much on our own judgment, a constant audience Mr. Howells is sure of having. It is true that he might be still surer of it if he had it in his power to display his humor on themes of more universal interest; and that he has this in his power and will so display it, we and his other readers will believe and hope, and meantime will be thankful for anything he may choose to give us.

"NATHAN THE WISE."*

This volume forms the third in the valuable series of translations now publishing by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, and is accompanied with the promise of others of equal interest in literature. We are glad to be able to speak favorably of Miss Frothingham's work, which satisfies in a high degree the requirements of a good translation. In clearness of expression, in ready command of idiomatic English, and in a sufficient familiarity with the original, the translator is rarely wanting, and gives evidence of power which would be competent to deal successfully with a more difficult subject. The temperate, not to say prosaic, character of the work, the comparative uniformity of its tone and simplicity of language, give scope for little more than the most ordinary qualities of a translator, but even these are rare enough to deserve high commendation. The poem has hitherto been known to American readers chiefly through the translation of Dr. Reich, published in London in 1860. We originally intended to make a somewhat extended comparison of these translations, but an examination of the two satisfied us that, however gratifying such a comparison might be to the present translator, it would be of little value to our readers. We would not be understood as speaking too disrespectfully of Dr. Reich's translation, which is, in some respects, a meritorious one. It follows the letter of the original with perhaps greater fidelity than the American version, and shows for the most part a thorough understanding of the author's meaning and a genuine sympathy with his spirit. Its chief defects result from the translator's inadequate knowledge of English, which is shown by repeated and sometimes flagrant violations of idiom, and from his ignorance of the laws of the verse which he employs. These defects are sufficiently radical to vitiate the whole translation, and leave the present one quite by itself as a subject of criticism. We think it fair to say, however, that we have observed several passages where Miss Frothingham's understanding of the original would have been helped by a careful examination of Dr. Reich's work. An instance occurs in the second scene of the first act, where the present version gives "One roof is o'er us both;" Dr. Reich more literally and forcibly renders "You're breathing side by side with her." Dr. Reich, to be sure, in this single passage, if our text is correct, makes two needless departures from the letter of the original, but he preserves its spirit; the American translation ignores both. In Act II., Scene 2, page 59 of the volume before us, we read, "Sometimes we'll be jealous;" Dr. Reich, "Maybe he's somewhat envious." The first, to say nothing of its inaccuracy, seems to us to miss entirely the point. We have not space to allude to others which, though not generally important, are enough so to justify our remark. In a more important passage in Act I., Scene 2, one of the finest in the poem, where Nathan, addressing Daja, protests against spiritual pride, both translators spoil the effect by failing to give the true force of the climax, "Allein ein Mensch." The intensity of Nathan's feeling, rising progressively through his speech, finds concentrated expression in these words, and to render them with our version, "But think him human now," or with Dr. Reich's, "But different 'tis with man," is simply to emasculate the passage. We are tempted to suggest here what seems to us to be the chief defect in the present translation, and that is a deficiency of energy and heartiness; too much tendency to retreat behind the bulwark of dictionaries and authorized versions, and too little readiness to yield wholly to the spirit of the work, and, by being penetrated by it, to reproduce it. The ideal translator, if the book to be rendered have any original power, needs the daring, if not the genius, of the author. He should feel at least as much as he thinks.

Notwithstanding the faults we have suggested, and others of a similar character, Miss Frothingham's translation is, upon the whole, an excellent one, and by all odds the best in English. Her version, like that of Dr. Reich, is in the metre of the original, and her versification is not infrequently superior to that of her author. We have space for but a single extract, which will serve to illustrate the quality of her translation. It is taken from the speech of Saladin in the eighth scene of the fifth act:

> "Come, darling, come; be not too strict with him.
> Were he aught else, were he less hot and proud,
> He might not have preserved you. Let the one
> Excuse the other. Come; put him to shame:
> Do that which should be his—confess your love—
> Give him your hand; and if he should disdain you,
> Should he forget how infinitely more
> You did for him by this than he for you—
> What did he then for you? get singed a little!
> But what was that? Then has he naught of Assad,
> Naught of my brother, wears his likeness only,
> And not his heart. Come, love!"

We quote this passage not because it is remarkable in itself, but because it seems to us to give a fair idea of the translator's power. We can only wish that her labor had been expended upon a work of more general interest, and, if it be not too heterodox to say so, of more intrinsic merit. We have no doubt that the want of vigor which we suggested above is in some measure due to the character of the poem. We have never been able to understand fully the grounds of the reputation which "Nathan" has enjoyed among critics. It would of course be out of place to subject the poem to the ordinary tests of dramatic composition, as Lessing expressly disclaims the design of a drama. He calls it a "dramatic poem." It is dramatic in form only, not in substance. The events are connected feebly or unnaturally; the last resorts of exhausted invention appear in the characters themselves, to say nothing of the action. What, for example, could be less probable in the course of human events than the meeting in such relations of three characters like Saladin, Nathan, and the Templar? We have a Mohammedan, a Jew, and a Christian, each of virtue so angelic, so beyond the ordinary reach of human nature, that our sympathy moves from one to another in the vain hope of finding something akin to ourselves whereon to rest, and at last turns with satisfaction to Daja, or perhaps the Patriarch, as a familiar though weak and commonplace, type of human nature.

This poem, then, lacks some of the most essential elements of dramatic interest. There is not sufficient scope for the conflict of human passions and interests. Minds of so noble a type, or so thoroughly disciplined as to have made self-renunciation the law of their lives, are similar in too essential a particular to afford the degree of opposition necessary for the display of dramatic effect. The author evidently felt this defect, and has endeavored to heighten the interest by making the leading incidents of the play turn upon certain remarkable phenomena, especially the recognition of the

* "Nathan the Wise: A Dramatic Poem. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated by Ellen Frothingham." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.

Templar by Saladin and Nathan, and of Recha by Saladin and Sittah. The failure of such an attempt is inevitable.

But if it be neither capable of producing dramatic effect in any proper sense nor true to nature in its delineation of character, wherein does its merit consist? It consists mainly, it seems to us, in the conception of the characters. However improbable in fact, there is something truly grand in the idea of three minds, each subjected to peculiar and most powerful influences of bigotry and superstition, rising superior to them all, and recognizing, each in the other, that true nobility of character which makes good men everywhere alike before God. It is something to have conceived characters like these; it is more to have shown that they are *almost* possible; to have made us feel assured that they were possible would have been more than we had a right to expect. We read this poem in earlier days, awed by its reputation and that of its author, and laid it aside with reverence only to forget it. We returned to it when this translation was laid before us with the same reverence, tempered somewhat, it may be, by experience. We are now satisfied that it is not a great dramatic poem, nor a really great poem of any kind; and that it will hold its reputation partly from its association with the later years of Lessing, and partly and more justly for the beauty and value of many of its detached thoughts.

We submit these views with less hesitation, from our conviction that Lessing's true strength lay in the direction of criticism and not in that of original composition. In his own field what rival has he? We sincerely hope that the present translator may be tempted to turn next to the "Laocoon," and give American readers an opportunity to become acquainted with what is, beyond comparison, the masterpiece in critical literature.

The publisher has appended to the poem Fischer's critical essay, and prefixed to it a little essay, biographical in its nature, which, with much cleverness, tells the reader who does not know Lessing all that it is necessary for him to know before reading the poem.

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

THE *Atlantic* of this month opens with Mr. Whittier's idyllic piece, "The Wife," a rather pretty little courting scene, with accessories of New England hills, mowing, golden-rod by the roadside, and so forth. The love-making takes a Clara Vere-de-Verish turn for a little while, but comes to a good end, and the verses are as pure and kind and pleasant as all Mr. Whittier's later works. The landlord might as well, we should say, have been dispensed with; for the station in life to which he was called he is, perhaps, the least bit too sentimental, and we do not know how he should know so much of Miss Mary's courtship. "Flotsam and Jetsam" follows "The Wife," and is a story more than commonly well written, and showing in the writer some study of figures and some, though less, study of character. In "Pittsburg" we come upon Mr. Parton, and get a good description of a Pittsburg day, and a readable account of several branches of Pittsburg business, as, for instance, coal-mining and the making of great guns. We see that the *Transcript*, of Boston, finds some fault with us in its gentle way for our too irreverent treatment of Mr. Parton's article in the December *Atlantic*—the article on the electrotyping company at Providence. The editor suggests that if we ourselves would, instead of doing some other things, publish such essays as that one of Mr. Parton's, we might readily increase our present circulation to a circulation of two hundred thousand copies. He turns against us our own little joke, and declares that a series of papers descriptive of the making of "Plantation Bitters" and other such manufactures would sensibly help us in conferring benefits on the reading public. Perhaps he is a little too sanguine as to the degree of prosperity we could reach; or perhaps he says two hundred thousand when he means twenty thousand; to get into a wild way of talking is easy; but we suppose he is substantially correct. Doubtless we might add ten thousand or even twenty thousand to our circulation by publishing exhaustive treatises on various branches of American industry—such treatises, say, as it would pay the manufacturers to scatter broadcast throughout the country as advertisements. And to get a man to prepare them would not be very hard. It is altogether probable that a "graphic, readable, thoroughly magaziny" account of the "Platform Scale" business or the rise and glory of Mr. "Helmbold's Buchu" would put the *Nation*, if it should print them, in the proud position of commanding still more of the admiration and envy of "our enterprising publishers" In fact, sometimes, with the example before us of many of our newspapers and periodicals, when we think of all the money we might make by all the puffing we might do, we feel like crying out, in the language of Clive, who —when gentlemen insinuated that he had degraded himself by accepting money for rendering such good offices as his high position gave him power to render—is reported to have said, with profanity, which we omit: "Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation." By some fault of ours, we suppose, the *Transcript* has missed—apparently it missed—the real meaning of our remarks. It is to be regretted that we spoke no more plainly. But it is hardly worth while now to explain. We may say, though, before leaving the subject, that when we begin to increase the circulation of the *Nation* by the means which the *Transcript* points out we shall be troubled by this fear—that other journals, seduced by our example and not so well knowing when to stop, may be led into puffing all sorts of enterprises, the bad not less than the good. We therefore refrain our feet. And it would give us some considerable pleasure to see the *Atlantic*—which we have always more or less respected as a chief pillar of American literature—and the *Transcript*, between which and the *Atlantic* there is a certain connection, and all other good journals and magazines—it would give us not a little pleasure, we say, to see them all setting the highest possible example; all doing nothing to cause even the weakest brethren to offend.

Dr. Hayes's "Dr. Molke's Friends" is really interesting; we do not know of better descriptions of Arctic scenery, and he gives a dramatic interest to his story. The "Combat of Diomed and Mars" gives Mr. Bryant's name to the *Atlantic* for January; he translates the end of the fifth book of the "Iliad." "Our Second Girl" is by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and is a short love story, in the composition of which, we fear, Mrs. Stowe had interested motives. It looks as if she intended to entice young women of breeding, but of small means, into the position of table-girls. But if that was what she meant, she would have done well to have made Mr. Tom fall in love with Mary while she yet was a servant in Beacon Street. To let her wait till he happens upon her in Newport, where she is a segment of one of our upper circles, is not the way to bring free and cultivated American young ladies out of the paper-box factories and laundries and printing-offices, and other places where they escape rulers of their own sex and get more or less independence, to the relief of the much-perplexed American housekeeper. Neither as a story merely is "Our Second Girl" very clever.

"Byways of Europe," by Bayard Taylor, "The Late President Wayland," by an anonymous author, and "The Old Masters in the Louvre," we have read—except a part of the article first mentioned—and we do not recommend them for perusal. We are not competent to set aside any of Mr. Benson's judgments on particular works of art, but it is pretty safe to disregard entirely a person who writes with so much heat as he evidently puts into his writing. There is a gushingness about him that reminds one of "slopping over," as A. Ward said, and most slopping over is due to unsteadiness rather than over-fulness. Mr. Higginson's "Oldport Wharves" we began to read with expectations of pleasure; and there is something good about the hulk of the pirate ship and the American boy and the old Newport pilots. Mr. Howells, concerning "Mrs. Johnson," his negro cook, is delightful for his humorous fancy, and besides him there are among this month's contributors Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, and Dickens. Certainly the magazine does not lack distinguished names. Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Parton, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Bushnell—we suppose, in the notice of Professor Stowe's book—Howells, Bryant, Lowell, Dickens, Emerson, and Hawthorne are on the list, and most of the writers named have sent something well worth reading.

As for Mr. Dickens, he is apparently going to publish in the *Atlantic* one of his briefer and less important tales. The first chapters of it describe sketchily a boy who grows shy under the harsh treatment of his father and mother, and—when these die in a London cellar, of fever and starvation—under the influence of a dreary old farm-house in the country. A hypocritical dissenter is also introduced. The story promises pretty well.

"Hawthorne in the Boston Custom-House" consists of letters which Hawthorne, while an officer of the customs, wrote to some of his friends. He was then, perhaps, twenty-five years old, or thereabouts; the style in which he writes is not just such as he would perhaps have written years afterwards; but the man himself is to be seen in them—not only the young man, but the man who is to be always young. There is no thought here so deep but many as beautiful as any he ever gave us, and some as subtle. He had long before that time been a writer, and we can see him here as watchful and studious of everything likely to be of use to him as we know he was afterwards. We suppose that no other American author has left behind him so much material for the biographer who shall write the history of the growth of his genius as Hawthorne has left in his journal and letters. At any rate, considered from this point of view, they are instructive and delightful reading.

Mr. Emerson's "Aspects of Culture" is full of nobly beautiful thought. It opens with a glorification of our material prosperity which would please Mr. Parton, and then ascends to a point from which the chief use of Mr.

Parton's natural sciences is seen to be metaphysical and to a praise of the ideal, entirely in Mr. Emerson's manner, reducing "All that 's made to a green thought in a green shade," as thus: "Spiritual is stronger than any material force"—"Nature is mute but as the soul quickens it"—"The mind of man is the key to the whole"—"Nature always the effect, mind the flowing cause"—"The moral sentiment is the fountain of power"—"Mind carries the law; history is its slow and atomic unfolding"—"There is no use in Copernicus if the robust periodicity of the solar system does not show its equal perfection in the mental sphere"—"I shall never believe that centrifugence and centripetence balance unless mind heats and meliorates as well as the surface and soil of the globe."

Mr. Lowell writes "In the Twilight," a poem whose title tells what it is. Musings by the fireside, at the hour when the night, before she sends the day to join its innumerable predecessors, shows us some of them belonging to the past which we hold in memory, some of them vague as if belonging to a previous existence. The opening image is finely appropriate, and the whole poem is beautiful. Some of the verses are very successfully onomatopoetic, but we are not able to make all the stanzas read musically.

The poetry in the *Galaxy* consists of some verses by Doctor T. W. Parsons, who compliments highly, rather than elegantly or neatly, a lady to whom he sends a book of his poems. There are also some verses by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, not bad of their kind. Mr. William L. Stone, who has recently translated Madame Riedesel's "Letters and Journals," writes an article putting "Burgoyne in a New Light"—not so very new either—and showing the entire incompetency of that finished gentleman—of the time of George the Third—to command his army of invasion. As an aid to getting a proper view of our Revolutionary generals—a view quite different from that one which exalts them into demigods—Mr. Stone's article is worthy of perusal. Teachers of district schools, widows of members of the Society of Cincinnati, Southern statesmen, Fourth of July orators, could hardly do a better thing than read it. They will see that it was not so miraculous a thing for our national bird to "catawampously chaw up" the British beast as some of us have been apt to think; and that it will be good for some of us to have this truth presented to us, no one will doubt who is familiar with the legal voter. Sound views on his part in regard to repudiation are, just at this moment, of more importance than a dispassionate estimate of Sir George Provost's defeat at Plattsburgh; but still all truth is good, and Mr. Stone does the state some service in correcting the school history and showing what it was exactly that Gates and Schuyler fought against. A better article, however, is Mr. E. E. Hale's clever but, apparently, hastily prepared article on "The Same Christmas in Old England and New." In Old England, on Christmas, 1620, Marshal Cadenet landed at Dover, having come as ambassador to James the First, proposing the marriage of Prince Charles with Henrietta. In New England, on that day, the Puritans began to cut timber for the first house in Plymouth, seemingly desecrating the day with malice prepense. This contrast is sufficiently striking, we suppose. To make it more so, Mr. Hale finds in Cadenet's despatch-bag the civil war, the Commonwealth, the execution of Charles the First, the abdication of James the Second, the descent of the Pretender and of the Young Pretender. But they were not there; as for all those things, the marshal had as much to do with them as if he had been non-existent, and Christmas, 1620, is the wrong day from which to date the Jacobite woes, however it may be as regards the glories of our Puritans. Mr. Hale's virile force as a writer, and his humor, are seen to very good advantage in this little essay. The *Galaxy* appears in a new cover—yellow—with a design printed upon it in black, much more seemly than either of its two former outsides, and perhaps as pretty as any of the pictorial magazine covers. The proprietors are wise to print their cover in only one color hereafter, and so save money, while their magazine presents a much more respectable appearance.

The *Broadway* has an article, by Sala, descriptive of "New Year's Day in New York," with only one blunder in it, so far as we have observed, but not very readable. We mention the article—and the magazine for that matter—to say that Mr. Nast, who is no respecter of persons, in illustrating it has produced a comic effect by representing, among the New Year's callers at an up-town front door, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Horace Greeley, Mr. Raymond, and other men of fame.

Harper's is as good as usual. The author of "John Halifax" has begun a novel in this number, and we read with pleasure an article entitled "Among the Wheat-fields of Minnesota," and another called "German Newspapers." As to this latter, the author's philosophizing we thought not valuable enough to repay the pains it must have cost him; but he states clearly a great many interesting facts about the life of German journalists. The "Easy Chair" we always read, and we believe we never read it without liking it—sometimes well, sometimes better than well. We praise also the paper, "In the Five Points," which is more than tolerably well done. For the rest, the magazine "contains the usual variety of matter, and is a feast," as they say.

In *Hours at Home* Dr. Bushnell writes of the moral uses of "Physical Danger," and finds it easy to make out his case. The sixth of Professor Tyler's "Representative Cities" is Rome—not, as one might suppose, so well done as Damascus and the others. Mr. Alfred B. Street contributes one of the most unsuccessful poems—"The Titan"—which we have seen for a long time. Mr. Sherwood's "Magenta" is, however, too bad altogether. The editor will surely be getting a round-robin from the other contributors if he publishes a third production of Mr. Sherwood's muse. Miss Yonge's "Chaplet of Pearls" goes on in this number of the magazine, and will be found readable. So, perhaps, will Mr. E. D. Neill's "Old Virginia Schools and Early Ministers," which is laborious and careful; but Mr. Neill ought to have told us whether all the money and all the work expended for schools in Virginia produced any schools or colleges, and this he unaccountably fails to do, though he probably knows. The article on "Deaf Mute Instruction" seems to us to owe too much to Mr. F. B. Sanborn's article in a late *North American*. Not that we charge the writer with borrowing his facts from a source so little recondite; as to that we have no opinion whatever; but the editor ought not to have republished matter so nearly identical with what has been published before.

Whoever would like a sample of the eloquence of the famous Père Hyacinthe may find it in the January *Catholic World*. He addressed the Congress at Malines on "The Labor Question," and there is literally nothing in what he said—nothing that touches the labor question. Aubrey de Vere has some fine verses, "Mater Filii," ending with this characteristically ingenious and Roman Catholic turn of thought:

> "'If I but touch his vesture's hem,
> I shall be healed, and strong, and free—'
> Thou wert his vesture, Mary; them
> His virtue heals that cling to thee."

It seems a pity that Mr. de Vere should be the laureate of the immaculate conception—to dogma give up what was meant for mankind; but it is not to be denied that it is worth while to take for a little time the Catholic point of view for the sake of more fully appreciating his strains, which are unfailingly delightful. "Matin," also, by R. S. Willis, is pleasing poetry. We do not know when we have read anything with more pleasure than "The Comedy of Convocation," which is the title alike of the fifteenth article in the *Catholic World* and of an English pamphlet which the Catholic Publication House is about to reprint. The article is wholly composed of extracts from the pamphlet, which, for its wit and fun and acuteness, is really admirable. We heartily recommend all our readers, of whatever shade of religious belief, to give themselves the pleasure of reading it, and we advise the Catholic Publication House to print a very large edition of it. The work is said to be from the pen of Father Newman, and is every way worthy of the imputed authorship.

The *Riverside Magazine for Young People* (Hurd & Houghton) has added to its attractions for older people by giving two pictures of a certain value, full page wood-cuts after drawings by Mr. La Farge. In the December number of the magazine was "The Wolf Charmer," with some explanatory text translated from the French of George Sand; in the current number is "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," drawn to illustrate Robert Browning's well-known poem which accompanies it here. The style of wood-engraving employed for the pages of the *Riverside* is almost uniformly bad, and these pictures are not excepted from the rule. The complete wiping out of all expression of face from all the childish party following the Pied Piper, except the baby and the bullet-headed little boy behind the Piper's back, is the best instance of what we mean that we can give. The drawing must have been rich in expression. There is an active and fruitful fancy, and perhaps something better than that, in these pictures. Mr. La Farge seems to us to have great qualities as a book illustrator.

Our Young Folks for January also shows improved illustrations. Mr. Dickens begins a children's story, and his portrait in steel is made the frontispiece of the number.

Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine. By Count de Falloux, of the French Academy. Translated by H. W. Preston. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.)—These memoirs are valuable chiefly as an interesting contribution to purely Catholic literature, but gain a somewhat more general human interest from the graceful manner in which they are written, and the insight they give us into a character not only religious, but at the same time intellectual and highly cultivated. The letters of Eugénie de Guérin

revealed a nature somewhat similar, but in her there was the glow of imaginative and poetic feeling, and the raptures and rewards, the despondencies also, of the religious life were clothed by genius with a seductive charm of expression for which we look in vain in these letters. If we say that Madame Swetchine was neither a genius nor a saint, we wish neither to insinuate a doubt as to the value of her literary remains nor the depth and sincerity of her religious faith; but simply to imply that her religious emotions are not so ecstatic as to excite enthusiasm, and that her letters, though they abound in fine and well-expressed thoughts, and always indicate a clear, forcible, well-regulated, and well-trained mind, are lacking in that sympathetic quality which inevitably converts readers into friends.

Madame Swetchine was born in Moscow in the year 1782, during the reign of Catharine II., in whose court her father, M. Soymonof, held a prominent position. She died in Paris in 1857. Her life embraces, therefore, a long and very stormy period in European politics; but, though some little stress is occasionally laid by her biographer on external events, and her correspondence is full of allusions to them, no part of the interest which attaches to her is due to her surroundings. Her life was singularly uneventful. She was married at seventeen to a man of forty-two, who was selected for her by her father. "Sophia acquiesced in this choice," says her biographer, "as in all which emanated from her father, with loving deference. She had lost her mother several years before; and what specially attracted her in this union was the certainty that she would not be separated from her little sister."

General Swetchine seems to have been a kind husband, but is said not to have been his wife's equal in mind, and apparently took little interest in her favorite pursuits. She had no children, and on the death of her father, to whom she was profoundly attached, she threw herself into religion with a zeal which seems to us to intimate that her heart was unoccupied. She entered the Greek Church, and for years remained a communicant with it. She was not, however, one of those saintly natures in which religious fervor and works of charity leave no room for other aspirations. She was a hard student and a catholic reader—rejecting no book because its sentiments differed from her own, and never laying aside a work of value without analyzing it, making copious notes, and in some cases copying it entire. This portion of her life, ranging from her nineteenth to her thirty-third year, seems to us the most suggestive and valuable. In the voluminous correspondence with Mlle. Stourdza which forms the principal record of it, she shows herself to be a loving and steadfast friend, and manifests a rare capacity of withholding her judgment until she had sufficient grounds for forming it, and, generally, of acting according to reason instead of impulse. During this period also she contracted an intimate friendship with the celebrated Count de Maistre, who exercised a great, though for a long while a successfully combated, influence in converting her to Catholicism. There were no great obstacles in the way of such a conversion. Though her reading had included Kant and Fichte and Hegel, she was troubled by no metaphysical doubts as to the truth of the fundamental religious dogmas, and had no prejudices against that form of faith which she finally adopted. The manner of her conversion was in this wise. In June, 1815, she secluded herself with a library full of ecclesiastical histories. "She ascended," says Count de Falloux, "to the sources of history; she compared dates; she studied languages; over and above all she gave her soul to prayer. The Princess Alexis Galitzin, already a Catholic, had composed an invocation to God, in which she interceded for the conversion of her friend; and this prayer she had repeated daily, ever since the 10th of January, 1810." As usual, Madame Swetchine read with pen in hand. "From the 1st to the 25th of November she composed and wrote three hundred pages of enormous size. In two days, from the 25th to the 27th of November, she wrote twenty-six." We are at liberty to conjecture which of these agencies proved most efficacious in producing the desired result—whether the study of languages, the books of manuscripts, or the prayer of the Princess Alexis; but by the 31st of August Madame Swetchine had decided the Greek Church to be in error, the Papal supremacy to be an unquestionable fact, and was ready to make her profession of faith as a Catholic.

Father Newman tells us that since he entered the Church he has been perfectly happy and free from all religious doubts; and Madame Swetchine seems to have been in much the same condition—a condition which, though it may seem to be desirable, is not, on the whole, particularly interesting to the outside world. Madame Swetchine lived a long life which was filled with devotion and good works; she attracted to her numerous friends, some of whom are well known in literature, and was regarded by them with the greatest respect and affection. Her mind was essentially womanly and non-creative, but she exerted a powerful influence on some of the best minds of her time. There are a few letters from M. de Tocqueville which show in how high esteem he held her, and are, besides, more provocative of thought than anything else in the book; which, like most religious lives, is chiefly interesting to the members of a particular religious sect. One makes exceptions, of course, as in the case of the "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," in which the style and spirit of the work are so admirable that readers of all shades of thought are attracted by it. But this life, though gracefully written, is not particularly suggestive; and Madame Swetchine, though she was doubtless a lovely, accomplished, and devout woman, is not a woman in whom one can be profoundly interested.

Geschichte der deutschen Einwanderung in Amerika. Von Friedrich Kapp. Erster Band. Die Deutschen im Staate New York bis zum Anfange des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Mit einer Karte. (New York: E. Steiger, 17 North William Street. 1867.)—The reason assigned by Tacitus for believing the Germans to be natives of their soil is favorable to the notion that they would readily abandon it for a better. "Who would live in Germany," he cries, "rather than in Asia, Africa, or Italy, unless it were his fatherland? In Germany, unsightly of region, rough of climate, savage even in its civilization." And, accordingly, poor Divitiacus, in soliciting the aid of Cæsar against the men that "fought mit Ariovistus," said with a shudder, "In a few years we shall all be driven out of Gaul, and all the Germans will have crossed the Rhine—for our land and our style of living are infinitely better than theirs." So early, and nobody knows how much earlier, began that emigration from Germany the latest form of which is here described by Mr. Kapp. In these nineteen centuries the restless Germans have possessed themselves of many lands by migration, or by conquest, and from all we know of Bismark, it is not probable that they are yet ready to give up their inveterate habit. It is well, therefore, for Mr Kapp to show us exactly what they have done and are doing in America, where already their direct influence is so great, and where it is destined to be greater.

But this is not his only purpose, as he declares in his preface. With that constancy to his fatherland which was the more remarkable when Germany resembled the fragments of Medea's dissection more than the rejuvenated Æson who now gives the law to Central Europe, Mr. Kapp desires to console Germany for her past disruption and weakness by holding up to her the spectacle of a vast colony sent forth from her bosom and speedily arrived at material greatness and political freedom on this side the Atlantic. "Nil desperandum *Tuiscone* duce, et auspice *Tuiscone*."

To this work our author brings unusual powers and facilities. Having long lived in America and been so placed as to learn much not only of the recent emigration from Germany, but of those incidents of our Revolutionary period in which his countrymen were deeply concerned, he has diligently availed himself of these opportunities. His "Life of Steuben," "Life of De Kalb," and "German Mercenaries in America," are contributions of great value to American history; while the studies which they required in preparation have given him access to many details of earlier and later annals. These will chiefly appear, we should judge, in the first volume of the work before us. Although announced to be published entire in five numbers before the first of October, 1867, we have received only the first number, of 88 pages, bringing the history down to the middle of the fifth chapter and to the year 1709.

Of the four complete chapters here given, two, the first and the fourth, relate to the general character of the German emigration and to the special causes which induced it in the last two centuries; while the other two are occupied with Peter Minnewit and Jacob Leisler, Germans of eminence in the first century of the history of New York. It seems that Minnewit, or, as he is generally called in our histories, Minuit, was a deacon of the Reformed Church at Wesel on the Rhine before he filled a similar office at New York in 1627–1636. He was an important man in the Dutch colony, and afterwards in the Swedish colony at Fort Christina on the Delaware, where he died in 1641. Leisler is better known. Mr. Kapp calls him "the second and last German governor of New York." He was from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and came to New York as a private soldier in 1660. Before 1688 he became wealthy and conspicuous, so as to be readily accepted as a leader in the colonial troubles which followed the downfall of James II., and which led to his own downfall and execution in 1691.

We cannot promise our readers that they will find the history of Minnewit and Leisler of a very absorbing interest. The generalizations of Mr. Kapp are of more value to most readers and serve as a good introduction to his book. He writes in a serious and, for a German, a clear and lively style; not so fascinating as Heine, nor so sententious as Tacitus, but, on the whole, more adapted than either to the taste of his countrymen, in whose

language he has written, and for whom, no doubt, his book is chiefly intended. A translation of the work, when complete, would find many readers among those who are unacquainted with the German tongue.

The Layman's Breviary; or, Meditations for Every Day in the Year. From the German of Leopold Schefer. By C. T. Brooks. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.)—Of the many volumes of devotion which have recently appeared, this volume seems to us the best. That it is translated by Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, is sufficient proof that the work is done well, for his skill has been amply vindicated in the past by his translation of Jean Paul's "Titan" and Goethe's "Faust," and many German lyrics. But there was no lack of translations of "Faust," and "Titan" appeals to but few readers, while this book, most excellently translated by Mr. Brooks, is sure to be extensively and permanently popular. It is simple in its structure as it is deep in meaning and hopeful in spirit. No one can read it without being helped and comforted and cheered. Its views of life are healthy, fresh, and strong. There is here no theology and no pietism, but plenty of religion. It is easy to understand why it has been so popular in Germany. It first appeared there in 1834, and Mr. Brooks's translation is from the twelfth edition. He has seen fit, and wisely we think, to supply headings to the various meditations. It would seem that the plan of the work, "meditations for every day in the year," could not be favorable to inspiration; but these poems are as spontaneous as if they had not been written with reference to any such plan.

The Turk and the Greek; or, Creeds, Races, Society, and Scenery in Turkey, Greece, and the Isles of Greece. By S. G. W. Benjamin. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.)—For a book of two hundred and seventy pages the title-page here promises a great deal. And the promise is kept only after a fashion. All of the above-named subjects do manage to have something said about them, though sometimes it is very little. But what is said is said in a very easy, graceful manner; and a man whose time hangs heavy on his hands could spend an hour with Mr. Benjamin with much pleasure and some profit. There is this to say in favor of the book, and it is not a little, namely, that its author has had first-rate opportunities for studying the various aspects of Eastern life. For he is no hasty traveller, but the son of a missionary born and reared in the East, and returning after a few years of absence in America. But for the very reason that he has had such splendid opportunities he should have given us something vastly more substantial than the present work. His Eastern life does not seem to have Orientalized his tastes and character; he is very sturdily American in every page. We trust that he will one day tell us more of his experience, and tell it better.

Tam O'Shanter. By Robert Burns. With illustrations by E. H. Miller, photographed by Gardner. (New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1868.)—In a good-sized quarto, not so exaggerated in width of margin as "St. Gwendoline," reviewed two weeks ago, but, like that book, with the text printed on one side only of the leaf, the inimitable and immortal poem of "Tam O'Shanter" is presented again to the world. The type is large and clear, the pages not badly proportioned, and very few of them are disfigured by notes. The copy sent to us is very badly sewed, and the pages do not lie flat; but this may be exceptional. The photographs are tolerably well made from rough drawings in ink or in sepia. These drawings have been dreadfully slighted in all matters of execution, and there is some extraordinarily bad drawings of horses and of men; but they contain some not badly studied cottage interiors, and there are faces of considerable expression. Thus, in the picture of the bacchanalian jollification by the "ingle, bleezing finely," the figure and face of the Souter, his attitude and action, are well imagined, and the landlord's laughing face, although of rather a conventional type, is not an inappropriate one; there is more "local color," too, than is usual in the furniture and accessories. But the picture is badly composed and coarse, the lights and darks harshly contrasted, the handling inartistic and unrefined. There is a touch of nature, quite clever if it was intentional, in the change from the great quart mugs of this picture to the diminutive goblets of the next; in the latter the stirrup cup is being served, which the landlord pays for.

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The Week.

CONGRESS assembled again on Monday. The first day was not a very busy one. In the Senate, Mr. Reverdy Johnson brought up the question of the admission of Mr. Thomas as senator from Maryland; and there was some good debate by Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Howe, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Trumbull, but nothing done. In the House, there was the regular Monday morning call of States for bills and joint resolutions, the most important bill offered being one by Mr. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, providing for the gradual contraction of the currency by the redemption of legal-tender notes, when presented in sums of less than $100, at 140 during the first month, 139½ the second, and so on till gold and legal-tenders are of equal value, which would be the case, Mr. Broomall thinks, in six years and eight months. Then the House referred to the Reconstruction Committee a scheme of Mr. Boutwell's, of which the main point is that all the military districts are to be thrown into one, and put under command of the General of the Army. Next, by a strict party vote, General Hancock was refused a vote of thanks, and, on the other hand, the Republicans thanked Grant for his resistance to the removal of Sheridan. The House did nothing else of importance, except that, at the instance of Mr. Banks, it passed with great despatch a bill making eight hours a legal day's work in all Government shops and yards. Ostensibly, this is done that the number of men employed may be increased during the present hard times; but we suppose the working-men in Mr. Banks's and other districts will hear of it pretty often during the next Presidential and Congressional canvass. On Tuesday nothing of moment occurred in the House. The Senate repealed the Internal Revenue tax on cotton, but provided for levying it again in 1869.

The charge brought against Mr. Thomas, senator elect from Maryland, by the New York bankers, of having aided Cobb in putting the Government credit in peril in 1860, appears to have been successfully met by evidence; but the charge of disloyal conduct in Maryland, and particularly of having advanced money to his son to enable him to join the Confederate army, still resists all solvents that have been applied to it. The discussion on this last matter became somewhat nice and metaphysical, the point being raised, whether a man who gave one hundred dollars to a son who was going, in spite of him, to run away and join the rebels, should be held to have given it him as pocket-money for his relief in sickness or trouble, or as travelling expenses to enable him to reach his destination. Without pretending to throw any light on so knotty a question, we take leave to say, that we think the Senate is hardly in such a state of mental composure as to be fit to hold the scales while a father's motives, under such circumstances, are being weighed. Mr. Thomas's loyalty ought to be tested, and in this rough world can only be tested fairly, by a review of his conduct in matters purely political. In domestic life, we all act from mixed motives, and few of us are equal to playing the part of Brutus, let our loyalty or love of justice be ever so great.

Mr. Upson has introduced a resolution, to which Mr. Boutwell has added another, setting the Reconstruction Committee to work to find out whether it would not be a good thing to give the constitutional conventions at the South the appointment of all civil officers in the various States of the South, and also—this is Mr. Boutwell's suggestion—whether it would not be well to "constitute" the whole of the said States a vast military district, and to declare the governments set up by order of the President to be no governments at all, by act of Congress. It must be remembered that these suggestions come from gentlemen who, with their friends, have had the work of reconstruction completely in their hands for two years at least, and have enjoyed during the whole of that period the support and forbearance of the public. They have passed what bills they pleased, with as little discussion as they pleased, which was very little indeed. The Reconstruction bill which they produced at the end of this period was found after it was enacted to be, owing to their haste, carelessness, and impatience of criticism, singularly defective, and Congress had to be summoned in the middle of summer to amend it; it has had more recently to be amended again; and it has been put into operation and has nearly done its work—the country waiting in great anxiety for the result. At this point one of the authors of the bill himself steps forward and asks us gravely to make an entirely new arrangement, and treat the law as if it had never been passed, and as if no such thing as reconstruction had ever been contemplated. We take it for granted that the Republican party sees that it has borne with as much of this sort of "statesmanship" as it can well stand. We hope it does, at all events.

The New York *Tribune* of Monday contained a letter from Washington, giving an account of the condition of the political world there, which was decidedly the ablest piece of writing—ablest, we mean, from an artistic point of view—we remember to have seen in a newspaper for a long while. The writer—who might be Wendell Phillips, greatly sobered down and writing under personal intimidation; or "Warrington," of the *Springfield Republican*, shorn of everything in him that the *Anti-Slavery Standard* or *Boston Commonwealth* thinks able or "witty;" or Horace Greeley, in a state of considerable depression, after having passed a night with the Jockey Club; but who wields a keener blade and has a more supple wrist than any of them—discusses, with great show of philosophy, the coming Presidential campaign. He enumerates, as possible candidates, Chase, Grant, Colfax, Butler, and Morton, but the only one whose chances he seriously discusses is Grant, of whom he thinks badly. He sets forth with great force and feeling the objections to soldier-candidates, but many of them are of a kind that lead us to suspect him of having passed most of his life in Paris. He divides the Republican party into three classes: 1, The dissatisfied Republicans in the South; 2, The Butler Republicans in the West, who want to pay the national bonds in currency; 3, The Anti-National-Bank

Republicans. We do not ourselves think very much of all this as a bit of classification, but as the work of an acute observer it is worth attention. He sketches in mere outline, however, and in charcoal, the best man for the Presidency under all the circumstances. The head he does not produce, but, unless we are greatly mistaken, the remainder of the person is that of the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. On reading over the writer's list of objections to military candidates, we thought seriously of putting down the objections that suggest themselves to candidates who are already on the judicial bench, and we found on running through them that they were far weightier and graver than those under which the soldiers labor, but too numerous to mention this week. Soldiers die, and they need great wars to raise them to eminence. A court of justice never dies, and the conversion of its bench into a platform from which men may step into the Presidency we should look upon as one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall the country—a stab in its vitals.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post* is the author of a story, which, as he tells it, we do not credit, of Mr. Delmar, the head of the Statistical Bureau, having furnished certain "interesting financial statistics" in reply to a communication from General Butler, showing that "the civilization of the world depends in a great measure on the character and quantity of its circulating medium;" and that "the long monetary dearth" which prevailed after the fall of the Roman Empire "led to the social degradation which marked the dark ages, and which culminated in the system of feudal laws from which even modern civilization has failed to entirely free itself," etc. We trust Mr. Delmar has not been doing anything so ill-advised as furnishing General Butler with loose statistics, as that gentleman would be pretty sure to injure himself or those around him with them. In any case, we feel pretty confident that the foregoing theory of the part played in civilization by "the circulating medium" is largely the composition of our learned friend, "Our Washington Correspondent" himself. It bears all the marks of his ingenious and original mind. The quantity of the circulating medium depends on the state of civilization, and not the state of civilization on the quantity of the circulating medium. Money was plenty in the Augustan age for the same reason that paved roads were plenty, it diminished in quantity during the Middle Ages for the same reason that the Roman roads disappeared, and this diminution had, of course, about as much to do with producing "the social degradation" of the "dark ages" as with causing the rise of Gothic architecture. Pocket-handkerchiefs are another thing which multiply or diminish in number as nations advance or recede in civilization, and are undoubtedly a help to it; but then neither moral nor material progress can be said to "depend" on the number of pocket-handkerchiefs.

General Sherman's report in regard to the Indians will soon be laid before Congress, and it will be a wonder if it is not a sensible, practical document. From a brief synopsis that has got into print, we should say that it will be of a character to please the Western people, and will reflect very well the opinions of those of them who best know the Indians—of Kit Carson, say. The synopsis above mentioned makes General Sherman say that the interests of the peaceable Indians, of the settlers, and the whites demand that a decided change should be made in the administration of the Indian Bureau. Like most of the military men, he wishes the Bureau transferred bodily to the War Department. If, however, Congress will not do that, he would have a division of duties made, would have the wild Indians turned over to the military arm, while to the Bureau with a civil head he would give charge of those tribes and parts of tribes which are on reservations and becoming civilized. The army, he says, is held responsible for all troubles with the Indians, yet is for ever hampered in its action by the civilian officials. This latter statement we suppose to be true, but we doubt if many people hold the army responsible for the disgraceful condition of our relations with the tribes. The policy of the Government has always been hesitating, weak, almost resultless—except that new treaties resulted in new wars pretty regularly—cruel to the Indians and cruel to the whites. That these are barbarously cruel to each other is true enough, and too true, and the Government has had no easy task; but much blame belongs to it.

We are informed, on what we consider good authority, that the Judge Erskine whom Mr. Toombs abused with such violence the other day, is so far from being what Mr. Toombs called him that he is an honorable man, a Christian, a sound lawyer, and an upright judge. But he was an undisguised Unionist during the war; and then, as for Mr. Toombs, there are times, our correspondent adds, when his abuse is to be listened to and let pass: "His friends well know what weakness of Mr. Toombs it was that cost him his election to the Presidency of the Confederate States." This we print in justice to Judge Erskine. We may add that the judge did not refuse Mr. Stephens and Mr. Toombs permission to practise because they were unable to take the test oath, but because neither of them has obtained the President's pardon. Ability to take the test oath cannot supply the want of the pardon; having this latter, they would be at once admitted to practice.

There are two movements begun and prospering in Europe, one in France and one in England, which promise, if they continue to be successful, social results of the greatest value. The one in France is the higher or, as it is called there, "the secondary education" of women, of which we have already spoken several times, to the credit of which M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, is entitled, and on account of which he has been vigorously denounced by M. Dupanloup, the famous Bishop of Orleans, as a man "the cup of whose iniquity is full." The courses of lectures at the Sorbonne are already a great success; and what is most remarkable is, that girls belonging to the most distinguished families in Paris, including two nieces of the Empress, are attending them—showing that the "education of the heart" by the priests, "under the mother's eye," is no longer considered, even in the most priest-ridden circles, all that girls need to qualify them for the duties of life. When one remembers what kind of personage the French *jeune fille* is, and then sees the ability, the force, and the acuteness which French married women bring to bear on the affairs of life, in spite of their defects of education, one cannot help hoping for some very remarkable effects on French society from the increased mental training, and consequent mental emancipation before marriage, which the new system promises. Who knows but out of it may come a reaction against the refined materialism, or rather paganism, which has of late years been taking possession of French society?

The movement in England is the establishment of a system of arbitration between masters and workmen, or rather between the trades-unions; for it is through, or rather under, the trades-unions that the workmen act. It has begun at Nottingham, which was until 1860 as great a hotbed of strife, and strife in its most repulsive forms, between labor and capital as Sheffield. In that year the evil was felt to have reached the limits of the endurable, and threatened the ruin of the trade of the town. A board of arbitration was consequently established, consisting of six masters and six workmen, the latter chosen by the votes of the members of the trades-unions. The number has since been increased to nine on each side; but most questions in dispute are now decided by a committee of four, the right of appeal to the whole board being seldom exercised. The result has been that for seven years there have been neither strikes nor "lock-outs" in Nottingham. Amicable discussion settles everything; the workmen learn round the board table what are the real profits, risks, and difficulties of the masters, and the masters learn what are the real hardships, requirements, and expectations of the workmen. The plan has worked so successfully that it has spread to all the great manufacturing towns of Nottinghamshire, and there is a prospect of its being introduced into Sheffield itself.

The one subject of thought and talk in England is still the Fenians and Fenianism. Nothing very serious has occurred since the Clerkenwell tragedy, which was doubtless atrocious, but which the London *Times* has been trying very absurdly to prove so terribly atrocious that nobody could possibly have planned or executed it except Irishmen, as

if Fieschi and Orsini had never thrown bombs into the midst of an innocent crowd; or as if Guy Fawkes had never made arrangements to blow up "the three estates of the realm" at one blast; or as if the trades-union outrages had never been heard of; or as if the troops of his present Majesty the Emperor of the French had not swept the Boulevards and the houses along them with musketry, when there was no enemy near, in his own capital, merely to strike terror, killing and wounding peaceful men and women by the hundred; and as if many towns had not been bombarded in our time by "lawful governments" in order to drive out rebels. The fact is that the *ends* of political conspirators and fanatics of every race and station are apt to assume such enormous proportions in their eyes that the *means*, no matter of what nature, seem dwarfed and insignificant. It is not the Irish only who in political struggles are unskilful in the use of moral weights and measures. Some of the help they get in putting a good face on their performances from cool bystanders, however, is curious. There is a large band of sophists both in England and this country who are now trying to persuade us that the killing of Policeman Brett was a comparatively harmless because a "political" act. This, if it means anything, means that as long as the object you have in view is a political one, and you entertain no personal animosity to your victims, or will derive no personal gain from their death, you may kill as many people as you please—kill them suddenly, treacherously, in the midst of peace and fancied security. On this theory, the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was a venial crime; so was the St. Alban's raid; and so was the attempt to throw the night trains off the track on the New York Central, for which a "Virginian gentleman" was most righteously hanged by General Dix in this harbor, in 1864, in spite of the fact that he had been regularly detailed for "special service" by his masters in Richmond.

Mr. Gladstone has been making a batch of speeches to his constituents, one of which was mainly devoted to the Irish question, and was full of wisdom, of just, humane, and comprehensive views of the situation expressed in terse and vigorous English. He comes out boldly for the abolition of the Church Establishment; for the concession to Catholics of a charter for their University, which has hitherto been denied them; for the legalization all over Ireland of the Ulster custom of "tenant right"—that is, the abrogation of the common law rule which makes all improvements made on land the property of the owner in fee; and for the government of Ireland in all things whatsoever according to Irish and not English ideas, just as Scotland is governed according to Scotch ideas. Englishmen have not, and have never had since 1688, a *policy* with regard to Scotland. They have left it its own church, its own law, and whenever any Scotch question comes up in Parliament it is almost invariably left to the decision of Scotch members. Mr. Gladstone pointed out also that the success of the American Fenians amongst the Irish at home was the natural result of the hopelessness into which the latter had fallen with regard to the results of peaceful agitation—a hopelessness which the past too fully justified. At the same time he denounced in as strong terms as he could muster both the principles and practices of the Fenians proper, and rightly put the Canadian expedition of last summer, the Manchester tragedy, and the Clerkenwell outrage on the same moral level—as acts of murder and brigandage, all the more detestable for the scale on which they were perpetrated and the helplessness and innocence of their victims.

Ratazzi's political career has been a singular one. For several years, in fact ever since 1859, he has passed in Italy for a French partisan—almost, in fact, an agent of the French Emperor—and his advent to power was always taken as an indication that a policy of greater subservience to France was about to be pursued. It now turns out—such is the value of rumor—that he was nothing of the kind, that he has been singularly hostile to France, and that he was the only public man in Italy who had the courage to brave the Imperial Government on the Roman question. Late Cable despatches inform us that General Menabrea is publishing correspondence which shows that Ratazzi was really in league with the Garibaldians; knew of and winked at their preparations, and was ready to avail himself of their victories, and to cover, if need were, their defeat. This most people believed already, however; the obscure point in the imbroglio is to what extent France signified her acquiescence in what was on foot. It appears that up to a certain point the Emperor, though warned by the Italian minister, gave no sign of displeasure, which led the Italian cabinet to count on his approval, or at least on non-interference. He then suddenly became alarmed for the Convention, and just then Ratazzi resigned, but what passed between the two governments at this point we only know from M. Rouher's version in the French Chamber, and this is hardly trustworthy. The Italian blue or yellow or green book, we forget which, is silent on this the most obscure and most interesting part of the affair. Meanwhile, there are signs that the King is growing restive under the pelting of the radical storm, and is inclined to throw himself into the arms of the Garibaldians and brave the worst. A new election will probably make the radicals stronger than ever. The Menabrea cabinet has at last been formed.

What is perhaps most singular and most puzzling about this imbroglio is the course of the French Government. It was noticed that the declarations of the Marquis de Moustier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the French Senate were very guarded, and left the ground open for an arrangement, or what the French call a "transaction," which is something more than an arrangement, with Italy. M. Rouher's declarations, on the other hand, in the Corps Législatif were frank almost to violence, and he asserted with considerable vehemence, and after a pause, that Italy should "never have Rome." M. Rouher, moreover, was known to have come direct from the palace, where he had had a two-hours' conference with the Emperor before he made his speech, and the speech was naturally enough considered fatal to the proposed conference. If Italy was never to have Rome, there was no need of a conference, for a conference could only meet to debate open questions, and not to register French decrees. Now it appears the Government feels it has gone too far. The *Moniteur* publishes letters from Florence showing that things are going on beautifully in Italy, and the semi-official journals are trying to explain away M. Rouher's speech by asserting that what he said was, that Italy should never seize on Rome (*s'emparer*), not that she should never have Rome. This will hardly satisfy the clerical party, nor the Thiers party, but the Emperor probably begins to feel that it is easier to brave them than to brave the radicals of all Europe, by assuming in Italy the position vacated by Austria. M. Thiers will apparently reap the reward of his late speech in the detestation of the Liberals and at least the distrust of the Conservatives. The Liberals are disgusted by his revival at this day of theories of international relations against which France has fought and argued for half a century, and which were the groundwork of all that was worst in the treaties of 1815; while the friends of the Papacy are not disposed to be grateful for the adhesion of a philosopher who lets it plainly be seen that he befriends the Pope merely as a means of harassing Victor Emanuel. It was not in this spirit that the wonderful Zouaves fought, who, the clergy assure us, outdid at Mentana Thermopylæ and Lepanto and divers other historic fights. Unfortunately for the parallel Leonidas received no reinforcement of Gauls armed with breech-loaders, and Don John, if he looked at all, looked in vain for the help of iron-clad rams.

In France the political world is entirely occupied with the army bill, the Italian question having been for the present disposed of. As eighty-two deputies have put down their names as about to deliver speeches on it, the debate will last as long as the patience of the Chamber and the country. The bill is very unpopular, as it enormously increases the army, extends the term of service in and out of garrison to nine years, and does not allow marriage till the seventh year. The Government is preparing gradually to shoulder the burden of the Mexican bonds,—the reason being, say its enemies, that its officials in the provinces bamboozled 800,000 persons into investing in them, who will vote against the official candidates at the coming general election unless their mouths are stopped.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

SOUTHERN INFLUENCE ON THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE elections of 1867 have, of course, had a powerful influence upon the minds of the Southern people, and have materially changed the political prospect in the South. A repetition of the Republican victories of 1866 would have ensured the process of reconstruction against every danger, except the extremest folly of its friends. Mr. Johnson would not have dared to interfere, and the most discontented Southerner would not have dared to talk of resistance. As it is, Mr. Johnson succeeds in putting serious obstacles in the way, and by holding out to the dissatisfied portion of the Southern people hopes of their final escape from the conditions imposed by Congress, he encourages them to a bitter resistance, which may yet lead to the worst results.

The colored people of the South, and the many thousands of white men who have co-operated with them during the past year, are, of course, affected in a different way by the Northern reaction. Feeling that all which makes life desirable is at stake in this great contest, they will undoubtedly insist more strenuously than ever that no party which claims their support shall occupy an uncertain ground in respect to the questions which are to them of more vital importance than any others. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that the mass of Southern Republicans should be urgent for the nomination of some such man as Chief-Justice Chase, whose record upon the chief political question of the day is so unmistakable. Such a man would undoubtedly not only command the votes of the entire South in a Republican Convention, but would receive more votes in the election at the South than any more conservative or doubtful candidate of the party. For no one who understands Southern feeling imagines that Grant will receive more votes from white men than Chase would, while every one knows that the name of Chase would excite a far greater enthusiasm among the colored voters than would that of any other possible candidate. Southern Republicans, therefore, advocate the claims of their favorite on grounds of expediency, as far as the South is concerned; but they are also actuated by more important considerations. They cannot afford to risk any uncertainty. Whether the next administration calls itself Republican or Democratic, if it destroys the governments created under the auspices of Congress and disfranchises the colored race, it will be fatal to the Republicans of the South as a party, and to many of them as individuals.

It is a mistake to suppose that the evils of a reactionary course would fall exclusively upon the colored people. The white men who, to the number of thirty thousand in North Carolina, as many more in Georgia, and half as many in Virginia, have identified themselves with the Republican party by voting in favor of reconstruction upon the basis of equal suffrage, have more to lose than the negroes, and are as likely to lose it. The negro can at most suffer degradation into a condition out of which he has not long escaped, and which he knows from experience how to endure. It is not, indeed, probable that he could be put back into precisely the same plight in which the war found him. But the white man who has dared to associate politically with him has risked the loss of a social standing, such as it was, which he has never been without. A reaction would put every such white man beneath the feet of his enemies. No mark of contempt would be spared him. He would be treated just as in India they treat those who break the laws of caste. The highest Brahmin, upon violating those laws, falls instantly to the lowest depth. So if the law of political caste is restored in the South, every white Republican will be put lower in the social scale than his negro neighbor, will have less favor shown him, and probably will be less able to get justice from the courts.

If, therefore, the Southern States are represented in the approaching Republican Convention, it will be by men thoroughly in earnest, who will listen to no proposition for compromise upon questions pertaining to reconstruction. If the majority of the Northern delegates should wish to evade those issues, it would have to be done by shutting out the South. With a full Southern delegation, it would be impossible to make the convention a conservative body. The nominee for the Presidency will probably be the same in any event, but the platform will be considerably modified by the influence of Southern delegates.

There are hints from some quarters of the possibility of a radical secession from the convention, but we do not apprehend any such occurrence. There will be no revolt against the nomination of Grant upon a clear declaration of principles accepted by him. If, by some extraordinary combination of events, the ultra-conservatives were to gain control of the convention, to shut out the Southern delegates, and to adopt a reactionary platform, or none at all, there would be serious danger of a division of the party; but this we can scarcely deem possible. The Republican party, North as well as South, is not at all inclined to divest itself of principles, to abandon the road upon which it has entered, or to betray the allies whom it has invited to its support. Moreover, count must be taken, in estimating the danger of a split, of the power a nominating convention in great crises possesses, of doing as it pleases within certain wide limits. The dissatisfaction of large sections of the Republican party with its two last nominations was very deep, and there was plenty of disposition to set up a second candidate, but the game was felt to be too dangerous. The Southern loyalists may feel very little enthusiasm for Grant and a great deal for Chase; but then, after Grant has been nominated, they will probably see that the chance of choosing between them is gone, and that, if they wish to try their luck again, they must take the chance of getting Pendleton or Seymour.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY IN AMERICA AND IN ENGLAND.

AN "awful exposure" of the moral condition of the mercantile classes in England, as illustrated by the trade frauds and banking frauds and railroad frauds which have been so numerous of late, appeared recently in the London *Spectator*. It was a frightful picture, but it was a picture of a kind which the condensation required by periodical writing has of late made very common, in which all mention of modifying and redeeming facts, or counteracting agencies, is omitted. The mere enumeration of the repulsive phenomena of any society or of any crisis—such, for instance, as Dr. Mackay used to present to the readers of the London *Times* during the late war—may be in every respect accurate, and yet may suggest very false inferences. To make out a list of the frauds in the commissariat or quartermaster's department, for example, and of all the desertions which were revealed in any one year of the war, and yet say nothing of the sacrifices made during the same period by individual towns to fill their quotas, or of the operations of the Sanitary Commission, or of the magnitude of the temptations to which contractors or employees were exposed, or of the difficulties of organization and accountability in a service organized as ours was, would be to present a very false notion of the condition of American society during the war. So also—although every word said by the *Spectator* of the dishonesty of the English business-world might doubtless be supported by fifty hard facts—the whole picture of English society presented by it is nevertheless, we think, misleading, inasmuch as we are told nothing of the agencies which are working against this dishonesty, or of the condition of that large portion of the community which necessarily has no share in the great mercantile frauds.

The picture, however, derives a large portion of its interest from the fact that on the surface it seems applicable to all the great commercial communities of the world as well as to England—to all of them, at least, in which trade is based on the principle of competition. Nevertheless, there are certain reasons why it is more nearly true of England than of any other country, or perhaps we should say than of this country—for this is the only country in the world with which England, commercially considered, can be fairly compared. In France and in Germany and Italy the principle of competition is not nearly so active, which is another way of saying that the men are less enterpris-

ing and more contented, though perhaps less honest at bottom than Englishmen or Americans; that is, they may cheat more readily, but they cheat spasmodically and on a small scale, rarely generally and systematically. Such frauds as have been revealed in England of late, in which the management of railroads and other joint-stock enterprises has been, year after year, a kind of juggling process, skilfully conducted for the spoliation of stockholders, are things from which most Frenchmen or Italians would recoil, as from taking the command of a seventy-four or charge of an astronomical observatory. If such gigantic swindles are less frequent in this country than in England, it is not from want of enterprise or ability. The necessary skill and courage abound here; in fact, abound here far more than in England. Moreover, the moral basis of American society is very similar to that of England. If the state of religious and moral ideas by which life in either country is regulated be carefully overhauled, it will be found very similar on both sides of the water. The religious and moral training of men and women in the two countries is nearly the same in all classes; amongst the classes who, in England, do most of the swindling, they are almost exactly the same. Yet there is no question whatever that the state of things which has been revealed in England by the exposures of the last two years not only does not exist here, but cannot exist, even supposing the commercial morality of Americans to be no higher than that of Englishmen.

Foremost amongst our reasons for coming to this conclusion is one which will probably be questioned by seven readers out of ten on the other side of the water at least, and that is, that wealth does not stand so high amongst the prizes of life in America as it does in England, and therefore the pursuit of it is not so eager, and the mass of men engaged in the pursuit of it are not so unscrupulous. It is quite true that a far larger proportion of the population is engaged in the pursuit of wealth here than in England, and a far larger proportion think and talk of nothing else. But on the other hand—and it is from this point of view that we must look at the matter in order to get at the moral results of wealth-seeking—the number of persons absorbed in the pursuit of wealth in America is very much smaller in proportion to the number and variety of ways in which wealth is to be won than it is in England. The resources of this country and the number of its fields of industry are far greater than those of England—great enough to employ and reward the energies of tenfold the population now employed upon them, putting aside altogether any increase of resources or fields of industry from new discoveries or inventions. This naturally, while stimulating people to the highest pitch of exertion, makes the acquisition of a fortune seem very much less of an achievement here than it does in England or anywhere in Europe. We have no statistics on hand bearing on this subject, and we doubt if any exist that can be depended on. The income-tax returns are very fallacious, for various reasons. There is one test, however, which is of considerable value, particularly as it is not a prepared one, and that is the number of American travellers in Europe. There are very few of them who are not possessors of accumulated property, and, taking distance and expense into account, we think it is fair to estimate their number as bearing the proportion to the number of the English travellers of three to two. Wherever money is easily made, not only is a fortune of itself a comparatively small prize, but hope is very strong. These two facts of themselves are a constant check on unscrupulousness—that is, on systematic and combined unscrupulousness on the part of organized bodies of men, such as has been revealed in the management of English joint-stock companies. Great frauds, like highway robbery, are the phenomena of a society in which the struggle is very desperate, and in which ease and luxury and social consideration are very hard to win.

Not only, however, is wealth a greater prize in England than in America, owing to the greater difficulty of acquiring it, but it there puts within the reach of its possessors certain social distinctions which here are unknown. Everybody knows that in England the ambition of the successful trader or speculator is not simply to acquire wealth, but by means of his wealth to escape from the class in which he was born and enter that of the landed aristocracy. He, therefore, as soon as he can retire from business, either gets into Parliament or buys a landed estate, or both, and sends his sons to Eton or Harrow, and tries to marry his daughters to men of family or rank. In nine cases out of ten this game is not very successful; but the one case in which it is successful is amply sufficient to cause it to be tried in the other nine. Now it would be difficult to give an American an idea of the attractions the position of a country gentleman with the *entrée* of "London society" has for the British trader and his family. It contains for them all the happiness that can be had on this side of the grave, and some, perhaps, which they often despair of finding on the other side. Therefore, when an English commercial man is running the race for wealth, he is not striving, as the American is, simply for a journey in Europe, a large house, fast horses, and plenty of fine furniture, snug fortunes for his daughters, the means of setting his sons up in business, a place on bank boards and charitable committees, and a little extra consideration amongst other business men; he is trying to lift himself into a completely new world, to surround himself with new associations, to enrol his name and that of his remote descendants in another order of society, and to acquire for himself a portion of the deference which is paid to those who wear famous names or can boast of long descent. This is naturally a tremendous prize; it affects the imagination as few prizes have ever done, and it is only in England that it is offered. On the Continent, there is nothing like it. There the nobility is either a close corporation, which cannot be opened with a golden key, or else there is nothing inside of it answering in social and political weight and dignity to the English county family.

The moral effect upon English society of the state of things we have been describing is, of course, execrably bad. It gives money an importance in England such as it possesses in no other country on the globe, and inflicts on poverty a stigma such as nowhere else attaches to it. It makes all distinction of little or no value, certainly of no permanent value, without that of wealth. The successful author or artist or orator may shine for a season, but unless he has a fortune at his back he may count confidently on obscurity or on loss of real consideration, or on having all social or political advancement denied him or made very difficult for him. It is the common belief in Europe that it is the custom of Americans to estimate everything in money, and it is a belief for which there is, unfortunately, too much foundation. But there is, perhaps, no country in which *men* are less esteemed merely for the possession of wealth and in which other sorts of distinction exact so much respect—not even France. We doubt if any country can produce as long a list of *poor* popular idols, orators, poets, historians, essayists, lecturers, and politicians. Many of them may be very sorry idols, it is true, but this is due simply to defects of mental culture and not of moral tone. The idols owe the worship they receive to the popular respect for talent or genius; and it is a worship on which the "social position" of the idol exercises no influence whatever.

One other cause of the prevalence of systematic swindling in England—we are not now talking of the small frauds of the shopkeepers—is the want of what is called "knowledge of business" on the part of the great mass of the population. There is in England, as in every aristocratic country in which there is at the same time a large mass of accumulated capital, a very large body of persons belonging to what may be called the "gentle class," but to which there is here nothing to correspond—daughters and younger sons of good families, half-pay officers, professional men with small fortunes independent of their professional incomes; people such as those whom Hawthorne describes as forming so large a proportion of the inhabitants of Leamington. They all have money to invest, and are entirely dependent on their investments for their means of livelihood, but they are brought up in an ignorance of "business," properly so called, of its processes, conditions, and of everything relating to accounts, not only rare in America, but of which few Americans can form any idea, and it is an ignorance which, instead of feeling ashamed of, they hug and glory in, as the mark of a certain social position. In this class there are, moreover, thousands of women not only ignorant of business themselves, but having no male relative who is much, if any, less ignorant. Their incomes are apt to be small, but they rarely attempt to increase them, and when they do, as in seasons of great speculation like the last three or four years, are pretty sure to fall among thieves. The investments of this class in railroads and joint-stock companies of various kinds—particu-

larly banks—are enormous, and they furnish a prey to fraudulent directors and operators such as no rogues probably ever lighted on before, and such as rogues in this country never meet with. It is only in their simplicity and helplessness that we can find the explanation of the fact that the directors of large numbers of the English railroads have been able to go on, year after year, submitting "cooked" statements and accounts, which the public and the stockholders felt satisfied were cooked, without knowing how to bring the knaves to justice. The *Economist* mentioned recently the case of one road the directors of which mean to be honest, but who, knowing well that the public will not believe a word they say, have been forced to solicit a determined enemy, Lord Cranbourne, to become their chairman. We need hardly say that no directors could play a prolonged game of fraud here. When one of our great industrial Bedouins wants to perpetrate railroad or other joint-stock jobs, he has to begin by buying up the stock himself; after that he can, of course, play what tricks he pleases. If he left it in the hands of the community, he would find himself, as soon as his combinations began to work, followed up by a thousand eyes as keen as his own. Half the widows even, amongst his intended victims, would know enough to expose him, and not one but would have a son or brother or friend whom no balance-sheet or report could deceive.

The moral value of the wide diffusion of "business knowledge," of familiarity with its conditions, requisites, and tests, and of the habits of mind which successful business men possess, cannot, we think, be overrated. The rarity of them in English society we look upon as one great cause of the apparent rottenness of the English mercantile world. The very great diffusion of them here we look on as one of the greatest safeguards of American society, as the great cause of what we believe to be a fact, that there is no country in the world in which the amount of fraud bears so small a proportion to the amount of trust. Rogues abound only where dupes abound, and ignorance is the soil out of which dupes grow. The weak point of American society is the indisposition to visit knaves with heavy social penalties—but of this we have no space to speak now.

THE RIGHT OF EXPATRIATION.

Since Mr. Banks brought in, and carried through the House of Representatives, his great bill for defining afresh the American doctrine of neutrality, he appears to have done nothing in his favorite field. The Neutrality bill was a remarkable piece of legislation—so remarkable that even those members of the House who confessed they had never seen the like of it voted for it, we suppose, out of sheer wonderment. Its principal peculiarity was, as Mr. Bemis, of Boston, pointed out at the time, that it not only disregarded all precedents, but it treated all the facts of the case as if they did not exist, and all principles as if they had no force, and began at the beginning—that point being situated, as well as we could make out, in Mr. Banks's own brain. The Senate, however, being composed mainly of elderly men, in whom the faculty of wonder had doubtless become enfeebled, received the measure with considerable coldness, and in fact appear to have smothered it, for nobody out of doors has heard anything of it since it left the House.

We have been curious ever since to know on what Mr. Banks was engaged during the summer. We knew, of course, he was not idle, or even occupying himself with desultory reading, as nobody who did not "exhaust" any subject he took up could possibly produce such treatises as his "reports," and light up the future of the United States with such flashes of prescience as he let fly in his great speech of last year, in which he made the locomotive "wend its slow foot" over the Rocky Mountains, and exhibited the American Republic in the proud position of prescribing the cut of their clothes to the male inhabitants of the whole Western hemisphere, instead of allowing its ministers to wear court dress in the tawdry drawing-rooms of the worn-out European monarchs. When we saw him placed by Mr. Colfax in his old position as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, we knew, of course, that it was foreign affairs that were absorbing, or would absorb, his attention; about the precise "question" in foreign affairs, however, we felt uncertain. Foreign affairs, in general, open up a wide field to an enterprising and courageous man. There are just now half a dozen "questions" in it which it takes an ordinary person the experience of a lifetime to understand thoroughly, and considerable study to be able to offer even an opinion upon that will be worth printing. But the advantage of being a member of the House, and, above all, chairman of its Committee on Foreign Affairs, is that one can give his opinions a certain value without either knowledge, experience, or study, and Mr. Banks is not the man to neglect his opportunities.

We are bound to say, however, that he has shown great modesty in his selection. The subject on which he is, if report speaks truly, preparing his next "great speech," is the effect of the naturalization laws of the United States upon the European, and particularly the English, doctrine of perpetual allegiance. When we remember that he might if he chose have spoken and "reported" with great acceptance on the present complications in Afghanistan, or on the Pan-Slavic propagandism now going on amongst the Bulgarians, and have even indulged in a digression on Servian poetry, we must admit that he has not been over-presumptuous. Our readers will therefore join us in offering him our cordial sympathy touching the recent deplorable intelligence from Great Britain that nobody in that besotted country cares two straws about the doctrine of perpetual allegiance and is ready to give it up on demand. There will be a good many members of Congress besides Mr. Banks plunged in mourning by this news, as, if England had only held out, the subject promised to be one of the most attractive of the session, and would have suited the peculiar powers of several orators in the House and of at least one in the Senate.

In the first place, it had a good, solid foundation. The doctrine of perpetual allegiance is an absurd doctrine in the present condition of the world, and it is not often that a politician of the Banks school gets a genuine absurdity to rail at. He is apt to attack really valuable or really harmless objects, like the terriers one occasionally sees which eschew rat-catching and devote themselves to killing sheep and chickens. In the next place, it was highly and justly obnoxious to an immense body of voters, especially to Fenians. It was worth as it stood, or was supposed to stand, almost any amount of money to the Fenian Republic. Fenians, of course, have a general right to be outraged by England's delay in paying *Alabama* damages, but then Fenian indignation on this point had to be "got up" more or less. When they and Mr. Banks got together to amend the neutrality law by throwing overboard the musty laws of poor old Washington and Hamilton and Madison and the like in order to punish Great Britain for her bad behavior during the late war, they had to laugh and wink a little—not much, but enough to let each other know that they were not such fools as they seemed. But then the English disregard of the American naturalization laws was really a subject on which neither Mr. Banks nor the Brotherhood needed to simulate indignation. It was a *bonâ fide* grievance, which a man might feel equally deeply both in his character of Fenian brother and of American citizen. In the one character it touched his person—body, blood, and bones—and in the other it touched his pride. Moreover, it came home to the Germans fully as much as to the Irish, and, in fact, far more so. The doctrine only threatened an Irishman with inconvenience if he happened to seek distraction during a visit to his parents in getting up a rebellion, or attacking a magazine or fort, while it menaced the poor German with impressment for the army the minute he set foot on his native soil, though his only object in going home was to see his friends, and though he passed his time while there in drinking beer and listening to music. Altogether, we do not remember a worse case of disappointment in the history even of royal or aristocratic perfidy.

The truth is that England practically abandoned her perpetual-allegiance doctrine during the last war. Her sayings and doings in 1812, and before it, of course possess historical value, but they have no practical value, except to light up the speeches at an indignation meeting. Her denial of all aid or assistance during the late rebellion to thousands of naturalized and semi-naturalized Irishmen who besieged the consulates and the embassy in Washington for protection against conscription, was a virtual acknowledgment of the right of

all British subjects to throw off their allegiance by formally declaring their wish to do so, and fixing their domicile in another country. There is not the shadow of foundation for suspecting her of flattering herself that she possesses the smallest hold, either legal or moral, on the fealty or obedience of any man, or the children of any man, who has taken up his residence in this country and assumed American citizenship in legal form. We see no reason therefore why Congress should not take this for granted, and without any negotiation whatever pass a declaratory act, making the effect of naturalization tantamount in all respects to birth on American soil.

The only place in which the old English doctrine of allegiance still presents itself is in the English courts, and here, we admit, the treatment of American citizens as if they were still subjects of the crown may sometimes be productive of considerable inconvenience. But then there is no conscription or impressment in Great Britain. The Government makes no claim on any man living within its jurisdiction for anything but taxes and peaceable behavior. The idea the Fenians have been trying to spread abroad, that those who have been tried in England and Ireland have suffered in some way by not having the transfer of their allegiance to the United States recognized as valid, has no foundation in fact. A foreigner who takes part in a rebellion against an established government runs just the same risk as a native. If he cannot be convicted as a traitor he can as a filibuster, and it makes very little difference to a man in what character he is sent to the gallows or the treadmill as long as he has to go. The valuable privilege of being tried by a mixed jury, on which Warren insisted so loudly, and the denial of which some of the Fenian papers pronounced a *casus belli*, cannot be secured to American citizens accused of offences in England by any legislation or declaration on this side of the Atlantic. It is not a right under the law of nations; it is a privilege under the municipal law, which the municipal law can extend or withhold at pleasure. So that it is, we believe, not possible to show that anything done here to give force or validity to our naturalization laws would have placed Fenians tried before British courts in any position one whit better than the one they have occupied. It is necessary to put this before the public as plainly as possible, inasmuch as there is a vague idea floating amongst the more ignorant Irish, and encouraged by politicians, that an American citizen is not liable to trial before British courts at all, under any circumstances.

The case of the Germans is different. We believe all Continental nations acknowledge the right of the citizen to expatriate himself, if he pleases, on arriving at years of discretion. But the right is deprived of a large portion of its value by making the exercise of it dependent on the fulfilment of the obligation which every man incurs, between the ages of twenty and thirty, to do military service of greater or less length, and under the Prussian law no length of absence wears this obligation out. The theory on which this obligation is imposed is, that a man incurs a debt to a government by being merely born and bred under it, which he is bound to discharge in any reasonable way it may fix upon. As regards the abstract right of the matter, however, there is as much to be said on one side as the other. There is no earthly means of deciding whether or not a man is morally bound to sacrifice the best years of his life in soldiering for the benefit of a political organization under which he was accidentally born, and which he means to quit as soon as possible. This is, no doubt, an unsentimental view of a man's relation to his native land; but the affair is not one of sentiment, but of political rights and duties, and, like all similar questions, has in the last resort to be solved by the principle of expediency. However little inconvenience the rule may have once occasioned, in these days of steam and telegraphy and emigration by the million, it occasions a great deal. It is a vexation and more than a vexation to great bodies of men living on American soil, owing allegiance to the American Government, and having ties and pursuits which carry them every year to all parts of the world. It has long been a subject of controversy between the American Government and the Prussian, and every year the reasons why the controversy should end grow stronger. It may have been easy enough for this Government to follow the European precedent when there were but few who were affected by it; but with millions demanding its abrogation, it is not easy, and not right. The European rule works against civilization, against progress, and against commerce and social intercourse; it works for nothing except the military system of the great military monarchies, which, it is safe to say, is the cause of half the troubles by which Europe is afflicted. Anything which helps to break it up will be a gain to humanity. But, as we have said once before, nothing should be done to break it up without creating the completest possible guarantees against the abuse of our naturalization laws by foreign knaves and adventurers.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.

A FRIEND of ours, a fairly clever person, and by no means lacking in common sense on common subjects, has the craze in his head that he will some day write a great American novel.

"If I can do it," he says, "I shall perform a national service, and be hailed as a national benefactor. It will be acknowledged that I have broken another of the bonds which make us spiritually colonists and provinciale. Who does not like to have his portrait taken? If I ever can give expression to the idea which is in my brain, the American people will say, 'That is my picture,' and will lavish heart and pocket in remuneration. It is a feat worthy of vast labor and suffering."

During eight or ten years he has struggled for his prize. He has published two or three experiments which have been more or less well spoken of by the critics, and rather more than less neglected by the purchasing public. Now and then, collared by the material necessities of life, or by some national enthusiasm even stronger than his own, he has turned aside into other pursuits, has fought at the front, has aided in the work of reconstruction, has written articles and other things which he calls trivialities. But at every leisure moment he returns to his idea of producing "the Great American Novel."

Will he produce it? Will any one of this generation produce it? It is very doubtful, for the obstacles are immense. To write a great American poem is at present impossible, for the reason that the nation has not yet lived a great poem. It cost unknown centuries of Greek faiths and fightings to produce the "Iliad." It cost all the Roman kings and all the Roman republic to produce the "Æneid." The "Divina Commedia" is the result of a thousand years of the Papal Church. Europe had to live politically through the crusades and the feudal system before it could earn the "Gierusalemme Liberata" and the "Orlando Furioso." "Paradise Lost" is the summary of all gnosticism and Protestantism. We may be confident that the Great American Poem will not be written, no matter what genius attempts it, until democracy, the idea of our day and nation and race, has agonized and conquered through centuries, and made its work secure.

But the Great American Novel—the picture of the ordinary emotions and manners of American existence—the American "Newcomes" or "Misérables" will, we suppose, be possible earlier. "Is it time?" the benighted people in the earthen jars of commonplace life are asking. And with no intention of being disagreeable, but rather with sympathetic sorrow, we answer, "Wait." At least we fear that such ought to be our answer. This task of painting the American soul within the framework of a novel has seldom been attempted, and has never been accomplished further than very partially—in the production of a few outlines. Washington Irving was too cautious to make the trial; he went back to fictions of Knickerbockers and Rip Van Winkles and Ichabod Cranes; these he did well, and we may thank him for not attempting more and failing in the attempt. With the same consciousness of incapacity Cooper shirked the experiment; he devoted himself to Indians, of whom he knew next to nothing, and to backwoodsmen and sailors, whom he idealized; or where he attempted civilized groups, he produced something less natural than the wax figures of Barnum's old museum. If all Americans were like the heroes and heroines of Cooper, Carlyle might well enough call us "eighteen millions of bores." As for a tableau of American society, as for anything resembling the tableaux of English society by Thackeray and Trollope, or the tableaux of French society by Balzac and George Sand, we had better not trouble ourselves with looking for it in Cooper.

There come to us from the deserts of the past certain voices which "syllable men's names"—names that seem to sound like "Paulding," "Brown," "Kennedy"—and we catch nothing further. These are ghosts, and they wrote about ghosts, and the ghosts have vanished utterly. Another of these shadowy mediums, still living, if we are not misinformed, is W. Gilmore Simms, of whom the best and worst thing to be said is this—that he is nearly as good as Cooper, and deserves fame nearly as much.

Thus do we arrive, without frequent stoppage, at our own times. Hawthorne, the greatest of American imaginations, staggered under the load of the American novel. In "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Blithedale Romance" we have three delightful romances, full of acute spiritual analysis, of the light of other worlds, but also characterized by only a vague consciousness of this life, and by graspings that catch little but the subjective of humanity. Such personages as Hawthorne creates belong to the wide realm of art rather than to our nationality. They are as probably natives of the furthest mountains of Cathay or of the moon as of the United States of America. They are what Yankees might come to be who should shut themselves up for life to meditate in old manses. They have no sympathy with this eager and laborious people, which takes so many newspapers, builds so many railroads, does the most business on a given capital, wages the biggest war in proportion to its population, believes in the physically impossible and does some of it. Hawthorne's characters cannot talk? Certainly not in the style of this western world; rather in the language of men who never expressed themselves but on paper, and on paper in dreams. There is a curious lack of natural dialogue in Hawthorne's books, and with this, of course, a lack of almost all other signs of the dramatic faculty. Besides, his company is so limited. New Englanders they profess to be: to be sure, they are of the queerest; men and women of the oddest, shyest, most recluse nature, and often creatures purely ideal; but they never profess to be other than New Englanders. The profoundest reverence for this great man need prevent no one from saying that he has not written "the Great American Novel."

The nearest approach to the desired phenomenon is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There were very noticeable faults in that story; there was a very faulty plot; there was (if idealism be a fault) a black man painted whiter than the angels, and a girl such as girls are to be, perhaps, but are not yet; there was a little village twaddle. But there was also a national breadth to the picture, truthful outlining of character, natural speaking, and plenty of strong feeling. Though comeliness of form was lacking, the material of the work was in many respects admirable. Such Northerners as Mrs. Stowe painted we have seen; and we have seen such Southerners, no matter what the people south of Mason and Dixon's line may protest; we have seen such negroes, barring, of course, the impeccable Uncle Tom—uncle of no extant nephews, so far as we know. It was a picture of American life, drawn with a few strong and passionate strokes, not filled in thoroughly, but still a portrait. It seemed, then, when that book was published, easy to have more American novels. But in "Dred" it became clear that the soul which a throb of emotion had enabled to grasp this whole people was losing its hold on the vast subject which had so stirred us. Then, stricken with timidity, the author shrank into her native shell of New England. Only certain recluse spirits, who dwell between the Dan and Beersheba of Yankeedom, can care much for Doctor Hopkins as he goes through his exercises in "The Minister's Wooing," while the attempt to sketch Aaron Burr as a contrast to the clerical hero shows most conclusively happy ignorance of the style of heartless men of the world. "The Pearl of Orr's Island" is far better. It is an exquisite little story, a thoroughly finished bit of work, but how small! There, microscope in hand over the niceties of Orr's Island, we wait for another cameo of New England life. But what special interest have Southerners and Westerners and even New Yorkers in Yankee cameos?

There was another dainty and by no means feeble story about a still farther north-eastern realm of rocks and sand and fog. A brother of James Russell Lowell, a poet in soul, though he writes in prose, went to Newfoundland in search of the ideal, and wrote "The New Priest of Conception Bay." A few choice, critical souls praised it, we believe, and we believe the purchasing public hardly noticed it. It should not have been let die, and its author should have been called on for more novels. True, large, and kindly portraits of rustic souls were in it, and, as we judge of such things, the best landscape pictures ever done by any American, unless we except Thoreau. Story there was almost none, and no more passion than in a Fra Angelico. What can be hoped for such books in presence of a popular taste which accepts Headley as a Tacitus, and J. S. C. Abbott as a Livy, and Dr. Holland as a Virgil? One is tempted, even as Congressmen often are, to fall back upon "lore," and cry "O tempora! O mores!" We mention this book partly to call attention to the fact that its author, like so many of his competitors, evaded the trial of sketching American life and fled abroad for his subjects.

We shall always be grateful to Oliver Wendell Holmes for "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and hardly less grateful for "The Professor." Lighter, brighter, keener, defter prose has rarely been written in America. It would not be unworthy of a Parisian; it would not be scorned by Taine or Veuillot or Henri de Rochefort. He has also created a personage or two whom we shall not forget. A truer American than "the young man called John" never breathed. We would let him vote anywhere on the mere credit of his ideas. If men and angels should swear to us that he was born abroad, we would not believe them. He is one of us, and was from conception. If he lives, he reads the *Ledger* and John S. C. Abbott, and does not read "The New Priest of Conception Bay." Heaven prosper him and give him more wisdom! There is true picturing of intelligent and unintelligent Eastern Americans in "The Autocrat" and "The Professor." But when the author undertakes a novel, he enters upon a field where passion is needed, to say nothing of his lack of what the poor despised phrenologer calls "constructiveness," and in that he is lacking. We have carefully watched his efforts, not in hardness of spirit, but with sympathy; we know how much easier it is to look on than to run. We acknowledge that "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel" are interesting books. They show us faithfully the exterior of commonplace New England life, and they travesty the solemnities of New England's spiritual life with an amusing manual dexterity. But the artist is hampered by his scientific theories and by his lack of fervent emotional sympathy. His characters do not go; they do not drag him along; they do not drag us. We seem to see that they disappoint their creator; that they do not move as he thought they would when he devised them; that they do not fulfil the double purpose of living for themselves and for him. From time to time he stops and rubs one up, seeking to galvanize it into life and action. We have little doubt that he was far better satisfied with "The Guardian Angel," for instance, when he commenced it than when he wrote the closing lines.

Moreover, these two tales are not American novels; they are only New England novels; they are localisms. We shall not be suspected of desiring to belittle New England, of denying its moral strength, keen intellect, and wide influence. But Dr. Holmes has not sketched that Yankeehood which goes abroad and leavens the character of the Republic. The Yankeehood which he exhibits is that which stays in corners, speechless and impotent—a community of old maids, toothless doctors, small-souled lawyers, village poets, and shelved professors; the coterie of an antique borough, amusing, queer, and of no account. We do not say that he should have put a Wendell Phillips or an Emerson on the canvas; we only say that he has given no prominence to those moral characteristics of New England which produce such movers of the national heart and teachers of the national intellect. He has scarcely alluded to the kind of society which made these men what they are, unless we allow an exception in favor of the suggestiveness of Byles Gridley. Thus his stories are not only provincial in scene and in the form of the dialogue, but provincial to the very depths of the spirit which animates them.

Of "Waiting for the Verdict" we have little to add beyond what we have already said. While acknowledging anew the breadth of the plan, we must reiterate our abhorrence of the execution. In reading it we remember with wicked sympathy the expression of a bachelor friend, "I hate poor people's children," and we are tempted to add, "and poor people." We do not believe that "the poor and lowly of God's creatures" are his chosen; we hold that, if he has any preference, it must be for the wisest, sweetest, and noblest. It is dreadful to have low, tattered, piebald, and stupid people so rubbed into one. Remembering Mr. Dolls, we feel a desire to burn a rag under the noses of Mrs. Davis's characters. The mild sermonizing twaddle of the "Hills of the Shatemuc" was better than this pertinacious exhibition of moral dwarfs, bearded women, Siamese twins, and headless calves. Bad taste in the selection of minor features and a rushing of adjectives to the head spoil a book which, in its table of contents, gives grand promise of an American novel.

There are other experiments. There are novels by Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Bayard Taylor, and Mr. Beecher, and many more, but none is better than those already mentioned and few are nearly as good. Is there in the whole catalogue a "Newcomes," a "Vanity Fair," a "Misérables," or even a "Little Dorrit" or a "Small House at Allington"? Is there, in other words, a single tale which paints American life so broadly, truly, and sympathetically that every American of feeling and culture is forced to acknowledge the picture as a likeness of something which he knows? Throwing out "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we must answer, Not one!

And why not? There are several reasons, some material, some spiritual, some pertaining to the artists, some to the subject. It is not necessary to dwell upon the fact that, as we produce few books of any kind, we must consequently produce a duly small proportion of good ones. Another cause of barrenness is not less obvious; but it has been upheld by selfishness, shortsightedness, and national prejudice; it has been so strenuously defended that argument is pardonable. For lack of an international copy-

right the American author is undersold in his own market by the stolen brain-labor of other countries. The ordinary reader, wanting a book and not caring what, providing it will amuse him, steps into a bookstore and finds "Little Dorrit" alongside of "Elsie Venner." He is pretty sure that both are good, but he sees that the former costs a dollar and three-quarters, and the latter two dollars. He buys the cheaper because it is the cheaper. "Little Dorrit" is stolen and sold without any profit to Dickens; and "Elsie Venner" remains unsold, to the loss of Holmes. Nine readers out of ten do this; each one is glad of the twenty-five cents saved; then he wonders "why we don't have an American literature." Depend upon it that, if "Little Dorrit" were the dearest, more "Elsie Venners" would be sold, and Dr. Holmes would give more time to planning and perfecting novels. The American reader must have his book cheap. He will pay high for his coat, his sofa, his piano, his portrait; but the furniture and clothing and adornment of his mind must be cheap, even if nasty. To charge the English price for a good novel might provoke an indignation meeting, if not a riot. When the "young man called John" buys a book for two dollars, he wants very nearly the worth of his "stamps" in paper and binding. The intellectual or moral value of his purchase is a trifle in his estimation, and he does not mean to pay much for it. In short, the American author has first a small sale, and second a small profit on his sale. His business does not keep him, and so he works carelessly at it, or he quits it. His first book is marked by inexperience; his second is produced in haste to meet a board-bill; and he stops disgusted before he has learned his trade. If he could make a living, and if in addition he saw a chance, the merest chance, of doing as well as a grocery merchant, he would go on and perhaps be our glory; who knows?

We do not say that he would do miraculously well, even under favoring pecuniary circumstances. The child of a community which is given to estimating the claims of books by their cheapness, his culture is not of the highest. Clever, but not trained, he knows better what to write than what not to write. Just consider the educational advantages of an English writer of by no means the highest rank, Miss Thackeray, the author of "The Village on the Cliff." Surrounded from infancy by such men as the creator of "Vanity Fair," the creator of "David Copperfield," and their compeers, she may be said to have inherited the precious knowledge of what not to write. You can see it in her books; there is no great power, but there is nothing threadbare, nothing sophomorical; there is a careful, intelligent workmanship, like that of an old hand. The power of an author is frequently, if not generally, no more than the expression of the community which produced him. Have we as yet the literary culture to educate Thackerays and Balzacs? Ah! we only buy them—cheap.

So much for the artist; now for the sitter. Ask a portrait-painter if he can make a good likeness of a baby, and he will tell you that the features are not sufficiently marked nor the expression sufficiently personal. Is there not the same difficulty in limning this continental infant of American society, who is changing every year not only in physical attributes, but in the characteristics of his soul? Fifteen years ago it was morality to return fugitive slaves to their owners—and now? Five years ago everybody swore to pay the national debt in specie—and now? Our aristocracy flies through the phases of Knickerbocker, codfish, shoddy, and petroleum. Where are the "high-toned gentlemen" whom North and South gloried in a quarter of a century since? Where are the Congressmen who could write "The Federalist?" Where is everything that was? Can a society which is changing so rapidly be painted except in the daily newspaper? Has any one photographed fireworks or the shooting-stars? And then there is such variety and even such antagonism in the component parts of this cataract. When you have made your picture of petrified New England village life, left aground like a boulder near the banks of the Merrimac, does the Mississippian or the Minnesotian or the Pennsylvanian recognize it as American society? We are a nation of provinces, and each province claims to be the court.

When Mr. Anthony Trollope commences a novel, he is perplexed by no such kaleidoscopic transformations and no such conflicting claims of sections. Hundreds of years ago English aristocracy assumed the spiritual nature which it holds with little change to the present day. It had made its code of honor; it had established its relations with the mass of the nation; it had become the model for all proper Englishmen. At this time it is a unit of social expression throughout the kingdom. A large class of people go up to London at the same season, go into the country at the same season, lead very nearly the same lives, have the same ideas and tastes. There you have something fixed to paint; there you have the novelist's sitter; there you have his purchaser. All successful English romances are written with reference to this class; they may attack it, they may defend it, they always paint it. Wealthy, it pays high prices for books; anxious to be amused, it buys them freely. For such a sitter who would not, if possible, learn to paint well? Thus, also, in France, only that the subject is always in your studio, for the studio is Paris. If George Sand writes a provincial novel, she does it not for the people of the province described but for the Parisians, who occasionally like a novelty. But the French author need not know more than that one city to have his subject and his public. In divided Germany there have been few good novels. In distracted Italy there has been, perhaps, but one—"I Promessi Sposi"—and that historical, the result of half a lifetime, the task of a great poet. Even Manzoni found it a mighty labor to depict the life of a nation of provinces.

Well, what are our immediate chances for a "great American novel?" We fear that the wonder will not soon be wrought unless more talent can be enlisted in the work, and we are sure that this sufficient talent can hardly be obtained without the encouragement of an international copyright. And, even then, is it time?

ENGLAND.

LONDON, December 20, 1867.

THE whole attention of London, and indeed of England, for the last week has been fixed upon the explosion at Clerkenwell. The newspapers are crammed with details; at every social meeting there seems to be no other topic of conversation; and the irritation against Fenians and all their doings has risen to fever-heat. I do not think that there is much to be added to the simple facts, that an atrocious outrage has been committed and that some of the perpetrators are in the hands of the police. Perhaps I may add, indeed, that even in so detestable a crime there is an infusion of Irish absurdity at which it is difficult to avoid smiling. The Fenians wished to rescue Burke and Casey, consequently they enquired the time at which their friends were in the habit of taking walking exercise in an enclosed courtyard, and proceeded at that hour to blow an enormous mass of wall into the court. If the prisoners had been there, they would probably have been liberated from the jail and from this world at the same time. The governor of the prison appears to have received notice of the exact time of the assault and some hint of its nature; although, according to the newspapers, the form in which it was reported to him was that hand-grenades would be thrown into the exercise-ground of the prisoners—a mode of effecting their liberation more absurd, if possible, than the other. The proper retort would have been to place the prisoners on the exact spot where their would-be liberators expected their presence, and to let them take the consequences of the misguided zeal of their friends. The governor, apparently, was too humane for such a proceeding. Police were carefully picketed round the building, though their vigilance was eluded at the critical moment. Meanwhile the English spectators appear to have shown the unreadiness which some persons are unkind enough to describe as a national characteristic. A milkman who was going his rounds saw the barrel placed against the wall, and saw the lighted fuse attached to it by one of the criminals. A woman to whom he was speaking remarked that they would all be blown up. Hereupon the milkman—continued his rounds and served his other customers. Four or five minutes afterwards, he says, the explosion took place. The milkman certainly showed a coolness worthy of a better cause. An ill-natured person might make an allegory of these incidents. The Irish, in endeavoring to serve their friends, expose them to considerable danger, and only succeed in doing serious harm to the innocent population of the neighborhood. The English allow the catastrophe to take place from sheer want of vigilance and presence of mind. *Absit omen!* but on a small scale, it is not a bad illustration of the mischief which is due to Irish explosiveness and to English indifference.

The excitement has been kept alive by two or three minor incidents. Attempts were made to set houses in London on fire in three different districts by throwing bottles of "Greek fire" through the windows. Fortunately they all failed. Then a most unaccountable explosion took place at Newcastle. Some one discovered that there were some large casks of "nitro-glycerine" stored behind the town-hall. No one, it seems, was very well acquainted with the special properties of this compound. At any rate, the sheriff with some policemen set about removing it, and whilst they were employed in pouring it off into some safe place they managed to explode the barrels, and four or five men were blown to atoms. This unfortunate proceeding was naturally set down to Fenianism, though on explanation there seems no reason to suppose that it was anything but a purely fortuitous coincidence. It went some way to increase the general excitement and the unpleasant feeling, which the Fenians endeavor to propagate, that the ground is all mined beneath our feet and that a new gunpowder plot may

have at any moment still more serious consequences than the last. The Government have called for special constables to be sworn in; magistrates are holding meetings in every direction; and grand juries are making presentments and being charged by judges. In short, we have all the symptoms of one of the periodical fits of British excitement. To one set of persons it certainly bodes no good, namely, to the prisoners now in the hands of the police. The counsel retained for Burke and Casey, a certain Dr. Kenealy, resigned his brief immediately upon hearing of the outrage, and declared that he would not defend persons whose rescue was attempted by such diabolical means. Dr. Kenealy appeared to be under the impression that he was in some way doing a noble action in throwing up his brief, and the magistrate paid him a compliment for the right-mindedness displayed. All the barristers, however, to whom I have spoken condemn him; and it seems, in fact, that his action was only justifiable on the hypothesis, for which he had no grounds beyond general suspicion, that the prisoners were privy to the attempted rescue. The incident, however, shows that some barristers have reached that pitch of excitement at which logic becomes difficult. It is still more certain that a jury will be inclined to reason with more rapidity than accuracy. If the supposed perpetrators of the outrage were to be tried to-morrow, I should think that their chances of acquittal would be small indeed, whatever the nature of the evidence. Any little gaps in a logical train of proof would escape notice, and the resolution that somebody should suffer would be much stronger than the resolution that only the right persons should suffer. Fortunately it seems, so far as is known at present, that the evidence against the persons apprehended leaves no reasonable doubt of their guilt.

And what is to be the net result of these atrocities? I wish that it were possible to give any decided answer. Some persons, of course, say that, setting aside the injury to innocent persons, they are rather glad of the performance than otherwise. It will, they say, make all sentimentalism impossible; men who blow up the houses of a number of poor people in a crowded London quarter deserve hanging, without doubt; no one can declare that their crime is political or capable of excuse by its partly political purpose. Henceforth our hands are free. We may treat Fenians as wholesale assassins and deal with them remorselessly and vigorously. There is only one cry from every part of the kingdom, and that is for energetic action. If energy were the one thing desirable in politics, there could be no doubt of the wisdom of this language. The outrage has done what nothing else could do to bring the British public up to the degree in which Government may venture upon any repressive measures that seem good in their eyes. There is, however, a further question which Mr. Gladstone noticed the other day, whether it will lead to any intelligent effort to remove the causes of Irish discontent. We shall be ready enough in future with the gallows as a cure for open disaffection, but shall we be more ready to attempt the solution of the irrepressible Irish question in a statesmanlike spirit? This is a harder question to answer, and it is the most important. The Fenians can provoke us for a time into severity or even cruelty; they may bring discredit upon their own organization with those who shrink from such atrocities as the Clerkenwell explosion; but these results, good or bad, are of comparatively small importance in the long run. A spasmodic fit of violence will die away, and it will, I fear, take a long time to awake any effective sense of shame amongst Fenians. But it is difficult to say whether the crime will help on or retard serious measures for improving the state of Ireland. On the one hand, the sense of the importance of Irish questions is certainly growing; on the other, the hatred of Irish questions and Irishmen and of everything and everybody that has to do with that unlucky island is probably strengthened by these atrocities, and any alliance between Irish and English reformers is rendered infinitely more difficult. If the leaders can make allowances, the popular instinct is becoming unmistakably hostile.

There is one other question in some degree connected with this. I went on Sunday last to the scene of the explosion. It was a gloomy day of London mist, which repelled the decent population from the streets. The only remark I heard from the crowd of squalid spectators was this: "Ah!" exclaimed a ragged looker-on, gazing at the prison, "I only wish they had 'underminded' the whole —— lot of it!" (I suppress the epithets). The speaker was evidently of that persuasion which has a pardonable prejudice against all machinery for temporarily restraining the liberty of the subject. I have no doubt that the feeling in the neighborhood was, as is natural, one of intense hatred to the Fenians, and I suspect that the crowd would have been quite capable of a summary application of lynch law. Still the question remains whether there is not a certain quantity of discontent in London which may be indirectly favorable to Fenianism, though this special outrage will rather tend to repress any sympathy that may previously have existed. It is, unfortunately, plain that too much of the raw material of complaint is to be found. There was in the *Times* the other day a letter from Mr. Dudley Baxter—a gentleman who is much given to statistics. He describes the condition of the East End of London—and the "End" by itself contains over 600,000 inhabitants. The stagnation of commerce and the diminution of certain industrial pursuits—especially iron shipbuilding, which formerly flourished there, have produced a gradual growth of distress for the last two or three years. Pauperism has increased, and it is impossible to increase the poor-rate without dragging down into pauperism many who at present just manage to keep their heads above water. We are already hearing of some of those dismal incidents which send a shudder through the comfortable classes. A man died the other day of sheer starvation, with several of his children; a few years ago he had been in possession of £3,000, and had a small business as a tradesman; he has died rather than ask relief from the workhouse. There is something respectable in this martyrdom to independence; but it indicates the existence of considerable evils. It shows, for example, that the poor-law is so administered that, whilst giving assistance to the idle and reprobate, it often leaves the best class of the poor in hopeless misery. In the East End of London another grievance is bitterly felt. It is the part to which the poor of this monstrous town naturally gravitate, whilst their rich employers go to the West. The districts are, however, separated, so that each bears its own burden of poverty. The natural consequence is that the rich districts with few poor pay trifling rates, whilst the poor district with few rich pay enormous rates, and are in some danger of total pauperization. This is one of the evils which is really felt far more deeply than any question of political privilege, and it may bring up problems for our statesmen of no very easy solution. I do not mean to say that we are on the verge of a revolution, or even of the smallest attempt at anything of the kind. Only there are grounds for doubting the restoration of the political complacency of former years, and for looking forwards to a period of political excitement such as we have not known since the famine in Ireland led to the repeal of the corn laws. The Reform bill is out of the way for a time; we shall soon have to reap its harvest; and no one, I think, would speak confidently as to the rapidity with which changes may be forced upon us.

Notes.

LITERARY.

G. W. Carleton & Co. announce two books—one called "Sense," the other "Nonsense"—by the writer known as "Brick Pomeroy," whose real name we do not know. The same house will also issue Renan's "St. Paul," the French edition of which is now in the printers' hands. We hope that since, by "the courtesy of the trade," this firm have secured the privilege of publishing Renan's works in this country, they will give us at least a tolerable translation of "St. Paul," and not such a rendering as we have had to put up with in the case of some of the other books by the same author which Carleton & Co. have reprinted.——Roberts Brothers, of Boston, announce as in press "A Sister's Bye-Hours," by Jean Ingelow; "A Universal Hymn," by P. J. Bailey; "Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon the Great;" Sainte-Beuve's "Portraits of Celebrated Women," translated by Miss Preston; "Upside Down, or Turn-over Traits, with Verses," by Tom Hood; "A Bushel of Merry Thoughts," by William Busch; "Thunder and Lightning," by W. De Fonveille; Mark Lemon's "Fairy Tales;" "The Book of Cats," by Charles H. Ross; "The Story of a Round Loaf of Bread," by E. Froment; "Optical Wonders," by F. Marion, and other books which, like some of these, will doubtless be reannounced some time hence.——D. Van Nostrand will publish "Siege Artillery in the Campaigns against Richmond," by Brevet Brig.-Gen. H. L. Abbot.——Sheldon & Co., having made special arrangements with Dr. Newman Hall, publish "A Parting Word," written by that gentleman.——Charles Scribner & Co. announce three new volumes of Lange's "Commentary"—namely, a volume on the "Epistle to the Corinthians," another on "Thessalonians, Titus, Timothy, Philemon, and Hebrews," and another on "Genesis." We may say here that in the next number of Scribner & Co.'s *Hours at Home* there will be a hitherto unpublished poem of Halleck's, which will be accompanied by a critical essay on the poet's genius and a memoir, the latter by General Wilson and the former by the Rev. H. C. Alexander. In the same number of the magazine Mr. James Greenwood, the "Lambeth Casual," will have an article entitled "Pen Poison," which will talk about that sort of fiction which is published in cheap English journals, the names of which are almost unknown here, and vast quantities of which are devoured, to their

great detriment, by English seamstresses and milliners and shopboys. G. W. M. Reynolds is, we suppose, the chief of the writers who produce the "Poison" which is so deleterious; and Mr. Pierce Egan—who somehow did write "Quentyn Matsys"—is his worthy lieutenant. The same publishers announce a new map of Professor Guyot's series—"Imperium Romanum"—of a large size, suitable for the wall.——To Hurd & Houghton's list we add "Contributions relating to the Causation and Prevention of Disease, and to Camp Diseases, together with a report of the diseases, etc., among the prisoners at Andersonville," edited by Austin Flint, M.D.——James Miller announces "The Life of Maximilian," by Frederic Hall, one of his counsel, who, we believe, has printed in the papers one or two interesting letters concerning his client's trial and execution.——We have not mentioned, among books to be issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the "Life and Letters of Colonel Wilder Dwight."——Moorhead, Simpson & Bond, among several announcements of books interesting to physicians only, give the title of a forthcoming volume that may, perhaps, interest other readers: "Man: Where, Whence, and Whither? being a Glance at Man in his Natural History Relations," by David Page, LL.D.——D. Appleton & Co. announce "A Suggestive Commentary on St. Luke," by W. H. Van Doren, of Chicago; a new volume of Miss Mühlbach's writing; and a novel with the title "Count Mirabeau," by that lady's husband, Theodore Mundt. Appletons also intend to issue a cheap edition of Scott to match their just begun edition of Dickens, of which the volumes are priced, the lowest at fifteen cents and the highest at thirty-five; so the cost of the entire set is five dollars. The covers are paper, but the books are well enough printed and on good enough paper to make them worth binding.

—The second publication of the Agathynian Club is "Polydori Virgilii de Rerum Inventoribus," to which Dr. Hammond furnishes a needed preface. This work is decidedly more curious than valuable, at least for reference, the chapters on the Church excepted. It is a thoroughly unscientific budget of antiquarian lore, of which each head commonly begins in mythology or in profane tradition of as little worth. The Nile—to choose an example haphazard—is said, by obliterating the landmarks of the flooded Egyptians, to have compelled them to invent geometry; and to the same river we owe the thought of blood-letting, seeing that the hippopotamus practises the art by running against a sharp reed, and then plastering the wound with mud. The Camden Society printed Polydore Virgil's "History of England" in 1846, and those who own that work would doubtless be glad to put the present beside it. The "Proverbs" of Erasmus, the friend of Virgil, was also to have been printed by the Agathynian Club, but they have abandoned it, and announce that they will return the money to subscribers if called upon. The Agathynian Press is fully up to its standard in the volume before us, the typography of which is almost all clear, beautiful, and even in tone, and the title and first page of the reprint remarkably so.

—An English version of the "Sakuntala" was made some years ago by Professor Monier Williams. It is in very fair blank-verse, and is pronounced by competent critics true to its original. We are informed that if Professor Williams gives his consent to an American reprint of his translation, very probably the poem will before long be published in a form which, it is reasonable to presume, will be rather superior than inferior to its English form, for it will have the advantage of being edited by Professor W. D. Whitney. It will constitute one volume of that series of great foreign poems which Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are endeavoring to lay before American readers, and which, it is to be hoped, they may succeed in "engrafting on our literature," to use their own words. There can be no doubt that the natural effect of a knowledge of the series proposed would greatly widen our literary sympathies and enlarge and cultivate our taste. Already we have had "King René's Daughter," Tégner's "Frithiofs Saga," and Lessing's "Nathan the Wise;" Porter's "Selections from the Kalevala," the Finnish epic, is now fresh from the press. The "Sakuntala" will be the fifth volume of the set. The publishers have it in contemplation, but may not carry their purpose into effect, to ask the friends of the enterprise to subscribe for a certain limited number of large-paper copies of the rest of the series. Then the usual edition of ordinary copies will be printed for the general public. Not many subscribers for the somewhat more expensive copies (more expensive and at the same time, of course, more valuable both as books and as property) would be necessary in order to secure perfectly the success of the whole undertaking. Subscriptions, it is intended, may be made for all the forthcoming volumes, or for one or more. We should say that a circular stating the plan definitely might readily call out the desired number of subscribers.

—Bryant having been asked by the alumni of Williams College to send them a poem for their annual meeting, the aged poet declined in this letter, which is to be described by the words charming and touching, and which is of more value than many occasional verses:

"New York, December 27, 1867.

"You ask me for a few lines of verse to be read at your annual festival of the alumni of Williams College. I am ever ill at occasional verses. Such as it is, my vein is not of that sort. I find it difficult to satisfy myself. Besides, it is the December of life with me. I try to keep a few flowers in pots—mere remembrancers of a more genial season, which is now with the things of the past. If I can have a carnation or two for Christmas, I think myself fortunate. You write as if I had nothing to do in fulfilling your request but to go out and gather, under the hedges and by the brooks, a bouquet of flowers that spring spontaneously, and throw them upon your table. If I were to try, what would you say if it proved to be only a little bundle of dead stalks and withered leaves, which my dim sight had mistaken for fresh green sprays and blossoms? So I must excuse myself as well as I can, and content myself with wishing a very pleasant evening to the foster-children of Old Williams who meet on New Year's day, and all manner of prosperity and honor to the excellent institution of learning in which they were nurtured. I am, sir, very truly yours,

"W. C. Bryant."

—The January number of the *American Law Review* contains, among several valuable articles, one on "Sunday Laws," in which the writer compares the legislation of the several States concerning the observance of the first day of the week, both as regards worship and abstinence from labor. The statute of 29 Car. II., c. 7, § 1, it is said, is the source from which "spring, with many modifications, the Sunday laws, as they are now found in this country," a fact which they will do well to remember who transfer to the Puritans the odium of all Sabbatical restrictions wherever established. The conflict of judicial decisions under identical or closely analogous statutes shows how purely they are based on expediency and not on natural law. Thus in Pennsylvania, "the question has been raised whether a marriage entered into on Sunday was valid, and it was so held; but, upon the question of the validity of the marriage-settlement made on that day, the Court were divided." And in Massachusetts, very recently, "the Court held that walking half a mile in the streets of Boston on Sunday evening, with no intention of going to or stopping at any place but the plaintiff's own house, was not travelling, within the meaning of the Lord's Day Act," as the city had contended; and "in *Stanton* v. *Metropolitan R. R. Co.*, where plaintiff received an injury by being thrown from one of the defendants' horse-cars, while on the way to visit a friend, it was held that the plaintiff was travelling in violation of the Lord's Day Act," as the railroad company had pleaded to its own condemnation.——The *American Naturalist* for January opens with a very important paper from Dr. Jeffries Wyman on "Kjœkkenmœddings"—Danish for shell-heaps—which the distinguished professor, in company with other naturalists, examined last summer and fall on the New England coast, from Mount Desert, Me., to Cotuit Port, Barnstable, Mass. A table of thirty-five kinds of animals whose bones were found in these heaps is given, including those of the almost or quite extinct Great Auk, (coast of Maine, only), and part of the great toe of a man (Barnstable). Many bone and a few stone implements were discovered, and proofs of a former hard-wood vegetation where now either none or a soft-wood growth prevails. The age of the shell accumulations is not affirmed with confidence. ——Quite unannounced, the *American Athenæum* makes its appearance, a weekly paper "devoted to the progressive and æsthetic sciences." Nearly five of the sixteen pages illustrate what is meant by the first and rather inexact adjective, and from them we gather that the proprietors are inspired by perhaps a vague purpose to "swing into" the spirit of the age, and adopt the actual methods of scientific enquiry in all departments of knowledge. Translations from foreign sources are to be a peculiar feature, but whatever is so borrowed is to be applied in solving the problems of American civilization. The best-written, most interesting, and most valuable original article is that on "Negro Folk-Lore."

—M. Jules Claretie publishes at Paris (Libraire Internationale) the first volume of an "Histoire des derniers Montagnards," or the story of that last vain riot of first Prairial, 1795, when Saint Antoine rose against the Convention and was bayoneted down. Thirteen of the sixty members of the "Mountain" who momentarily took possession of the Assembly, and passed the laws which the mob desired, were brought to trial, and all guillotined save two who committed suicide in the court, and who have secured for the whole the title of *Ultimi Romanorum*. M. Claretie has had access to many unpublished documents in the Imperial archives, and his work will repair the neglect which this dramatic episode of the French Revolution has received at the hands of former historians. The greatest of all these, M. Thiers, has

been congratulated and visited, for his anti-Italian speech, by the Bishop of Orleans among others. M. Dupanloup is busy preparing a third pamphlet against M. Duruy, whose scheme of female education has also failed to secure the unqualified sympathy of the bishops who sit on the committee of public instruction. The ultramontanist Bishop of Laval has attacked the minister in his rather vulnerable "Histoire de France," from which he cites passages to prove M. Duruy a materialist and even an atheist. Moral aid comes to the innovator from Berne, where the Grand Council has just decided, by a vote of 128 to 75, that the absolute obedience which members of religious orders owe their chiefs is incompatible with observing the legal regulations concerning public instruction, and they are forbidden to act as teachers hereafter.

—The *Book Buyer*, a cleverly conducted little monthly, is published—and given away to all persons who will pay the postage on it—by Charles Scribner & Co., and is, of course, avowedly intended to advertise books published by that firm and books imported by the allied firm of Scribner, Welford & Co. But it contains always a letter from London written by Mr. Charles Welford, who, better than any one else who writes for Americans, combines bibliographical knowledge with a knowledge of the insides of books, and it is therefore very well worth looking at. It is true that Mr. Welford shows rather his bibliographical than his literary knowledge in these letters; this we say that he may not be misjudged nor our criticism discredited by persons who know him only by the *Book Buyer's* correspondence. From his last letter we take a list of books that have either just appeared in England or may be expected during the season. In history, we have, or are to have, Motley's "Netherlands;" the end of Rawlinson's "Five Great Monarchies"—the fourth volume treating of Persia; Doctor Dyer's "History of Rome"—which is a part, we believe, of the present conservative reaction against Niebuhr; Professor Pearson's—of the Goldwin Smith school—"History of England during the Early and Middle Ages;" a work on early English annals, by Sir E. Creasy, author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles;" Earl Stanhope's (Lord Mahon) "Reign of Queen Anne"—which links his former work to Macaulay's; Volumes III. and IV. of Kinglake's "Crimean War;" Mr. Andrew Bisset's "Commonwealth from the Death of Charles I. to the Dissolution of the Long Parliament;" E. E. Crowes's "France from Clovis to Napoleon III.;" "Smiles's Huguenots in England;" Doctor H. White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew;" Von Sybel's "French Revolution," translated; the continuation of Wheeler's and the completion of Marshman's "India." In biography, there is to be the long-promised "Byron" of the Guiccioli; Professor Vietch's "Memoirs of Sir William Hamilton;" Morley's "Burke" we have; and some of the other more interesting books of this kind are—Lives of Keble, by J. T. Coleridge; of Pizarro and Las Casas, by Arthur Helps; of Sir Charles Barry, by his son; of Sir Philip Francis, by Parkes and Merivale; of Garrick, by Percy Fitzgerald—who has written several worthless novels and one worthless biography; of the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Doctor Hook; of Baron Bunsen; of James Ferguson; and of Père Lacordaire. In science, there will be Darwin's defence and elucidation of his theory—"The Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication; or, The Principles of Inheritance, Reversion, Crossing, Interbreeding, and Selection," is the full title of the work. Mrs. Somerville will publish "Molecular and Microscopic Science;" Sir Charles Lyell the second volume of his "Principles of Geology;" and Sir Roderick Murchison "Siluria," etc. To give anything like a view of the field of miscellaneous literature would be impossible.

THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND.*

We have before us two works illustrative of the history of the Huguenot refugees in Great Britain. One is a novel by Miss Tytler, and the other an essay by Mr. Smiles, author of the very good little book on "Self-Help." Of Miss Tytler's novel there is not a great deal to say. It first appeared, we believe, in a religious magazine, and partakes of the merits and defects which novels published under such circumstances are pretty sure to unite. There is a good deal more of moralizing than of romancing, and one is constantly reminded that the author is forcing herself to write in a lower key than that in which the genuine novel consents to be cast. One is reminded at the same time, however, that it is a very surprising thing to find such free-spoken compositions in a religious magazine, and one reflects with satisfaction that periodicals of this class are more cheerful reading than they were ten years ago. On her own merits, Miss Tytler is a very pleasant writer; with a pronounced style, and a fair appearance of knowing something about the times and manners with which she deals. She is intensely sentimental, but, after all, she does n't mean a great deal by it. She has a decided sense of the picturesque in nature and life, and the command of an exuberant vocabulary; and in the person of the old French lady whom she calls "Grand'mère" she has devised a figure sufficiently vivid, and extremely charming. The only serious trouble is that one feels that clever ladies who prepare these gentle infusions of history dilute its mighty essence to an undue feebleness. Mr. Smiles's book, a naked recital of facts and figures, brings us face to face with the era of the great Huguenot exodus, and makes us feel by mere weight of evidence what a vastly serious affair it was, and how full of matter for study and reflection. Miss Tytler, of course, has looked into certain of Mr. Smiles's authorities, but it is plain that she remains quite the same Miss Tytler as before, and that she has not extracted a great deal beside her subject. We may add that her book is far too diffuse for a work of its substance. It not only suggests omissions on the reader's part; it absolutely compels them.

Mr. Smiles's volume presents no claim to originality of matter or of treatment; it is simply a compilation from a number of published authorities. Those parts of his book touching upon the rise of Protestantism, the causes of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the state of French society antecedent and consequent to that event, are especially commonplace and weak. Mr. Smiles is an economist with a taste for morals. He has not the penetration requisite for writing history, and when he attempts it he sets about it in quite the wrong way. It teaches us nothing at this time of day to sneer at the pretended "greatness" of Louis XIV., to assume that his course towards the Protestants wipes out all his splendor, and to characterize inveterately his various acts for the suppression of heresy as hideous and infamous. These very acts were just a part of his splendor, and were so regarded at the time by all who either wished him well or feared him, down to the Huguenots themselves. Properly to appreciate the virtues and the sufferings of the Huguenots we do not need to falsify the character of the king, and to make a monarch *de circonstance* to place them in relief. "The farce of Louis' 'conversion' went on," writes Mr. Smiles, describing the manner in which the king was brought to revoke the Edict of Nantes. And then he proceeds to relate the sanguinary consequences of the king's growing piety, and the dreadful rigor with which the revocation was enforced. These things prove that it is a gross error to call the king's conversion a farce. It was a most substantial reality. The revocation was in the eyes of all good observers an immense political error, pregnant from the first with those effects which immediately revealed themselves—provinces depopulated, manufactures arrested, and commerce paralyzed. It assuredly took something more than a "farce" to reconcile the king to the possibility of these calamities. "Not only did he lose his teeth," says Mr. Smiles, quoting from Michelet, "but caries in the jawbone developed itself; and when he drank, the liquid passed through his nostrils. In this shocking state Madame de Maintenon became his nurse." The "farce" was hatched between the king "in this shocking state" and Madame de Maintenon. The physiological detail mentioned by Mr. Smiles has at the best no great pertinence; but if it points to anything, it points to a state of misery from which relief was to be obtained only in the most uncompromising devotion. The suppression of the Huguenots was inhuman, but it affords no excuse for historians being inhuman to the king. He should at least have the benefit of his sufferings. For the rest, Mr. Smiles's book strikes us as valuable and interesting; and when once he leaves France behind and reaches English soil with the refugees, there is no fault to be found with his manner of telling his story.

A most interesting story, surely, is this great emigration of persecuted Christians, and a truly noble exhibition of patience and courage. During the thirty years which elapsed between the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes and the civil troubles which terminated in the taking of Rochelle by Richelieu, and the issue of the so-called Edict of Pardon (1629), the Huguenots were able to maintain successfully the political privileges granted them by Henry IV., and continued to form, practically, a little sectarian state within the state. This position of things was altered by Richelieu; the Protestants were extinguished as a political body, and reduced to the simple enjoyment of their religious freedom. The result of this extinction of their civil organization was to turn their attention from politics to industry and trade, and to make them gradually acquainted with the practice of those arts and virtues by the assistance of which, when the hand of authority began to press heavily upon them, they were enabled to combat adversity and to defy the terrors of emigration. During the greater part of the seventeenth century, the Huguenots may be said to have been educating

* "The Huguenots; their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By Samuel Smiles. With an Appendix relating to the Huguenots in America." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.

"The Huguenot Family in the English Village. By Sarah Tytler." London: Alexander Strahan. New York: Geo. Routledge, and Harper & Bros.

themselves for adoption into other lands; for, destined as they were to be without a future in France, their own country was to reap but little of the benefit of their virtues. It is, nevertheless, true that while they remained in France they formed, as a whole, decidedly the most effective part of the population. "They were acknowledged," says Mr. Smiles, "to be the best agriculturists, wine-growers, merchants, and manufacturers in France." They prosecuted with distinguished success, on their own soil, several of those forms of industry in which, thanks to their example when naturalized in England, the latter country acquired the eminence which it still holds. During the seventeenth century the best paper made in Europe was made by the Protestant communities in Auvergne and the Angoumois, whence alone, almost, England and Holland were supplied. After the great French immigration of 1685 and the year following, England began to make not only its own paper but that of other countries. This is but a single instance of the great industrial impulsion which England owed to the Huguenot settlements. But at the same time that they cultivated the mechanical arts the Huguenots by no means neglected the higher sort of culture. Their two great seminaries at Saumur and Sedan attracted a large concourse of students, and prepared the minds of such men as Claude, Saurin, Abbadie, Jurieu, and Bayle for that influence which they were destined to exercise in new homes and under kindlier auspices.

The Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685; but the way had been gradually paved for the act. One by one the disabilities of the Protestants had been multiplied, their freedom restricted, and the burden of life made heavy for them. Mr. Smiles relates with considerable fulness the successive degrees in the cruel legislation by which they were gradually deprived of their churches, their schools, their pastors, their parental authority, their property, their freedom, and the security of their lives. These measures were all calculated with the keenest sagacity, and directed to the grand consummation of making as many persons as possible disgusted with the discomforts attached to heresy, and so, finally, with heresy itself. The court became possessed with the mania for conversion, and gave itself up to it with the best conscience in the world. Madame de Maintenon had a little niece whose parents were Protestant. One day, in the absence of the latter, she stole away the little girl and immured her in a convent, and when her parents remonstrated, justified her course in letters of truly sublime impudence. In the course of time, after a good deal of external pressure, these people came over to the Church. But a trial to which the king's future wife did not hesitate to subject her own relatives was, of course, not deemed too grievous for the great mass of the heretics. Children were legally empowered to elect Catholicism at *seven* years of age, and were taken away from their homes under the plea that they had pronounced in its favor. In 1683, the more direct method of obtaining conversions was inaugurated by the introduction of troops into the heretical districts. These lay chiefly in the south, in Languedoc, Guienne, Provence, and Dauphiny, which provinces immediately became the scene of those military executions which were known as *dragonnades*. The principle was a simple one. The regiments were despatched into the tainted region with or without an ostensible duty, and quartered exclusively on Huguenot households. Once established, their programme was to harass the family *à discretion*. The story of their outrages is a truly painful one to read, but it is interesting at least as a revelation of ingenuity. The system was atrocious, but it had one excellent excuse: it was in a great measure successful. Conversions followed rapidly, so that the proselytes came to be numbered not by individuals, but by whole towns. Many of these conversions were mere acts of temporary expediency, with a view to obtain time for flight; but they filled the purpose of quickening the zeal of those who directed the persecution and convincing them that heaven smiled on their undertaking. Mr. Smiles's volume abounds in statistics, and the reader may peruse for himself the numerical history of the forced conversions. In a single populous district, for instance, sixty thousand persons abjured in less than a month.

The terms of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes were horribly rigorous. The Protestant ministers alone were allowed to leave the country; the rest of the faithful were to remain and recant, or be sent either to death or to the galleys. Even the ministers were allowed but two days for departure, and the few remaining churches but the same length of time to stand undemolished. Instantly there began a vast outward wave of emigration in all directions—towards Germany, Holland, and England. The civil authorities in these three countries immediately published declarations to meet the occasion, making the Huguenots as welcome in their own states as they were obnoxious at home. One may almost say that the hospitable attitude of all Protestant Europe at this moment is as affecting as the appealing and destitute condition of the refugees. Of their fate in Germany and Holland we have no space to speak. It is enough to say that even as a mere speculation the protecting policy of these states was found amply to pay. It may even be said that Huguenot industry and skill helped in no small degree to lay the basis of the greatness of the young kingdom of Prussia. Nor have we space to dwell upon the condition into which France sunk, materially, after the expulsion of the Protestants—how fertile plains became desolate and busy villages empty and factories stopped for want of hands. We can hardly go so far as Mr. Smiles, however, and declare that the exodus of the Huguenots bequeathed to the country a total cessation of intellectual life and a long literary dearth. It was followed by the advent of that vast group of brilliant writers of which Voltaire and Rousseau are the representatives. In England, in spite of the ill-will of James II., who was paid by France to withhold his sympathy, the Huguenots received a warm welcome, and in several parts of the kingdom, especially in London and in the South, grew rapidly into communities of great size and weight. For three years they had James II. against them, but at the end of that time they received from William III. the strongest confirmation of their rights of settlement and trade. Huguenot officers and men formed a considerable as well as a valuable element in the army which he brought over from Holland. The only fighting done on his accession to the throne was done in Ireland against the French troops sent to the assistance of James. Here the Huguenots met their fellow-countrymen and overwhelmed them, and here, when William's seat was secured, they formed the nucleus of several useful manufacturing communities. For a long time after their establishment in England the refugees cherished hopes of the repeal of their disabilities at home, in which case large numbers would have made their way back. As it was, indeed, small parties ventured to return on the promises of security held out to them by the indefatigable agents of Louis XIV.; but as a general thing they found the security guaranteed by the state to consist of a chain round their neck or loins and with the other end fastened to a seat in a galley. At the time of the king's death, therefore (1715), the Huguenots had become tolerably well absorbed in the English population. They had opened factories and built schools and churches, and proved themselves equally intelligent, industrious, economical, and skilful. In the early part of the eighteenth century the number of their churches in the island had become surprisingly large; but it was natural that they should not hold themselves in permanent isolation from their neighbors, and, accordingly, their number, after having reached a high figure under the influence of their piety, gradually diminishes under that of their growing familiarity with their neighbors. One traces through the remainder of the last century and the first half of the present the slow decline of the various distinctive marks of the Huguenot population. Their very names are corrupted into forms of a thoroughly indigenous sound. It is surprising, however, to learn how very large a proportion of the noted men of England, during these latter years, claim a greater or less degree of Huguenot blood. The reader may form an idea of it by a glance at the alphabetical table of refugees affixed to Mr. Smiles's volume.

We may add that the American publishers have furnished the volume with a short supplementary sketch of the Huguenots in our own country, from which we learn that the French Protestant element in our population, especially in the South, is considerably larger than it is generally supposed to be. But the only trace of the Huguenot character which survives, except the existence of a French church service in one or two Southern cities, is found in certain of those French names which are so common in American society.

THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF GREECE.*

It is not strange that Mr. Rangabè felt impelled to write this pamphlet. There is so little knowledge in Europe of the condition of the Greeks of to-day that any reasonable attempt to add to it has a "sufficient cause" to justify itself. The author, as a scholar and a man of affairs who has been prominent in the recent history of his nation, is certainly qualified to give such information; and this pamphlet, short as it is, contains much valuable matter nowhere else, we believe, to be found in English. It must be remembered in reading it that it is the plea of a patriotic Greek for his country, and, as such, should be taken "cum grano." The Greeks are still, as of old, masters of the "art of putting things." They can make a given amount of favorable fact go as far as most men can, nor do they find more difficulty than the rest of us in ignoring the unfavorable fact. Any one who knows them at all, moreover, knows that their love of country is sometimes quite as strong as their love of truth. Bearing these things in mind, one may gain valuable information and ideas from the book. We are glad

* "Greece: Her Progress and Present Position. Republished from the French of Alexander Risa Rangabè, Greek Minister at Washington. With an Introduction." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.

that it has appeared in English and on this side of the Atlantic; the articles on Greece in most of our American papers during the past two years have shown by a tendency to vague eloquence, not to say bombast, the want of accurate information. Let us remark that the work of translating ought to have been better done than it is, and especially, in a book full of statistics, such a misprint as this, "182,481,825" for "1824 and 1825," which is twice repeated, is unfortunate. We propose to take the occasion offered by this pamphlet, without depending on it altogether for facts, to make some remarks on the political condition of the Greeks.

They have a king without an aristocracy. In the convention that organized the Government after the revolution of 1821–9, it was decided that the nation could be successfully governed only by a king. Of course, mutual jealousy forbade the elevation of any one of their own number to royalty, and so they have imported both their kings from beyond the Alps. The constitution declares all citizens equal in the state, and excludes all aristocratic rank or title. Thus there are but two recognized orders in society—the king and the citizens. As Otho had no children, and George is not yet married, it has not been actually determined what shall be the status of princes and princesses under the constitution, whom they may marry, etc. The only thing settled is that they shall be brought up in the Greek religion.

They have a House of Representatives without a Senate; in other words, only one legislative body, and that elected by the people. There were at first two chambers—the higher appointed for life, the lower elected yearly. But in the revolution which dethroned Otho, in 1862, the popular dislike of the Senate under his management resulted in the abolition of the chamber. It can hardly be doubted that such a mutilation is an injury to the Government; but then an irresponsible senate, sitting for life, is almost always a hot-bed of jobbery.

They have universal suffrage, but no well-defined political parties. In most nations, especially those living under constitutional governments, there are at least two parties—one radical, the other conservative, by whatever names called. In Greece there are always a ministerial party and an opposition; but they differ not on principles but on occasional questions of policy, the only permanent distinction being that one is in, the other out. At present there are three leading statesmen, one of whom is sure to be called upon to form a cabinet as soon as he succeeds in ousting the one in power. The points contested are matters of policy, to be sure; but neither can be said to advocate uniformly one set of principles distinct from those of his rivals. The financial state of Greece affords abundant opportunity for the construction of parties. In the whole system of the imposition and collection of taxes and customs there is a field for the exercise of the best financial knowledge and ability. A man devoting himself to this end, organizing a party to govern the country with the express object of paying off its debts and developing its resources, would deserve success, and his success would be the greatest benefit any statesman could bestow on Greece.

But, putting aside these anomalies, the important question in regard to the political condition of the Greeks is, Do they manifest a capacity for self-government? The answer, if one considers fairly certain circumstances in their history, will be that they do.

It ought to be remembered, first, that they never have had the person of their choice as king. In 1833 they chose Prince (afterwards King) Leopold of Belgium; but he declined, and they took Otho of Bavaria. In 1863 they elected unanimously Prince Alfred of England; but he, or his royal mother for him, refused the crown, and Prince George of Denmark was given them. In both cases the first choice of the people showed good judgment, and they would have been better off, in all probability, if they had obtained it.

Again, the Powers which secured the Greeks their national existence in 1830 have never left them to the unrestricted development of it. They have more than once interfered to check insurrection in Crete; and in 1854 the combined English and French army of occupation in Attica prevented the Greeks from availing themselves of the opportunity of the Crimean war to take from Turkey the two provinces north of their present boundary, which they have always claimed as rightfully theirs. This action of the two powers was perfectly natural and defensible, but it was none the less an injury to the feelings and rights of the Greek nation. Then, too, the intrigues of England, France, and Russia at the court of Athens have been incessant, and have corrupted the political life of the nation at its centre. It is believed in Athens that English influence, excited against him by his efforts to extend the boundaries of his kingdom, was the chief cause of the expulsion of King Otho.

Now, if we make due allowance for the effect of these hindrances, it will appear that the Greeks have manifested a respectable capacity for self-government. With an excitable people and causes of discontent in operation, they have maintained a fair degree of order and carried on the functions of government without serious interruption. They have had several revolutions, it is true; but these last forty years have been marked by revolutions in various parts of the continent of Europe, no one of which was more honorable to the character of the people which made it than that of 1843 to the Greek character. The stability of government has been proved by the best tests—the safety of investments and the progress of material improvements.

There are only two facts that can be urged with any fairness against the ability of the Greeks to manage their own national affairs—the existence of brigandage and the non-payment of public debts. For the former there are certain physical reasons which amount to partial excuses. That they are not sufficient excuses is seen by the fact that brigandage has been completely put down at times. It has reappeared, as in the last few years, after revolutions or local disorders, in which men have committed crimes, to escape the punishment for which they have fled to the mountains and given themselves up to the life of outlaws. The mountains afford such facilities for defence and escape that it is very difficult, though of course not impossible, to hunt out brigands with soldiery, and in a population so sparse and scattered as that of Greece, though the peasants and villagers do not really favor the brigands, they are easily intimidated so as to give them food and keep secret their movements. The barren and mountainous nature of the country is the main excuse for the existence of brigandage. But this hindrance to putting it down has been overcome in part, and will be fully as the civilizing influence of a strong government comes to be felt through all classes of the people and in all parts of the country. Mr. Rangabè makes the most of these insufficient excuses for brigandage in his pamphlet, but the section in which he treats the subject is one of the least satisfactory in the book, and will give any careful reader the impression that the real cause of the evil lies behind the alleged excuses, and is ignored because it cannot be explained away. That real cause we believe to be the enforced barbarism of centuries, not yet fully eradicated from the character of the people. It must show itself in such disregard of law by individuals, and weakness of the Government to enforce law.

The other difficulty, that of the public finances, arises more from moral causes, and will be of slower cure. Not wholly from moral causes, for perhaps the poverty of the soil may fairly be urged as an excuse. But it is believed that the actual revenue exceeds in average years the expenses of the Government, and the main cause of the failure to pay even the interest on public debts seems to be the dishonesty of officials and the lack of financial ability. Mr. Rangabè's treatment of this subject is as unsatisfactory as that of the brigandage. He repeats the standard excuses that one hears everywhere in Greece, namely, that the debt was contracted by and for a much larger population than that now included in the kingdom, that it has passed into the hands of Dutch speculators, and that the Greeks never had the use of more than a very small fraction of it. Of these, the first only seems to us to have any force at all. His remark, under the head of the Department of Finance, that the Court of Accounts "is extremely severe, and excludes all possibility of misdemeanor in the management of the public moneys," could hardly be regarded as anything but a good joke in Greece itself. We do not wish to speak too harshly of their faults in this respect, but we regard it as the greatest weakness of the Greek character and Government. The tenderest charity cannot let others overlook it; the truest patriotism would prompt them to correct it.

The object of Mr. Rangabè's pamphlet does not lead him to speak at any length of the foreign policy of Greece. It has been by no means so successful as the management of internal affairs. It has not succeeded at all in its one great object, the extension of territory. To understand why this is its main object, we need only to observe the arbitrary boundary assigned to Greece at the settlement of its affairs by the three Powers in 1830. The northern boundary excluded Thessaly and Epirus, and the southern excluded Crete (or Candia). The inhabitants of these excluded districts shared in the struggle of the revolution as fully as any of the Greeks, and had the claims of race and religion to national unity with the new kingdom. Add to this that Thessaly and Crete contain better land than any except one or two comparatively small valleys in Greece, and there appears reason enough for the dissatisfaction of the Greeks with their present limits. The desire shown by the people of the excluded territories to join themselves to the kingdom of Greece is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that they are now under Turkish rule.

These efforts after extension of territory have always been repressed and discouraged by England and France, and never actively aided by Russia.

The reason of the opposition of the Western Powers is clear. It is their policy to support the Turkish Power in Europe as long as possible, in order to prevent Russia from getting control of Constantinople. Free access to the Black Sea, free movement of trade in the Levant and through Egypt to the East, not to be interrupted by war with Russia, they must have. To secure this, and to prevent disturbance of the balance of power by the extension of Russia to the south-west, they must bolster up the failing power of Turkey. It is probable that Russia has abstained from open encouragement of the Greek movements from the wish not to excite the jealousy of the Western Powers in behalf of this object of theirs.

There is but one other way by which this object could be secured besides this one of maintaining Turkey in Europe—a way which has the recorded opinions of Cobden and Guizot, not to mention others, in its favor. The Turks are moving back into Asia of their own accord. They bury their dead beyond the narrow straits, and every year the living go back whence their ancestors came four hundred years ago. Villages once wholly Turkish have been depopulated by this movement, and in others the proportion of Turks has greatly decreased. Meantime, the peoples under the Turkish rule are advancing in civilization and knowledge of themselves slowly but perceptibly, and their kindred round them are agitating for union with them. Now, the second way of solving the "Eastern question," recognizing these facts, is simply an application of the "principle of nationalities." It is to let these natural processes go on undisturbed, to let the Turks retire into Asia and the Empire of Turkey in Europe fall to pieces, to let the now subject peoples group themselves as they will, with no interference from without, in the expectation that the future will show a single state or a group of states occupying this important territory, independent and strong enough to take a place in European politics, and to keep Constantinople from the exclusive control of any of the great Powers.

This brings us to the grand idea—*ἡ μεγάλη ἰδέα*, as they call it, translating the French phrase—of the Greeks. Their dream for the future, over which at times they grow pitiably sanguine, is of a Greek empire comprising what is now Turkey in Europe with the Principalities and Greece itself, and having Constantinople for its capital. Through what political difficulties and ruinous wars the path to this darling object may lie, they seem to have no idea. The scheme has thorough possession of the Greek mind, and if the motto, "Possunt quia posse videntur," held good on so grand a scale, they would have their object within their grasp. Certainly the absence of other sources of ability makes this one eminently necessary in their case. It should be borne in mind, too, that the great body of the population of Turkey in Europe is not Greek in race, though it is in religion.

But for immediate efforts they have a more limited and reasonable ambition, that Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete should be added to their territory. This would satisfy them for the present, and with this addition of numbers and of fertile land they claim that they would be able to begin to pay off their debts, and to fill worthily the position of an independent nation. But this would be the beginning of the dismemberment of Turkey, and no European Power is sure enough what would come next to be willing to run the risk. The feeling of the Greeks towards the other Powers varies as they show themselves friendly or hostile to this desire for extension of territory. The first ship that took off families from Crete last fall was an English vessel, while the French Government seemed to oppose the revolution in every way except by force. Then the Greek papers were extravagant in their praise of England's friendship for Greece and denunciations of French treachery. But, as the winter went on, no other English vessel relieved the sufferers in Crete, and England refused to join the other Powers in their remonstrance to the Sultan, while the policy of France was unaccountably changed to favor the revolution. The newspapers cursed their former blindness, and declared that France was their true friend, but England an enemy to freedom everywhere. In spite of these fluctuations of feeling, it is clear that on general principles the English are the natural western allies of the Greeks; for the Greeks are pre-eminently a seafaring and trading people. The commerce of the Levant is now in their hands, and what national strength they have will always be in their navy. Thus, the interests of the two people are the same, while England has nothing to fear from the commercial rivalry of so small and distant a people, but might find the use of its ports and navy of great value.

The attitude of the Greeks towards Russia is not so friendly as might be supposed from their community of religion. In fact, at present the Greeks are afraid of so powerful and ambitious a friend. They fear to come into too close relations with her, lest they might suddenly find themselves absorbed and lost in the great empire. They know that the Pan-Slavonic empire of the future will not be strict in requiring purity of blood for admission. They see, too, that Russia has its eye fixed on Constantinople, and that there will be no chance for their Greek empire if the Czar gets there first. For these reasons the proposed marriage of King George with the Princess Olga causes some uneasiness, though as giving them a sovereign of their national religion for the first time it is gratifying. It is likely to increase the unwillingness of the Western Powers to permit any addition to the kingdom of Greece, and thus to complicate still more that knot of diplomacy, the "Eastern question."

The feeling of the Greeks towards the United States is friendly in the highest degree. Our separation from the interests and entanglements of the European states and our position as the representative of popular liberty explain this in part, but one cannot help seeing, when the Greeks speak of our country, that distance and ignorance have lent some enchantment to the view. "America! ah, that is the country where justice lives!" said an old Greek in a stage to the writer, with a sigh at the thought that it lived so far from him. They remember still with the liveliest gratitude the aid sent them from this country at the time of their great revolution, and the mere fact of being an American secures a traveller marked hospitality almost everywhere. In the nature of the case there can be no very close relations between the two countries. Our direct commerce with Greece is very insignificant, and we as yet happily have no immediate interest, none other than that of all civilized nations, in the settlement of the Eastern question. The presence of Mr. Rangabè as minister of Greece at Washington will, it may be hoped, make us better acquainted with the character, aims, and wants of his people, in other ways as well as by the issue of this pamphlet.

TWO THOUSAND MILES ON HORSEBACK.*

All Americans have some knowledge of the country west of the Mississippi; a vast number of books has been written about prairies on fire, buffaloes, Indians, trappers, military posts, emigrant trains, mines, lynch law, Mormons, prairie dogs, and other things appertaining to life on the edge of American civilization. But, so far as we know, there is no book of travel relating to those regions which does more than add to a mass of very desultory information. Few men have more than the most unconnected and unmethodical knowledge of the vast expanse of territory which lies beyond Kansas. This is necessarily so. The fluctuating waves of life on our immense frontier no one can hope to paint satisfactorily. Bit by bit he can give us a momentary glimpse of them, but the general description must be vague when the thing described is itself so shifting. In 1829 Kit Carson was in California, and became familiar with several powerful Indian tribes. He might have written an account of them; but had he done so his book would have been of little value twenty years afterwards. In 1853 he revisited California; and when he enquired about the various nations which had formerly filled all the valleys, he could find not a man who knew so much of them as even their names. A man talks to us of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and while he is talking the Territory of Wyoming is established, of which neither he nor his auditors have before heard. Our author himself speaks of Nebraska as a Territory; but it has become a State of the Union since he began his journey in June, 1866. As Colonel Meline says, within the memory of living men, the traveller who intended to go West took Schenectady, in this State, for his point of departure; then Chambersburg was the headquarters of emigrants; then Clarksburg, in Virginia, and afterwards, in turn, Maysville and Kaskaskia, and St. Louis and Independence and Leavenworth. And by this time Leavenworth must have ceased to be in the West; probably, as we write, Denver has become an Eastern city, and day by day the Pacific railroad is abolishing the marks which distinguish Western from Eastern life.

Colonel Meline's volume is to be put in the same category with those books of Western travel of which every library has half a dozen. By and by, perhaps, somebody will gather together the numerous scattered descriptions of this and that period of our frontier history, and then we may get a complete and intelligible view of the new country, its inhabitants, white and copper-colored, and its institutions. At present we must rest content with reports made to the Department of the Interior, the letters of special correspondents, and books which, except binding, are in few respects different from newspaper correspondence.

Colonel Meline set out on horseback from Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, rode to the north-west into Nebraska, to the west and south into Colorado, and to the south into New Mexico. Then, by a shorter course, north-east by east, he returned to Fort Leavenworth. He gives us as he goes along the

* "Two Thousand Miles on Horseback: Santa Fé and Back. A Summer Tour through Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and New Mexico, in the Year 1866. By James F. Meline." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.

usual amount of description of the usual sort. We read about the prairie dog, about the wonderful clearness of the mountain atmosphere, the beauty of the wild flowers of the plains, the buffalo, the vivid lightning, the force of the winds that sweep over such vast expanses; about the not-to-be-related brutality and filthiness of the Indians, about the traces of emigrant wagons and the rapid growth of towns, about the sardine boxes and tin cans—once hermetically sealed—which are strewn over three-fifths of the United States, and mark the westward course of empire towards the Pacific, about the gold mines and the national forts, and, in short, about all the things of the Plains about which we have heard so much. It is a hard task for a traveller in this region to tell us much that is new, or indeed anything new. The last comer finds, to be sure, towns and cities where his predecessor of five years before found only the ashes of camp-fires or the bones of men murdered by Apaches or Cheyennes. But when the towns and cities come to be described, it is merely saying that the circuit judge, and the circuit preacher, and the vigilance committee, and the hotel of the ninetieth degree of longitude west from Washington have been carried forward to the later Central City of one hundred degrees west from Washington.

But, after all, the fluctuations which it is so difficult to describe, and which have so much sameness, offer to each man's eye something which others missed, and every new book on the subject, amid much that is old, gives something fresh and interesting. The book in hand, for example, adds one to those numerous sayings whose Western largeness of phrase and idea has become a distinguishing mark of what is called American humor, when it tells us of a gentleman who declined to reside in Arkansas because he did not like a country where, if a man lay down, he was drowned, and, if he stood up, he was struck by lightning. Nor had we ever heard of the comprehensive use of the word "outfit," which, in the new country parlance, is made to include everything earthly, from the late Confederacy to a pair of green spectacles, or a woman with a parasol:

"This word 'outfit' is on duty night and day, without relief, from the Missouri River to California. To cross the Plains or go to the mountains every one must get an outfit; and, having outfitted, you become yourself an outfit. From generals it is used for particulars. The saddler who sold me my saddle assured me it was the best outfit he had furnished for some time. Bought a hat, and was told, 'Well, sir, I call that a good outfit.' Went to the Planters' House in Denver to get dinner. Waiter brought me a very poor one, and, when I complained, said, 'Very sorry, but can't help it; grand supper here to-night, given by the citizens to General Pope and staff, and that 's the best outfit I can give you.'

"I showed my Smith & Wesson revolver to a native. 'You 've got a bully outfit there, stranger, sure.' A train of wagons is an outfit; a man on a mule is an outfit; a squadron of cavalry is an outfit; a Jersey wagon drawn by one horse an outfit. So is a man with a cane, or a woman with a parasol."

It was new to us also to hear that, solitary as the prairies are, the roads over them are almost always as full of life and activity as any highways in the country. "You are scarcely ever out of sight of wagons," Colonel Meline says, and when he says it he is nearly at Fort Kearney, in Western Nebraska. "Since leaving Leavenworth we have passed in one week six hundred and eighty wagons." And again he reports, on the authority of the commander of Fort Kearney, that the number of wagons which passed that point between the fifteenth of May and the eleventh of June, 1866, was no less than eighty each day; and the number of persons who went with them daily was one hundred and sixty—men, women, and children. Besides these emigrant trains there are freight trains which exceed the others in number of teams, though of course the number of people accompanying them is much smaller. We may add that we believe they have been pushing the railroad at this part of the line about as fast as a team can travel, so that the railroad men keep their camping grounds even with those of the pilgrims, and that before long the wagons will be things of the past.

We go on pleasantly with our author, who is a very companionable traveller, till we reach New Mexico, and here he puts off for a while the character of a newspaper correspondent and appears as a student of historical remains. As a correspondent he might perhaps tell us as much as he does about New Mexico, the manners of its Indian inhabitants and of the Americans who live there for a longer or shorter time, its scenery, its mineral wealth, and so on. At any rate, he tells us more of these things than we know where to find elsewhere, and we found it all interesting reading. This, we take it, is new to most of our readers, though it is true that we have on the statute-book a law against peonage in any part of the United States:

"The New Mexicans are essentially a pastoral people, and a poor people. Come and look at them, and you will then understand that we, in the United States, do not know what poverty is. At least six-eighths of them are only just emerging from a state of peonage; for peonage, like its accursed twin sister, slavery, dies hard. Said a man (a Virginian) to me, the other day:

"'That man there is my slave'—pointing to a tall, good-looking, elderly Mexican, with intelligent and sharp-cut features.

"'Your slave,' said I; 'why, what do you mean?'

"'I mean that I bought him and paid for him. He owed his former master three hundred dollars. I paid the money, and now I own him.'

"'But,' said I, 'if he chooses to walk off, and work for himself, you have no law to get him back.'

"'That's very true,' he replied, 'but they do n't know any better.'

"And there are thousands still held here in slavery and peonage, simply because they do n't know any better, or because long years of aimless and hopeless toil have produced an apathy and ignorance that time and freedom alone can dissipate. Already there are signs of improvement, and I have heard of several instances of men, formerly peons, one in particular at Mora, who, but a few years out of bondage, have already earned competency and ease. With the elevation of this class, which is the great body of the people, will come self-respect, industry, saving, comfort, and the commerce that necessarily springs from the wants of a civilized people."

As a student of history, our author throws some light on one or two episodes of American history, and we hope that when New Mexico shall have a historiographer, he will work the vein upon which Colonel Meline has struck. We are sorry that he was not able to give us the documents of which he speaks—we take his word for their being valuable—which relate to the once famous conspiracy of Aaron Burr, and which he found in the New Mexican archives. As to the particular historical topic to which our author paid most attention, it is this: In 1806, Wilkinson, once well known for his connection with Burr, sent Lieutenant Montgomery Pike on a journey through the wilderness with orders to treat with the Indians on his way, to discover the head-waters of the Red River, and to bring his men and himself to Santa Fé. Pike—Mungo Meri Paike, the Spaniards call him in their reports—by mistake, his maps being good for nothing, or next to nothing, went into Spanish territory, and was surprised to find that the Governor of New Mexico treated him with a degree of hostility—courteous, to be sure—better befitting an enemy than a soldier of a friendly nation who had lost his way in the wilderness. Down to the time when he published his book, Pike was unable to account for the usage he received. Colonel Meline discovers that he was suspected, reasonably enough, of being in Wilkinson's and Burr's secrets, and was therefore jealously watched.

The other historical point to which Colonel Meline's attention was directed was the question whether De Soto's men, after burying their first commander in the Mississippi, did not, under the leadership of Louis de Moscoso, advance through Texas into the desert Llano Estacado or Staked Plain. His reasons for believing that his supposition—his, for he is the first to make it—is the correct one seem to us sound, and it might be well if he would treat it at more length than the limits of an appended note will allow.

We may as well add that some of Colonel Meline's stories—that, for instance, about Fort Yuma—are rather aged, and that he is very whimsical and not very well advised in his remarks about Miss Nightingale and the proper pronunciation of Demosthenes. But he travels a little out of the record when he talks of those personages; and within the record he is an instructive and entertaining writer, whose book will be read not without some considerable pleasure.

Doctor Wilmer's Love. A Question of Conscience. By Margaret Lee. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.)—The question of conscience proposed for consideration in this volume may be thus stated: Doctor Wilmer saves from imprisonment, idiocy, and almost certain death, a young lady whose wicked stepmother wants her ward's money. The young lady thenceforth loves the doctor, and he her. He puts it to his conscience whether he ought to ask her to marry him; he fears that mere gratitude on her part may lead her to grant him what only love ought to give, or be asked to give. It is a rather absurdly fine-drawn case of casuistry, and one that in real life would probably not long trouble any man or woman of ordinary sense; but it is conceivable that it might trouble some people. We should, therefore, have not so much fault to find with Miss Lee—or Mrs. Lee—if she had so constructed her story as to present this problem and then work it out. But she states the question, she names her book after it, and then she forsakes it. She makes the scrupulous doctor write his confession of love in a letter and conceal the letter in a book in a library, where Belle does not find it, but a scheming enemy does. It is, of course, concealed, and the doctor does not marry his inamorata until she has first married another man and by-and-by become a widow—he meanwhile having suffered much misery, not, as Miss Lee thinks, so much because of his nice or over-nice conscience, as because of his clumsiness when, taking a sensible view of the matter, he decides to reveal his passion. A conscience that hampers a man in a certain

course of action, while it yet does not prevent his entering upon that course, might be a theme for a very fine novel; but to ask us to admire the power of conscience as seen in a series of actions and events which really owe their birth not to conscience at all, but to pure stupidity, is to ask an impossibility and to ask what the authoress of "Doctor Wilmer's Love" asks. The book is the materials of an ill-conceived magazine story spun out into a volume, and the authoress does nothing to reconcile us to the more than necessary diffuseness with which she details the incidents of her story by any skill whatever in the portraiture of character, by any force and freshness as a thinker, or by any especial ability as a writer merely. The moral tone of the novel is good, and its style is not vicious. This exhausts what praise can be given it.

The Lovers' Dictionary. A Poetical Treasury of Lovers' Thoughts, Fancies, Addresses, and Dilemmas, Indexed with nearly Ten Thousand References, as a Dictionary of Compliments and Guide to the Study of the Tender Science. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.)—This book pretty well—well enough, at any rate—exhausts the range of amatory poetry in the English language. To translated poetry, however, the compiler seems to have paid too little attention. Six hundred and seventeen of the volume's fine-print pages are filled with the fears and hopes and love-longings and other perturbations of the spirit consequent on the passion of love, metrically expressed; and the rest of the book—a hundred and seventy odd pages—consists of copious and exact indexes. We have amused ourselves by looking over these latter in a cursory way. "I" we discover a hundred and forty odd times; of "thous" and "yous"—the "thous" preponderating—we find only sixty-four. There are forty "smiles" and a considerably greater number of "tears;" "nightingales" there are one hundred and thirty-one. The "broken vows" and "broken faiths" are out of all proportion to the "broken hearts," of which there seem to be no more than two. Of "kisses" there are sixty-two. We were not surprised to find that "eyes" were mentioned no less than one hundred and eighty-two times; "lips"—sweet, coral, rosy, and so forth—are mentioned thirty-eight times; "teeth" but once; "hair," under which head we include "locks," "tresses," and "ringlets," is mentioned seventy-three times; the "neck" six times, the "brow" ten times, the "bosom" twelve," and the "breast" nineteen times; the "cheeks" forty-four times, the "feet" but five times, the "hand" and "fingers" and "finger-tips" thirty-three times; "dimples" only twice, and the "form" but seldom. As for the poetry, it is of course of all sorts. There is no end to the passages that might be cited by a compiler having in view the object which the compiler of this work had before him, and he has omitted much that he might have quoted. But we do not know why he has not done his work well enough; we see no good reason why any one else should labor in the same field. It was rather a foolish task, at the best, that he set himself—to prepare "A Dictionary of Compliments" for lovers; but in performing it he necessarily gathered together a great mass of good poetry, and, as a collection of very many amatory pieces, extremely well indexed, we can recommend his book. It is handsomely printed and prettily bound.

Horse Portraiture. By Joseph Cairn Simpson. (New York: Townsend & Adams.)—Aside from its peculiarities of style, "Horse Portraiture" is a most valuable treatise. It is the work of a man who thoroughly understands the breeding, training, and management of the horse, and, furthermore, it is free from the jockey slang with which works of this description are too often larded. Both the novice and the veterinary surgeon will derive a benefit from the perusal of Mr. Simpson's work. The one will learn from it all that is necessary in the care and management of the horse, while the other will gather original suggestions, which may be made available in the practice of his profession. An appendix which treats exclusively of the celebrated horse *Dexter* accompanies the book, and will be found interesting to the many who, after the "almighty dollar," look upon the trotting horse as the last and best gift of Columbia to her sons. It is unfortunate that the author has thrown his work into the cumbersome form of a dialogue, which often amusingly and oftener tediously takes a dreadfully moral turn, and it is a pity, too, that his style is so bad. It is a very good book, though, for horse-owners, in spite of its faults of manner.

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The Week.

There is, as we write, and as well as we can make out, a widespread feeling of anxiety about the political future. Gold has gone up eight per cent. within a week, and most people have a feeling that something is going to happen of a serious character in the financial world—inflation, repudiation, they do not know well what. Moreover, most people feel that we are rapidly approaching a crisis in the reconstruction question which will produce a decisive result. The bill, passed through the House on Monday, forbidding anything less than two-thirds of the Supreme Court to pronounce a law unconstitutional, is a direct challenge to the court as well as to Mr. Johnson, as it is believed that five out of the nine judges believe the Reconstruction act unconstitutional. We should prefer—and we believe that the country would prefer—that Congress should wait for the court to take the first steps toward a conflict of authority, inasmuch as that conflict may never come; and the tone of the debate on the bill in the House was anything but reassuring. There is no denying the fact that the majority in Congress does not possess the confidence of the party now as it did a year ago, and that, whenever it prepares to fire off a gun against the rebels, the "weak-kneed" members of the party run behind trees and walls. We may share Mr. Stevens's contempt for these "cowardly" brethren; but we cannot forget, as he apparently does, that they all have votes, and that they have at least courage enough to cast them, and that their ballots count for as much as those of the most lion-hearted of us all. We have discussed the Supreme Court controversy elsewhere. It is a fine thing as a display of courage, we admit, but we doubt its value as a piece of political tactics: "c'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre." We hope we are mistaken, and, if it turns out well, promise to sing the praises of Messrs. Bingham and Boutwell most heartily, and to acknowledge their superior wisdom without flinching.

The Senate has declined to concur in Mr. Stanton's removal, and he has accordingly gone back to his place. Mr. Johnson will acquiesce with the best grace he can muster. On the propriety of the Senate's course few Republicans will have much difficulty in agreeing, though the public satisfaction at the result would, of course, have been greater if less mischief had not resulted from Mr. Stanton's removal than was generally anticipated at the time it took place. He could hardly have done anything at the War Department which Grant left undone, but the effect of his restoration on the South will doubtless be excellent.

On Wednesday last, neither the Senate nor the House did anything of special interest or importance. On Thursday, the Senate passed a bill intended to do something towards stopping "whiskey frauds;" it forbids the removal of whiskey from any warehouse, for any purpose whatsoever, until the full amount of the Government tax shall be paid—which seems a not particularly valuable addition to the whiskey legislation as it stands on the books at present. In the House, on the same day, there was unanimous passage of resolutions requesting the President to interpose his official influence for the release of American citizens confined in Great Britain and Ireland, and, having done this, the question of whiskey frauds was discussed, and the bill above-mentioned passed. On Friday, whiskey-metres were the theme of debate in the House; and in the Senate there was discussion of the bill to prevent further contraction of the currency. Saturday, also, was an uninteresting day. In the House, Mr. Ward, of New York, made a set speech against the minority report of the Judiciary Committee in the matter of impeachment, and Mr. Baldwin argued against Mr. Brooks's theory, that the negro is naturally inferior to the white man. On Monday, the House passed the bill declaring what shall constitute a majority of the Supreme Court—a bill passed for the sake of that section which provides that two-thirds of all the members of the Court must concur in any decision adverse to the validity of any law of Congress. The new Reconstruction bill was also read twice and recommitted. The Senate, on Monday, by a vote of 25 to 6, reinstated Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War. On Tuesday, the Senate discussed, without result, financial matters, and the House resumed consideration of the reconstruction question.

The case of McCardle, which apparently has frighted the House from its propriety, is, in brief, this: McCardle is the editor of the *Vicksburg Times*, and as he was afflicted with the common fault of editors south of the Potomac, of not being nearly strong enough to hold his tongue wholly or, indeed, in any tolerable degree, General Ord had him arrested, on a charge of publishing libels on officers of the Freedmen's Bureau, and of inciting to a breach of the public peace. Then, too, he published articles which it was alleged were intended to intimidate loyal voters, and to hinder the reconstruction of Mississippi. He was brought before a military commission for trial, but application having been made in his behalf for a writ of *habeas corpus*, he was produced in the United States District Court, Judge Hill on the bench, and, after argument heard, was remanded to the custody of General Ord's deputy, General Gillem. Appeal was at once taken from this decision, and it seems to be the general expectation that the Supreme Court will speedily pronounce upon the case. We do not know if in this matter he is so reliable as he generally is, but the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* asserts that in the ordinary course of business the case cannot be reached in less than two years.

There is a bill before Congress for the erection of the whole South into one military district, under the exclusive control of Grant, and the total overthrow of the existing State governments. This is the

answer to Hancock's performances in Louisiana, and the ridiculous endorsement of them by the President, as well as to various removals and changes of one sort or other made by the latter. To this measure, if it had been brought in and passed a year ago, there would not be a word to be said; but it is in reality the third amendment of the Reconstruction bill, and is, therefore, calculated to bring that bill and its authors into disrepute with the public for incompetency and haste. For this reason only, we should have been glad to see it let alone as long as it worked even tolerably well; and that it is working tolerably well nobody disputes. No act will work any better under all the circumstances. The real impediment all along has not been the conduct of the Southern State governments or of the military commanders, but the temper of the Southern whites. No legislation will change or improve this, particularly as long as Mr. Johnson is in the Presidential chair; and it has been proved that he cannot or will not offer any greater obstacle to reconstruction than he has already done. The passage of the new bill will, therefore, we fear, unsettle the public mind both at the North and South, and weaken the authority of the Congressional leaders without sensibly improving the machinery of reconstruction. General Meade's removal of Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, shows that he will do his duty in his new post.

The inflationists take a good deal of comfort from the refusal of the Senate to pledge itself against expansion, and their hopes are still further strengthened by sinister rumors from the Senate Finance Committee. Moreover, the grand plan of paying off debts with the debtors' "notes" seems to be finding favor with Republicans out West. We believe there has been no time within the last fifty years when it could be so safely said that "republican government is on its trial." Should the repudiationists carry the day, and particularly should they attempt the transparent humbug of paying the public debt in greenbacks, what we shall have gained by the war will be the reputation of being the most muscular and longest-winded, most ingenious and barefaced of the great historical knaves. The greenback scheme far surpasses the old mediæval plan of adulterating and clipping the coinage, just as printing surpasses writing. The attitude of the New York *Tribune* on this matter is one which it is impossible not to admire and derive hope from, as it circulates more than most other papers in the infected districts, and has never treated any subject with greater force and clearness and courage.

How far anything legislation can do is from reaching the bottom of the Southern difficulty was well displayed the other day in Mrs. Martin's card in the Mobile papers, asking the public to "suspend its judgment" with regard to the conduct of her husband in attempting to murder Judge Busteed in cold blood in the street, in the most brutal and cowardly manner, he (Martin) being the district attorney, or, in other words, the official prosecutor of criminals. He approached the judge unawares, shot him, and continued to fire at him coolly after he fell. His wife now writes to the papers, with much feeling and perfect simplicity, asking people not to condemn Mr. Martin before they know all the circumstances, and gives us to understand that Judge Busteed had been intriguing against Martin to get him out of his place. This may be true. It is true that Martin was under prosecution himself for malfeasance, but neither of the charges has anything in it very surprising. What is remarkable in the affair is the condition of Southern morality, as illustrated in the frank avowal by a woman of education and position of her belief that the public will agree with her in thinking that unhandsome conduct on the part of a judge will justify the public prosecutor in assassinating him in the street in daylight. Moreover, we have not the slightest doubt that her confidence is well-founded, and that a majority of the Southern people would concede that behavior on the part of the judge which in other parts of the world would simply lead to a mere hostility of feeling was sufficient to justify his murder. The occasional glimpses that one gets, through such incidents as this, into the working of the Southern mind, we confess dishearten us far more as to the future than any stories we hear of disorders arising out of mere political feeling. The moral condition of a community is never so hopeless as when there is a wide interval between its highest moral rule and the one in daily use. A Malay may assassinate freely and yet be a very good fellow; but when a Christian assassinates freely, and his fellow-Christians do not think the worse of him for it, the case is one which puzzles the most ardent reformer. In what does the moral condition of a society in which such a man as Martin grows up differ materially from that in which Milo killed Clodius? The South differs from all other civilized communities in the modern world in having carried its mental and political and religious training far beyond the point at which nations usually acquire a profound respect for human life. A Southerner would listen with the deepest interest and deepest sympathy to an exposition of Christian doctrine from any Northern or English divine, and would outdo a man of any civilized state in the fervor of his adhesion to the great principles of political ethics; but you would not be surprised to hear that he had the same day killed his man treacherously and in cold blood. There is in this a deeper difficulty for legislators than we are yet fully aware of.

General Butler has gone "down among the Moors," as the song says, and has been making a speech to the Virginian freedmen at Richmond, by whom he was enthusiastically received. He began with a sketch of the history of the Government from 1789, and got down rapidly to the late war and emancipation, the effects of which on the status of the blacks he described with great force and clearness. He declared confiscation to be impracticable, and undesirable if practicable—admitting, what we had the honor to maintain a year ago at some cost, that farms which cost nothing were worth nothing, and that, if land-grants were made to the negroes, they would probably be of as little use to them as the land-grants made to white soldiers in the West. But he warned the holders of the great estates that they must be broken up, and advised them to anticipate the action of legislative authority by themselves selling out small lots, either for money or labor, to the colored people about them—a suggestion which we also had the honor to make early last summer, and which we are glad to have reproduced in General Butler's nervous language, and before those whom it most concerns. The speech was, on the whole, excellent—full of good sense and good feeling, expressed plainly and forcibly, and, we are sure, did good.

We have been for nearly two years considerably in advance of certain of our Radical brethren on divers topics of importance, so much so as at times to feel our position lonely and exposed, and have often longed for them to take a "leap ahead," as Mr. Wade says, and join us. We are, therefore, very much gratified to find them, one by one, catching up to us. They have all reached us on the impeachment question. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Butler have had a hard struggle with confiscation, but have at last got through, and are now fairly abreast of us on this also. There was perhaps no point, however, on which we were for a long while so wildly advanced as on the necessity of education to the voter. There was for a year or two such a singular unanimity amongst the leading Radicals as to the entire worthlessness of education to the colored voter at least, that we used to express our desire to see him provided with it, as necessary to the proper use of the franchise, with some timidity. On this line we have for some time past heard a good deal of puffing and blowing behind us, as if somebody were coming in hot haste, but we never dreamed of its being Mr. Wendell Phillips. And yet it was he. He caught up with us last week in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, demanding, with his accustomed energy, education from the general Government as the only means of meeting the horrible consequences of Grant's election. We do not despair yet of being overtaken on the question of the propriety of discussing public measures in Congress, and the value of early education to statesmen.

Some persons occasionally write to us to complain of the irreverent way in which we speak of Congressional legislation, and the airs of superior wisdom we seem to assume. But we will cite two incidents

which will, we think, prove clearly that one may be very modest and yet laugh often and laugh heartily over some of the things done at Washington. One is, that under the existing law, passed a year or two ago, if you let a man a house, and he starts without your knowledge or consent an illicit distillery in it, your house and ground are liable to confiscation. We can think of nothing which can well be compared to this except the practice in which the Turkish pashas at one time indulged, of making people on whom they levied contributions pay a tax, by way of compensating them for the wear and tear of their teeth in eating their tough meat. The other incident we find in Mr. Wells's report, and we commend it to the attention of the reformers, clergymen, and others who will have it that drinking can be taxed or policed out of existence. The present tax on whiskey is two dollars a gallon; "cowardly" people have always insisted that such a tax could not be collected, and would promote drunkenness instead of diminishing it. Now hear Mr. Wells:

"In the Eighth Collection District of the State of New York there was, before the Internal Revenue law went into operation in 1862, but one distillery; when the tax of twenty cents was imposed, some five or six additional distilleries were started. When at sixty cents, about one dozen were in operation; but this number under the $2 tax increased to about forty. Furthermore, the tax collected in one distillery in this same district in one month in 1864, under the sixty cents tax, was one-third more than was paid in the aggregate by thirty distilleries in the eight months succeeding November 4, 1864, when the tax was $2; or, in other words, one distillery in one month in 1864 paid $58,819 at sixty cents per gallon, while thirty distilleries in eight months of 1866–67, paid at $2 per gallon only $33,664."

Mr. James Brooks is really a little too bad. He deserves to have his poetry reprinted from the "Poets and Poetry of America." The days of the years of man's life are no more than threescore and ten, and the Saturdays are only thirty-six hundred and forty, more or less, and Saturday last, in the House, was in great part taken up by a speech from Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, "contradicting the statements of Mr. Brooks on the inferiority of the negro race." Of course there is no good excuse for Mr. Baldwin; but as for Mr. Brooks, he is a most hardened offender; he is continually biting the heel of the African; every Saturday he is, as Mr. Squeers might say, "laying into" the black man's tibiæ, and pulling his hair, and proving that he was not Dido, but that Carthage was settled by white citizens or Indians not taxed, and that Jamaica exports less sugar than she did when half the inhabitants were peeling the skin in short strips off the backs of the other half—getting sugar from two canes. He is wanton, too, in his inflictions; it is not done for buncombe; his constituents have always neglected the reading of the *Globe*, and other printed matter. The House is the judge of the qualifications of its own members; and we submit that a man who through his misfortune or his fault has formed an incurable habit of making speeches on the anatomy of the negro and his place in nature, ought to be expelled. Or, if the gentleman's fellow-members are disinclined to be harsh, we suggest that some representative who understands the previous question should force a vote without delay on the question, whether or not the negro as at present existing in these States is more Democrat or Old Line Whig or of African blood; and, secondly, whether or not he is to be assumed to be, in a Pickwickian sense, and for parliamentary purposes, the equal or inferior or superior of the white man. It would just now be particularly well if this question could be got out of the way. Mr. Brooks does not, but the country very particularly does, want the Republican party to say what is to be its policy for the next year; and as soon as we have it settled in some satisfactory way just where the negro race belongs in the scale of races, we shall stand one more chance of getting a Republican platform.

A new party is announced as having recently been formed in this city. It is designated as the "I. P. P.," which letters stand for the words "Independent Progressive Party." The declaration of principles is already made, and it is declared that only such candidates as can make profession of faith in them will be supported by the party in the next and future national elections. Of these principles the chief are as follows: 1. "A moderate tariff based on the principle of equalization"—that is, we suppose, a tariff of which the burdens are imposed justly on the various branches of industry; 2. "A progressive"—graduated, we suppose—"income tax, exempting the poor;" 3. "Conversion of the Government loans into one debt with low rate of interest;" 4. "No coercive or prohibitory Sunday laws;" 5. "A general obligatory system of education;" 6. "The establishment of an Executive to be elected by Congress, and separation of the political and military authority now vested in that office;" 7. "Reconstruction on the base of the measures inaugurated by Congress." We are informed by a member of this new organization that it has been formed inside the North American Turnerbund; and how important the Bund is may be judged by certain figures which he gives us: The money invested in "Turnerhallen" amounts to $441,300; and if the debts of the one hundred and eighteen clubs be deducted from this amount and the value of their libraries, gymnastic apparatus, and other property added to it, we find that the total wealth of the Bundes-Vereine is represented by the respectable sum of $401,761. Scattered as they are throughout the country, liked by their fellow-countrymen, of rather more than average intelligence, the political influence of the members of the "I. P. P." is not to be despised.

The armaments continue in Europe on a scale which promises to ruin every state in it except perhaps Prussia, which has beyond any other the knack of making war cheap, as far as mere outlay in money is concerned. Russia is increasing her land force at a rate which bids fair to raise it before long to more than two millions of men; and as she is now the only really aggressive state in the world—the only one which is known to cherish great schemes of territorial aggrandizement—she, of course, forces the others to follow suit. What the effect is may be guessed from the fact cited in Mr. Wells's report—that the French debt has increased 130 per cent. in the last thirteen years, with hardly any increase of population. The Austrian debt has increased 108 per cent. in eighteen years. The Italian debt has increased in the last six years 158 per cent. The Russian ratio of increase Mr. Wells does not give, but she has an annual deficit of about $50,000,000, and the debt steadily grows. Even Prussia has now a deficit, though comparatively a small one. The cause of all this is, of course, the enormous size of their standing armies, which, beside their cost in wages and supplies, by the abstraction of labor from the community diminish greatly its tax-paying power. Moreover, there is probably very little of the old love of warlike aggression left in the breasts of any European population. They are generally now devoted to the quest of material comforts, and moral and mental improvement. The fears and susceptibility and sense of honor which keep up the great armies are those of the monarchs towards one another, and the whole military system is part and parcel of the system of "personal government," as it is called. The hopelessness about the future which this creates amongst the laboring classes may be fairly expected to stimulate emigration to this country.

The foreign news this week contains nothing of much interest. The English are still busy with Fenianism, the French with their army bill, and the Italians with the formation of a ministry. The King of Prussia has written a cordial letter to Louis Napoleon, which is looked upon on the Bourse as a sign of peace, and has sent the funds up. The only point in the political sky which now looks threatening is Turkey. Russia is savage and indefatigable. She is building fortifications at Kertch, which is a little further from Constantinople than Sebastopol, but will make a better naval station, and escapes the operation of the treaty of Paris. Meanwhile, her agents are working amongst the Greeks and Bulgarians, and the Porte, growing thoroughly frightened, has begun to roar for help, and promises amendment. Lord Stanley, it is said, has accordingly sent a remonstrance to its aid, though the latest telegrams pronounce this untrue. If untrue, the probability is that the story arose out of his having remonstrated with Servia on her military preparations. But no amendment is possible except on paper. The Government is rotten. The latest report on the Turkish debt to the English holders described it as a funny farce; the coupons are not paid, no provision of any kind made for them, no apology offered, and no sinking fund or anything like it created. In fact, a parcel of Christian boys would manage finance twice as well.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

CONGRESS AND THE SUPREME COURT.

A BILL was passed in the House on Monday last providing that six judges shall be necessary to constitute a quorum of the Supreme Court, and that the concurrence of two-thirds of the members of the whole court shall be necessary to pronounce a decision, in any case pending before it, against the validity of any law of Congress. The proximate cause of this legislation is well known to be the report—we presume well-founded—that five judges of the court hold the Reconstruction act to be unconstitutional. The object of the present measure is, therefore, to secure the act, and all others of a similar nature, against an adverse judicial decision, and it has been passed in the House by a party vote. Whatever we may think of the wisdom or constitutionality of the proceeding, too many calm and able men, including a large number of lawyers, have voted for it, to allow us to treat the result with anything but consideration and respect. We say this in the teeth of the fact that the debate previous to the vote was anything but calm or judicial in its tone, and, considering the excited state of the public mind, very unlikely to inspire confidence out of doors. The bill is one of the gravest that ever came before Congress, and yet the principal speech in support of it—Mr. Bingham's—was a violent harangue, very largely made up of coarse abuse of the court. Unless "the citizens of the Republic who keep watch at the gates of the morning, and the citizens of the Republic who keep watch at the going down of the sun," as he grandiloquently calls the people of the United States, have greatly changed within a very few months, we venture to assert that it is not by rhetoric of this sort their approval can be won for changes of such moment as this bill covers.

We admit fully—we have done so more than once already—that any interference of the Supreme Court with the process of reconstruction, as Congress is carrying it on, would be *legislation*, and legislation of the highest order, no matter by what name it was called. Clothing it in the form of a judicial decision would not alter its character. It would be in reality the assumption by the court—nay, by five members of the court acting under no responsibility to the country—of power to decide on what terms and conditions peace should be made between the parties to one of the bloodiest and most extensive wars on record. Nothing could make an act of this sort anything but a political act. There would not be enough law in it to give it even the faintest odor of a judicial decision. It would be absurd to suppose that anybody would be imposed upon by its being called a "judgment," and by the production of a plaintiff and defendant to support it. Moreover, nothing can be more certain than that the founders of the Government never dreamed of the court playing any such part. They acknowledged that for such a convulsion as we have just passed through, for an armed attempt on the part of a great combination of States to overthrow the Government, they could neither make provision nor offer counsel. We may be sure that, if they allowed themselves at all to foreshadow the course or consequences of such a conflict, they never contemplated the possibility of the Supreme Court framing the treaty of peace; for this is what the interference of the court in this matter of reconstruction really would mean. It has already held the war with the rebels to be a regular territorial war, attended with all the incidents of a conflict with an alien enemy. If, after this, it were to step in and say what Congress might *not* do, by way of restoring peace and order, it would be tantamount to the drafting of a treaty of peace—an act in all respects political, and in no way judicial. We have, therefore, always hoped and believed that the court would resist all attempts to drag it into the affair, would declare at the outset that the force and validity of acts of Congress passed for the political reorganization of the South were subjects outside its jurisdiction. We hope and believe this still. In regulating the relations of co-ordinate branches of a constitutional government, something must be left to men's prudence and patriotism.

While, therefore, we cannot greatly blame the majority in Congress—in fact, we do not take upon ourselves to blame them at all—for desiring to take precautions against the assumption by the court of legislative powers, under judicial forms, there are certain objections to the bill now before them which, if we may judge from the report of the debate, either have not occurred to them or have very little weight with them. One of these, and the principal one, is suggested by the citation as a precedent, by Mr. Bingham, of the original Judiciary act of 1789, under the administration of Washington, which required four out of the five judges to constitute a quorum. Now, it is absurd to cite past legislation to prove the expediency of proposed legislation, without taking into account the circumstances of the time at which it was passed as well as the terms of the law. The original Judiciary act was passed in a time of profound peace. It was framed by cool jurists on general principles. It was not a party measure at all; it was not intended to meet a temporary exigency. It was not intended to form a court for the purpose of one year or one case, but for all cases and all coming time. To produce it, therefore, as a precedent for the bill now before Congress, is a piece of sophistry by which few people will be deceived, no matter with how much spray of words Mr. Bingham may cover it. Moreover, making a certain number necessary to form a quorum is a very different thing from making a certain proportion of the members of a court necessary to pronounce a particular decision on one side of a particular kind of question.

Another objection made to the present bill by the *World* we consider a very grave one. We quote the *World* because we make it a point, in discussing matters of this kind, to consider the force of arguments rather than the source from which they come, although we know that many good people consider this a dangerous and pernicious operation. This objection is that inasmuch as the validity of acts of Congress must always, or nearly always, come before the court, in controversies between private individuals about property, if you make the votes of six judges necessary to set a law aside, while three can maintain its validity, you give the party whose rights are created by it double the advantage you give him whose rights are infringed by it; whereas all suitors ought to come before a court of justice, and do come before all courts of justice the world over, on an equal footing, as far at least as the organization of the court is concerned. If, to make good my case, I have to secure six votes, while my adversary, to make good his, has only to secure three, one scale of justice is made heavier than the other. The Supreme Court, it must be remembered, is not a council for revising legislation—it is a judicial tribunal.

Another great objection is, that it is an attempt by a party vote—the party being one which has just been defeated in an appeal to the country—and at a time of great excitement, and for a temporary purpose, and with the view of affecting a particular decision, to change the constitution of the highest judicial tribunal in the country. We will grant freely, if desired, that the proposed change is in general desirable. We will grant that the past conduct of the court shows that Congress requires additional bulwarks against possible judicial partisanship. If the measure were brought forward by competent men in quiet times, and after mature deliberation, we doubt if we should have a word to say against it. But it is brought forward by persons whom half the legal voters at the North consider eager partisans; it is supported in speeches of extreme violence; it is not denied that it is intended to meet a temporary exigency. Does any intelligent man suppose legislation of this kind will stand; that there is any political party in the country strong enough in the confidence of the people to support the burden of it? Is not this a game at which two can play? Are we sure of always having a Republican majority in Congress? Are we sure of having one three years hence? What is to hinder a Democratic majority from repealing this act and doctoring the court so as to make it swallow acts of its own, which, unlike the Reconstruction bill, will have neither the rights of man nor of woman nor any other good thing for their object? Would it be possible for the worst enemy of the country to devise a more effective instrument for putting us to shame and confusion than a high court of justice in which the judges were rearranged and divided every two or three

years by party votes so as to secure their approval of certain measures, the constitutional presumption that they will pronounce on the validity of acts of Congress, as on all other things, without fear or favor being turned into a legal fiction and made the laughing-stock of bar-room politicians?

Moreover, however much we may sympathize with the objects Congress has in view, however much we may desire to have reconstruction completed in its way, we are compelled to recognize the fact—the most glaring fact of history and human nature—that there are limits to the powers of legislation; that there are things it cannot accomplish; that, in all good political work, much, often what is most necessary to success, must be left to Providence, to time, to the growth of popular good sense, to the slow action of public opinion, and to the patriotism and moderation of public officers.

THE SOLDIER.

In putting down a few of the thoughts which suggest themselves to us on seeing the greater and greater distinctness with which General Grant and Chief-Justice Chase appear on the scene as the two candidates between whom the Republican party will be expected to choose at the approaching nomination for the Presidency, we have not the smallest intention of making a contribution to the literature of the coming "campaign." We cannot help feeling that from the public character and career of the two men, as we all know them, one or two lessons may be drawn of considerable value to the community, no matter which finds favor in the eyes of the Convention—the more valuable because they are perhaps, each in his walk, the most distinguished men between whose claims to its confidence any party has ever had to decide.

The only unfitness for the Presidency in Grant which has been discovered thus far, and which can be called radical, irremovable, is that he is a soldier; and a very skilful letter from Washington, published in the New York *Tribune*, of which we spoke last week, and which probably expressed the sentiments of the chief of Grant's opponents, put this objection forward in striking terms, and cited Andrew Jackson's behavior in office in support of it. It is not Jackson's case, however, which suggests this objection. It is only by stretching the term more than it will bear that Jackson can be called a soldier at all. His military service was very brief—too brief to affect in any perceptible degree his character or tone of mind. Whatever there was about him that savored of the camp—his arbitrary temper, his impatience of opposition, his unscrupulousness in the pursuit of his ends, his contempt for the slow processes of law—he derived not from education, but from nature; or, if he learnt them at all, he learnt them not in the army, but in a very much worse school—Tennessean court-houses and plantations in days when Tennessean life wore only the thinnest possible varnish of civilization.

The objection to Grant is really inspired by European traditions, and, like a large number of European traditions—though, we admit, not all, by any means—that which disqualifies a successful soldier for the chief office of a republic is singularly inapplicable to his case. There are three great historical examples of the overthrow of free governments under the blows of the commanders of their own armies, but in every one of them society had been prepared for the catastrophe by a long process of decay and disorganization, or by a combination of circumstances which made free government impossible. When Rome fell before Cæsar, the spirit of republicanism had fled, and there had grown up a large army, hardened in foreign conquests, utterly ignorant and indifferent to the forms of law, and to which there was no other force in the state capable of offering the least resistance. When Cromwell turned Parliament out of doors, it had become clear that the republican spirit had broken out before its time, and was seeking to establish itself in a community in which the feudal ideas and manners were still full of life. The facility with which Napoleon accomplished the *coup d'état* of the Dixhuit Brumaire was due to the same cause as most other French misfortunes—five hundred years of absolute monarchy, and the concentration of the national brain in the capital. There would be abundant reason for dreading the elevation of a soldier to the Presidential chair here if he were to be surrounded by the social or political phenomena in the midst of which soldiers in other ages and nations have destroyed public liberty; but these are almost all wanting. Our case is not made sufficiently like the case of the Romans or French or English to enable us to take warning from their example. To object to a candidate simply because he is a soldier, is like the old lady's objection to having a gun handled, although she was assured it was not loaded. "Loaded or unloaded," said she, "it may go off."

But may not the practice of putting soldiers in high office, simply because they have done good service in the field, and although they have given no evidence of political skill or experience, become a dangerous one? May it not even, in states in which there is nothing, or next to nothing, for a lawless or ambitious temper to work upon, beget at last an insidious indifference to the political qualities of public servants, and an insidious contentment with military capacity only? We admit that it may; but there are circumstances in Grant's case which seem to us not only likely to make an exception in his favor harmless, but beneficial. We think, we honestly confess, that he has rendered and is rendering a service to the country, by his manner of performing his duties now, hardly inferior in permanent value to that which he rendered it in putting down the rebellion in the field, and it is a service which furnishes a better guarantee of future efficiency than ten thousand speeches and the same number of votes.

He is not a perfect being. He is not a man of the golden age, or a knight of the "great order of the Table Round." He is, perhaps, not a statesman in the strict sense of the word, or perhaps in the highest sense of the word; has probably but little store of the acquisitions which a statesman ought to have. But, unless we greatly err, he has that thing which of all others the times most need, and which the rising generation ought most diligently to seek after.

Nobody who observes public men carefully but must notice the widespread disposition there is amongst them to serve their country and their species in a large, vague way rather than in one way narrow and well-defined, to seek remote and haze-covered ends rather than near and clear ones, to gaze into the "illimitable perspective" rather than down upon the dusty highway which stretches out before their feet. There are few of us in any walk of life who do not prefer working generally for eternal justice and eternal truth to plodding eight or ten hours a day in an office or a committee-room. When one is engaged simply in upholding what Carlyle calls the "eternal verities," one is neither tied to time nor to place, and as the end of one's task is infinitely remote, it would be useless to display great diligence or great haste. We would any of us far sooner labor for the elevation of the entire negro race than devote ourselves to the elevation of one negro family. We are unwilling to believe that we can possibly be doing as much for the nation in faithfully appraising goods at the custom-house or faithfully inspecting whiskey casks as Jones is, who every night makes the roof tremble with his expositions of the rights of man or his scathing exposures of the frailties of "the party in power." So, also, it will be found that despots always prefer being responsible "to God and their own conscience," as they say, for the use they make of their power, to being responsible to any collection of human beings; and the average politician in a democracy, while never tired of acknowledging his accountability to "the people," hates to be held accountable to a governor or a president or a court of justice or any concrete representative of the people.

Now, the lesson of Grant's life is that this is a mistake on our part; that, wherever we are placed, we are doing our highest and best political work when we are doing the work nearest at hand and to which we have been specially assigned; that there is no such servant of the country as he who keeps his mind steadily fixed on what he knows to be his business. When Grant took command of a regiment at the outbreak of the war, he did nothing but command it to the best of his ability. When he got command of an army, he did nothing and thought of nothing but commanding an army. When he was made commander-in-chief, he gave his mind to the duties of that office and to nothing else. He kept his gaze fixed on his books, papers, and reports, instead

of taking surveys of the country and the world, or getting up "views', on reconstruction or universal suffrage. Being a soldier, he tried to be the best kind of soldier simply, and not a mongrel politician, with newspapers, documents, and drafts of speeches sticking out of the pockets of a uniform coat. What temptations an American soldier has to resist who pursues this course, we may infer from the example of General McClellan. When that unlucky personage found himself driven back on Harrison's Landing, after those awful days of July, 1862, with an army perishing by inches in his hands, the nation looking on in agony, and the world in suspense, with every inducement that was ever applied to a human being urging him to concentrate all his faculties on the dreadful game before him, he retired to his tent and wrote out, for Mr. Lincoln's edification, his "views" on the state of the country—old "views," too, with which he had probably been crammed a month previously by New York politicians. It was one of the most ludicrous incidents in military history, but there was nevertheless something very pathetic about it. It meant not that he wilfully neglected his own work to meddle in other people's, but that, being weak-brained and overmatched, he turned readily for relief to one of the commonest indulgences of the day. It was so pleasant and easy to show Mr. Lincoln on paper how to govern the country at large; so hard to withstand the terrible Lee and his rebels on the other side of the hill. And he made his account by it. A large portion of the public hailed it as a lucky stroke, and the Harrison's Landing letter became a "state paper."

Merivale, in talking of the corruption of Roman society in the days of the empire, presents, as one of the great redeeming features, "the constant succession of brave, patient, resolute, and faithful soldiers—men deeply impressed with the sense of duty, superior to vanity, despisers of boasting, content to live in obscurity and shed their blood at the frontiers of the empire, unrepining at the cold mistrust of their masters, not clamorous for the honors so sparingly awarded them, *but satisfied in the daily work of their hands*, and full of faith in the national destiny which they were daily accomplishing." No modern army is wanting in such men; our army is certainly not wanting in them. Thousands of such were in its ranks during the late war, and they served with a purer zeal and a nobler hope than the soldiers of the ancient world ever knew. We do not despair of seeing the day when we shall have a civil service, too, which will create and foster this type of character. But few have hitherto proved able to resist the corroding action of the political atmosphere. Fewer have been able to look at the Presidency, or even a governorship or senatorship, as a possible prize without flinging reserve and dignity and sobriety to the winds, without despising "the daily work of their hands," and giving themselves over, body and soul, to any clique of charlatans or speculators who chose to constitute themselves their "political friends." Let us be thankful for the spectacle which Grant affords us of a man really great and genuinely American; a son of the soil, if ever there was one, who, conscious of merit, knows how to wait in silence and at his post for his reward, and, whether it comes or not, is satisfied with his share in working out the national destiny.

THE JUDGE.

THERE can be little question amongst thinking men—there has for thirty years at least been little question—that the establishment of the Supreme Court of the United States was a very important contribution to civilization. It has not, it is true, worked any striking change in modern society, and is perhaps only the germ of something better. But this it has done—it has brought under the regular, systematized control of law, not by theocratic pretensions like the Papacy, and not by conquest like the English Privy Council or House of Lords, a greater extent and variety of weighty human interests than have ever before been submitted to a judicial tribunal. It has pushed the dominion of reason into fields over which it never before exercised any sway, and has accustomed large and quasi-independent communities to abide by legal decisions in the regulation of some of their most important concerns. The Papacy tried to play this part in the Middle Ages, and it did play it to such an extent as the material and moral condition of the world permitted; but its jurisdiction was based on faith, and its decisions were enforced by supernatural sanctions. The Supreme Court rests, like all other modern political institutions, on secular foundations—the popular respect for order, for security, for logic, for opinion. In a very few years its writs will run over a greater area than the decrees of any potentate that ever existed, and it will hear the appeals of a more highly civilized and complex society than any tribunal, lay or ecclesiastical, of which history makes any mention. Supposing no greater calamity to overwhelm us, it is difficult to avoid the expectation that its success will do much to hasten the consummation for which so many generations of philanthropists and philosophers have sighed in vain—the submission to aregularly constituted tribunal of all disputes which are now usually decided by the sword.

The court has not lately been in favor with the public. Like so many other sacred and venerable things, it was prostituted in the service of slavery. Of all the foul and foolish deeds of which the pro-slavery zealots were guilty, there was not one for which the civilized world ought to owe them such a grudge as their dragging the court into the arena as the champion of their philosophy. The Dred Scott decision was not simply an offence against "free society;" it was an offence against all civilized society. It weakened that faith in the possibility of a human tribunal raised above even the fierce passions of great bodies of men, which the court during sixty honored years had been slowly but surely building up, and which, whenever it becomes firmly established, will seal one of the great fountains of human misery. The reconstruction crisis found its authority shaken, and a large portion of its prestige gone, in the presence of a majority whose will had been strengthened, passions roused, and impatience stimulated by four years of bloody war. All thoughtful men watched its course a year ago with considerable anxiety, lest it should, in false confidence in its strength, ruin what remained of its influence in trying to adjust questions which, whether it had jurisdiction over them or not, it was impossible to expect the Northern people, after all that had happened, to submit to its decision. They would not have submitted them to Moses and the prophets had they risen from the dead. Courts may prevent nations drawing the sword; but when once the sword has been drawn and blood spilt, they are visionaries who ask the victor to come to the bar, with his wounds still open, and plead as if he had suffered nothing, risked nothing, and won nothing. The court showed the highest wisdom in putting from it the dangerous task of deciding what it was that half a million of men had just died for, and we trust it will continue to show its wisdom in the same way.

Its recent decline in popular estimation, however, so far from making the office of judge in it an office to be lightly assumed and lightly laid aside or lightly worn, renders it, or ought to render it, in the eyes of every right-minded man, more sacred than ever—doubly sacred in view of the fact that the legislation of so many of the States, by making the State judges mere counters in the game of political intrigue and jobbery, has made the Federal judiciary almost the sole remaining refuge of the great and venerable traditions of judicial purity, independence, and decorum which ages worse in other things but in this better than ours, have handed down to us. No thoughtful layman can enter that small room in Washington in which those eight or nine old men sit, without feeling that he is in the presence of the strongest evidence the world has yet offered of its respect for moral force. No lawyer ought to go up and take his place amongst them without putting away from him for ever all political hope or ambition with greater earnestness than ever Trappist monk repudiated the world and its joys, without casting out of his heart, or at least smothering, every desire that would be likely to make him the debtor or suitor of any man or body of men. From that bench "the noises of the world" should all retreat—

> "The loud vociferations of the street
> Become an undistinguishable roar."

But should a judge relinquish all interest in politics? Not at all. What is not practicable is not desirable. He still remains a citizen, and he would be a poor judge, as well as a poor citizen, if what concerned the state did not concern him also; but it should concern him as it concerns the meanest and obscurest of us all, and not as a candidate for office or honors. Not one word of what we are saying is in-

tended to cast the slightest imputation on any judge's integrity. But it is not enough that a judge should be upright and independent. He owes to the community not virtue only; he owes it the appearance of virtue. He must not simply be just, but people must believe him just and incapable of succumbing to bad influences. He is bound not simply to do his duty faithfully, but to inspire the community with confidence that he does it faithfully. Only half his value to the nation lies in the patient hearing and righteous decision of causes on the bench; the other half lies in the belief which his character diffuses that any causes which might come before him would be patiently heard and righteously decided. If by anything in his conduct he shakes this belief, he is guilty of a gross wrong towards every man within his jurisdiction.

Now, a judge cannot sit on the bench of the Supreme Court and be at the same time a candidate for high office—that is, for something which is notoriously not in the gift of the people at large, but of a small body of men who, whatever else they are, are not amongst the purest and most high-minded of the community—without shaking people's confidence in him, without diminishing the popular respect for his office, and without opening for his associates and successors a straight and easy way to the grosser forms of corruption. People would not believe that Justice herself was pure if they knew she was working for the Chicago nomination.

We hear a good deal of high-sounding rhetoric about the necessity of having "a great jurist" in the Presidential chair, in order to complete the work of reconstruction. There is something almost amusing about this, considering that it comes from the very men who have been laboring night and day for the last year and a half to show that the President did not need to be a "jurist," that his province was simply to execute and not to legislate. In this we entirely agree with them; but we hold that if we do not want juridical lore from Mr. Johnson, we do not want it from Mr. Chase either. The country is almost dying of "jurists." Every second man one meets in the street now is a "jurist." Everybody in Congress is a "jurist," from the sergeant-at-arms up. In Congress, however, and in the courts, jurists are needed, and if any editor or orator knows of a jurist of remarkable powers, let him labor to get him into one of these places, but not into the Presidential chair. There is something, we admit, admirable in Mr. Chase's long devotion to the cause of the black man. We would not, if we could, take away one iota from the credit to which it entitles him; but it is extraordinary that he should not see that since he ascended the bench his relations to the blacks have totally changed. To go about amongst them now, haranguing them as he did a year ago; to work in the lobbies of Congress to procure legislation favorable to their interests, as he has done, more or less, for the last two years; to go ostentatiously to Ohio to cast his vote at the State election, and from his windows in Cincinnati call the attention of the crowd to the fact—this is not the way for a judge to serve the freedmen; it is the way to injure himself. The duty of a judge towards the poor and helpless and oppressed, his first and last and only duty, is to be a good judge. Whatsoever is more or less or other than this comes of evil, and produces evil. Whatever shakes confidence in the judiciary, in its independence or integrity, weakens the only real security the poor have for their rights. The rich and powerful can protect themselves without courts; but the poor and weak, if the courts fail them, have no resource. It may be safely said that a judge's value as a judge declines in the direct ratio of his display of political zeal, no matter how pure his motives. When Mr. Chase lobbies for the black man, he does what a hundred men in Washington can be got to do just as well for twenty-five dollars a day; when he goes to Cincinnati to vote for him, he renders him a service which a hod-carrier round the corner probably neutralized five minutes afterwards; and he at the same time does his protégés the mortal injury of leading the whole Democratic and half the Republican party to regard the Chief-Justice of the United States as a political partisan and a candidate for office.

We trust the people will not let this opportunity escape them of maintaining what is left of respect for the judiciary, by laying it down, once for all, that neither the Supreme Court nor any other court shall be used as a resting-place on the way to something more attractive in the political field. It is high time that public men were reminded that there is other work to be done for society than haranguing and writing messages, and palavering with politicians. There is on the bench of the Supreme Court enough to satisfy the noblest and purest ambition. We know of no position in which more can be done to serve the best and largest interests both of the country and of the race, from which more valuable contributions might be made to the highest branches of human thought, in which a man of the highest mental and moral qualifications might achieve a more splendid and enduring fame. Such an ambition is rare, and is in the gift of nature only. We cannot supply it where we do not find it; but we can at least see that if the office is not sought for high ends it shall not be used as an aid in the attainment of low ones.

THE LEADING FACTS OF MR. WELLS'S REPORT.

We look on the annual reports of the Commissioner of Revenue, the second of which is now before us, as the most important "public documents" which have yet been issued, putting aside of course the reports of the scientific corps of the Government service. They are not only valuable contributions to political science, but they are the first attempts ever made to supply trustworthy data for legislation, and to supply the people with accurate knowledge of their own material condition and resources. What has been done in this, or in most other fields, by Congressional committees, may be said to be absolutely worthless. Few of those committees have men upon them qualified for such enquiries by taste or education; and the few men of this description who do get on them are overawed or overpowered by the mere politicians, that is, men who value facts solely for their effect on party measures. The result is that the reports of committees are generally of about as much value, in helping the public to form sound opinions, as long articles in a party newspaper on any exciting topic of the day. All other countries have been driven long ago, by their greater necessities, into establishing bodies of experts to collect materials, and make suggestions based on their knowledge and experience, for the use of the legislative body, whatever it may be; and European legislatures are all in the habit of treating their reports with respect and attention, and acting on them if they act at all. We have never tried the experiment, mainly owing to the exceeding simplicity of the governmental apparatus. Anybody almost was competent to manage it, and it may be said to have been left to the management of anybody who chose to undertake it; and this class, we need hardly say, was largely composed of gentlemen who evolved their finance and political economy out of the depths of their moral consciousness. Mr. Wells's first report, issued last year, was not very well received by Congress. It was an experiment, and it would have been contrary to all Congressional usage for the report of one man, outside the regular political circles, to have much weight. Moreover, at that time the majority were still tolerably certain that the science of taxation had no secrets for them. Complaints of depression in trade, it is true, reached them from various quarters, but they were tolerably well satisfied that only one remedy was needed, and that was to increase the tariff.

Mr. Wells is this year meeting with a much more respectful hearing, and we begin to hope that his report will do good service, and that its leading suggestions will really affect legislation. It is hard to say which is more valuable—its suggestions or its statements of facts. It is not possible within the limits of our space to give even an outline of the report itself, and we shall confine ourselves to-day to a summary of its most striking features, hoping to return to them hereafter in detail.

It is pleasant reading, for two reasons. First, it is a crushing reply to those who are trying to persuade the public that it can only get relief from its burdens by breaking faith with the public creditor; secondly, it shows that the prevailing depression in business is greater in appearance than in reality, and is rapidly passing away without any help from legislation at all. The national debt has been reduced since the war by $266,000,000 (we omit the fractions), the interest on it by $15,000,000 per annum. It seems when General Butler or Mr. Pendle-

ton states the case that it would be an awful thing to withdraw all the legal-tender currency at the rate of four millions a month, and convert it into six per cent. coin interest-bearing bonds; it would make such a frightful addition to the burden of interest under which the unhappy people is now groaning. How much, after all, would it amount to? Simply an increase per annum for eight years of $3,880,000, or, at the end of eight years, of $31,000,000 per annum; but, as Mr. Wells shows, with our present means of reducing the capital of the debt, there is little likelihood that any absolute increase of interest, from the conversion of the currency into bonds, would take place at all.

What are the real causes of the weight of the public burdens? They are three in number; the heavy expenditure of the Government; clumsiness and multiplicity of the taxes, not their total amount; and the thieving and incompetency of officials. Mr. Wells shows that the expenditure of the Government is too large, and ought, as one means of relief, and a very important means, to be greatly reduced. For instance, he shows that if the expenses of the War Department were cut down from $83,000,000 per annum to $53,000,000, it would leave it still in possession of a revenue 260 per cent. greater than in 1861. This, and reductions on a similar scale in the Navy Department, civil service, and bounties, together with the total abandonment of Mr. Seward's purchases of foreign territory, would absolutely enable the Government to remove all internal taxation on all cotton and woollen manufactures, on all iron, steel, and machinery, on all leather and hat manufactures, and on all kinds of paper!

People who are not immediately interested, and especially country people, who read all that is said in the newspapers about internal revenue frauds, probably imagine that it is, after all, a trifling matter, and that the losses are mere drippings. Now Mr. Wells expresses a positive belief, as the result of his enquiries, that "not over fifty per cent. of the amount of the internal revenue taxes is received in the national Treasury." On turning to the tables, we find that the internal revenue receipts during the year 1867 amounted to $265,920,000—we again omit the smaller fractions. Therefore, what he asserts is that nearly $266,000,000, due to the Government, has in one year either not been collected through the incompetency of its agents, or has been collected by them, and either stolen by them, or divided between them and the persons owing it. This is really an awful statement, especially when coupled with the account he gives of the almost absolute honesty and efficiency of the administrative machinery of the leading European countries. We use the word "awful," strong as it is, advisedly, because the mere loss of the money is only a trifling portion of the calamity. Its worst feature is the amount of fraud, perjury, and lying, on the part of an immense body of persons occupying respectable positions in society, which these figures represent. In fact, we doubt if a debauching agent of similar efficiency was ever applied to any Christian community. In some trades, the whiskey manufacture, for instance, cheating is so general that the few men who have tried to be honest have had to choose between cheating and beggary, and openly confess now that they chose the former. Flesh and blood cannot blame them. The guilt of it before God and man lies on the legislature and the public who, with these facts before their eyes, permit the civil service to remain in its present condition.

Another encouraging feature of Mr. Wells's report is the demonstration he affords that our present financial depression is simply part of the great wave that has passed over the commercial world everywhere, while our case is really not so bad as that of the English and French. Moreover, the recuperative process is going on amongst us at a rate few of us dream of. Immigration, Mr. Wells calculates, makes a positive yearly addition to the wealth and producing power of the country of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The crops last year were, though not so good as was expected, greater than ever before. There is just now great depression in the cotton trade, and yet there is from 15 to 20 per cent. more machinery at work in it than before the war. Who that ever sees much of iron manufactures, or rather of the newspapers devoted to the iron interest, does not think the iron trade a sickly plant struggling feebly for existence? Yet it has increased since 1810, under all kinds of tariffs and disturbances, 2,371 per cent., while population in the same period has only increased 410 per cent. So on through nearly every branch of industry: whatever depends on the soil and on private individuals is flourishing as nothing ever flourished before. Nothing is wanting but scientific legislation and honesty in officials to make us in a very few years the most prosperous and most lightly taxed community in the world. Do Americans know, or do they not, that they are the only people in the world whose income largely exceeds their expenditure; the only people whose taxation daily diminishes under the mere increase of population and wealth; and—we hate to write it, but it must be said—the only people amongst whom there is any talk of cheating the public creditor?

"FLIPPANCY."

THE dictionaries give the word more than one definition, but, as we suppose, "flippancy," when found in the mouths of men other than lexicographers, has nowadays no sense but a bad one, and always means the thoughtless, slighting, disrespectful treatment of themes of discourse which by right ought to be treated with respect. But the vice of flippancy is thus far unlike what have been called the natural vices—all men indiscriminately are not to be trusted to judge of it. As regards lying or stealing or murdering, the "black or negro" man, as the geographies say, with his phrenologically undeveloped head, is, for all practical purposes, as capable of forming right conclusions as the highly Caucasian Professor Fowler would be, or any other man of good facial angle. From China to Peru and from Indus to either pole they dislike a liar or a thief, and kill a murderer. But flippancy belongs to that indefinitely larger class of human failings as to which we have nothing written on the tablets of our hearts to enable us to make a judgment absolute and universally applicable, but are compelled to discard instinct, so to speak, and make use of brains. At once, then, we come upon the widest possible difference of opinions. What is flippancy to one man at one time and place, is hardly more likely to seem such to another man at the same, or the same man at another time and place, than all men are likely to be of one mind as regards the religious obligation to observe the feast of Pentecost or to practise auricular confession.

With reflections such as these we console ourselves for an inability which we discover in ourselves to agree with very many persons as to whether or not, in particular instances, some one—ourselves, for example—has or has not been guilty of flippancy. Flippancy in the abstract—disrespect shown to the truly respectable—we, as all men, rightly, naturally, unavoidably hate. Also, we are human, we suppose, in a dislike which we entertain for disrespect shown to whatever things we individually happen to venerate, and in a disposition to denounce as flippancy an irreverent way of treating them; orthodoxy is the name of our doxy, too, when we consult feeling. But we are no longer able, as in happier days, to believe without doubt that to other people our sincere denunciations of this and that, of flippancy, among other things, may not seem mistaken and, perhaps, foolish. As we now look at it, it is a thing to be freely admitted by all the Hapsburgs that the Austrian General Wurmser, or whoever it was, made a mistake when he so severely condemned the self-sufficiency and flippancy of which General Bonaparte was guilty when he showed such marked disrespect for all well-established rules of warfare as was exhibited in the battles and victories of the well-known Italian campaign. And, however much we may have respected General George B. McClellan, we are willing to confess that the flippant critics who urged an advance on Yorktown and "Prince John" Magruder turned out at the last to have not been so very far wrong as some friends of ours who had friends at West Point succeeded in making us partially believe.

Or, for further example, we may, for our part, say that the Honorable Ben Wade is "one of our grandest public men," or, to use Miss Anthony's words, is "a right royal old fellow," and we may not only fervently say this, but fervently believe it. Still, should a person who avows his belief that a senator of the United States ought to know something; ought to have had some education; ought, for instance, to have some knowledge of political economy, of jurisprudence, of the history of this and other countries, as well as of the history of parties in this country, of the rule of three and the rules of grammar, to speak briefly, as well as of the golden rule as applied to the relations of black men and white—should a person of this sort, we say, treat as an entirely ridiculous thing some of Mr. Wade's acts and sayings, we should not see our way clear to condemning him absolutely for what would perhaps seem to us flippancy. So also of the representatives of their constituents in the lower House of Congress. We believe, say, in Mr. Banks;

we know that without special training for political life, without having given very many midnight or other hours to the study of the effete institutions of Europe, or to the writers on international law, or to other writers, he has risen, by his own laudable exertions, to the dignity of representing Massachusetts as a Member of Congress, and the United States as Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and, as we have said, perhaps we believe in him. But it is true, too, that we admit the possibility that some not over light-minded man may be moved to laugh Mr. Banks's Fenian speeches and naturalization reports and eight-hour bills to scorn; may, merely from a sense of humor, ridicule them for what seems to him their intrinsic absurdity; may, because he thinks that they are folly, and that ridicule is the most dangerous foe to folly, make fun of them because they are things discreditable to the country, and yet through it all, whatever he seems to us to be, may, from his own point of view, be anything but flippant.

There are not a few people—who, like ourselves, have their own opinion of certain royal old public men—who, without hesitation and even with violence, stigmatize as flippancy anything but the soldest and most serious way of treating all that these gentlemen say and do. Some man known as "a leader" frames a stupid resolution or a wildly absurd bill, or makes a really silly speech—talks after a fashion which, if he used it in talking to his neighbors about private matters, would cause them to speak of him, and to him, with extreme lightness—and it is commonly pronounced flippancy, of a sort to be deplored much and condemned very much, if the laugh which rises to the occasion is not decorously stifled. The proper thing to do, it is held, when one is contending with such a warrior as Mr. Ashley, for example, is to look on apparently with anxiety and sleepless vigilance while he tears up the sod, shovels dirt for entrenchments, drags out his frowning batteries of Quaker guns and gets them into position. Then, Mr. Ashley, being a leader, one is industriously to levy great numbers of horse, foot, and dragoons, to prepare large trains of siege artillery, to sit down before him, open parallels at the orthodox distance, approach him gradually, as if one were really in fear of his abilities as an engineer, and finally admit him to an honorable capitulation. To send a sergeant's guard of light cavalrymen to capture his fortalice would, we are told, be a species of levity so far from decent as to be undoubted flippancy. This, as we have said, is not altogether our way of thinking. We are not sure that we have a right to ask other persons to give Mr. Ashley or Mr. Banks, or this or that other grand public man and right royal old fellow of a statesman, as much respect as we accord them; if people think they see a fool, why, at all events, there are worse uses to which they might put him than make him food for mirth, and so long as they do nothing more to him than that, we shall not violently insist on their adopting our own view of him.

But to speak with perfect seriousness, the charge of flippancy, as we are accustomed to hear it made, we have got into the habit of disregarding almost wholly. In those instances to which our attention has been most particularly called, nine times it has seemed to us a charge to be smiled at to one time that it has seemed well-founded. Generally it is preferred by a person belonging to one of two classes. The accuser is either one of those people—and they are more common than hopeful people are apt to think—who are totally destitute of humor, a person unable to distinguish between weight and heaviness; a person whom facts overpower and whom truths do not address at all; a person who, to speak in the concrete, thinks that Mr. B. F. Perry ceased to be Mr. Perry and became a sage to be respected when he was made Provisional Governor Perry; a person who would think oratorical nonsense merely a speech until he saw it printed in the *Congressional Globe*, and then would think it constitutional eloquence;—the accuser as we know him is, we say, either such a person, or else he is an offended partisan—a literary partisan or a partisan of some religious creed or a political partisan—a Republican, say, who appears to think, because Mr. Greeley has served the party well and served mankind well, that laughable things done by him are not to be laughed at.

Now, as to the first of these two sorts of people, there is nothing, we suppose, to be done with them; till the end of time it will be necessary to suffer, or rejoice, under their reprehension. As to the second class, considered as a distinct one—the boundaries of the two certainly overlap, and overlap so much that sometimes, if one is angry with partisans, the classes seem almost coincident—we can only recommend them to use the philosophy which we ourselves endeavor to put in practice—counsel them, when some hero of theirs, or some favorite doctrine, is treated with what appears to be too little respect, to consider in their secret hearts whether perhaps they themselves have not been unwise in their worship and belief.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, December 23, 1867.

CURIOUSLY in contrast with the wonderful displays of elegant and luxurious objects which, at this season, bring all Paris out into the streets to gaze and to desire, is the fact that a poor, shivering wretch was arrested, a day or two ago, as he was hurrying away from the Garden of Plants with a blanket he had just "cribbed" from one of the boa constrictors! There is, in fact, much distress in this splendid city; but the administration distributes large sums every winter among the distressed portion of the population, and private charity, also, does a good deal. One of the most useful of the many channels through which charitable help is dispensed here is the institution of "Economical Soup-kitchens," which, begun in 1853 by a well-known philanthropist, have demonstrated the possibility of furnishing a meal of good, nourishing meat-soup—2¼ oz. cooked meat, half a pint of cooked beans, or a pint of rice-soup—for *one sou* each portion. The first establishment was worked at these prices during the whole winter, and was found to have realized a profit from the sale of bones and greasy water. The following winter sixty-eight of these soup-kitchens were organized by the Prefect of Police, and sold from forty-five to forty-six thousand portions daily, or a total of over five millions during the four months through which they were kept open. The number of these establishments has increased every year, and they are now to be found in every part of the city. Several of them are supplied by the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial, the distribution being gratis, and admission being given by tickets certifying the indigence of the holders.

The various sections of the Academy and other learned bodies have just had their annual opening; one or two have had a dinner, but the greater number have contented themselves with meeting and making speeches. Great are the efforts now making to obtain tickets for the approaching reception of the brilliant Republican barrister, M. Jules Favre, and of the Abbé Geratry; the former will pronounce a eulogium on Victor Cousin, to whose arm-chair he succeeds; the latter, in monkish garb, will sound the praises of M. de Barante. The speeches of the two new members are ready, and have just been submitted, as usual, to the preliminary examination of their respective friends.

The Conservatory of Music has also had its annual celebration, accompanied by a distribution of prizes among its pupils. Its president, the ever green Auber, was as active, alert, complimentary, witty, caustic, and charming as ever, and did the honors of the occasion with as much animation as though sixty years had been struck from his existence.

M. Flourens, the eminent naturalist and physiologist, member of the Academy, has just died at 76. He wrote a book to prove that the average duration of human life should be, according to certain natural indications, one hundred years; but, to the disappointment of the friends of his system, he has not lived to demonstrate the correctness of his reasonings. The well-known Italian *librettiste*, Piave, the most assiduous collaborator of Verdi, has just departed this life; as has also, to the great regret of her friends and the musical public, the charming and accomplished singer, Madame Nautier-Didiée, whose sojourn in Naples has failed to arrest the malady which has carried her off in the prime of her days and of her talent. The Duc de Luynes, the richest member of the French aristocracy and the most liberal patron of art in all its branches, has fallen a victim to his benevolence. He went to Rome to attend upon the victims of the late fighting, and having given his cloak to a wounded soldier who was suffering greatly, he took a cold, and died a few days ago.

The lovers of Mendelssohn will be glad to learn that the son of the illustrious composer, who is professor of history in the University of Heidelberg, is bringing out the posthumous works of his father. He has just published an eighth book of the famous "Lieder ohne Worte," quite as beautiful as their widely-known predecessors, and is about to publish a symphony called "The Reform," a sonata, and a funeral march composed for the anniversary of the death of his friend Norbert Bergmüller.

The lectures for young women so brilliantly inaugurated at the Sorbonne are being attended not only by a large gathering of girls of the lower and middle classes, for whose benefit they were mainly designed, but also by the daughters of people of the highest rank, among others by the Empress's nieces, the daughters of the late Duchess of Alba, who are passing the winter with their Imperial relative.

The return of Christmas, ushered in by the imposing concomitants of the "Midnight Mass," has been celebrated with all the pomp usually displayed by the Catholic Church in the observance of its "high-tides." The finest voices of the various operatic troupes, the best instrumentalists of the various orchestras, have rendered the noble creations of the Catholic muse

with a perfection which leaves little to be desired on that score. The Archbishop of Paris has officiated at Notre Dame, and various dignitaries of his diocese have beaten "the drum ecclesiastic" in the other principal pulpits of the capital. Thanks, probably, to the exasperation of the narrow patriotism which insists on maintaining the temporal power of the Pope in order to prevent the completion of Italian unity, the churches have been crowded to a degree unparalleled for many a long year. The zeal with which M. Thiers and the mass of Frenchmen who share his prejudices, if not his talent, join hands with the most ultra portion of the clerical party in the preservation of the kingly power of the "Vicar of Christ," reminds one of the reply of Victor Cousin when complimented by one of the most fiery of the bishops on his "conversion," as evidenced by his attitude in a parliamentary discussion of the temporal power:

"Oh! Monseigneur, do not mistake me! I accept *the Pope* as emphatically as you do; but Jesus Christ, *never!*"

The splendors of the shops at this season seem to grow more and more splendid every year; but, amidst the host of rival attractions which dispute the contents of the general purse, the confectioners still reign supreme, the various political factions remaining faithful to the one adopted by each. Thus Siraudin is patronized especially by the Imperialists, Boissier by the Orleanists, and Seugnot, in the Rue du Bac, by the Legitimist grandees of Faubourg St. Germain; while the general public—that large portion of every people that troubles not its head overmuch about the politics of the moment—addresses itself to one or the other according to its tastes and the capacity of its portemonnaie, or patronizes the legion of lesser lights of the sugar plum firmament, whose lower charges they find it more easy to meet.

The universal buying of the fortnight that precedes the New Year will be felt as a special godsend just now; for every branch of industry is suffering from the stagnation caused by the general doubt as to what the coming spring may be destined to bring forth. This state of paralysis, so openly admitted in the angry discussions of the legislative body, seems to have extended even to the activities of the *littérateurs* to whom the world of Paris looks for its daily dole of mental pabulum. With the exception of the magnificent illustrated works—mostly reprints—brought out by the leading booksellers for New Year's gifts, no book or play of any importance is announced for the present.

The excitement created in a certain portion of the literary world by the prohibition of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" is far from having subsided. This prohibition is generally regarded as the reply of the Government to the violent attack lately made on its policy by the self-exiled poet, in the shape of a set of verses into which he has put all the sting and bitterness of which his pen is capable. As the Théâtre Français was in treaty with Victor Hugo for a revival of his principal plays, the poet remarked before publishing his satire, "This will cost me 100,000frs." The Government, however, has not openly prohibited the revival in question, but has managed the matter in another way. At the Français—which, as your readers are no doubt aware, is the principal theatre of France subsidized by the Government and under its control—it is customary, whenever a new play is to be brought out, to appoint two actors to each character of the piece, the second actor, styled in theatrical parlance a "lining," being destined in case of illness or other incapacity of the principal actor to take the place of the latter, so that the performance of the play may not be interrupted. This order of proceeding has not been attended to in the case of "Hernani." Mlle. Favart, who takes the part of the heroine, and Delaunay, who takes that of Hernani, have been ill, one after the other, with violent colds, and the rehearsals of the play in question have thus been put off "accidentally" from week to week, as the manager, despite the reiterated demand of the irate poet, has persisted in not appointing the usual "lining" to the various parts. It is probable that, to save appearances—as the opposition journals are keeping up on the subject of "Hernani" a series of irritating attacks on the Government quite out of keeping with the real inferiority of the play—the play will be brought out ere long for a few nights, and then be quietly dropped, and its place be taken by some other production.

The theatres of the capital are all complaining of the scantiness of their audiences. Whether this indifference of the public be due to the fact that everybody is busy shopping, or to the recent intervention of the police, to which we owe a noticeable addition to the quantity and length of the draperies of the ballet-dancers, it is difficult to say, but it is certain that the receipts of these favorite centres of amusement have rarely been so small as they are just now. Even the Porte St. Martin, so greatly in vogue for its splendid fairy pieces and sensation dramas, has felt the general depression, having seen its receipts dwindle down a night or two ago to the unheard-of smallness of three hundred francs! The "luck" of the *diva* of the stage in the matrimonial sphere is, however, far from diminishing; and a songstress of the Munich Theatre, Mlle. Oswald, has just married Count Heppelberg. It is true that the bridegroom is sixty-five years old, while the bride has not yet attained to "sweet sixteen."

Theodore Rousseau, the best landscape painter of France, and who took the sole medal of honor awarded to that branch of art at the late International Exhibition, has just departed this life, to the great regret of the artist world. Lamartine seems to have suddenly rallied, and, to the surprise of all about him, has come to Paris for change of scene. Sainte-Beuve is believed to be nearing his end, as his malady is regarded as incurable; the process of dissolution is almost certain to be slow and extremely painful.

The issue of Renan's forthcoming work, "Les Apôtres," is understood to be delayed in order to allow of the intermediate republication, in the form of a volume, of various essays, literary and critical, which formerly appeared in various journals of the capital. It may not be known to some of your readers that M. Renan, who lost his post at the Collége de France on the publication of the "Vie de Jésus," is entirely dependent on his pen for support. His wife, daughter of Ary Scheffer, brought him no other dowry than a brilliant name. He lives in very modest style. By the arrangement entered into with his publisher, Lévy, Renan receives one franc for every copy sold of the large edition of the "Life of Jesus," of which 800,000 were sold during the first year after its appearance. He has also a certain amount for each copy sold of the abridged edition of that work. During the first few years of his independent career Renan was extremely poor; happily for him his tastes and habits are simple, and he is thoroughly indifferent to the luxurious vanities of the time. Destined for the priesthood, he was educated at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where his great talent soon attracted the attention of his teachers, who, believing him to be destined to shine as the champion of the Church, afforded him every possible facility for the study of the Bible in its original tongues, where he acquired that intimate knowledge of Oriental languages and literature which has enabled him to become so formidable an adversary of the system under whose auspices his talent was developed.

On quitting the seminary, as he did when his convictions no longer permitted him to remain in the fold of the Church, Renan found himself penniless and friendless in the midst of Paris. Under the auspices of the eminent Professor Egger, he took part in the course of lectures then being delivered by that *savant*, and also gave private lessons in the classic and Eastern tongues. Having secured an income of about 1,200 francs a year, he wrote and published his first great work on the Semitic languages, the materials for which he had amassed in the course of his studies at St. Sulpice, and whose appearance confirmed the favorable impression created by his lectures, placed him in the front rank of the Oriental scholars of the day, and led to his appointment to the honorable and lucrative chair of Oriental Literature at the Collége de France. But the heterodox tendency of his lectures in that institution soon attracted attention. The clerical party brought so strong a pressure to bear upon the Government that the latter was compelled to eject him from his post. Since that, Renan has devoted himself entirely to the writing of the remarkable works which have drawn upon him the anathema of Rome, and excited so furious a contest of opinions throughout Europe.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE *Revolution* is a new weekly paper of handsome appearance, which may be roughly described as the mouthpiece of a certain number of those persons among us who think that women ought to be allowed to vote. But it gives its own statement of its aims, and these are directed to many objects in the various fields of politics, religion, social life, commerce, and finance. It will uphold, it says, firstly, Educated Suffrage irrespective of Sex or Color; secondly, Equal Pay to Women for Equal Work; thirdly, Eight Hours' Labor—which, we fear, means equal pay to the eight-hours laborer and to the man who does ten hours' work; fourthly, Abolition of Standing Armies and Party Despotisms—a form of words which, used in this country, either means nothing or condemns the police force, say, and all firms or other associations formed for the purpose of doing things; fifthly, the prospectus says Down with the Politician, Up with the People—as to which it is proper to say that the elevation of the people is the elevation of the politician, for, as a matter of fact, the name of that particular sort of person who is ever painfully alert to catch every intimation of the people's wish is Politician. In the matter of religion the *Revolution* demands and will work for Deeper Thought, Broader Ideas, Science, not Superstition, and Love to Man

as well as God. In social life it will favor Morality and Reform, Practical Education, not Theoretical, Facts, not Fiction, Virtue, not Vice, Cold Water, not Alcoholic Drinks or Medicines. Finally, it proposes a new financial and commercial policy. There appears to be some vagueness in its aims in this respect also. "America no longer led by Europe" is one of the leading principles of the new scheme; another is said to be "New York the Financial Centre of the World;" and a third is thus stated, "Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for American Steamships and Shipping." So it seems as if it would be necessary to wait for other numbers of the paper to develop more fully the new policy. The more important as well as rather more intelligible features of it are the imposition of a productive tariff which shall shut out all manufactured articles not made in this country, and the issue of a vast additional quantity of paper money, for the purpose, among others, of peopling this land "from Ocean to Ocean, and from San Francisco to Omaha." We have a financial scheme of our own which we do not know why the *Revolution* should not urge on the public attention: let Congress enact that every qualified voter, native born or duly naturalized, shall, on presentation of his certificate of birth or of naturalization, be empowered to draw, either in person or by attorney, from the printing bureau of the Treasury Department, as many dollars in new greenbacks of any denomination as will, in the drawer's opinion, constitute a competency. On the *Revolution's* theory—which is that of several people—of the absolute value of greenbacks, there can be no doubt of the efficacy of this process in making everybody wealthy and killing "the crisis." It might be repeated as often as the repetition was requested, and if the country were not speedily peopled from Ocean to Ocean, and from San Francisco to Omaha, the blame would at any rate be attributable to some other cause than the lack of printed dollar bills. We have looked carefully through the *Revolution*, from beginning to end, with the hope of finding that the cause whose advocacy will probably be its chief business was going to have in the new paper a reasonably good advocate. Neither in the matter of the first number nor in its tone do we find many grounds for indulging such a hope. On the contrary, there are many grounds for fearing that it will hurt rather than benefit "the cause of female suffrage." Its wildness and vagueness, as shown in the prospectus from which we have quoted; the implied want of anything like ability in its conductors when such a prospectus is put in print, its apparent close connection with Mr. G. F. Train, are all very unfavorable signs, and we look for but little good from its endeavors.

—A late writer in *Harper's Weekly*, commenting on the singular absurdities of our present system of taxation, gives a few facts and figures which are interesting to the literary world in particular. An American publisher, let us say, imports paper as a part of the raw material of which he is to make books. He pays on it a duty of 35 per cent. *ad valorem*. If now, instead of importing blank paper, he sends across the water and has his books printed and bound by foreign workmen, he can bring his paper into the country with a tax on it of only 25 per cent. *ad valorem*. If a further example is sought of the very strange manner in which our lawgivers have managed the revenue business, one can easily be found in the postal regulations regarding the transmission of books through the mails. We need not go into the details which would make it plain how certain results are reached; it is enough to give the results which the law as now existing has produced. A package of books weighing twenty pounds may be sent from London to New York for $4 80. But let any one send such a package by mail from New York to Newark, N. J., and the postage would amount to $19 20. So let citizens of St. Louis, who want a dictionary, do as we the other day knew a young man to do, order a "Latham's Johnson" from London instead of a Webster from Springfield, Mass. It is to be remembered that the foreign package will go free after reaching this country. The English dictionary can be bought and received by the Missourian for half the money which it would cost him to buy and receive by mail a "Webster" or a "Worcester." Perhaps we have gentlemen in Congress capable of bringing order into the multifarious confusion of which the above statement gives us a mere glimpse. But certainly from some quarter a remedy ought to come, and we can only hope that it may be brought by experts.

—It is not generally worth while to notice the errors of an auction catalogue, or a list of second-hand books, for criticism will produce no reform. These lists appear to be made by persons who cannot understand a title written in any language but their own, auctioneers and booksellers thinking, and probably with justice, that greater learning in their clerks would only increase the expense of their catalogue without promoting the sale of their books. Moreover, the printing is done in a hurry, often from illegible manuscript, and "extra corrections" are costly. "They manage these things better in France" and Germany, and many foreign sale catalogues would compare favorably with those of libraries for skill in the statement of bibliographical facts, for moderation and truth in the praise bestowed, and for accuracy in the titles, notwithstanding an occasional slip in the English. And there are exceptions in this country. America can point with satisfaction to the catalogue of the library of W. F. Fowle, and to that of the library of R. W. Roche, edited by J. Sabin.

In these cases the exceptional value of the books justified an exceptional expense. It would not be just to say that the unusually bad catalogue before us—"Catalogue of a very Valuable Collection of Books. . . . comprising some of the Scarcest Elzeviers, Aldus, Plantins. . . . to be sold at Auction by Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co."—describes unusually worthless volumes. Yet it is bad enough, one would think, to prejudice seriously their sale. It is so full of errors of every description that it is as amusing as a Joe Miller. In the very first Number described the imprint is "Amsterdam, 1824," and yet the edition is said to be that "used by Gibbon in his History of Rome," of which, as Macaulay's school-boy must have known, the last volume was published more than thirty years earlier. This book, by the way, and many others afterwards, are described as "folio calf," a term which suggests a new nomenclature to literary drovers. No. 70 gives us a perplexing mixture of languages: "Horatii, F. Opera. Illustrated, notes. C. G. Mitscherlich." No. 72 tells us that an edition printed in 1518 is "a re-impression of the first of 1808." No. 78 would make Quintilian stare and gasp: "Lexicon græce prosodaicum, versus et synonyma complectus;" but perhaps not more than No. 83: "Gillio (Petro) Lexicon Græco-Latinam." In 103 the cataloguer does not seem quite sure whether the commentary on the "Somnium Ciceronis" was Marrobii or Marcrobii. In 346 we hear of a new European monarch, "Gustavum II., Snecorum regem." The title of which these words are a part is omitted, we are not surprised to be told, by "De Buve." Passing by such trifles as "*To.* Barclaii Argenis," "ex T. Lipsii," "Ausonii Popinæ Frisii," "Argonauticorum," "Græco-carbarum," "Quatuor," "Pisonis, General. De Indiæ utriusque re Naturali," we come to what are, perhaps, the gems of the collection—"Amesii Meduall. Theologiæ Veræ. 12mo," and "Ansea Pythagoreorum Carmina." Usually the titles are not so disguised but that the pleasant exercise of a little conjectural emendation will reveal their meaning, but two, we confess, have baffled us. They are—No. 122: "Biblia Sacra. Que præter Antiquæ Latinæ Versionis. D. D. Lucæ Oriandri. Large 4to, new half calf. With nice Portrait. Tubingæ, 1600;" and No. 117: "Rosarii Theologie Aurei ad Sententiam tertium Libri Accomodatissimus," which, we are told, is "a nice book."

These may be only typographical mistakes, although we must remark that typographical mistakes in dates of books on sale are rather serious matters. When so much is said about the scarcity and excellence of editions as in this catalogue, one likes to feel some confidence that the book offered is really of the edition described. And it is difficult to decide whether to buy "No. 483. Jaubert Grammaire Turk. Paris, 1833;" or, "501. Taubert, Grammaire Turke. Paris, 1823." Perhaps the epithet "Rare," applied to the latter only, was designed to remove a difficulty which the writer felt he had caused. But it is not the printers who have made all the mistakes. In the French titles the accents are conspicuous by their absence. The capitalizing is a marvel. The English of the notes is on a par with the Latin of the titles. Such sentences as these—"Lanfranc was the first doctor that has made the great chirurgical operations of the art," "Corradi wrote many works; between them two are very scarce—one is the above copy," "So it is very seldom when we can find a copy"—adorn almost every page. No. 119 is recommended as "A treatise on the errors of the Armenians, by Armacanus Bishop and Primate of Ireland." It is really by Richard Fitz-Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, or, as he would be styled in Latin, Ricardus Archiepiscopus Armacanus. This mistake is excusable, for an auction-room is, of course, not furnished with many books of reference; but then it is provoking to be told that this is "a curious and scarce book," as if the writer knew all about it. After such errors as we have pointed out, what confidence can one have in the notes "A valuable work," "A curious medical work," etc.? A man who pretends to express an opinion on the contents of a book should give some evidence that he understands its title. And yet, after all, one hesitates whether to be indignant at the carelessness which offers to bibliophiles a catalogue bibliographically so faulty, or to be grateful for the innocent amusement which it affords.

—In the last report of the condition of the Boston Public Library we find many things of interest—too many to be exhaustively set forth within our limits. In general, it may be said that the institution maintains its high character as the completion of the school system of the city, to use

Mr. Everett's designation; that it is growing rapidly—the additions for the year just ended amount to 5,303 volumes and 7,769 pamphlets, so that it is now the second in size of American libraries; that it is still fully appreciated by the Bostonians, 53,000 of whom have secured the right to use it, and 12,000 of whom do use it habitually; that it offers well-selected reading even more liberally now than in any former period of its fifteen years of existence, and that it is in every way an honor and a blessing to the community—a well managed and almost perfectly free library. We observe, in looking through the report, some interesting tables which show the relative popularity of various authors, and from these tables we cull a few facts. During the year just past, Cooper was read by 5,460 persons; Dickens by 3,955; Marryat by 3,730; Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz by 3,375; Scott by 2,663; W. Gilmore Simms by 2,345; next come Charles Lever (2,146); Miss Mulock (1,663); Miss Yonge (1,312); Thackeray (1,295); and following this first ten we find, in the order named, these ten other novelists: Mrs. Stowe, Miss Braddon, Charles Reade, Mrs. Grey, Hawthorne, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Tom Hughes, Miss Cummins, Mrs. Charles, and Theodore Winthrop, who found 210 readers to Mrs. Stowe's 980. We learn that Cooper's little known "Stories of the Sea"—speaking from the critical point of view, and not taking the circulating-library test, it is to be called little known—is, among the Bostonians, the most popular of all his works; including duplicates, there are 7 volumes of it, and each volume gets 37 readers, while "The Pioneers," which the publishers say is his best selling book, shows an average to each of its 10 volumes of but 25½ readers; "Ivanhoe" is the most popular of Scott's novels; "Pickwick" of Dickens's; "Never Too Late to Mend" of Charles Reade's; "Hyperion" of Longfellow's prose works; "The Scarlet Letter" is by much the most popular of Hawthorne's romances; and Lever's "Charles O'Malley" is more read than any other of his books. Among the poets Longfellow leads; his 44 volumes (inclusive of duplicates) found 429 readers; Tennyson, 12 volumes, had 124 readers; Whittier found 91, and Clough only 4. Readers of the "Minor Drama" numbered 757; of "Bell's Theatre" 859; of "Shakespeare" 545. About the travellers we can hardly tell. To judge by the number of duplicates which it is found necessary to keep on hand, it would seem as if Doctor Kane's "Arctic Explorations" is most in request, and that Bayard Taylor's works come next. Prescott is more read than any other historian; then comes Froude, then Bancroft, then Motley. Of semi-historical works relating to the rebellion, "Semmes's Cruise" is first in the list, followed by "Barnard's Peninsular Campaign," a "Youth's History of the Rebellion," and "Greeley's American Conflict." Juvenile readers, with whom we end, seem to like Mayne Reid best, Jacob Abbott next, and Harper's "Story Books"—which we are not able to name specifically—are third in popularity. If the trustees of the library should incorporate such tables in future reports—and they possess both value and interest—it is to be desired that they be a little more definite.

—The sudden death of the Duc de Luynes, the sole remaining representative in France of the *grand seigneur* of other days, a most liberal patron of art, and kindly and generous to the last degree, has given rise to a host of anecdotes concerning him, in none of which, perhaps, are his princely qualities better exhibited than in that which involves the late painter Ingres. Twenty years ago the Duke was making of his magnificent château of Dampierre, in the valley of Chevreuse, one of the richest of art museums extant, and to induce Ingres to paint for him there some great work worthy of his pencil, he offered him 60,000 francs, and free quarters in the château for himself and his family, furnishing all the servants and paying all the expenses. Ingres accepted, but with reluctance, and he and his wife were duly installed in a luxurious and splendid suite of rooms. After some time the Duke showed him the chamber whose walls he was to decorate, but delicately made no stipulation as to the size, subject, or style of the desired painting, saying: "*Voilà!* I insist on nothing; do just *what* you will and *when* you will." Ingres responded by demanding that some excellent paintings by Gleize—"rubbish," as he termed them—should first be scratched off. The Duke complied and absented himself, and for the next two months the painter and his wife explored at their leisure the beautiful environs of Dampierre. The following year the Duke received from Ingres complaints that his wife could not endure the cook allowed them and must have another, with additional accommodations, and that the blue velvet hangings of the room to be painted must be changed for grey to harmonize with his subject; and the easy Duke at once assented. Summer, however, was again spent out-of-doors in the environs, so that when the Duke returned in the winter Ingres had nothing to show but sulkiness, but as soon as he had turned his back wrote him that the grey hangings must be changed to green. This, too, was done, and the artist then shut himself up in the "Ingres Room," letting no one enter at any time, and keeping one whole wing of the château under lock and key that he might not be overlooked. The steward wrote to the Duke that he might now return, as Ingres had surely begun. But on his arrival, no offer was made to show him the work in progress, and "noblesse" constrained the Duke not to ask to see it. This sort of see-saw lasted three years, and might have continued indefinitely, had not the Duke, it is said, on one of his visits, perceived from his window a woman spreading wet linen upon the choicest exotics of a favorite parterre; and crying out hastily, "Hallo, my good woman!" discovered too late that it was Mme. Ingres herself. No apology could satisfy her enraged husband, who professed to be greatly insulted in her person, and the couple that very day quitted the château for Paris. When they were gone the Duke hastened to open the mysterious room, and found upon the wall—the unfinished outline of a single head! This he allowed to remain for some years as the painter had left it, but subsequently covered with a rich collection of ancient armor the drawing for which he had paid 60,000 francs.

—The most modern of studies is the critical study of the history of art. When, nowadays, a student of that branch says "the fine arts," he means a different thing from what his predecessor meant twenty years ago. Not only do we cultivate the field in a very different manner; the field itself has enormously widened, and the new ground has opened up in the most unexpected way, and yields the most startling crops—all within a dozen or fifteen years. All Europe has been dazed with the newly discovered decorative and descriptive art of Japan, and, while still bewildered with that, and only little by little settling to the work of analyzing and critically examining it, there come the results of the Tei-ping rebellion and the French and British march to Peking, plunder and purchases reach Europe, and Europe learns that during an intercourse of several hundred years nothing of importance has been learned of Chinese ornamental art, and little that has been learned has been learned accurately: it must be learned over again. Mr. Owen Jones is well known as one who supplies the English artists and students with big books on ornamental art; years ago he published his work on the "Alhambra;" afterwards, with greatly superior mechanical facilities, his large folio edition of the "Grammar of Ornament;" from time to time many smaller, although not small, works on kindred subjects; and now, not a month ago, "Examples of Chinese Ornament." Mr. Jones is not a highly critical writer; moreover, his own designs, whether embodied in the decoration of London buildings or published in books like "1001 Initial Letters," are not of the first force even of modern design. But his books are of great use on account of the large amount of material they offer, and what seems the faithfulness of their reproductions of ornament. In the preface to the new "Examples of Chinese Ornament," he says: "We have long been familiar with the power of the Chinese to balance colors; but we were not so well acquainted with their power of treating ornamental forms; and in the 'Grammar of Ornament' I was led, from my then knowledge, to express the opinion that the Chinese had not the power of dealing with conventional ornamental form; but it now appears that there has been a period in which a school of art existed in China of a very important kind." In other words, we did n't know much, and jumped at conclusions; it now appears that our conclusions were wrong. The book in question consists of one hundred plates in colors, very well executed, and giving specimens of the full size of Chinese color decoration from painted china, cloisonné enamels, and painted surface-enamels on copper. It is a very interesting and valuable book. It is published *not* by Day & Son (Limited), but by S. & T. Gilbert, "Back of the Bank of England."

CONFUCIUS.*

If there is a civilization to whose merits we are more generally and thoroughly unjust than to those of any other, it is the Chinese. If there is a historical phenomenon whose wonderful and anomalous character fails to attract a due share of our attention and study, it is the persistency of Chinese national life. The present Emperor of the Flowery Land is the lineal successor of an almost endless line of sovereigns, running back into times deemed pre-historic by nearly every other race; and he is charged with administering institutions which grew up on the very ground he occupies—originated, developed, and handed down by the same people that now lives under them. When not a single Germanic tribe had learned to read and write, China had entered upon her modern era. When petty Roman chiefs, whose very existence is doubted by the historical criticism of our day, were brawling in an obscure Italian village, the representative man of

* "The Life and Teachings of Confucius. With Explanatory Notes. By James Legge, D.D." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867. 8vo, pp. vi., 338.

"Confucius and the Chinese Classics; or, Readings in Chinese Literature. Edited and compiled by Rev. A. W. Loomis." San Francisco and New York: A. Roman & Co. 1867. 12mo, pp. 432.

China was casting in a form which should endure for ever the gradually elaborated wisdom of numberless generations of his ancestors. When the Greeks, happily settled near to the homes of older systems of culture, were only preparing the way for that glorious career on which they later entered, the Chinese state had already become, in the main, what it is now. When the Hebrews were wearily wandering through the deserts in search of their promised land, the Yellow River of China had been shut in, and its meadows reclaimed from devastation by the same public works which still stand, maintained by the same race, for the same purpose. Through how many hands has the inestimable gift of culture passed on its way to us! How have its chief possessors, one after another, been swept away—worn out, as it were, by their efforts to sustain and advance it! How wonderful, then, is the calm continuance of the Chinese nation and its institutions!

It is easy for us to sneer at Chinese civilization, and cast contempt upon its products; but it is so immeasurably superior to anything that our own ancestors had attained but a few centuries ago, that we, who have climbed to our present height upon the shoulders of men alien to our race, would do well to be a little modest. A people who taught the world to make silk and porcelain, who invented the compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing; who have produced a literature exceeded in value and interest only by those of a very few other races, the acknowledged leaders in human history—such a people is too secure in its position to be affected by the taunts of such upstarts as we are. Undoubtedly we are right in believing that our culture contains far higher elements than theirs, and is upborne by a more energetic and progressive capacity; there are radical deficiencies and incongruities in Chinese character that justify the feeling of distaste with which we contemplate it; but this neither excuses our wholesale depreciation and disregard nor takes away the interest of the historical problem set before us. It is, after all, the desire of every race, as of every individual, to prolong its life; to keep up indefinitely its separate consciousness and activity: how have the Chinese attained this object so much more successfully than any other existing member of the human family—than any which has ever existed, with the exception, perhaps, of the Egyptian?

To the student of Chinese history there is one epoch of transcendent importance—an epoch when the inner life of the nation, we may almost say, crystallized into shape; when, at least, it received its model for all future time; when the ancient literature was worked over, reduced to its essential elements, and increased with new matter, to form a classical and sacred canon, to stand thenceforth for ever, and to exercise over the national mind all that influence which belongs to the Bible among Christian nations, the Veda in India, the Koran among Mohammedans. This epoch was the life of one man, Confucius, the highest type of the Chinese moralist and thinker; by him and his disciples was the work accomplished. A modest and self-restrained man, he made no pretence of divine appointment or supernatural power; he was simply a good citizen and patriot, a humble student of the wisdom of past times, a seer and teacher of the right way. He made himself a focus, in which were gathered all the scattered rays of light from ancient sages and worthies, to be poured forth in one steady stream of enlightenment upon the future. The times were not propitious to his undertaking. The empire was in a state of almost anarchy, amid whose storms his life, as a reformer and administrator, was tossed about and wrecked; he died in discouragement and obscurity. But his doctrines and example began after his death to win the minds and hearts of his countrymen, and rapidly attained an influence which time has not worn out nor persecution subdued. And such is the scale upon which this influence has been exerted, that Confucius stands forth as one of the most prominent figures in the history of humanity.

The task which Dr. Legge has undertaken, in illustration of the life and labors of Confucius, is a gigantic one. His plan includes the whole canonical literature of China, the "Shi King," and the "Four Books"—written, in part, by Confucius himself; in part selected by him from the older literature, and arranged and commented; in part the records of his teachings and of those of his principal disciples and successors. All these books had been already made accessible to Western scholars, but in various tongues, by various hands, at various times and places, and with various degrees of scholarship. Dr. Legge's is an entirely independent work, founded upon his own study, for more than twenty years, of the sacred texts themselves, and of the whole immense body of native comment upon them. He is issuing from the press a stately series of royal octavo volumes, in which are contained the Chinese texts, with complete apparatus for their illustration—English versions, the text and translation of works, or parts of works, bearing upon those under treatment, notes critical and explanatory, biographies, historical sketches, indexes, and glossaries. Four volumes have already appeared: the first contains three of the "Four Books," namely, those which have to do more especially with Confucius himself; the second, the works of Mencius, composing the fourth "Book;" while the other two present a part of the "Shi-King," or Historical Classic. Six or eight more will probably be required to finish the series.

At a very early period in his labors, Dr. Legge was not left without testimonials of an unwelcome kind to their value and general usefulness. Hardly had their first instalment reached this country, when some *savant* in the provincial town of Worcester, Massachusetts, put forth proposals for a reprint of their English portion, and, by way of adding insult to injury, ventured certain criticisms, more self-complacent than wise, on parts of the editor's work. The latter, under this provocation, and in order to forestall similar piracies, determined to hasten the execution of a plan which he had already in view, and to accompany his grand text edition with another adapted to a much larger circle of readers. Accordingly, in the volume before us, he gives the main contents of the first of the original series, with omission only of the Chinese texts, and of the critical notes, glossaries, etc. No better beginning could have been made than with this particular volume, which supplies the material needed for a comprehension of the character and activity of the Chinese sage, and we hope that the reception given it by the public will be so hearty as to encourage the editor and his publishers to go on without delay to issue the rest of the smaller series. The larger is so expensive, and Chinese scholars capable of using it with profit are so few among us, that we can hardly hope to see it excepting in our libraries of the first class.

The California enterprise is vastly more legitimate and respectable than the Worcester one, although Mr. Loomis's volume is also rather more than half made up of extracts from Dr. Legge's. Any one who prepares such a thesaurus of authentic and valuable materials as the latter has done, must expect to have it freely drawn upon by compilers. It is only as compiler that Mr. Loomis comes before us, but he appears to have done his work conscientiously and earnestly, and with a worthy purpose. Certainly, the California public needs all the enlightenment respecting China and the Chinese history and institutions that it can be made to receive, in order to be led to treat its Chinese fellow-citizens as men, rather than as brutes—and so, in a less degree, do we upon this side of the continent, and the whole world of enlightened white men. Mr. Loomis—himself, we believe, for some time a missionary in China, like Dr. Legge—has had resort, throughout, to excellent and trustworthy sources, and has produced a highly readable and instructive book.

We have been solicitous rather to point out the general considerations which lend importance to these two publications, and so to direct toward them general attention and appreciation, than to win favor in their behalf by extracts or descriptions of their contents. Those who resort to them with the expectation of finding a purer morality, a higher wisdom, than we have access to elsewhere, will be disappointed. Nothing that the world has produced besides will bear comparison with the fruits of Hebrew inspiration, of Greek and Roman genius. Yet these are not to be understood, either in their general characteristics or in their special excellences, till they are set side by side with the best efforts of other races, and judged by them. Such historical study will strike down our arrogance, and inspire us with respect for our fellow-men, even while it teaches us to value more highly our own advantages.

FATHER LACORDAIRE.*

It was the opinion of the late Father Lacordaire, formed during a visit to England, and at the sight of the flourishing condition of certain Catholic foundations in that country, that the Catholic Church was destined in the course of time to reassert its sway over the stronghold of Protestantism, and, indeed, that all the forms of modern scepticism concentrating themselves in a single camp, and all the forms of faith collecting about the Catholic standard, the contest would be reduced to a battle between these two armies, in which the latter would be victorious. It is, moreover, the opinion of the author of this volume that the influence of Father Lacordaire in particular is destined rapidly to expand until all weak and wandering souls have felt its fortifying virtue, and until the uttermost ends of the earth have confessed its celestial efficacy. Under these circumstances, it seems not unsuitable to make some enquiry into the character and history of the remarkable man who entertained such ardent hopes and communicated them to others, the more especially as Father Lacordaire is in any event a singularly interesting object of study. He was a combination of

* "The Inner Life of the Very Reverend Père Lacordaire, of the Order of Preachers. Translated from the French of the Rev. Père Chocarne, O. P." Dublin. 1867.

the most dissimilar qualities and tendencies. His character was made up of elements partially hostile to each other, which, by the intensity of his will, he had reduced to unity and consistency. One of his disciples qualified him happily enough as "an ancient Christian in a modern man." He was a mediæval monk and a political liberal. His sympathies, one may say, dwelt in the future and his ideas in the past. He subjected his body to the most rigorous austerities known to the cloister at the same time that he protested against religious persecution, and raised his voice in favor of personal and political liberty. He revived in France that monastic order whose members were the most active servants of the Inquisition, and he founded and conducted a school in which an ample freedom of conscience was allowed to pupils. And, moreover, in all things his sincerity was without reproach. Whatever he did, he did with the accent of conviction.

Jean-Baptiste-Henri Lacordaire was born in a small village in Burgundy in the year 1802—the year in which the Church emerged from the eclipse from which it had suffered during the régime of the Revolution. He was educated at Dijon under the care of an excellent mother. In his early years he showed signs of that passion for religious oratory which was to become the great resource of his manhood by preaching sermons to his nurse over the back of a chair. But as he grew older, and yielded himself to the discipline of public schools, his religious instincts died away, and were to be awakened again only by a personal experience of the vanity of earthly satisfactions. In 1822 he went up to Paris with the intention of studying law. He entered the office of an eminent advocate, worked hard, and was finally called to the bar, where he immediately gave evidence of his pronounced faculty for public speaking. But the very first sweets of professional success turned bitter upon his conscience. He gave himself up to religious meditations, and in May, 1824, proclaimed himself converted. His experience of the world had been brief—he was only twenty-two—but it had been intense. His feelings, indeed, were all intense, his nature was passionate, and he went in all things to extremities. To become a priest was to his mind the logical result of becoming a Christian, just as to become a monk was subsequently the logical result of becoming a priest. He entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, began his theological studies, was ordained *abbé*, and spent several years in a state of strong religious and political fermentation. It was not in his nature to be idle; he longed for occupation and action, and at one time was on the point of starting as missionary to the United States, a country for which he always entertained a high esteem. The motive feeling of all his subsequent career was a desire for the perfect independence of the Church under the state, and he found his conception satisfied by the situation of the Church in this country. He was detained in France by an invitation to take part in the conduct of the *Avenir* newspaper, founded in 1830 by M. de Lamennais, and devoted to the maintenance of this programme as well as to that of various other liberal measures. The fate of the *Avenir* and its conductors has since become notorious. The latter carried their doctrines to an extreme which challenged the disapproval of the Papacy. They were summoned to Rome, and invited to retract. Lacordaire offered an immediate and total submission, and Lamennais held his ground, reiterated his views, and forthwith became for a time the black sheep of Catholic Christendom. Whatever may be the real value of the course taken by Lamennais, certain it is that Lacordaire was guilty of profound inconsistency, and that it is vain to attempt to prove, in the manner of the author of the volume before us, that there is no breach in the unity of his conduct. This is more than Lacordaire himself would have claimed. Absolute submission was in his eyes a duty whenever demanded by an ecclesiastical superior, but he would assuredly have admitted that it was a rupture with one's own development, and not a consummation and sanctification of it. He might, however, make express and isolated submission *ad infinitum;* he was unable to abjure the essential liberalism of his mind. On his return from Rome he began the series of "conferences" or sermons from the pulpit of Notre Dame, in Paris, which inaugurated and established his reputation and his influence as a sacred orator. During the years which ensued he conceived and matured the plan of reviving on French soil one of the extinct orders of monks, and finally decided in favor of the branch of the order of St. Dominic consecrated to preaching. This scheme offered a great variety of obstacles, but with courage, tact, and perseverance he successively overcame them, and in 1843 opened at Nancy the first of the new Dominican convents. He had passed his own novitiate in one of the Italian convents, and in 1840 had pronounced the solemn monastic vows which consecrated his final rupture with the world. But, in truth, to take leave of the world was for Lacordaire but to take possession of himself and his own genius. As a shaven and sandalled monk he was now to arrive at the perfection of his own development. He had recruited a considerable number of young men passionately desirous to embrace the Dominican career. He had in each case tested the soundness of their vocation, and when he had opened the house at Nancy he was able, as one may say, to stock it with persons of exemplary worth. At the close of 1840 he had reappeared in the pulpit of Notre Dame in his monastic habit, and had thereby authoritatively demanded and obtained tolerance for his order. Public opinion was the tribunal to which at all times Father Lacordaire ultimately appealed, and as, thanks to his irresistible eloquence as a speaker, he exercised a powerful sway upon the public temper, he seldom appealed in vain. The interval until 1854 was occupied with establishing new convents, to the number of four in all, preaching in various cities, and fostering with unwearied diligence the growth and influence of his order. In 1848 he was returned by the city of Marseilles as a member of the Constitutional Assembly of the new republic, a position which he occupied with no increase of reputation, and from which he speedily retired. One may say that throughout his career Father Lacordaire showed an indifference to superficial consistency of action, and a disposition to sacrifice it to the essential interests of the truth at stake, which do real credit to his sincerity. A good example of this tendency is offered by his acceptance of his election to the French Academy—an act which was thought at the time to be at flagrant variance with the character of an ascetic monk, but which he justified on the ground that he diverted the honor to the collective glory of his order, and that he made it a matter of conscience to repudiate no testimony that the monastic character was no obstacle to public consideration. In 1852 he had made a journey to England, and received from the spectacle of the three Dominican convents established in that country the gratifying impressions indicated at the outset of our remarks. Shortly after his return he entered upon the third and (to our mind) decidedly the most interesting phase of his career. He proceeded to the foundation of two houses of education, the colleges, namely, of Oullins and Lorège, in the neighborhood of Toulouse. For a very charming account of the latter establishment—the one over which he presided in person—we refer the reader to Mr. Matthew Arnold's little book, "A French Eton." In 1854 he had resigned the generalship of the French province of his order, and from that moment to his death had devoted himself to his pupils. He died in 1861.

His influence was exerted through three channels: his "conferences," his published writings, and, finally, his school. Belonging as we do to the profane and Protestant half of society, we are naturally able to form no estimate of the large spiritual empire which he is said to have exerted over the members of his order, his pupils, and those who placed themselves under his direction. His present biographer relates a number of instances of the spiritual efficacy of his contact and conversation. We can readily believe that he possessed the authority which accompanies great intensity of will, as well as the irresistible charm which belongs to passionate tenderness of feeling. Lacordaire had both of these gifts; and no small portion of his influence is logically explained by the fact that, besides being a most sagacious guide and an eloquent preacher, he was also a perfect exemplar and model of the spiritual virtues. He subjected his own person and character to the action of his will quite as much, and, indeed, decidedly more than he exerted it upon the lives of others. At the very outset of his career he seems to have reconciled himself by a prodigious moral effort to the utmost possible extremity of spiritual submission, so that never for an instant was he found wanting in perfect obedience, and so that, moreover, he never hesitated to enforce in all its rigor a virtue of which he was so completely the master. Nevertheless, severe as he was in his own regard, he was not so severe but that one is tempted to apply the simple term *impudence* to certain manifestations of his sacred fervor in the assumed interest of his friends. Of his own personal austerities, concerning which Father Chocarne gives some very curious details whereof we shall presently speak, one may hold such opinion as one finds it most natural to form; but what is one to think of such an anecdote as the following? A certain young man of wealth, satiated with pleasure, and longing for spiritual light and repose, had presented himself to the reverend father in quest of these treasures. Lacordaire had prescribed a retreat and meditation in a religious house, and ultimately the assumption of the Dominican habit; but the young man's friends had interfered and by their importunities had prevented him from acting upon this advice. The unhappy gentleman accordingly had spent a year in the utmost distress and irresolution of mind, yearning, and yet fearing, to break with the world and seek for peace in the cloister. At the end of this period he received a note from Lacordaire, summoning him to the apartment which he occupied when in Paris at the house of the Carmelites. The reverend father received him with great severity and rebuked him sternly for his weakness and cowardice. Then, suddenly inflamed by a sacred ardor, he commanded him to fall on his knees and lay bare his shoul-

ders. The young man felt that it was not in him to disobey. Lacordaire seized a discipline of leathern thongs and inflicted a sound scourging. With the first blow the happy victim felt an ecstatic sense of relief. He had received his baptism. He rose with a fortified spirit and a complete absence of all doubts of his vocation. To perform such acts as this one certainly needs that sacred audacity which is a result of grace, but one also needs a little of that grosser sort of assurance which is merely a gift of nature.

The writings of Father Lacordaire may be fairly pronounced, on the testimony of the most impartial critics, works of no great value. His reading was extensive in certain directions, but his information was not large, and his compositions exhibit that poverty of thought which smites with its hideous barrenness all those works which come to the world through seminaries and cloisters. We do not of course mean to pass a sweeping condemnation on such works, we only mean that, to be read with satisfaction, they should be read also in seminaries and cloisters. It is only when the sound of the world's mighty life is shut out from our ears, and the fruits of its ceaseless labor hidden from our eyes, that we can forgive the want of criticism, the want of the faculty of appreciation, the want of *reality*—in a word, the intellectual insufficiency of books like our author's lives of Saint Dominic and Saint Mary Magdalen. We can enjoy them in our actual circumstances in a considerable degree, but this is not what the author asks. We must be moved, enlightened, converted. Ah! we exclaim, what a far different thing is the light of our profane desire. What we say of Father Lacordaire's writings holds good of his sermons as we now possess them. The reader is surprised that they should have stirred vast multitudes and awakened so many sleeping consciences. But here, as in the case of so many famous orators whom we know only by their printed discourses, we are obliged to fall back upon the delivery. There can be no doubt that there was a magic virtue in his utterance, manner, and aspect, and that it was in these things strictly that his eloquence lay.

Père Chocarne, the author of the volume before us, is simply an unquestioning enthusiast and devotee, from whom it would be folly to require any intelligent appreciation of the subject of his biography. His book is interesting, however, as an exhibition of the sort of profound attachment, and the kind of impression of absolute personal sanctity and value, which it was in the power of Father Lacordaire to produce. It justifies, moreover, its title by a full account of Lacordaire's private devotions and austerities. This remarkable man possessed so great a force of will that one is constantly in doubt as to where, in his career, passion ceased and volition began—as to when he was acting from inspiration and when he was acting on theory. We are quite unable to satisfy ourselves as to how far his assumption of the monastic character was a spiritual necessity, and how far a spiritual luxury—how far a matter of humility and how far a matter of pride. They order these things much better in the Catholic Church than we do in the world. Happy beings, the reader exclaims, as he peruses this record of the Dominican revival; happy beings, who could get such satisfaction out of your souls! who, burdened with this heavy, mortal necessity of a conscience, were able so cunningly to make it pay for its prerogative. Certain it is, however, that having once entered upon a monastic life, Father Lacordaire resolved to be a monk indeed. "A modern man," as one of his disciples pronounced him; but in no degree a modern monk. He plunged deep into the heart of the monastic ideal. "The hidden source of all his heroic resolutions," says his biographer, "the explanation of his whole life, (was) his love for Jesus Christ crucified. . . . Strange to say, even before his conversion, this idea of the cross of the Son of God seemed to pursue him. On the 15th of March, 1824, not being yet in possession of the faith, he writes: '*I should wish to be fastened alive to a wooden cross.*'" He passionately cherished through life the idea of the actual physical crucifixion, and constantly strove to keep fresh in his mind the thought of its anguish by a variety of ingenious mechanical devices. At one time he actually had himself crucified for three hours by means of ropes. But at all times he practised the most painful and degrading mortifications—such as causing himself to be lashed to a column and scourged, having his brother monks spit in his face, washing and kissing their feet—if, indeed, the kissing did not come first. Infinitely revolting, one says of these things, but apparently Lacordaire found his account in them. They possessed an exquisite adaptation to the species of culture to which he had subjected himself, and there is no species of culture that this marvellous human nature of ours will not patiently endure. One thing is plain, that, whether very proud or very humble, Father Lacordaire is made, in the volume before us, the object of an intensity of homage which in these days falls to the lot of very few persons. He was, in truth, a very remarkable man, but he was less remarkable than at first sight he appears to be. Father Chocarne exhibits to us all that he possessed; but who will exhibit all that he lacked? No one, assuredly, is competent to the task. We have but to look about to the world, to the age, and to the swarming elements of our own lives, and we will get a faint impression of it. Cut a man off from all human responsibilities, from society, and from his time—free him from the shackles and embarrassments which wait upon the moments of him who honestly attempts to *live*—simplify his career to this degree, and he will be a sad weakling if he cannot show you some fair achievement as the fruit of his hours. From the beginning to the end of these records of Father Lacordaire's life, there is hardly a faint echo of the sounds and movements of our age. He ignored it. He averted his head and cried that it was not worth looking at. One may say, therefore, that he quite failed to understand it, and that the most vigorous attempts to work upon it from his standpoint will be of necessity mere sword-thrusts in water. For our own part, accordingly, we feel no uncertainty as to the worth of Father Chocarne's estimate of the destinies of his friend's influence.

Recent Republications.—We do not now recall any book of travels with which to compare this boat-log of Thoreau's *—now a quarter of a century old, and more—unless it be, in striking contrast, the unrhetorical, unimaginative, almost unreflecting canoe-log of the *Rob Roy*, in all the months and thousand miles of which the muscular Christian saw not so much as Thoreau observed in one of his seven precious days. Few men both loved and knew nature so well as the Concord surveyor, and very few have ever rivalled him in describing landscape, for which he united the insight of the naturalist, the sympathy of the poet, and the dexterous handling of the artist. "The shallowest still water," he remarks of Concord River, "is unfathomable. Wherever the trees and skies are reflected, there is more than Atlantic depth, and no danger of fancy running aground. We notice that it required a separate intention of the eye, a more free and abstracted vision, to see the reflected trees and the sky, than to see the river bottom merely." Painters know how difficult it is to represent these phenomena together. Of a shoal of minnows he says, fancifully, "they swept by as if moved by one mind, continually gliding past each other, and yet preserving the form of their battalion unchanged, as if they were still embraced by the transparent membrane which held the spawn." Among the shadows and the fish Thoreau was perfectly at home. "There is in my nature, methinks, a singular yearning toward all wildness." "In my Pantheon, Pan still reigns in his pristine glory. . . . Perhaps of all the gods of New England and of ancient Greece, I am most constant at his shrine." There lurks in this last expression his theological heresy, which is prominent in each of the seven chapters of his diary, and particularly that headed "Sunday." He wants tact in his assertions of dissent and unbelief, and there is often a gruff *insouciance* about him that repels needlessly the reader. He affects an untutored frankness and an extravagance of conceit which permit us to call him an intellectual and polished Walt Whitman, as might be verified by quotations of verse, if we had the space. As for the narrative in this book, it is a mere pretence. Nobody cares, and nobody will remember, where the voyage as such began and where it ended. Every object suggests a reflection of some sort or other, and at every turn the poets are lugged in, and so the day is spun out, for the most part agreeably. No one, however, for all the dry humor, and exquisite coloring, and abundant information, and antiquarian lore, and metaphysical speculation—no one, indeed, *because* of these—can read this book consecutively. Read at intervals, with leisure to think, to digest, to admire, and to differ, it is a permanently delightful chronicle, in spite of a certain affectation, occasional puerilities of style and even of thought, and obscurities not always worth lighting up.

Timeliest of all reprints, certainly, is this of the famous and as yet unequalled reports of Horace Mann, as secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education.† They are all here—the statistics alone being omitted, by which Massachusetts might be compared with herself from 1837 to 1848—in a compact volume, preserving the arguments and illustrations with which Mr. Mann gradually wrought a complete reformation in the school system of the State, and gave to it that impulse towards a higher development which has sufficed to this day and will ever be his glory. Theologically, he was esteemed much more of a radical then than he would be now; and for that very reason his writings will commend themselves and prove peculiarly useful to the friends of education abroad, among whom both the extent and kind of education to be furnished by the state are now exciting unwonted attention. The conflict between the classicists and the advocates of a scientific training, the speeches of Mr. Lowe, Earl

* "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. By Henry D. Thoreau." New and revised edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868. Pp. 415.

† "Life and Works of Horace Mann. Edited by Mrs. Mary Mann." In five volumes. Vol. III. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. 1868. Pp. 758.

Russell, and the Duke of Argyll in England, and the action of M. Duruy in France, portend a revolution in established modes and institutions of learning. The shining example of the North, the even more striking example of education among the freedmen, convey a political lesson of the highest and also, fortunately, of the plainest significance. In the practical wisdom of Horace Mann those who mean to let down knowledge among the hitherto untaught, and therefore dangerous, classes, will find an invincible armory of reasoning and facts. To all such, wherever battling for popular education, we hold up this volume as America's best contribution.

Fine Arts.

PICTURES AT BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

We have received, from a gentleman connected with Bowdoin College, a letter concerning a collection of pictures in the possession of the college, elicited by our remarks on the Jarves collection in the *Nation* of Dec. 26. The substance of it is as follows:

Bowdoin College has long possessed one of the rarest and most valuable collections in the country. Named for the courtly Huguenot who founded and partly endowed it, the college received also from his generous hand a collection of ninety paintings which he had been gathering for many years in Europe, and among which he had secured some originals of recognized value. A later donation, by Col. G. W. Boyd, increased the collection to upwards of 130 pictures. It is not possible within the limits of a letter to give any adequate description of this gallery; but a few of the pictures may be mentioned as being of especial interest.

Rubens is represented in this gallery by four of his most successful pictures—one of Diana and Endymion, one of Ceres offering fruit to Venus, one of Achilles at the court of Lycomedes in female dress, discovered by Ulysses, according to the well-known story, and one of St. Simeon in the Temple holding the child Jesus. This last-named picture was well known in London when Sir Joshua Reynolds was president of the Royal Academy, and is the picture referred to in his lectures as one of the finest examples of Rubens's best work.

Vandyke has in this collection but a single painting; but that is in the line in which he won his special renown. It is a portrait of a governor of Gibraltar. The custodians of the gallery have been assured that this picture would find many purchasers in England at an appraisal of five or six thousand pounds.

"Mary and Elizabeth, with the infants Jesus and John," is attributed to Raphael. It has been pronounced by good authority as exhibiting in a certain degree "all the excellences of his best pictures."

The "Continence of Scipio" is a classical painting, thought by Stuart to be an original by Poussin, or a very excellent copy. In color and attitude it is one of the richest pictures of the collection.

Another fine group is "Venus binding Cupid." The painter is unknown. The picture was brought from the Grand Duke's palace at Florence.

The gallery contains three small paintings from the pencil of Hogarth. Francesco Salviati is represented by a painting on copper of "The Women at the Sepulchre." There is also an infant "John the Baptist," by Stella; one of Snyder's famous animal pieces, and various works of painters less widely known. The collection is rich in portraits; besides the one already mentioned by Vandyke, there is an original likeness of Mirabeau, a portrait of Savonarola, one of Lorenzo de' Medici, one of Garrick, and one (supposed) of Kepler. There is a genuine Copley, a portrait of Thomas Fluker, a secretary of the Province of Massachusetts, and portraits by Stuart of Presidents Monroe and Jefferson.

These art treasures may well have escaped the notice of even well-informed people, and perhaps have remained unappreciated and almost unknown to some of Bowdoin's own children, since they have been cooped up in a gallery so ill-arranged that they could not properly be said to be "on exhibition" at all. The Memorial Hall, which is projected and for which ground is already broken, will afford them accommodation where their merits can be both discoverable and accessible.

We have no knowledge of these pictures beyond that supplied by our correspondent; and are glad to learn that there is in Brunswick, Maine, where Bowdoin College is situated, a gallery of one hundred and thirty pictures owned by an institution of learning. It is a proof of the small interest taken by the American public in matters connected with art, and of the almost total absence of a class of persons having critical knowledge of the subject, that these pictures have been so little noticed. In Europe, a collection embracing four pictures ascribed to Rubens, one ascribed to Vandyke, one to Snyder, and the rest, would have been the cause of a great deal of public discussion. The pictures to which great names are attached would have been carefully examined by many experts; a vast amount of nonsense would have been written about them, of course, but some good sense as well; and in the end they would have been fairly enough estimated.

If there is a catalogue of the Bowdoin collection, it should give the history of each picture as far back as possible, and the results of whatever critical examination it may have had before leaving Europe. This is especially the case with pictures which have been long in this country; for the general criticism of pictures twenty years ago was much less accurate and exhaustive than it has become since that time. The Jarves collection is fortunate in this respect, that it has been through the fire of European criticism as lately as from 1857 to 1860, and that very many of the pictures composing it are well known to the superintendents and purchasing-agents of the great collections, who have been and are ready to buy this one and that for the galleries under their charge. Some pictures, whether because unusually important or because of questions about them hard to answer, still remain in Europe, though ultimately destined for the Jarves collection; they remain there to be absolutely verified. It is a matter of years and of close study, and that of many men, to fix by internal evidence the authorship of a picture. Documentary evidence, whether direct or merely illustrative, is also slow to collect. The naming of pictures in most of the great galleries has been a most curious jumble of blunders. Pictures obviously of Italian origin are coolly catalogued as by Velasquez in one case—by Holbein in another; in each instance because Velasquez or Holbein was unrepresented or poorly represented in the gallery in question. Modern investigation, comparison of styles and research among documents, has exploded a great many errors, but a host of bubbles still wait to be burst. Thus, Mr. Wornum has been showing ("Epochs of Painting," 447) that Philip Wouverman only worked for about thirty years, while there are attributed to him, as if of definitely ascertained fact, and by one authority, seven hundred and ninety-three minute and elaborate pictures; or rather more than one a fortnight for his thirty years. Then come the correlative and contrary blunders: Peter Wouverman, a younger brother and pupil, worked for some forty years; a fellow-townsman, Van Hugtenburg, for a still longer period of time; they were both distinguished and popular painters; but the same authorities which have been so generous to Philip Wouverman's fame, give two pictures to his brother and one to Hugtenburg. The whole of this and of other such chapters in the history of cataloguing is curious and instructive. And as regards Italian painting, the pleasant fables of Vasari must be ground up in a remorseless mill of investigation and criticism, upper and lower millstones of the Mill of Truth, like that in Henry Morley's charming fairy tale, before any trustworthy knowledge can be got out of them. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's new and unfinished "History of Painting in Italy" is the first at all adequate book which has come of recent study; awkward in arrangement and bad in style as it is, it is absolutely essential to one who would know what early Italian painting was, and who they were that made it what it was.

This by the way. These pictures at Brunswick may be all they are held to be, and it may be demonstrable that they are so. If only one fairly good Rubens is there, and one Vandyke, America is richer in art than we supposed.

TICKNOR & FIELDS'S LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF DICKENS.

This is a very accurate likeness, and, as a picture, pleasantly soft and grey in tone. It seems to have been copied from a quite common photographic portrait of Mr. Dickens; and this way of producing a small-scale picture is not a bad one; not so good as getting a drawing after life by a master of portraiture; much better than having such a drawing made by any but a master. The photograph gives a likeness in feature and form beyond anything that the work of man, as we generally see it, can attain; but it gives, too, the no-expression of fixed attitude and motionless glare. Then the common portrait photographs produced in Europe and America are always harsh in contrast of light and shade, and in tone of color; and although a very few pictures have been made in Paris which are comparatively good in shade and in tone, they are not to be had for asking. Now, this picture, which Mr. Eytinge has drawn in crayon, is a great improvement upon any producible photograph of Mr. Dickens in pictorial beauty, while as a likeness it seems to be as satisfactory as any. The admirer of Dickens may have a photograph of him, but should not hang it up, it will be a blot upon his walls; this lithograph he should have neatly framed and hung where it can be seen.

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The Week.

During the past week there has not been much business done in Congress. Occasionally the debate is lively. Mr. Wood denounced the Reconstruction bill as "infamous," and the Fortieth Congress as equally "infamous," and was by a vote of the House ordered a reprimand, which was administered by the Speaker. His haughty dignity of demeanor, the scorn in his eye, and the scathing contempt revealed in his attitude and in every lineament of his face—the correspondent of the *Herald* says—gave him decidedly the advantage over his Radical foes. On the same day Mr. Farnsworth got himself into trouble by a display of ill-manners not very dissimilar, but escaped censure by apologizing. Mr. Bingham and Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Washburne and Mr. Ross, likewise enlivened the speech-making by personalities that would be not unamusing if Messrs. Ross, Washburne, Bingham, and the others were not representatives in Congress. On Thursday, Mr. Axtell, in the House, offered a resolution directing the Library Committee to enquire into the subject of international copyright, and the best modes of encouraging the production of cheap literature and protecting the interests of authors. Literary men will govern themselves accordingly; and not impossibly a report not dishonorable to Congress, if not a law honorable to Congress and the country, may be got before the adjournment. On Friday and Saturday reconstruction was again talked about in the House. The Senate was not in session those days. On Monday it was not long in session, and discussed the case of Mr. Thomas, and, incidentally to that case, the whole range of reconstruction legislation.

The new Reconstruction bill, converting the South into a single military district, and putting General Grant in control of it, passed the House on Tuesday, the principal speakers in its favor being Messrs. Boutwell and Bingham. Mr. Boutwell denounced the reactionary movement at the North, and said the result of it would be that opposition candidates would be returned to Congress at the South, and "the gates would be opened to allow repudiation and the assumption of Southern debts." He thought, however, that the reaction at the North was but temporary. It may be temporary; but we greatly fear it may last long enough to do more mischief than he will be able to repair. Mr. Garfield also made a speech, in which he gave the usual promise that the majority "would take no step backward," declared the President "the subordinate of Congress," and announced that Alabama would be in the Union, clothed and in her right mind, by February next, and that seven more States were now holding conventions, and two had ordered conventions to be held. We are quite satisfied the present majority will take no step backward. It is not for want of courage that anybody finds fault with them. What we fear about them is, that they are acting in such a way as to let the Democrats into power, and then the Democrats will take two or three steps backward, which will amount to just the same thing for all practical purposes as if the Republicans took them. For instance, have the Ohio Republicans receded from any position they ever held? Not an inch; yet there is a Democratic majority in the Legislature which has just taken a very decided step backward, by repealing the resolution ratifying the Constitutional Amendment of last year. What practical difference does it make who does this sort of thing, provided it is done? And what is the use of the Republican leaders bragging to us of their "courage" if their "courage" simply hastens the delivery of the citadel to the enemy? Some of them have become so befogged that they really seem to feel that the struggle at Washington is a kind of tournament carried on in the main for the honor and glory of the party, and not to secure certain practical political results.

Mr. Bingham's last speech on the bill was very effective, and appears to have thrown the Washington correspondents into ecstasies, but it reads exactly like a college "oration," and touched nearly every point except the one on which the country needs to have light thrown. It was, as reported in the daily papers at least, entirely devoted to proving what has been proved from one thousand t ofifteen hundred times during the past two years, that the war destroyed the local governments at the South, that it is the duty of the general Government to reconstruct the local governments on the basis of freedom and equality, and that the work of reconstruction has to be done with the aid of the military arm. But then we were all agreed about these things long ago, and three bills have been passed already for the purpose of reconstructing on these terms, and the first one has been in operation for nearly a year, and the work of reconstruction under them has been, we are assured, both by the press and the politicians, going on satisfactorily. General Garfield, to whom Mr. Boutwell yielded the floor, in this very debate gave the best possible account of its progress. He expects one State back in the Union in February, and says seven others are preparing to come. What the public wants to hear about this last bill, therefore, is some proof of its necessity. We know all about "the guilt of the rebellion," "the inalienable rights of man," the opinions of "that profound thinker Montesquieu" on the judiciary, etc., etc. What we want to know now is, What are the precise reasons for bringing in this Reconstruction Bill No. 4? Have the others proved failures? Is reconstruction not going on under them? What has Mr. Johnson or General Hancock done to retard reconstruction which this new bill will prevent or remove? Is not the mere introduction of it, without strong and palpable cause, calculated to shake the confidence of the North in the wisdom of the majority and the confidence of the South in its sincerity? What new facts have come to light about Mr. Johnson since last July which make so great and sudden a change as this bill involves even desirable? If Mr. Bingham will answer these ques-

tions, which we ask in perfect honesty and simplicity, we promise to "crowd round him during the delivery of his speech," as the correspondents say, "and congratulate him warmly at the close."

There was a very amusing tussle in the House on Thursday between Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Bingham, the former wanting to know what "pre-existing government" Mr. Boutwell proposed to guarantee by the new Reconstruction bill, and the latter trying to answer, but, as his custom is, in tropes and similes, and Mr. Eldridge refusing to allow him. Mr. Eldridge is not himself a master of rhetoric by any means, inasmuch as on this very occasion "words failed him to denounce the bill with the feelings and emotions which inspired him," whatever this may mean. But he did good service in trying to prune Mr. Bingham's oratory. It is really too luxuriant for this latitude and these times. There is unquestionably a close connection between the state of a man's mind and the language in which he expresses himself, and nobody, we assert without hesitation, can have the mental balance, the respect for facts, and the discipline of faculties necessary for the profitable discussion of the great questions now before the country whose brain is as much burdened with metaphors and epithets as Mr. Bingham's. No statesman—that is, no man whose *opinion* on political affairs is carefully formed—talks in this way in our day. Orators were flowery and involved and stately in the seventeenth century, but this was excusable in men who learned and thought and wrote in Latin. In our time such talk simply argues mental inflammation, and puts everybody on his guard who believes language ought to express *thought*.

Democrats and people of Democratic leanings seem to have been, during the past week, greatly troubled lest Mr. Stanton should not resign, and by way of inducing him to do it, they have painted in dark colors the "bad taste" of staying in when the President did not want him, and they appeal feelingly to his "gentlemanly instincts." If Mr. Stanton were to resign now, however, out of regard for the *convenances*, it would put his conduct in refusing to resign when the President first asked him in a very ridiculous light, as it would suggest the inference that he simply stayed in to spite him, and would reduce the contest between the President and Congress on this question to a war of children for the mastery. The object of the Tenure of Office bill, we believe, was not simply to snub the President, but to prevent his using his power for the confusion of the legislature and the frustration of its policy at a very important crisis, and so far as it related to Mr. Stanton at all its object was not that he should stay in because the President did not like him, but that he should stay in to secure the proper performance of certain official duties. The stories that have been in circulation of Grant and Sherman having advised him to resign, assume that these gentlemen are not overburdened with business of their own, or do not like attending to it.

The Supreme Court has decided that it will take up the McCardle case in March, by which time it is to be hoped the friends of the bill now pending for the regulation of the court will be less anxious for its passage. The Senate will doubtless at the same time let the bill lie by for the present, and we are not without hopes that we may never hear more of it. If it be desirable to make secure of Congress against judicial usurpation in the manner proposed, let it be done in quiet times, or, if these are not within reach, at least without reference to any particular case. The New York *Tribune* supports the bill by the argument that inasmuch as two hundred men, many of them "better jurists" than any on the bench, concur in passing an act of Congress, it is monstrous to allow the vote of a single judge to set it aside. There is something in this, but the argument might have been made stronger. The majority in Congress is not only more numerous than the majority of the Supreme Court, but *weighs* more in avoirdupois. Surely this ought not to be overlooked, especially in a case in which the "political enfranchisement of a race of four millions" is involved. The consideration to which we called attention last week, that this bill, and all bills like it, are weapons which a Democratic majority will use just as eagerly as a Republican majority, and under cover of which the rights of the colored people may be grossly assailed as well as defended, is, we are glad to see, being urged by the press in various parts of the country. Nobody who looks forward a few years can help being impressed by it, and when the days of Democratic rule come Mr. Bingham's rhetoric will not help us. In fact, the fountains of his eloquence will probably be sealed up by the "previous question" or a "five minute rule."

At the South, this week, perhaps the most prominent figure is General Meade, who continues to confound the politics of the Georgia conservatives, and has made them all extremely angry. They seem to have thought that Mr. Johnson knew his man thoroughly, and that it was because of Meade's conservative opinions that Pope was so summarily ousted. Pope's disgrace caused an immediate meeting of the Democratic club of Atlanta; and these worthies passed, with rejoicing, some resolutions conceived in the worst possible taste and expressed in Confederate English. Pope was denounced in a long preamble; the President was thanked in the first resolution for removing him from command, and in the second Meade was styled a gentleman and a soldier, and a line of policy was kindly marked out for him. In short, he was given to understand that he was not only confidently expected to be anti-Republican, but that he would do well to walk heedfully in the presence of gentlemen who had just decapitated his predecessor. All the plans and expectations have failed mournfully. General Meade's address to the convention showed plainly that he is not at all what Mr. Johnson would call a Johnson man, or Mr. Seymour a Democrat, or Mr. Vallandigham a patriot American. Then came his collision with Governor Jenkins and the State Comptroller, officials of the provisional government, who denounce as unconstitutional the convention now sitting by authority of Congress, and are resolved that at any rate the members shall not be paid. As regards the law, Meade seems to have as much the advantage of his antagonists as he has in fact. Mr. Jenkins is out of office certainly; and will probably stay out till the Supreme Court pronounces the reconstruction legislation unconstitutional and persuades Congress to yield its legislative power. As to the law, Governor Jenkins pleads an enactment which, as the Southern States are at present, is of so much force as it may please the military governor to give it. Governor Jenkins has lost his office by pre-deciding the question of the constitutionality of the reconstruction law, but that he has gained anything we do not see.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, has been issuing "views" on the finances which, though not valuable, are worth reading. He is in favor of paying the bondholders in currency, of course, his argument being that one promise of the Government is as good as another; but then the bond does not promise another promise—it promises cash. He also, as might be expected, is in favor of a fresh issue of greenbacks. "What we want," he says, "is high prices and low taxes, and the way to attain them is to have cheap money and plenty of it." He thinks, moreover, that by issuing plenty of greenbacks, you can bring down the interest on loans from eighteen per cent., where it appears it now stands in Kentucky. When one finds a man of Mr. Marshall's age and position laboring under the delusion that "high prices" in paper are really high prices, and that the rate of interest depends on the quantity of the currency, one does not well know what to say. But one thing we feel certain about. If we held his "views" on money, we should advocate the issue of just as much legal tenders as could be printed inside the next twelve months. Not only would we issue enough to bring interest down to seven per cent., but to nothing. We would issue enough to give every man so much money of his own that he would never need to borrow at all, and the usurer's occupation would be gone. More than this—we would issue enough to enable every man to retire from business and devote himself to self-culture. To have human beings toiling in mills and forges and on farms when a few turns of a printing-press would enable them to be their own banker and travel in Europe, is worse than a blunder; it is a crime. It begins to be clearer every day that the inflationists have discovered the philosopher's stone. Mr. Marshall tells the people they have "voices and votes," and urges them to use them. So do we; but we advise them, when asking for a fresh issue of paper, not to limit themselves to a paltry thousand millions. One hundred thousand dollars for each

white head of a house is the very lowest demand they ought to make on the Treasury. Let the people speak out in tones of thunder.

If the great want of the time be more greenbacks, and if the more there are issued the better off we shall be, it is hard to see why Congress need be so much afraid of the Southerners claiming compensation for their slaves and for other damage suffered during the war. What harm could possibly result from issuing enough paper money, when once the printing-press is in motion, to satisfy them? It would either revive industry at the South or, better still, make industry unnecessary, and would diffuse contentment through a great many regions which are now the seats of strife and heartburning. Is it worthy of "practical men" to keep the South impoverished, merely by way of vengeance, when one wagon-load of engraved paper would make its people happy and prosperous?

The German immigration during the last two years has been nearly double that of the Irish, the latter, in fact, showing some signs of falling off, as if the sources were becoming somewhat exhausted. The political troubles in Germany, and the extension of the Prussian military system, have doubtless had much to do with stimulating the emigration of the Germans, and for political reasons it is highly desirable, as far as this country is concerned, that the tide should continue to flow in increasing volume. The Germans have the political sense, and they are fond of agriculture and prefer beer and light wines to whiskey, not one of which propositions can be affirmed of the Irish. The latter are gregarious in the extreme, dislike agriculture, and, both for these and for religious reasons, have a tendency to mass in the great cities and form foreign bodies, whose imperviousness to the ordinary influences of American life increase in the direct ratio of their size. They have introduced, too, an effervescing element in American politics which needs just such a corrective as the Germans supply, and they seem to have a most exciting influence on the more scatterbrained of American politicians such as the Germans do not exercise, and, in fact, do much to counteract.

The luckiest thing that ever happened to George Francis Train in his life has just happened him in Ireland. He has been arrested and for a brief period committed to a British dungeon. The only thing needed to complete his happiness was that there should be a bloody war for his deliverance, but—sad to say—he has been released. We believe, in spite of the "learning" which has been expended on the subject in some of the daily papers, there is neither in the law of nations nor in the municipal law of England any reason why Mr. Train should not be arrested in a British port if he was fool enough to go there. Koszta's case has been cited as bearing in some way on his, but it does not in the least. Koszta's arrest was contested because he was the bearer of an American consul's passport in a country in which foreign consuls have criminal jurisdiction over all persons who claim their protection. Therefore the Austrians had no right to seize him nor the Turks to deliver him up under any circumstances. Train, on the other hand, has deliberately gone to a country whose government he has been denouncing, and, being in a portion of it in which arbitrary arrest is now legal, he has been seized and put in prison. In other words, the very same law has been applied to him which is applied to natives. It only became the duty of the American minister to insist on his either being brought to trial or liberated, for the continued detention of a foreign traveller against whom no specific charge can be brought is, of course, not a thing which this Government could submit to; but in the mere arrest itself there was absolutely nothing to get up a fuss about. Train has brought a suit against the British Government for £100,000.

A large body of the Catholic clergy in Ireland have signed a declaration in which they pronounce a repeal of the legislative union between England and Ireland, and the assimilation of their relations in all respects to those between Austria and Hungary, to be the only remedy for Irish grievances. The document is calm, moderate, and well written. It acknowledges that the penal laws have caused the Irish to fall behind in the race of civilization, in that they are now inferior to both the English and Scotch in social and industrial training, and that, therefore, they need peculiar legislative treatment to raise them up—such treatment as they cannot hope for from a body so ill-informed on Irish matters, and so unsympathetic as the British Parliament. This statement of the case, if made two or three years ago, would have been either totally disregarded by the English press or have been treated with contempt; but, thanks to "Fenian outrages," it is now discussed by the whole press with gravity and respect—a fact which throws a good deal of light on the causes of Fenianism. Of course, the declaration, instead of helping the solution of the Irish question, only hinders it. The repeal of the union England will never consent to, and would spend her last man and last shilling in resisting. Then, no man who considers what kind of body an Irish Parliament elected by universal suffrage would be, can possibly believe that it would be competent for its task. Its blunders would not resemble those of the old Protestant Parliament, but they would be nearly as great hindrances to progress.

The French are still occupied with their new Army bill, but the Government, after a hard fight, sustained one bad defeat in the Chamber on the clause fixing the period at which the soldier might marry, the Chamber making it the sixth year of service instead of the eighth. Marshal Niel, who has shown considerable ability as a debater, roused a terrible storm by blurting out the proposition that the men who were pronounced physically unfit for military service were, for the most part, good enough for marriage, and that therefore the prohibition to marry during the flower of their age imposed on the 800,000 or 900,000 men of whom the French army will be composed under the new law is no great damage to the country after all. This has roused the fury of the press, and not unnaturally. The picture drawn by M. Rouher, during the discussion, of the armaments of other European nations was frightful. He made out the total force under arms of the four great powers with which France might possibly be called on to contend at 4,840,000; but M. Maurice Block, a statistician of some eminence, has attacked this estimate and reduced it by nearly one-half, showing that, judging from past experience, the total force which these powers can be expected to bring into the field in time of war is 2,743,891, and that the real measure of military strength is no longer the number of men who can be mustered under the colors, but the number that can be fed and clothed and armed and paid; in other words, that a nation's fighting power depends almost altogether on the state of her finances. It is safe to say, however, that M. Rouher's estimate represents pretty faithfully the loss to the community of the standing armies now kept up in Europe, even though it fails to give a correct idea of the force available for attack or defence. One thousand men cannot be put into the field without disabling about two thousand for industrial purposes.

The financial difficulty in Italy continues to be the great one. The Roman question can wait for a solution, the financial question cannot. The budget for 1868, which has just been laid before Parliament by the Minister of Finance, shows an excess of expenditure over revenue of $40,000,000—in gold, of course—the revenue amounting to $160,000,000 and the expenditure to $200,000,000. Various remedies are talked of; one is a tax on all flour as it leaves the mill, and on wine, oil, and silk, from all of which about $30,000,000, it is thought, could be drawn. The floating debt will probably be met by the sales of church property, which are still going on, and are very productive. This floating debt amounts to $75,000,000 represented by legal-tender bank-notes, and about $50,000,000 represented by Government bonds. The fuss they are making about the debt in Italy, however, will seem strange to many financiers here, and shows how far behind the age poor old Europe still is. All the Italian Government has to do in order to get rid of all its difficulties is, as we here know, to issue enough legal-tender bank-notes to pay off everything. With five dollars worth of ink and five reams of thin paper, not only might the national liabilities be entirely wiped out, but a handsome surplus eft in the treasury. Why do the simpletons not send a commissioner over here to consult General Butler or Humphrey Marshall?

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WHO ARE THE "COWARDS?"

If anybody will take the trouble to look into the files of any of the daily papers appearing during the summer and fall of 1865, he will find that foremost amongst the arguments used by leading Radicals against the admission of Southern senators and representatives to Congress without conditions, was the danger that if admitted they would join hands with the Northern Copperheads in an assault on the public credit. They would, it was said, either openly repudiate or else vote such enormous amounts by way of compensation for damages sustained during the war as to plunge the Government into bankruptcy. The very earliest arguments, too, used in advocacy of negro suffrage were drawn from the supposed necessity of an alliance between the Republicans and the negroes for the protection of the public credit, and many of our readers may remember that the first and most anxious enquiries made by Northern men when the South was first opened to travellers touched the state of Southern feeling about the public debt. At that time the public debt—and in gold and silver, not in irredeemable paper—was spoken of by all Republicans as a sacred thing. In fact, to speak of it with reverence was one of the Republican characteristics, while to denounce it, and predict it would never be paid, was the mark of a Copperhead, and loyal men used to listen to Copperhead utterances on this subject as to blasphemy or obscenity. The bondholder, too, instead of being held up to loathing as a heartless usurer, was spoken of as the ancient Egyptians might have spoken of the sacred bull, as beings whom it was a pleasure as well as a duty to pamper.

We have no doubt whatever that the same state of feeling would have lasted till now had the reconstruction process gone on well. What it is that has hindered or retarded it everybody knows. Mr. Johnson has unquestionably had the largest, and by far the largest, share in the work of obstruction, but then he was not wholly to blame. Some of the Radical leaders must, as we have often said, shoulder some portion of the responsibility. We do not find fault with any of their leading measures. We believe that, on the whole, Congress has advanced from stage to stage in the process with great wisdom and prudence; but the majority, in the pride of their strength, overlooked one thing, and that was, that the harder and more complicated their task became, the more necessary it was to carry the public with them. In a popular government, it is not enough to conceive and carry wise measures; popular support must be secured for them in order to ensure them against being defeated or repealed by a reaction. This part of their business the Radical leaders almost wholly neglected. There was nothing in the training or antecedents of any of them to entitle them to the complete confidence of the public in undertaking the solution of so tremendous a problem as the pacification of the South. Mr. Lincoln left no statesman behind him who had in this matter earned the public faith and confidence. Neither Mr. Stevens nor Mr. Boutwell, for instance—and we say this of them without meaning the slightest disrespect—had ever offered any proof of competency for any such undertaking. They had, it is true, been zealous anti-slavery men, but this was no more a proof of fitness for the task of devising and carrying out the work of reconstruction than their having labored in any other field of philanthropy. Their political experience had been simply experience in the working of parties in Washington, which, for the treatment of the Southern question, was worthless, and perhaps worse than worthless. But to one thing their prominence in the anti-slavery struggle and during the war did entitle them, and that was the first trial at the new business. Nobody in political life had given any greater proof of fitness for it than they, and their long-tried zeal and devotion undoubtedly gave them a claim to the first innings.

The work once begun, there was only one thing that could have released them from the duty of fully discussing before the people and with the people every detail of it, debating it till debate was exhausted, hearing its adversaries patiently, replying to their arguments elaborately, and exhausting their resources, in short, at each step, in order to secure public approbation before taking another step—and that was either the inspiration of the Reconstruction Committee, or the possession by some member of it of a revelation from on high setting out the whole process in full. Every politician who cannot say he has drawn his wisdom from supernatural sources is bound to come down into the arena and submit his measures to discussion, hear what his adversaries have to say against them, elicit the popular feeling about them, and, if the popular feeling is adverse, win it over by argument. He has no right to pop out of a committee-room, summon a majority, and say, "Here's your bill; it is all that is necessary; we shall allow no debate on it; if you are silly and wicked enough to insist, you may take five minutes for your foolish rant, but no more; as to the people, we cannot wait for its opinion; but we know it's all right; it has confidence in us; the time's up; take the vote." Legislating in this way is discounting the future, like living on money you expect to make; you may make it, but you may not, and your position is exceedingly awkward if you do not; and yet this is the very way in which most of the reconstruction legislation has been done. The consequence is, that the public has not been carried along in support of it; it has kicked and hung back more and more violently every month; and for the last six months the majority has been in the very unsatisfactory and somewhat desperate position of trying to save the nation against its will. The confidence it expected to find showered upon it by this time is not forthcoming. The symptoms of disorganization in the party, which showed themselves last fall at the State elections, increase in number and gravity, and there is every day greater and greater anxiety with regard to the future.

It was the growth of this feeling of weakness, of the sensation that things were not going well with the party, that first caused some of the Republican politicians to fall away from the primitive faith on the subject of the public debt. On seeing the ranks waver before negro suffrage, General Butler and Mr. Stevens bethought them of the old device of promising their followers plunder. The Democrats, they saw, were gathering in recruits very fast by holding out this prospect; when the dodge was so successful in the hands of the friends of privilege, why should not the friends of equality use it? The plan of taunting those who refused to follow them with "cowardice" was tried, but with very limited success. Its absurdity was too patent for it to succeed. As we have said before, there was nothing in the antecedents or attainments or character of many of the Radical leaders to warrant them in calling on anybody to follow them blindly in such a business as reconstruction. They were entitled to a patient and attentive hearing, but they were not entitled to implicit submission without argument. We all know as much about "eternal justice" and "inalienable rights" as Mr. Stevens does, or Mr. Boutwell, or Mr. Bingham, and none of them has anything new to tell us about "the guilt of the rebellion." What we have always wanted to hear from them was, therefore, not general disquisitions on the rights of man, but their reasons for thinking their plan of reconstruction a good one—*i. e.*, one likely to succeed; but of these they have been uncommonly sparing.

Finding now that the public is not as strong in its support of their reconstruction plan as is desirable, some of the leaders are seeking to revive their popularity, as we have said, by preaching a disguised form of repudiation, though the disguise is so thin that it serves no purpose whatever. If they imagine that anybody will be deluded into believing that the public debt is honestly paid when it is paid in greenbacks, they deceive themselves grossly. Everybody who gets this kind of money for his bond will not only think himself cheated, but will be made furious by the presumption that he is a fool, on which this mode of paying him is based. Downright repudiation would be every way more creditable and far more polite. We see in the whole scheme, however, a shining example of the real cowardice of which these men, who are so ready to fling the charge at others, are capable. They are not afraid—we know what the proverb or the poet, we forget which, says about the audacity of fools—of violent and extravagant

courses, of absurd propositions, of sudden changes of counsel, of aimless and senseless defiance of reason and experience; they are not afraid of advising that the nation should dishonor itself by repudiating the representations of its own agents, and construing its own acts to the fraud and detriment of those who trusted it with their money in the hour of its need. But the kind of "courage" we want in public men is not the kind which Wendell Phillips so loudly calls for, and which Messrs. Stevens and Butler so lavishly display—the courage to be unscrupulous, dexterous, reckless—but the courage to be right under all circumstances; the courage to stick to principle not in one thing, but in all things, and to stick to it come what will; the courage to be just and honorable not towards the negro only, but towards all men—to be faithful not simply to pledges made to blacks, but to pledges made to white men; to act in the spirit and not in the letter of their promise, not simply towards the freedmen who fought for the country, but to the poor and widows and orphans who lent the money to feed and arm the freedmen, and who lent it when many of the shrewdest doubted whether a cent of it would ever be paid, even in General Butler's "money." We advise the "cowards," too, who refuse to follow these "great leaders," to be of good cheer. No man was ever wanting in his duty either to his party or his country who was afraid to be tricky and made no secret of it. When they see "grand public men" "leaping ahead" and encouraging them to follow by the assurance "that revolutions never go backwards," let them remember that even if revolutions never do go backwards, they often fall into the ditch and remain there for many a day, a curse and not a blessing to humanity, the scoffing and scorn of many generations. They need brains and discretion to conduct them just as much as does the regular progress of government.

There is one other thing which Republican politicians who feel disposed to go into the repudiation business would do well to remember, and that is, that if they should succeed in winning the party over to their way of thinking, they will gain nothing by it. Whenever the people has been worked up to the degree of unscrupulousness necessary for the denial of its moral obligations, the mechanical part of the business—the job of sending the public creditors away with bits of paper instead of gold, and laughing at their chagrin—will not be committed to Republicans. Whenever repudiation is deliberately adopted as a policy, the task of carrying it out will be entrusted to the Democrats. It is their idea; they originated it, have studied it, and know how it ought to be done. The Stevenses and Butlers are mere amateurs and imitators; and as soon as their preaching had produced the desired effect would assuredly be cast aside without either gratitude or remorse, and would have to make their way back to the place of beginning over a path strewed with the bones of foundered politicians of tricksters who lost their faith in righteousness before the promised land came in sight, and wandering off in search of a short cut, perished miserably among the beasts.

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT IN EUROPE.

THERE is an important change going on in European political sentiment which promises to make the events of the next ten or fifteen years extremely interesting and important—and that is a steady and apparently permanent reaction against imperialism, or "personal government," or that, whatever it may be called, which lodges the direction of national policy in the hands of one man. After the failures of 1848–49, the shrewdest observers both in England and on the Continent began to look to the imperial system—thrones resting on universal suffrage—as the ultimate destination of the whole of the civilized world. It was by that time quite evident that aristocracy, as a political force, was ruined—that privileged classes were things of the past—that "the masses" would govern; and even men of as philosophic a turn of mind as De Tocqueville thought that after having, during a few years, tried to govern and failed, they would seek safety and repose in the establishment everywhere of a "one-man power." During the ten years from 1850 to 1860, this opinion gained force steadily, through the spectacle of Louis Napoleon's administration in France, and it may be said to have reached its maximum strength in 1861, at the outbreak of the rebellion here. What speculators then saw in the future was, first, a brief attempt at republicanism in nations which had not already tried it, and, secondly, the division of the civilized world among a batch of imperial dynasties, which were to make up for the inevitable appearance, now and then, of a stupid Cæsar by a highly organized, all-pervading, all-providing system of administration, permitting a high degree of literary culture and unlimited scientific research, diffusing material comfort by every means in its power, and, in fact, making the perfecting of material life the highest object of its ambition.

Nor was this expectation based simply on the success of the Imperial régime in France. There were certain phenomena in England which afforded a good deal of support to it, such as the increasing demand on the Government for greater centralization, owing to the constant failure of the system of local independence; the growing tendency to commit to it the telegraphs, the railroads, the education of the poor; to exact from it more assiduous and organized interference with charitable institutions, public conveyances, the hours and other conditions of labor in mines and factories; and, in fact, the strong current of public sentiment which has now been running for ten years against complete individual freedom in anything but trade. If these things, said the imperialists, are to be witnessed in England, the country in which the principle of individualism and local self-government has been almost worshipped, what may we not expect to see in the rest of Europe? America still remained an apparent exception to the rule, but she was held to have been brought under it by the rebellion. The outbreak of the war, it was said, meant, of course, the rise of standing armies, the centralization of the government, the disappearance of State lines, and the gradual melting down of society into one solid mass.

Moreover, the desire ot material comfort, which had grown in our day into a passion, it was evident could be gratified no longer by individual enterprise. To supply men's wants on an adequate scale and with adequate efficiency we have to have now great corporations or combinations of capitalists, employing whole armies of agents and subordinates, and through this and their enormous wealth wielding great political influence. No society would, it was said, ever consent to be ruled by bodies of this sort (they did not think of New Jersey), and, therefore, to keep them in check and hold them to proper responsibility and make them do their work efficiently, the state would have to be armed with great powers of interference and supervision. To exercise these powers a vast and complicated administrative system would have to be devised, the machinery of which could only be entrusted to highly trained hands, and which it would be found eventually could not be managed or controlled by deliberative bodies, but would have to be given over to one head. Therefore, even in America, supposing the war had never broken out, the prevailing rage for material enjoyment would, in the long run, have sapped the popular love of freedom and self-government, and prepared the way for the enlightened despot. The love of "liberty" was, in fact, dying out in the modern world, owing to the declining intensity of feeling on all subjects. Nobody any longer felt very strongly about anything. In the age in which "liberty" was looked on as the highest good, men went to the stake or sent others to it for points of doctrinal belief. They are not such fools now. They want ease of mind and ease of body, and are tending towards the form of government which will best secure these; and they are no longer dazzled by the sayings and doings of classical times.

The new régime has, luckily for us all, now been tried, and failed. France has furnished the *corpus vile* for the experiment; but the result has been tested pretty thoroughly in other countries also. The use which the Imperial Government has made of the army and of the treasury has satisfied thinking men all over Europe, in England, France, and Germany, that imperialism, so far from being the government of the future, has been proved totally unsuited to modern society; that, far from being what great political and social complications call for, political and social complications make it utterly worthless; that the social state to which it is suited is that of ancient Rome or of the Middle Ages or modern Russia; that, where you have an industrial and commercial community, it cannot be governed by one man without the most disastrous consequences. In the first place, the physical force which is now placed by a modern state in the hands of its government,

the force of money and of men, is enormous, such as no ancient or mediæval ruler ever dreamt of. It is so great that no man can, in the present state of human culture, find himself in the possession of it without having his head turned. Louis Napoleon is, it is true, a great advance in moral training on any Roman emperor, except, perhaps, the Antonines. He not only knows more, but he has himself under far better control, even if his desires are no better, and he acts under the invisible but powerful pressure of a force of which the Roman emperor knew nothing—the opinion of the civilized world. But then his powers of mischief are so greatly increased that his slight aberrations are more dangerous to the community than Nero's madness. He is still a man; he has foolish ambitions, personal spites, prejudices, and fears; and when he goes to war, instead of disappearing amongst remote barbarians, as the Roman general did, and leaving the state behind to go on very much as before, he convulses society in his own dominion, and fills the civilized world with alarm, paralyzes the trade and industry on which the larger portion of its population lives, and disarranges the vast and elaborate mercantile calculations by which the work of progress is in our day largely carried on. The Italian war, the Mexican expedition, and the German war, and the uncertainty which they have all left behind them, have established the principle that the governments of modern communities must be *deliberative* governments, must be carried on under the supervision of public opinion, not so much that the public may be able to influence events—though this is important—but that it may know what is going to happen. The timid trader, who cried out so loudly in 1848 for "the man on horseback" to save him from the revolutionists, now acknowledges, after twenty years' experience, that under the man on horseback business is almost impossible, because you can never tell what he will do next.

Moreover, "personal government" has been shown to be fatally incompetent to deal with financial questions, owing to the large standing armies it requires. Owing to the size of these standing armies, there is at this moment not a single government in Europe, except England, able to meet its annual expenditure by taxation. In France, which has furnished the great example of the imperialist system, the public debt has increased 130 per cent. in *thirteen* years, and taxation is increasing with it, while population remains stationary. Now, what makes standing armies necessary is undoubtedly the personal fears, jealousies, and ambitions of the sovereigns. In modern societies there is no large class, as there was in mediæval societies, which likes fighting in the field and wants to serve in the army. There is no class in France, for instance, which longs to cross the Rhine and ravage Prussia, and no class in Prussia which would like to do as much for France. The middle and working classes in our day want peace and security and light taxation, and this want is, if left to act freely, fatal to military ambition and wars of conquest and revenge. But the personal ruler has his little jealousies and ambitions with regard to other personal rulers. He likes to frighten them, or snub them, and make them feel their inferiority and succumb to his influence, and he is constantly afraid that if he gives them a chance they will come and attack him; he therefore has to provide himself at any cost with the means of reaching them, and persuades the nation that it is their honor he is defending and their safety he is providing for in doing so.

This fact, also, is becoming better and better known and recognized, and of late the leading German and French writers have drawn attention to it with great emphasis. The new Army bill in France will probably give additional point to their arguments. The theory with regard to the future government which is now finding most favor is, that it will be that of a highly educated democracy, in which wealth will exercise great influence, and in which politics will be largely subordinated to the production and preservation of wealth, and in which property will be protected, as it was not in the ancient democracies, by a greater knowledge on the part of the poor of the conditions on which production and distribution depend. If this does not succeed, the world will have to give up trading and go back to agriculture and pasturage, because neither under untaught democracy nor under unbridled despotism can commerce and manufactures flourish.

[COMMUNICATED.]

A NEW VIEW OF THE EXECUTIVE.

Those who have read Mr. Walter Bagehot's papers on the English constitution, as also those who have not, will find in an editorial in the *Economist* of December 7 (Mr. Bagehot is editor of the *Economist*, and presumably the writer of this editorial) an interesting discussion of the difficulties between Mr. Johnson and Congress; or, perhaps we should say, between our executive and our legislature, since the writer waives all examination into the merits of existing questions, looking merely at the relation of the one branch of government to the other. The idea on which the observations in this article are based is a comparatively new one in England, while it is so absolutely novel in this country as to have excited no attention whatever among us. The author is either Mr. Bagehot or some one inspired by his book on the constitution to which we have referred.

If any American child of the high-school age is asked to state, in a few words, the theory on which the machinery of our Government is constructed, he replies, without any hesitation, that there are three branches of government—the legislative, the executive, the judicial; that these three are one, but that no one of them can be all three; or, to put the matter less abstractly, that Congress may pass an act, yet the President may veto it, and that the President may veto an act, yet Congress may, by a certain majority, pass it, his objections notwithstanding, while Congress and the President may pass a law, yet if it is unconstitutional the judges of the Supreme Court will interfere and annul it; that in this way each branch of government is a check upon the folly, ignorance, or malice of every other branch. And, if the supposed child (we prefer to suppose a child, as regarding politics from a much more theoretic point of view than an adult) is so precocious as to have a knowledge of the British constitution, we may be sure beforehand that he will tell us of the existence of the same system of checks and balances in England: that the Crown, Lords, and Commons have been from time immemorial the three co-ordinate branches; that the Crown calls to its assistance a certain gentleman who forms a cabinet; and that this gentleman and his colleagues represent in the Parliament the interests of the Royal department; that the House of Lords arrests the hasty impulses of the Commons; that the Commons check any retrogressive movement of the Lords, while the Crown balances both, or, it may be, joins with one to the defeat of the other.

Such is the theory, hastily stated, of "checks and balances," a theory held true and believed to exist in practice by all Americans, and almost all Englishmen. And yet Mr. Bagehot, after a careful enquiry into the operation of the British Government, has come to the conclusion that this theory no longer explains the principal political facts which he sees about him, but merely confuses the mind in examining those facts. He points to the confessed weakness of the Crown, patent in the disuse of the veto; to the timidity of the House of Lords; to the increasing energy of the Commons; and, more than all, to the strange fact that the cabinet, theoretically representing the interests of the executive in Parliament, is really an executive committee, chosen by the party dominant in the lower House, and absolutely independent of that power whose special servant it is supposed to be. This analysis reduces English government to a legislature of one house, electing from time to time its executive, and the important result with which we are here concerned is, that there can evidently, in such a condition of political affairs, be no checks or balances at all; that the moment power really changes hands in the House of Commons, that moment sees a corresponding change in the body which executes the laws; that the nomination of a cabinet by the reigning sovereign to further political ideas peculiar to himself is no longer possible; in fine, that, as a political agent, the English king or queen has hardly more influence than one of our own presidential electors. Nor is Mr. Bagehot dissatisfied with the existing order; on the contrary, he sees so much good in it that he is anxious, or at least the *Economist* is anxious, to see the experiment tried in this country, to see an executive obedient to the will of the dominant party, and not gifted with powers which enable him to bring the machinery of government to a dead-lock.

The argument is this: the executive is he who executes the laws, not he who enacts them, and should, therefore, be one who is thoroughly in sympathy with the enacting body. If he is not, as at present in this country, he will at first thwart it secretly, then openly, then perhaps secretly again, and the result might very easily be, in certain critical moments, a dead-lock. We had one of these moments a few months since. Congress had passed the reconstruction laws—had passed them over the President's veto—but the President, of course, was unwilling to execute them if he could avoid in any way a duty so disagreeable. The Supreme Court was appealed to, and if the court had held the law unconstitutional the result must have been inaction distressing to every one, and filling many of the more impatient with dangerous thoughts of revolution. Fortunately the court refused to entertain the motion, and the crisis was avoided. But though such threatening obstacles may be removed, and tumult not ensue, no American who has led the uneasy, watchful life of the past three years can help regarding with anxiety even the chance of a dead-lock. Let the cry for impeachment

speak for itself. We lately heard a lawyer suggest, with great sobriety of tone and moderation of expression, that impeachment might, if used now, form a valuable means hereafter of obtaining changes of executive whenever Congress and the President could not agree—that is to say, that the charge of "high crimes and misdemeanors" might, by a convenient fiction, be used *pro formâ*, and impeachment become one of the ordinary pieces of political machinery. Such an opinion serves to show the terribly anxious state of feeling to which an obstruction in the political processes brings us. The *Economist* article does not propose any remedy as violent as this, but aims at showing that political movement in this country can never be smooth until we admit that the executive should be so elected as to represent the changing will of the majority in the legislature. It is a poor plan, says the writer, not to say an absurd one, which makes the servant of the people its master, which makes the doer of the people's behests their obstructor, which makes the action of the government lag far behind the intention of the governors. How would it be if the sheriff had the right to oppose at every stage the execution of laws to which he was opposed on party grounds? How would it be if the cabinet in England (taking Mr. Bagehot's explanation for granted) were to oppose the majority in the House, and attempt to retain their seats? To Mr. Bagehot's mind it seems hardly intelligible how so shrewd and business-like a people as the Americans should continue a system fraught with so much inconvenience and even danger.

Mr. Bagehot's argument is thoroughly practical, resting its claims to reception on proof of the distress and delay occasioned by the practice it seeks to overthrow, and on a suggestion of the business-like rapidity which would attend political movements in case of the adoption of the proffered alternative. To this argument *ab inconvenientiâ* we hope to be able to reply by hinting at a few considerations which seem to be overlooked in it, but we do not hope to do more than hint, for the matter is so intricate (involving both the science of politics, about which very few persons know anything, and the details of political management, about which everybody knows too much), that its final solution must be far distant. Premising, then, a candid admission of the incompleteness of our answer, it is this: that the objection urged against our American arrangement of co-ordinate departments, mutually independent, is, in reality, the great argument in its favor. Unless the Federal Government is to be changed into a machine for registering the rapid fluctuations in popular sentiment, faithful as mercury to the changes of temperature, delay at Washington appears to us of much greater value than mobility; and the chief way in which we have thus far been able to obtain moderation in political measures has been through that very system of division and opposition which it is proposed to overthrow. The authors of the *Federalist*, foreseeing (with some alarm) the development of popular power which has since taken place, were at pains to explain the checks and balances which the framers of the Constitution had connected with the political machinery, and it is very interesting to observe that, according to their explanation, haste was the thing they chiefly sought to prevent. The fact that Hamilton and Madison wrote before the strictly modern epoch opened increases the value of their opinion, as their suggestions bore reference quite as much to the future as to their own time. But let us examine the question more in detail.

In a free country, generally pervaded by education and intelligence, interesting questions are subjected to immediate discussion and rapid decision. The current of popular feeling sets strongly in one direction, while all the agencies of public expression urge it on. The debate begins to-day, is at its height to-morrow, and will be succeeded by another on the day after. The *Trent* affair was an instance of this; and in small matters the momentary excitement occasioned by each fresh railroad disaster may furnish others. Indeed, it is this well-known peculiarity of free communities which has brought upon them the reproach of fickleness and levity. As an ancient example, the Athenian decree against Mitylene is familiar to every one, while in modern times the rising against the Mormons in the West is a fair specimen of the surges of popular feeling of which we speak. In order that changes of public opinion may have their due effect, a popular body, re-elected at short intervals, sits at Washington, well adapted to reply quickly to any claims of constituents. It has, in fact, at length reached a point of subservience which its founders did not anticipate, and would not have been glad to see. The House of Representatives will generally be found, we believe, in accord with what it thinks the prevalent opinion out of doors.

But this is by no means the whole case with regard to the activity and responsiveness of the House. We have spoken of generally interesting questions; but the number of these at any one time is very small compared with the number of generally uninteresting questions; yet these last are not wholly unimportant. For instance, taxation has been quite a dry matter until very recently; but taxation still affected the country. Now all matters like this, not involved in the issues of the moment, are in the hands of a House which must deal with them in one way or another. The consequence is, that the few persons who are directly interested in them, the manufacturers, the miners, or the brokers, come to Washington, and find such docile responsiveness that they not unfrequently make a little law here or there for us instead of our appointed legislators. The lobby is well understood to be the lowest—or the highest—House. It is not necessary to enter here into an examination of causes; it is well known that on important matters the House echoes the cry of its constituents, and on what are called unimportant matters it echoes the less loud but equally potent voice of the lobby. The general constitution of the House may be most readily appreciated through a consideration of the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, nothing is known of a member by the majority of his electors, save that he has adopted their party platform.

But there are two other bodies at Washington of a different character; the Executive and the Senate (we do not take any account here of the judiciary), being elected for what must in America be called long terms of office, are known and responsible bodies. For we do not agree with those who believe it settled that the President of the United States must always in the future be a nonentity, in order that his party may not waste its strength on a dangerous nomination, and no one will dispute the fact that the Senate is the ablest legislative assembly in the country. Whatever the cause, it still remains true that our senators are more able, more conscientious, and more representative than any other political class among us. Now, it is one of the functions of these two bodies—a function foreseen, intended, and constantly exercised—to restrain the excesses of the popular body of delegates who sit in the House of Representatives, and allay, by the coolness of reason, the fierce heat of their constituents' zeal. Frequently may a hasty popular excitement carry a wave of emotion as far as the House; but if it is a factitious excitement or a temporary burst of feeling, the doors of the Senate do not open to it, and its death is as sudden as its birth. But if the tide is too strong, and even the Senate yields, we have still the President to oppose unnecessary alarm or anger. Thus placing two obstacles between the people and their passions, we avert much pernicious legislation.

The executive never has been with us like the English cabinet, and in most cases, as we have said, the delay occasioned by our system appears to us an advantage. Two or three instances may serve to show what we mean, though we do not rely on them so much as on the general considerations adverted to, since, in the present condition of political study, instances may be made the servants of almost any theory. When Mason and Slidell were arrested on board the *Trent*, a popular tumult arose which bid fair to hurry us into a disastrous war, and if at that time we had had an executive chosen under the English system, we might to-day be still confronted by rebellion. And again, if after the reverses of 1862 we had chosen an executive anew, it would probably have been such an one that we should in six months have chosen another. And though the absurd use of the veto during the past two years has accustomed men to look upon popular decrees as final, and upon Congress as the true expounders of the people's will, we may well doubt whether numerous sensible men are not looking forward with some pleasure to probable exercises of this power on the part of the President to be elected in 1868. The veto of a strong American executive will generally be received with respect, and with greater respect by the educated and reflecting than by any other class. On the other hand, what sort of an executive should we have if the House, or even the House and Senate combined, elected one? Changes in its own body would probably occur every six weeks, while changes of policy would be kaleidoscopic in rapidity. We should not be troubled with sloth; we should be as quick as death or a South American republic. It is whispered that in Australia, where the English system prevails, it requires an astute man to know of whom the cabinet at any given time consists, so shrewd are the inhabitants of that country in changing their leaders to suit their changing needs. And then what an astonishing *personnel* would our cabinet exhibit! What a rollicking, roystering blade of a prime minister should we have in General Butler! There would be no obstruction here. On the contrary, we should move so fast that we should all be bankrupts or thieves in a week, unless, indeed, the executive should happen—a not unlikely chance—to be turned out in less time. And then we should have General Banks and a Fenian policy, and Mr. Stevens and a confiscation policy, and somebody else with an annexation policy; and, finally, sickened and dizzied, we should elect by general suffrage a board dictatorial, with powers plenipotentiary to the dictators, their heirs and vendees, to finally reconstruct the distracted Fatherland; which dictators would, under the new system, probably be gentlemen prominent as ex-executives, say Bennett, Wood, and Morrissey.

The "dead-lock" which Mr. Bagehot anticipates and dreads will hardly appear to most Americans a probable chance. The politicians of this country are not that independent, obstructive race which would make dangerous clashes ordinary phenomena. Even Mr. Johnson has as yet given no evidence satisfactory to the public that he ever contemplated revolution, and Mr. Johnson's is certainly an extreme case. In fact, there never has been any dead-lock at Washington, and it is curious to observe that the only two real cases of obstruction in our political machinery have occurred not in that part which we have been considering, but in the intricate system which connects the Federal Union with the separate States—we mean, of course, nullification and secession. These were real obstructions, and one of them very nearly fatal. But the others are difficulties in the way of "business"

which sober Americans rather welcome than object to, for they represent that conservative force which still prevents the momentary whim of the people from passing into action. To sum up what we have said, the great advantage in the present system seems to us to be found in that very delay which is urged against it. If America were England, the matter might stand the other way, and we can readily understand how a writer, who sees before him a government not too sensitive to changes of outside opinion, but containing one branch eminently fitted by its popular character to govern wisely, with two other branches eminently unfitted to do anything of the kind, should rejoice to observe that the former is absorbing all the functions of state into itself. It is plain to any one who reads Mr. Bagehot's instructive book that the system of checks and balances, as we understand it, is out of date in England. But the question for Americans appears to us a totally different one. Haste and recklessness are our political as well as our social vices, and what we should aim at is rather to obtain time for consideration than rapidity of motion. To make any change for the sake of greater political precipitancy seems unwise, and our shrewdness will be more apparent in attempts to check popular extravagance than to assume that no popular movement can be extravagant. And should England ever become democratic, and the House of Commons degenerate from an independent, self-regarding body to a dependent chamber of delegates, we can imagine a state of things in which there would be great danger in an executive elected by that House, and in which the more ancient forms might be found to have peculiar advantages. May not the late career of Disraeli show one of the dangers to which the English system will be exposed with increasing democracy? It is true, however, that he has prevented a dead-lock.

HUMANITARIANISM.

THE form of social evil against which Christianity has warred most vigorously, ever since its foundation, has been men's indifference to the suffering of their fellows. Cruelty and impurity were the vices of the Roman world, but cruelty was the most striking, and hardest to eradicate. In a society based on slavery it is easier to make men and women chaste than to make them humane, though not very easy to do either, and Christianity itself met with only indifferent success in the work of social reform till it got the barbarians to operate upon. During the Middle Ages it did a great deal to raise the value of human beings, and to elevate moral above brute force; and though the Church introduced cruelties of its own which in the amount and intensity of the suffering they caused probably far surpassed the cruelties of the pagan empire, still the practice of torturing or killing men and women for heresy or witchcraft was an immense advance on the practice of torturing and killing them "to make a Roman holiday." But the great work of the Church in all ages, that in which it has been most steadily devoted and in which it has produced most results, has been the spreading of the feeling of brotherly love, of the sentiment of the dignity and value of men, as men simply, and of the greatness of the place occupied in creation by even the meanest and most despised member of the human family. The spirit, too, which it has brought to this work has been diffused amongst all classes of reformers, even amongst those who repudiate all connection with Christianity. The great aim of even the movements for political reform during the past two hundred years has been the promotion of human comfort—making men's lives easier for them, removing obstacles to the gratification of their desires, relieving them from fear, from insecurity, and from chagrin.

Moreover, neither the Church nor the political reformers have had much liberty of choice with regard to their work. The sin by which modern as well as ancient society has been most beset has been the sin of oppression, of indifference to human suffering. The political system of nearly every country in the civilized world, down to our day, has been based on the principle that the few ought to have power over the many, and ought to use it for their own benefit, and that one of the great uses of the many was to keep the few in good condition. Nearly all the "abuses" which reformers in Europe have been assailing for the last three centuries will be found, in the last analysis, to consist in the legalized plunder or oppression of somebody by somebody else, in virtue of his office or birth or social position; in the legalized infliction on persons of one class or condition of some injury in mind, body, or estate at the hands of persons of another class or condition. The rage for equality which broke forth with such violence in the French Revolution, and which is still pulverizing society in every country in the world, is due largely to the fact that inequality has everywhere involved the exposure of a large portion of the community to vexation of some sort at the hands of the remainder. We do not deny that the passion for equality may have, as some philosophers say it has, its root in human nature. But just think how long civilization lasted before it showed itself—for how many thousand years men not only bore with "superiors in station," but loved and clung to them; how society has run to castes and classes, or orders, and refused to have them broken up. Think, too, of the force of the feeling of "loyalty" to king or chief or landlord; a feeling which may be called the religion of inequality, and under the influence of which the bravest spirits of all ages and nations have shown themselves ready to do or dare or suffer all that men have ever done or dared or suffered in any cause whatever, and which has had its saints and martyrs, too, by the thousands. Assuredly, admitting all that can be asserted of the natural tendency of modern civilization to produce equality, the revolution would have been vastly less easy if bitter experience had not made inequality a synonym for oppression, and if "superiors" had not become associated in everybody's mind with the endurance of some sort of physical or mental suffering.

The long war in which religion and morality have been engaged against mere oppression and brutality has caused reform to run in a kind of groove. Accordingly, the reforming agencies of our day, from Christianity down, are almost entirely devoted to the task of making people comfortable. The social duty most strongly inculcated in our time from the pulpit, the platform, and in the press is brotherly kindliness towards our fellows. In two-thirds of the novels of the day, too, the obligation laid most impressively on the soul of man, next after marrying the girl he loves, is the obligation of kindness to the poor and helpless and desolate and dependent. When the hero has come to deep grief of any kind, the consolation which is provided for him is very often work in a hospital or as a city missionary. The choice girls are nearly all either engaged in some such philanthropic labor, and allured from it with considerable difficulty, or else take to it at some stage in the story, either through disgust with the world or as a great upward step in moral life. The Catholic Church still preserves her earlier traditions in the midst of nineteenth-century civilization, and not only prefers voluntary almsgiving as a means of relieving the poor to any organized system of charity, but places it in the first rank of Christian virtues. The Ritualists run in the same direction. Their ideal Christian life is to spend in the relief of distress whatever time you do not spend at church. When Dr. Arnold was tormented by doubts at Oxford, his High Church friends advised him not to meddle with them, but to smother them in "holy living"—holy living meaning of course, in the main, labor amongst parochial poor.

We do not go over the above ground for the purpose of throwing discredit on the humanitarian tendencies of the age, or for the purpose even of insinuating that charity has done its work, or will ever have done its work. There is still enough misery in the world, and will probably always be enough, to give work to a thousand times as many philanthropists as will ever face it, and we have no doubt that the "enthusiasm of humanity," which plays so large a part in modern progress, will continue to be, as long as our civilization lasts, the most powerful, the purest, and most conservative of its forces. But this must be said, that, although it is right that charity should cover a multitude of sins, it is in our time allowed to cover too many sins for the good of society; that the growth of law and security and public opinion have, in all civilized countries, removed many of the evils on which the spirit of humanity used in past ages to expend its force, while others peculiar to this age have grown up to which neither the Church nor social nor political reformers can as yet be said to offer any organized or effective resistance. For example—the strong man in our day does not rob on the highway or keep serfs; he thieves in business or on the stock exchange, or swindles the government. Bad propensities rarely find vent in acts of brutality; they find vent in acts of knavery. A case of suffering or destitution finds instant relief, on being made known, from a thousand purses, but probably one-half of them are purses filled with ill-gotten gains. The churches are filled with men who would not harm a fly, and whose hearts are tender as women's towards all forms of physical or moral suffering. They give largely to charitable institutions and all institutions having for their object the elevation of the people, but they are either not over-nice in business transactions or do not think hardly of their friends if they are not over-nice. We are not now describing the state of things in any country in particular, but the characteristics of all society in the commercial civilization of our day. In a word, the age in which the moral tone of Christendom was formed was an age of violence, while the present age may be called an age of fraud; and the moral tone which was very effective in the one is very ineffective in the other. We hate slaveholders, aristocrats, rowdies, and all perpetrators of high-handed violence or oppression, but we do not feel unkindly towards an expert speculator or a tricky showman or a fraudulent trustee, if he be a temperance man or an anti-slavery man or a friend of education, or kind to the poor and the young. The Church and society are both equally indulgent to him.

In fact, this feeling of indulgence for all kinds of immorality which may be covered by the term "smart," has become so great that the law is rapidly losing the support from public opinion which it must have in order to make its sentences effective. It is getting more and more difficult to have a swindler or defaulter brought to justice; and not through remissness on the part of judges or juries or public prosecutors, but on the part of moral and religious business men, who are constantly denouncing politicians and officials for their corruption. Bank frauds, on an enormous scale, are of constant occurrence all over the country, but we hardly ever hear of the offenders being prosecuted to conviction. In fact, in a large number of cases, those who ought to put the law in motion either shut their eyes or actually assist the criminal in escaping. A case of this kind occurred in Connecticut very recently. It is not very long since a series of outrageous forgeries were brought to light in New York, and the perpetrator was with much difficulty convicted, and received a very light sentence; but so debauched is public sentiment in this matter that a petition to the governor for his pardon, which we have seen and read, was put in circulation and signed by many of the leading clergymen, lawyers, and merchants, in which all the circumstances which on any theory of moral responsibility we have ever heard of tended to aggravate the guilt of the offender—such as his wealth, his social position, his domestic happiness, his good education, his high religious standing—were produced as excuses for him—a doctrine which, if accepted by either judge, jury, or governor, would break up society.

We commented some months ago on the way in which this excess of good-nature—this humanity-run-wild, if we may call it so—operated in politics to elevate into most responsible positions, requiring a combination of the largest skill and experience with the greatest natural ability, men who had absolutely no claim whatever to prominence except what they derived from their services as humanitarians. The political mischief which this diseased state of the judgment has done during the last few years has been very great; but it cannot be compared for a moment to the social mischief which it works. It is every year lessening the commercial and social value of integrity—that is, of truthfulness, fair-dealing, scrupulousness, and simplicity. There is, in the first place, in every commercial community a tendency, and a natural and in some respects laudable tendency, to admire the man who is successful in getting, rather than the man who is ready in foregoing. In our civilization none of the recognized virtues has fallen so low as self-denial, and its downfall has in a busy age, of course, been facilitated by the fact that it is not one of the readily perceptible virtues. We all see the results of one man's success in business; but we do not see the sacrifices to conscience and character which prevented another perhaps equally able and equally fortunate man from achieving the same success, and we have not the time nor inclination to enquire into it. In the next place, when a man has drawn one of the great prizes of life by amassing a fortune, even if he be well known to have helped himself by fraud or trickery, our humanitarianism comes into play and enables him to purify himself simply by giving freely. If he subscribes handsomely to charitable objects, and associates his name with some philanthropic movement, he silences all cavillers about his character and antecedents.

Moreover, we are all engaged more or less in the pursuit of material comfort; we accordingly sympathize with everybody else in his pursuit of it, and enter into his feelings of disappointment, if he fails in reaching it, with a warmth of which mediæval philanthropists knew nothing. Accordingly, when a man grows over-eager to reach the goal, or over-impatient under his disappointments, and embezzles or forges for purposes of speculation, or walks off with bank funds, very few people feel hardly towards him, not much more hardly towards him than if he had lost heavily at play. The public reads with avidity the newspaper accounts of his "gentlemanly manners," his "culture," his "high social position," and his strong domestic affection, and half hopes he may escape the police, and would think it cruel of his victims to follow him up too closely. Sometimes, in remarkable cases, the newspapers are flooded for some days by his friends with "theories" of his crime, which usually ascribe it, as in the case we have already mentioned, to the very advantages he enjoyed, even to his good moral training itself. Sometimes the offence is laid to the account of a general law. There has to be, as we know from Buckle, a certain number of swindles committed every year, and somebody must commit them; then why be too hard on the poor fellows who are foreordained to share in the job? In a recent bank fraud in this city the newspapers, we do not know with what truth, but with perfect gravity, made the president of the bank ascribe the offence to the unsettled condition of the currency and the national finances. Now, the defaulting cashier had nothing to do with the condition of the currency, then why vex him for walking off with the funds of the institution? Moreover, the humanitarian treatment of offences has received powerful aid from what may be called the congenital school of social philosophers, of whom Dr. Holmes may be said, in this country, to be the chief. According to them, everybody inherits the greater number of his propensities, and these propensities education can only modify in a small degree; therefore, it is almost impossible when anybody robs a till to fix the exact degree of his moral responsibility; almost every till-robber could, if he could produce his genealogical tree, point to an ancestor who gave signs of moral weakness, and who knows but the descendants may have derived it from him?

We have no wish to make the picture any darker than the facts will warrant. We acknowledge that one reason why knavery and fraud were rarer one or two hundred years ago than they are now is, that there was not the same opportunity for them. It is only in communities where great trust is imposed that great frauds can be committed, just as it is only in complex commercial communities that financial panics can occur. But, after making all due allowances, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that in the old whipping and branding days, bad as they were, society supplemented the law with heavier penalties than it now visits on cheats and tricksters. The moral sense was a good deal narrower, but it was stronger, and the sense of personal dignity was deeper, although men were undoubtedly more cruel and unrelenting in temper. Certain detestable types of character which are now becoming very common were then unknown, or, if known, certainly had no chance of social respect and consideration. One of the very valuable social features of Puritanism was the weight of its moral yoke. It made right living so stern and hard, so full of self-denial, that the cheats fled from it, and sooner than assume the burden gave up all claim to the good opinion of their neighbors.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 3, 1868.

AT this time of year it is customary for the chief London newspapers to fill many columns with the history of the past year. If they could give us the merest glimpse of the history of next year, it would be more interesting. However, the plan has its advantages; and perhaps you will allow me to comply with it so far as to take a very slight survey of our present position. I am neither a historian nor a prophet; but there are certain signs of the times which those who run may read. I may say, then, at once that we have not for a long time entered upon a new year with so many gloomy forebodings. The legislative work of the last year amounted simply to passing the Reform bill. As the new elections are not held till 1869, we shall be left for some time to come without reaping any fruits from the measure, except the advantage of having put a perplexing question out of the way. There are, indeed, certain fag-ends of the reform question still to be wound up, which will waste a good deal of time. We have still to pass a Scotch bill and an Irish bill, and the clumsy mode in which the question of the franchise was complicated with the system of parochial rating will probably necessitate a certain quantity of patchwork to mend past boggling. In fact, it is the beauty of Parliamentary legislation that every new act involves another act or two to make it work properly. Meanwhile, we have a year's respite before the democratic deluge bursts upon us; or, another year's delay before we can expect the new element admitted into our constitution to put a little more energy to the work of bringing up arrears.

Let us see what there is to be done of pressing importance. I reckon it amongst the greatest advantages of the Reform bill that it has already forced upon the attention of all thoughtful men the question of education. Every branch of our educational system wants a thorough overhauling. As for the lowest classes, it has become plain that our future masters must be educated. The question is darkened and perplexed by a whole whirl of theological difficulties. The clergy object to have the matter taken out of their hands, and, at the same time, they won't educate dissenters unless they are allowed to make them orthodox. That is the short account of a dispute which diverges into infinite squabbles and recriminations and personalities, until there is danger of losing sight of the real points at issue. There is a vehement cry against secular education, and one of your bishops has come over to tell us that crime is increasing fearfully in America, because your children are taught to read and write by teachers who do not at the same time impress the catechism upon infant minds. I am incompetent to express any opinion upon that subject; but one thing is plain, that the state must take education out of the hands of any sect whatever, and insist that, in one way or other, English children shall be

rescued from their prevailing state of utter intellectual stagnation. The higher branches of our system are in almost equal need of reconstruction. The middle-class schools are detestable; and there is no technical education worth mentioning for our artisans and men of practical science. English manufactures are beginning to suffer because the Continental workmen have such superior means of acquiring the knowledge necessary to their craft; and the want of appropriate schools is thus telling upon that sensitive part—our pockets. The universities and great public schools for the highest classes again require a thorough reform, chiefly in the direction of a wider and more intelligent course of study. Seventy per cent. of the pupils, it is said, are absolutely idle, and most of the remnant receive nothing but a narrow training in Greek and Latin, with a sprinkling of mathematics.

A question in some respects closely connected with this is that of the National Church. It is one of the difficulties in the way of reform, as well of the highest as of the lowest parts of the educational system, that it is closely connected with a Church which is in name national, but which has in reality ceased to be more than the Church of a majority. The whole question, however, of a national church is becoming more and more perplexed. The High Churchmen and Ritualists tell us plainly that a state church is an abomination. The other extreme of opinion falls in with them; the divergence of parties within the Church makes it daily more difficult to drive so refractory and so discordant a team; and the difficulty of keeping the Church wide enough to admit all parties, and of at the same time making it satisfactory to each section of those parties, is threatening to become insuperable. There is danger of a disruption from within as well as of an assault from without. The end is probably far off, but it is plain that a whole series of ecclesiastical questions are coming up for solution which will find ample employment for the reformed Parliament. Whilst such questions as these are presenting themselves, we have to face another set of dangers which much increase the difficulty of a harmonious conclusion.

The whole commercial and manufacturing industry of the country is suffering more than it has done for years. For the first time for several years past the revenue has this quarter lost its elasticity. The income tax, which had been steadily increasing since 1848, has suffered a trifling decline; and this is only one symptom of a widely-spread distress. The commercial depression of the past year is beginning to tell sensibly upon the resources of the country. Railways are all in a bad way, partly from the mismanagement and reckless expenditure of which so many disclosures have lately come to light, partly from the general badness of trade, which, of course, affects their prosperity. The iron trade is bad; we are being undersold in foreign markets, and lost contracts where we should have had an undoubted advantage. The cotton manufacturers, again, are said to be working at a loss. The whole East End of London is out of employment, and a vast city is there on the verge of pauperism. All this, of course, implies a widely-spread distress. We have had three days of frost—the first in our mild English winter (for which, I may remark in passing, our climate seldom receives the credit it deserves). As I write, in a quiet part of London, I hear the melancholy chant of little bands of laborers who perambulate the streets, monotonously repeating, "We're all froze out, we're all froze out, we've got no work to do!" It is a disgraceful thing that two or three days' severe weather always produces this phenomenon. It seems as if the lowest classes considered every recurrence of frost to be due to a special miraculous intervention, and that there is nothing to be ashamed of in having made no more provision for such a catastrophe than for an earthquake. Of course, these howling beggars are the worst of their class, who prefer begging to suffering—a preference which is unknown to the better London poor. Many of these last prefer starving to taking charity, and I have no doubt that some of the howlers are mere impostors as well as improvident persons who have been in receipt of good wages during the summer. The "froze-out" men, however, are outward and visible signs of a great mass of misery which is lying and, I fear, increasing in our back lanes and alleys. Pauperism is at a higher point than it has reached for years. The existing distress is due to causes in which the legislature has a very slight and indirect share; but it brings out another set of evils which urgently require reform. The poor-law regularly breaks down under any excessive and unusual strain. At the West End of London we are tolerably comfortable, and the poor get a fair share of relief. At the East End, where everybody is poor, the relief is ineffective altogether, or is administered so as barely to keep the poor man's head above water for the time, when perhaps a more liberal assistance would have enabled him to scramble out of his difficulties. Workhouse exposures are things to which we are becoming accustomed, and in truth the machinery, which was originally calculated to repel all persons not actually in need of relief, now seems to work in the direction of further degrading those who accept it. It frightens away beggars who could do without begging; but it also lowers the morals of those who are not frightened away, and they are unfortunately numerous.

Turning for a moment abroad, we have now got to that pleasant position that we can look on at all European affairs as unconcerned spectators. The position is perhaps more agreeable than dignified; but at least it gives us leisure to give King Theodorus a lesson in manners. It will only cost a few millions, and help to rub up any part of our military organization that may have grown rusty since the Crimean war. That we have some of the old capacity for mismanagement has been hastily inferred from the facts that we have lost already a large proportion of the mules which had been bought up regardless of expense, and that the delay consequent upon this and other misfortunes seems to give us a prospect of a campaign for two seasons. However, the army seems to be in good spirits, and we hope that their English pluck will bring them through somehow in spite of some English blundering. Without referring to other questions—including that little *Alabama* controversy, which, I may say without prejudice, every one would be glad to see satisfactorily settled, only that "satisfactorily" is a word of rather indefinite meaning—I must add that English attention is for the present very little given to foreign affairs. Fenians, Fenians, Fenians, might be the permanent heading of every newspaper. They are plundering gunmakers' shops in Cork, surprising martello towers—absurd little forts erected in the last war to hinder a French landing, and now guarded by two or three gunners—and threatening to blow up all kinds of buildings in every part of England. The Queen has written a letter to say she is not at all afraid in Osborn, and indeed the Fenians must be possessed by more than Fenian madness if they should attempt any insult to her Majesty. I hear, however, that she has been advised to alter her times of driving out—which would mean that some report of possible insult has been credited by the authorities. And what are Englishmen saying? One correspondent of the *Times* this morning regrets that the prosecution of Gov. Eyre has made martial law impossible; I am thankful that the atrocities committed under his authority put any such act of tyranny out of the question. In various less audacious forms the same cry is reflected with more or less energy. Meanwhile the other extreme—represented by Mr. T. Hughes—proposes something like a confiscation of all Irish landed property to satisfy the tenants. I cannot say that his scheme strikes me as very statesmanlike, though doubtless well meant. The Irish priests, or a part of them, have taken the opportunity to put out a manifesto assuring us that any such proposal would be useless. Their remedy appears to be nothing short of a repeal of the union and a recognition of the separate nationality of Ireland. In short, one party would be content with nothing but forcible suppression of the whole Irish people, and the opposite will be content with nothing but complete independence. Is any compromise possible? To find one will at least tax the abilities of our best statesmen.

If I were to sum up the impression derived from this cursory survey, it would doubtless be in some respects unfavorable. Yet I feel a confidence that the present difficulties of our position will probably lead to better things. The truth seems to be that we have gone on so long in a stupid complacency and boundless satisfaction with our old institutions that we suddenly find a large arrear of work upon our hands. The old semi-aristocratic forms are no longer suited to the day, and a thorough break-up of some kind must take place. We are on the eve of something like a revolution. I do not for a moment mean that we shall have any repetition of the scenes of 1789. There is no danger of seeing the guillotine erected in Trafalgar Square or the Thames full of aristocratic corpses. And one reason is that the governing classes are as fully convinced as others of the necessity of some profound changes. It may be that when they mean to give an inch we shall take an ell, and that they will find it hard to relax their grasp without having their fingers forced open altogether. When we once begin to change, it is hard to say how soon we shall stop; but that great changes are impending seems to be generally agreed, as also that they will be brought about in a constitutional manner. Nor do I see, in spite of many grievances and much conservative stupidity, that the country is at all wanting in the talent or the energy which is necessary to secure the desired results. We shall have an era of excitement very unlike the quiet indifference characteristic of the Palmerstonian era; and, if no unexpected contingencies occur, I think we may have sanguine hopes that the fermentation will end before long in producing a far better social and political state of things than we have lately enjoyed.

Correspondence.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP AND WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Allow me to beg that you will correct a singular mistake in your issue of January 2, in which paper, I have lately noticed, you say: "One of the most singular manifestations of the hostility of the priests to modern ideas is the opposition of the French clergy, headed by the now famous Bishop of Orleans, M. Dupanloup, to the movement for the higher education of women. All attempts to teach women to *think*, to give them any other education than what is called the 'education of the heart,' and which is supplied by priests, they treat, and rightly, as a blow struck at the supremacy of the Church," etc., etc. Nothing can be more incorrect than this statement concerning Bishop Dupanloup; you might with equal truth say that the Republican party of the United States, with Thaddeus Stevens at their head, had united in opposing negro suffrage; for Thaddeus Stevens is no greater advocate of colored men's voting than is Monseigneur Dupanloup of the education and cultivation of women. Of this you can easily convince yourselves by reading his excellent article, published in the October and November numbers of the *Catholic World*, on "Learned and Studious Women." One more able, complete, and instructive you could scarcely find; or one, I should say, judging from the reformatory views you have expressed in your paper, more likely to meet your entire approval. In order to confirm my assertion, I will make a few short extracts, although I feel that you can obtain but a poor idea of the beauty of the whole from these disconnected fragments:

STUDY REGARDED AS A DUTY.

"The rights of women to intellectual culture are not merely rights—they are also duties. This is what makes them inalienable. If they were only rights, women could sacrifice them; but they are duties. The sacrifice is either impossible or ruinous. This is the point of departure for all I have to say. I declare unhesitatingly that it is a woman's duty to study and educate herself, and that intellectual labor should have a place reserved among her special occupations and among her most important obligations."

PIETY WITHOUT INTELLECTUAL CULTURE NOT SUFFICIENT.

"I have no hesitation in saying—and how many experiences have contributed to fortify my conviction—that there are times when piety itself does not suffice. Work, and sometimes very serious intellectual work, is required. Drawing and painting are not enough, unless the painting be of a very elevated character. What the hour calls for, is a strong and firm application of the understanding to some serious work, literary, philosophical, or religious. Then will calmness, peace, serenity be restored. Let us acknowledge the truth. Rigid principles and empty occupations, devotion combined with a purely material or worldly life, make women destitute of resources in themselves, and sometimes insupportable to their husbands and children. But allow a woman two hours of hard study every day, during which the faculties of her soul can recover their balance, perplexities assume their true proportions, good sense and judgment resume their sway, excitement subside and peace re-enter the soul, then she will lift up her head once more; she will see that the intellectual life to which she aspires, in accordance with a craving implanted in her being by God himself, is not denied to her."

LOVE OF DRESS THE GREAT OBSTACLE TO STUDY.

"The objection of want of time, the grand objection so often brought forward, remains to be examined. Have women the time to devote to intellectual pursuits? Let us be honest and confess that there are two obstacles to the leisure: talking and dress. Yes; the great misfortune of women is, that they indulge in long hours of conversation among themselves, and about what, if not dress, gossip, and housekeeping?

"Now, nothing lowers the mind and soul like talking about trifles for hours, and there is but one method of remedying the evil—increase the time devoted to study, thus shortening in an equal degree the hours frittered away in conversation, and supplying mental food far superior to the vulgar subjects that now exhaust so many minds and souls.

"As for dress, too much cannot be said against it, not only as a cause of ruin to women of the world, but a dissolvent of all earnestness even among virtuous Christian women. Dress! That is what wastes the time and exhausts the spirit of women; that is what takes them from their domestic duties, and not these poor, calumniated books. Every attentive observer will recognize, as I do, that it is a taste for the world and for dress that detaches them from home interests far more than a taste for study."

From these extracts you can see how very far Monseigneur Dupanloup is from being opposed to the "higher education" of women. I do not, of course, for a moment charge you with intentionally misinterpreting his sentiments, in order to add to the prejudice existing in the minds of many against the Roman Catholic Church. I am too well assured of your liberality and freedom from bigotry to imagine such a thing, but allow me to say that I should not have expected to find in a journal of the ability and intelligence of yours an instance of so great carelessness. I do not think any one should have attempted to comment so severely upon the Bishop of Orleans's position until he had made some effort to ascertain what that position was—no very difficult undertaking, I should suppose, in the present case. In conclusion, let me add that I think, apart from the well-known excellence of Monseigneur Dupanloup's character, courtesy is particularly due to him at our hands, from the fact that in our late civil contest, when there were so few noted men in Europe who did aught by voice or pen to assist the cause of the North, he was one of those few, and I consider that he is entitled not only to the respect and admiration of all Catholics, but of all loyal Americans.

Caroline E. White.

412 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, January 19, 1867.

[We admit that we may have done Bishop Dupanloup injustice. The article in the *Catholic World* was noticed in the *Nation* in terms of strong commendation at the time of its appearance. Our impression that the bishop was opposed to "the higher education of women," as we understand the term, was derived from his violently denunciatory letter to M. Duruy, which we have, unfortunately, not preserved, but which would have justified, it seemed to us, even stronger censure than we expressed, and which was criticised by the French and English press in the same spirit as by us. We have since seen, however, an explanation by Cardinal Bonnechose, if we remember rightly, that the letter was written under a mistaken idea of the object of the minister's circular. While, however, regretting that we should have done the bishop injustice, either through oversight or misunderstanding, we must add that we still believe if we came to enquire what he really means by "the higher education of women," and under what conditions he would have it carried on, we should find there is a fatal difference between our understanding of the term and his. The Austrian clergy, and even the Pope himself, proclaim themselves at this moment the best friends of education in the world, but then the Austrians and Italians do not believe them, no matter how many articles they write and sermons they deliver, nor do we. When an Austrian or French bishop talks of "education," he talks of something utterly different, not in degree only but in kind, from what we understand by it. Perhaps their conception is the better of the two, but this is not a question we can discuss here.—Ed. Nation.]

OLD-BOOK CATALOGUES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: Our attention has been called to an article in your paper of this week, subject "A Catalogue [issued by this house] of Old Books."

The manuscript for the catalogue in question was made and prepared for the printer by the owner and proprietor of the books (a born Frenchman). We have nothing to say in the matter excepting so far as the inferences and intimations contained in the article may tend to injure our business. We do not profess to be very deeply versed in classical literature, but we know enough to copy a title-page (dates and all) accurately, and to distinguish a "folio calf" from an octavo sheep, or a duodecimo turkey. We remain your obedient servants,

Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press three works: "Naphegyi's Album of Language, Illustrated by the Lord's Prayer in One Hundred Languages;" a new book by Hepworth Dixon with the title "Spiritual Wives;" "Annals of the Christian Commission," written by the Reverend Lemuel Moss; "A Manual of United States Surveying," by J. H. Hawes, who has practised the rectangular survey of public lands in the West; a novel called "Abraham Page, Esquire;" and a work announced as "The Science of Knowledge," by J. G. Fichte—a new translation, we presume, of the celebrated philosopher's "Ueber den Begriff der Wissenschaftslehre."——A letter which has got into print informs us of the establishment of a new publishing house under the name of J. B. Ford & Co., and that its first venture will be the safe one of publishing a "Life of Christ," by Mr. Beecher, who says he has long meditated it.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton add to their list "The Charities of New York," by a writer who keeps his name unknown; "Letters on International Copyright," by Henry C. Carey; the twelfth volume of Mr. Charles Allen's "Report of Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts;" and four books reprinted from *London Society*, all in paper covers and all illustrated. Their titles are as follows:

"Beautiful Miss Johnson;" "May Eaglestone's Lover;" "Sketches of Club Life;" and "Sketches of Society and Travel," by the "Lambeth Casual."

—We have received a catalogue of the library left by the great philologist Bopp, lately deceased at Berlin. Trübner & Company have them for distribution. The books are not to be scattered under the hammer, but are offered for sale all together, bids to be received until March 1. We hope the executors may be justified in their confidence that the collection can be successfully disposed of in this way. It is always sad to see a great man's library dispersed to the four winds of heaven; and there can be but few others in existence which have such a unique value as this, as a gathering, in great part, of testimonial volumes. The authors' autographs and inscriptions which it contains ought themselves to be worth no small sum. Why should not, as in many a like case before, some American institution step in and carry off the prize from European competitors? Even if our longer-established libraries are restrained, by scantiness of means, or by their possession already of a part of the works composing the collection, from bidding for it, there are others which, like the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, or the Cornell University, are just beginning, with more ample funds, and which, by seizing the opportunity here offered, would at once place themselves in an enviable condition as regards the department of linguistics. The sale is for the benefit of the widow, who, as we are informed on the best authority, is left in straitened circumstances. The great master, whom all the world looked up to and admired, was treated by his Government with a niggardliness which is apt to characterize their dealings with their literary and scientific servants; and in his later years of partial invalidism he was obliged to eke out an insufficient salary by drawing upon his small store of savings in better times. It is not our duty to make up the shortcomings of the great Prussian monarchy; yet there would be a satisfaction in helping to fulfil what must have been the last wishes of a man who has earned a title to the gratitude of all coming generations. Trübner & Co., of London, have catalogues, which may be had on application, and we observe that they offer to receive tenders for the purchase of the library.

—"The Old Roman World" is reviewed in the last *North American* by a critic who forfeits his title to the praise of geniality. The author reviewed is Doctor Lord—Doctor John Lord, let us say, for there is a David N. Lord. The latter has written one volume of an uncompleted epic on "Visions of Paradise," but ought not to be confounded with the author of "The Old Roman World." The *North American* reviewer puts into parallel columns passages quoted from Doctor Lord's book and passages which he happens to have read in Professor Philip Smith's contributions to Doctor William Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography." He applies his method to several cases of [columnar] parallelism, but it will be sufficient to exhibit one of many. Dr. Lord informs us that

"His (Polygnotus's) pictures had nothing of that elaborate grouping, aided by the powers of perspective, so much admired in modern art. The figures were grouped in regular lines, as in the bas-reliefs upon a frieze."

Professor Smith says that

"His (Polygnotus's) pictures had nothing of that elaborate, *yet natural*, grouping, aided by the powers of perspective, which is so much admired in modern *works of* art. The figures *seem to have been* grouped in regular lines, as in the bas-reliefs upon a frieze."

It will be seen that the words in italics are not to be found in Doctor Lord's remarks. As the critic himself confesses, Doctor Lord has put on record his contempt of a pedantic display of learning, yet the criticism cites not only quotations from Professor Smith's articles, but passages from an essay written by Doctor Arnold—one which but few people have ever thought of reading. It is a relief to turn to a "genial notice" which is published in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*.

"Doctor Lord," says the second critic, "surveys the character of the consecutive ages with penetrative glances. The train of moral causes and effects is traced in the spirit of a true Christian philosophy. The style flows in perfect consistency with the subject in a grand, powerful, majestic, transparent current. The last three chapters, in which he answers the questions, Why did not Paganism arrest the ruin?and, Why did not Christianity arrest the ruin? and describes the legacy of the early church to future generations, are particularly original, vigorous, and truthful. The work is entitled to take a high place among our popular standards of Roman history."

There is a difference, that the reader will at once perceive, between the way in which these reviewers treat their author. Under the one system of criticism merit is recognized, honor is freely given to honesty, industry, and ability. Under the other, there is no geniality; literary charlatanism grows rank; honest, valuable workers are depressed and discouraged.

—One of the small secrets of literature, as Mr. Anthony Trollope calls them, is revealed by the *Bookseller* for December. It concerns the *Owl*, a comic paper published in London, of which few Americans know anything, and of which most of us who know of it at all only know that it was on the side of the late Confederacy during the war of the rebellion. That it should have been so will not seem strange, now that the story of its origin is made known. At about midnight, one Saturday, some gentlemen were standing in the recess of a window in Lady Palmerston's drawing-room, and were busily talking together. Lord Palmerston came up to them, and asked what it was about which they were deliberating. Somebody answered that they were considering the possibility of establishing a new paper, in which his lordship and whatever was to be found in her ladyship's drawing-room—love, marriage, and diplomacy—should be heartily quizzed. "What next?" Lord Palmerston is represented as saying. "A conspiracy in my own house! You owls!" So the establishment of the new paper having been decided on, Lord Palmerston's term of reproach suggested a title, and on the same night, at the St. James's Club, the distribution of parts for the first number was made. There was no thought of profit, so the financial arrangements were soon made, and a small news-vender was installed as publisher. Among the early contributors were Messrs. Borthwick and Laurence Oliphant, the Honorable Evelyn Ashley, Lord Palmerston's private secretary, Lord Houghton, Max Schlesinger, Odo Russell, and the Honorable E. Ponsonby. Its deep insight into all impending marrying and giving in marriage in high life procured for the *Owl* celebrity and expensive advertisements, so that it was at once pecuniarily successful, and it was successful in another sense by reason of its wit and humor. But Palmerston died; the contributors were scattered, some going to India, some to Canada—leaving the kingdom on which the sun never shines for all parts of the empire on which the sun never sets—and the paper ceased to be what it had been. The editor of the *Morning Post*, however, who was one of its founders, stuck to it, and it is still profitable to its owners, though the public calls it dull.

—Such male Americans as have been giving to women what they suspected to be too great respect and civility will be pleased to find that, after all, their conduct has been not without reason. *La Liberté* discovers a sufficient justification for them. They are conservators, it seems, of the traditions of our colonial times. Once women were rare among us; so what more natural than that, being little known, they should be valued, liked, petted? Well, then, it was so that it happened, and so it still happens; for on the western side of our giant Republic always there are new States in which women are few, and the old colonial tradition in regard to their value is always kept in full life and strength. So *La Liberté* goes on. There is nothing beats a Frenchman at philosophizing—except a philosopher—and it may be worth while to hear from our writer what it is in our present condition that we owe to our inordinate deference to woman. In the first place, our men of science look to feminine approbation for a career, for place, honors, riches, glory. Feminine influence is felt even in colleges and universities. Women invade the libraries, conservatories, museums. It is necessary to prepare for them beautiful saloons, ornamented with all sorts of curiosities, whither they lead their admirers, where they chatter and prattle. In the United States the professor cannot succeed unless the American woman is pleased with him. There is serious danger that she will import into his severe domain trouble, feebleness, frivolity, superficiality. Even the astronomer of the Republic is not undevout; women demand of him that he shall show them the rings of Saturn, the satellites of Jupiter, and he submits and does it. This last assertion seems incredible.

—We mentioned some weeks ago the discovery by Mr. Charles Edmonds of a unique copy of a hitherto unknown edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis." It was found in the house of Sir Charles Isham at Lamport, Northamptonshire, and that gentleman has consented to the printing in fac-simile of a few—we believe one hundred—copies of the work. The volume contains, it will be remembered, not only the "Venus and Adonis," but also a collection of pieces known as the "Passionate Pilgrim," "Epigrams and Elegies" by Sir John Davies and Christopher Marlow, and Marlow's "Ovid's Elegies." In the same lumber-room where this precious volume was discovered Mr. Edmonds found many other works of the first degree of rarity, belonging to the Elizabethan era, and of some of these, too, Sir Charles will permit a reprint to be made. Bibliographers will also be interested in learning that by application to Joseph Smith, author and publisher, at No. 2 Oxford Street, Whitechapel, they may obtain "A Descriptive Catalogue of Friends' Books." It contains more than two

thousand octavo pages, and describes, with occasional critical remarks and biographical notices, all books written by Quakers.

—The number of new books, pamphlets, and other publications of a single year in Great Britain is now about four thousand. This is exclusive of reprints. In 1867, for example, there have appeared 4,144 new books and new editions. In 1866, the number was 4,204. In 1760, the new works published in Great Britain were about 93 in number. But this number is, exclusive of pamphlets and tracts. From 1800 to 1827, the average number had risen to 588; in 1836, it had risen to 1,332; and now, as we have said, it is not far from 4,000. So England reads about forty times as much as it did in the days when George the Third was king, or rather when he began to be king, and seven or eight times as much as it did in the end of his reign—the palmy days adorned by Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, Lamb, Wilson, and the others. As to the constituent parts of this mass of literature, it is thus divided: of religious works there are 849; of novels there are less than half as many, the number being 410; minor works of fiction and children's books come between novels and books of a religious character, and number 535; then come 257 volumes of annuals and serials, 212 works of travel and topography, 210 of English philology and education, 193 historical and biographical works, 196 on European and classical theology and translations—whatever "European theology" may be—150 books of poetry and the drama. Next follow, in nearly equal numbers, works on politics and questions of the day, on science, on medicine and surgery, and on law. Books on trade and commerce, horticulture and agriculture, art and architecture, naval and military subjects, and books classed as miscellaneous, fill out the list, and make the total number 4,144.

—A very fruitful comparison has been undertaken between the smallest and the largest republic of the world by Prof. Rüttimann, of Zürich, in a work entitled "Das nordamerikanische Bundesstaatsrecht verglichen mit den politischen Einrichtungen der Schweiz," of which the first volume is mentioned by the *Chronicle*. The author's interpretation of our fundamental law is shown by his rejecting Calhoun's theory of nullification, and the freshness of his information by his remarks upon the evil effects of an elective judiciary, illustrated by the example of New York. The second volume is promised for this year, "giving an account of the whole material resources of the federal power."——A. Bastian's book on "The Nations of Eastern Asia" (Die Völker der östlichen Asien) is a valuable and timely contribution to the geography and ethnography of that once remote continent. The fourth volume, just published, contains the author's account of his journey through Cambodia to Cochin-China. He intends to treat, in the next volume, of Japan, China, and the Archipelago (more especially Singapore, Batavia, and Manilla), and in the sixth volume of Mongolia and Siberia, and his return through the Caucasus, Southern Russia, and Galicia. The final volume will contain an essay on Buddhism.——The third section of the third volume of Wilhelm von Giesebrecht's "Geschichte der deutschen Kaiserzeit" (History of the Times of the German Emperors), which has just appeared, relates to the rule of Henry V., and gives, as usual, copious references. The work occupies the front rank among German histories.——"Das deutsche Land," or Germany, in its characteristic traits and historical relations, by Dr. T. Kutzen, is written in a warm and genial spirit, but presupposes an acquaintance with the history and geography of the country.

"THE MANNERS OF THE DAY" IN PARIS.*

THE common aim of French *littérateurs* at the present moment seems to be to out-do Juvenal on his own line, and M. Feydeau has bent his bow last, and, we may say, shot furthest. It is hardly needful to say that his story is a tale of the seventh commandment, as that injunction is handled in French fictitious literature. It is filled with all manner of indecent episodes, and terminates in an incident so monstrous that its exact nature is not even hinted to us, and the heroine, in consequence of her share in it, is despatched by her husband to a madhouse. We can imagine the indignation of M. Feydeau's *confrères* at his having been beforehand with them in this charming contrivance. The next one who writes a novel will have, under penalty of seeming insufferably prudish, to invent something still more exasperating; for the public desires are irritated with each successive dose of its stimulus, and it is not easy to see what they will finally require. The hero of M. Feydeau's work is a young professor, "the hope of the university," whose life is made wretched by his passion for the Comtesse de Châlis, "one of the three or four women *qui donnent le ton* to Europe." M. Feydeau concludes triumphantly in favor of a literal interpretation and a strict observation of the seventh commandment aforesaid. Toward the close of his story the hero is made to exclaim: "Who does not dream at twenty of having a married woman for mistress? *C'est si flatteur! et si camarade!* But it drags us through shame until, at the end, we despise ourselves." It has been only a subordinate intention of the author, however, to lead us to this undisputed conclusion. His chief purpose is to show how degraded—how (in its own language) "*encanaillé*" the tone of the best society must have become when such women as Madame de Châlis are its queens, and such creatures as a little beast of a prince, who is another of her lovers, its paladins. The work is of a happy length; it is anything but dull; the character of the Countess, in its utter ignobleness and triviality, leaves a vivid impression; the incidents are highly ingenious, and hideous enough to gratify the most fastidious taste. The moral passages, although numerous, are short, and in the last degree entertaining. When, for instance, soon after the beginning of the hero's intimacy with the Countess, he undertakes to wean her from the vanities and follies which have hitherto occupied her attention, this is the way he does it: "Raising my finger to the stars, I explained to her, in language which I strove to make as clear as possible, the most formidable problems which have impassioned humanity. I began by retracing the history of the probable formation of the worlds. I told their number, their distance from the earth," etc., etc., for a page. "An hour was enough for me to condense in a rapid improvisation the discoveries of Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, Laplace. It took hardly another to pass in review the labors of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Lamarck, Lyell, Vogt, Darwin." He then sketches for her the history of humanity, "*toujours émouvante quoique toujours désolante*;" how empires have succeeded empires and perished "by the exaggeration of the principle of invasion. India," he continues, "Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Carthage, Greece, Rome, passed each in turn through my recital, with its *escort* of great men. But there was needed a conclusion to so many incoherent events, and this conclusion, as I thought, could only consist in principles of fixed morality, leading to a rule of conduct." This rule the speaker proceeds to unfold, in a voluminous manner, through eight more pages, in the course of which, by the way, he attributes the social corruption of Paris to the "infection of the manners of foreigners," who flock thither "by virtue of that attraction which the French character has always exerted on neighboring nations." The upshot of it all is that the Countess straightway modifies her manner of life, and under his direction devotes several weeks to teaching her children to read, enjoys "the pleasure of giving, the most noble which the human species knows," visits the humblest cottages, and hovers over "nauseous beds where misery tossed side by side with suffering." He, meanwhile, subjects her to a course of sound reading, "striving to maintain her in a sort of intellectual *juste milieu*, equally removed from rigorism and from license," and, in fine, to combine instruction with amusement.

If an American were to write the history of a woman's conversion in this supremely flippant way, we should not know what to be most amused with, his puerility or his pedantry. And yet to the average French mind the sentimental portions of M. Feydeau's narrative will doubtless seem very natural and touching. Even to such a reader, however, they must yield in reality and interest to the more repulsive portions. So long as the exploits of vice are so clearly described, so long will books of this class continue to be read for the sake of their pictures of vice. It is true that accurate descriptions of deformed natures and perverted feelings may do a certain amount of good. No doubt, by their vivid representations of the extreme of certain illicit paths, they inspire fresh young minds with a mistrust and a loathing which stiffen their limbs against the first easy steps. We feel certain that that very superior work, "Madame Bovary," for example, has done in the aggregate a vast deal of real service. But to minds which have once parted with their freshness and youth, works even more sternly didactic than the one just mentioned, so long as they pretend to teach exclusively by example, will be sure to do more harm than good. Such books are useful only as they stimulate thought, and the great objection to them is that *prima facie*—for superficial readers—they tend to repress thought. One may say that the great mass of readers are superficial, that it is only here and there that they possess sufficient moral vigor to react against the subtle drowsiness of conscience which accompanies the perusal of the works to which we allude, and one is therefore almost led to write them down. But one ends by feeling the pulse of his own conscience, and, finding it steady, concludes that, on the whole, in the interest of art it is good policy to prohibit nothing which makes a claim to artistic merit.

* "La Comtesse de Châlis; ou les Mœurs du Jour. Par Ernest Feydeau." Paris Michel Lévy. 1868.

M. Feydeau's novel goes beyond this, and makes a claim to be considered as a work of edification. Under this head, for the reasons we have suggested—for the want of substance and penetration in the moral element of the narrative—we consider it a total failure. Viewed as a work of art, it is not much better. It has no originality or beauty, and no particular charm beyond the luck of having come out of a good literary school. Thanks to their Juvenalian literature (among other things), the citizens of the French capital are winning an odd reputation in unsophisticated foreign lands. It certainly seems unfair toward a poor sinner to take advantage of his *peccavi* to ventilate your own superior virtue, but it takes a vast deal of magnanimity to prevent one from doing so. One may almost say, indeed, that it is the sinner's fault if you do. What business else had he to be full and so graphic in his avowal? Still, we shall be none the worse for closing up the interview by a speedy absolution. The desire to properly qualify one's mind for an enlightened abhorrence of vice by the perusal of such books as the "Comtesse de Châlis" seems to us by no means the least reprehensible trait of the "manners of the day," and any thing but a symptom of reaction against them. But we cannot help believing that, in the great city where they have reached the extravagant pitch registered by M. Feydeau, a reaction is destined to come, either in peace or in violence. Meanwhile, in other great cities where things are fortunately not quite so bad, we can very well afford to let Parisian chroniclers pile up documents for future antiquarians without trying too hard to keep our own contemporaneous researches on a level with our natural enthusiasm for propriety—lest some day they should get ahead of it.

"TEMPLE HOUSE."*

THE chief figure in "Temple House" is Argus Gates, a man of the sort which female novelists, considered as intellectual beings, have been for a long time asking us to admire. Next is Sebastian Ford, a man of the sort which female novelists, considered as creatures of sentiment and poetic passion, depict as all but irresistible. Then we have John Carfield, who addresses himself to the animal side of female novelists. There are other male personages in the book, and there are several female figures—Roxalana Gates, Temple Drake, and, most important, Virginia Brande, whom the tall, florid, deep-voiced, insolent, and sensual Carfield desires to marry, who loves or thinks she loves Argus Gates, icy, misanthropic, blaspheming, proud, sceptical, middle-aged, poor, scornful, cigar-smoking, epigrammatic, bitter; whom, finally, the olive-tinted, dreamy, sympathetic, hot-blooded, beautiful Sebastian seems to love, and who, if we do not mistake Mrs. Stoddard's intentions, is going, in turn, to love the creole.

If we do not mistake the author's intentions, we say. We may as well secure the reader of the story from a possible disappointment by informing him that "Temple House" is a story that has no end. Properly enough, too, for it has almost no plot, and should have no catastrophe—no ultimate result to which various actions tend. Not, for the matter of that, that it is uncommon to find writers as clever as Mrs. Stoddard putting into the last pages of a novel some inconsequent event, calamitous or fortunate, which is to be accepted as the natural upshot of the events of the other pages. But Mrs. Stoddard, whatever other mistakes she has fallen into, has not fallen into this one. We hardly know why. She has an inveterate habit of dealing in hints and innuendoes; perhaps that is the reason; perhaps to her the conclusion seems perfectly intelligible, though we make nothing of it, or, if we make anything, it is this—that a woman needs two men. But we are not willing to say that the novel is meant to teach this lesson, and say sincerely that we distrust our own judgment in the matter. For we found very many single sentences, epigrammatic and philosophic, as we read through the book, of which we could not get the meaning, and we suppose that, in the case of a writer so perspicuous in style as Mrs. Stoddard, this is to be attributed to our inability to follow the subtle shiftings of her thought. Sometimes we understood her clearly and easily, but sometimes only with difficulty and vaguely; and though we paid her the compliment of always thinking she was saying something worth hearing, and of trying to comprehend what it was, yet sometimes we understood her neither fully nor partly, neither clearly nor obscurely, but simply not at all. The book may, therefore, really have an end which we missed finding. But we think that it either ought not to have any end, or ought logically to have the one—hardly supposable as meant by the author—which we have mentioned—Virginia ought to marry Argus, and have in Sebastian a lover. If we say that Argus, out of his friendship for Sebastian, probably yields him Virginia, still we have on our hands Virginia's long and powerful love for Argus, to say nothing of the love existing between Sebastian and Temple Drake.

But, on the whole, we think it not quite fair to presume that the author had plot or catastrophe seriously in mind when she wrote her story. "Temple House" is intended as an attempt at the painting of character, or a gallery for the exhibition of pictures of Argus, Sebastian, Roxalana, and the others. Argus is of an old New England family, has been a sea-captain, is now forty years old, was always poor, but just before the story commences is still further impoverished by the extravagance of a rascally brother, and lives meanly in the ancient house of the Temples, a decaying old building in a decayed town which, we are told, is in New England. Argus is a self-contained, cynical philosopher. He smokes continually. He drinks at a sitting two and three quarts of brandy. He is at times brutally and heartlessly coarse and cruel in his speech, though he never loses his temper; he makes the pleasing remarks of Rochester with the coolness of Mephistopheles. At other times his manners are even courtly in their finish. Indifference he carries to its highest pitch. Mrs. Stoddard does not say so, but we know his whole family: he would kill his only surviving grandmother every day in the week in a perfectly easy manner, a kind of a casual way, and then with a cigar—which we should "instinctively feel was of the best quality"—would walk among the shrubbery and scent the evening air, expressing doubts as to the immortality of the soul, and making severe remarks on woman and the clergy. We quote a passage in which at one and the same time this being of iron and ice exhibits his profanity, his independence, his brutality and his suavity, his knowledge of the world and his empire over others. Let us remark first that his niece Tempe bursts into the house one day where Argus is sitting with Roxalana, and announces angrily that she wants pocket-money, and requires to be informed why she is kept so shabbily. Argus ventures to offer this suggestion: "I will tell you why you cannot have money. Your father robbed me of so much that I shall never be able to be generous to his daughter."—"It's a lie!" Tempe interjects.—"And I will tell you a way to get money. Marry it." Thereupon Tempe marries a rich young man who shortly afterwards dies. Argus is present at the wedding, where he is, as regards Miss Virginia, polished, though dreadfully cynical, as may be seen in the quotation below, but where, as regards John Drake, he "sits down on him," as they say, with severity:

"Tempe is going on a journey," she says. "You will miss her."

"I have just been speaking with that blonde puppy, her husband, about it. I have no idea that I shall suffer in her absence. How do you think he will enjoy himself in my society? They are to be with us, you know."

"I am almost sorry to hear that."

"Why are you sorry?"

"I like the house as it is; the intrusion of a stranger may change its aspect."

"This is one of your whims. You remind me of those French women who retire to a convent for a week or two of prayer and bread and water. When they return to the world their lovers' oaths have a new charm, and their wine a fresh sparkle."

"Don't hurt me."

Argus looked at her, and his eyes blazed with a quick mischievous fire. It was impossible for her, with all her sense of conventionality, not to show that she felt his glances.

"I like to hurt you," he said.

John Drake appealed to them, and smilingly nodded to Virginia. His bright silken hair spread wildly round his head; his delicate face was deeply flushed, his mouth was half open, and as he approached his gait was uncertain.

"Damn you," said Argus, "you are drunk."

Virginia rose, and drew John's arm towards her.

"Come," she said, "I want to see your mother's celebrated cactus plants. I know where they are; will you show them to me?"

Argus, of course, possesses—let us say this in the interest of the female producers of fiction, who often construct a hero who is a sad fool, but never one who has not some really manly traits,—Argus, of course, possesses the courage of a paladin, as much nerve and strength as if he were not a loafing smoker, and, when roused, as much energy as an earthquake. One day he sits and reads comedies—Wycherly's, we fear, or Mr. Congreve's. His women-folk and a most astonishing creature of a sailor urge him in their various ways to take a stroll down to the harbor-bar and save a shipwrecked crew. What does he do? He smiles superior, he lights a cigar, he looks at the weather, and returns to his comedy. By and by, however, this man who knows everything, who can do everything, who is never at a loss, who is always cool, looks at the weathercock, makes a subtle, mocking reference to his winding-sheet, goes down to the beach, and saves a young man's life. It is Sebastian Ford, a young gentleman of half-English, half-Portuguese blood, who flees from home because he discovers his mother's guilty connection with a priest, knocks about the world, having guilty connections of

* "Temple House. A Novel. By Elizabeth Stoddard." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

his own, and is finally cast on shore in Kent harbor. Argus takes him, insensible, into his house. It is on this same night that we discover the possible tenderness of the bitter, world-weary man. Sebastian, waking from his swoon, finds Argus watching by his bed, and thus these two converse, swearing friendship, or rather finding it inexplicably made to their hands:

Sebastian, aware of the physical strain he had gone through, was amazed at his increasing brightness and deep refreshment.

"How do you do it, Argus?" he exclaimed.

"I don't do it. Do you suppose there will be such a storm again?"

"You are a strange man."

"Because I observe you through a number of glasses? It is my telescopic way. I am a marine, you know—one of the shelved monsters of the deep. Have you a fancy to start a museum?"

"Yes,—and begin with that curiosity between men—our friendship."

"I said, 'your friend.' I am not inclined to twist my mouth with repeating a phrase I have not used for forty-one years."

"Heavens! how old are you?"

"Forty-one."

Sebastian pulled his moustache with the air of solving a problem, and Argus walked up and down the room as if there was no problem left him to solve. Each observed the other furtively, and both felt a sentiment new to them.

"I have provoked Nature into a conspiracy," said Argus at length. "I experience something akin to the *Ideal*. I have refused to learn it from ordinary circumstances—she has thrown you towards me."

"And I," replied Sebastian, "find something in the Real, which I have struggled against. I'll try a few steps on the floor, too."

He slipped from the cot, and stood dizzy and reeling.

"Steady," said Argus, approaching him; "you still have on your sea legs."

Sebastian flung his arms round the neck of Argus, and kissed his cheek.

We may as well have done with Argus at once; so we give a scene which shows him when Virginia Brande is impelled to make her love known to him. He is sitting asleep, or apparently asleep, in a summer-house:

She watched the light playing over his cold, steadfast face; his bowed head and long drooping hands, so fixed and motionless in their pale hue, reminding her of the pictures in illuminated missals. Stooping towards him, she softly put her hands in his, and was caught in an iron grasp. Argus stood up, wide awake, and drew her close to him; their eyes met, and instantly he disengaged his hands.

"Why, my girl, Virginia," he whispered, turning his face away; but, she struck him slightly, and said:

"Look again, Argus, and read me something."

He was obliged to meet her eyes again, and as he did so a faint streak of color passed over his face. It seemed to him that he was recalling something that had happened long ago—events, or incidents, which perplexed him when passing, although he did not know it till now. He shook his head involuntarily. Virginia started backwards as if frightened, and her hat fell off, dropping between them. Argus frowned at it, and said, "Damnation!" then picked it up. As she took it from his hand she moved towards the door of the summer-house, still facing him; she looked so sweet, and sincere, and so indescribably dignified withal, that he felt a pang of regret to have her go, and said, "Damnation!" again.

"Only oaths, Argus?"

Her face looked set now, and there were hurt smiles in her beautiful eyes. He sprang to her.

"You would have me confess, Virginia, that I am a man, after all, and that I know I am touched by the flame burning in *you*. Does it please you to hear me? As for oaths,—come here—put your head over my heart,—it swears by what it must reject."

Argus we have seen and Sebastian we have seen; it remains to let Mr. Carfield come into view. He has been living for some time at Mr. Brande's, has lent the old gentleman money, and is everywhere looked on as the accepted suitor of Miss Virginia. On one occasion, just before intruding himself into the lady's chamber with intent to compromise her so fatally that she perforce must marry him, he discourses to her after the fashion, which would please or has pleased, Mr. Whitman:

"It may be absurd, but do you know that I expect to marry you? When your father came to see my father, his old friend, worth—let me see how much—say three hundred thousand dollars—I heard him describe his daughter and his Forge, one as handsome, talented, free, the other as an ugly fixture, restricted, encumbered. I believed him; so did my father, a clever, sharp old man. He said, 'Go to Kent.' I came, and am not sorry for coming. There is a hundred thousand dollars of my money here; every day of my stay has cost me hundreds. I gamble with the Forge for your speech, your gestures, your attentions, your presence, for *you*. I love you. Do you know what that means? Do you understand men, my princess? We are procreators, providers, protectors, but we are lustful, acute, selfish for you women; the best, wisest, most tender hero is also what I say. What would be the form of society if it were not so? When our functions cease, let us be children again, and gentle, fulfilling the charities, and bridge our way to heaven. Be my wife, give me children; divide with me the goods of this world; change the look which is in your eyes sometimes—an expectation of the thin, airy goods of the next world—and meet mine with that hope which allures weak men to madness and death, and incites strong men to pluck the jewels from the crown of life, and wear them as kings."

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

THE *North American* has, we see, formally discarded its old rule, and in this number, except as regards the critical notices, gives at the end of the articles the author's name. To this there can be no objection; for, whatever they once were, quarterly reviews are nowadays only quarterly volumes of essays, and the arguments, weighty or otherwise, against the anonymous system as applied to writing in daily and weekly periodicals, have no application to the case of reviews, which no longer serve, and but very seldom aim to serve, any particular party. The corrector of the press, by the way, would do well to watch closely in future for a confusion of the plural and singular forms of the first personal pronoun, two or three instances of which we observed in reading through the articles.

The writers in the number for January are Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr. ("Boston"), Mr. W. D. Howells ("Francesco Dall' Ongaro's Stornelli"), Mr. Samuel Eliot ("Fraser's Report on the Common School System"), Mr. A. S. Hill ("The Character of Jonathan Swift"), Mr. E. L. Godkin ("Co-operation"), Mr. A. G. Browne ("Governor Andrew"), Mr. Sidney G. Fisher ("Nominating Conventions"), Mr. Lowell ("Witchcraft"), and the anonymous writer of a paper entitled "Railroad Management."

Mr. Lowell's article is unsigned, he being an editor of the review, but of course his hand is unmistakable. The article is not to be called anything like exhaustive or very well compacted. As a whole, it is not carefully finished, but it is carefully finished and fine—of course, again—as regards the style merely, and the wit of it leaves possible no doubt of its authorship. It may be described as telling stories drawn from many curious books on witchcraft, and has, perhaps, less to do with the book—Upham's "Salem Witchcraft"—which gave occasion for its production than one could wish. For who knows old or new New England so well as Mr. Lowell? and all the good and bad of old New England, and much of the good and bad of new New England, was in Salem in the end of the seventeenth century. But besides its wit and the out-of-the-way reading which it shows, and with which it makes the reader partially acquainted, the article has many remarks which display insight into human nature, moral and intellectual, and to read it without profit is almost as impossible as to read it without lively pleasure. And it is suggested to us to say, although we take Mr. Lowell's warning against scorning our ancestors, that one cannot look on this picture of what was believed, especially of what was consequently done, a couple of hundred years ago without taking hope for the future of the race, and something more of comfort in the spectacle of the present. This is not an entirely delightful age, but, after all, we shall never see Chief-Justice Chase and the other justices ordering to the rack old women charged with having assignations with Satan, and making Mr. Forney, say, howl in a neighboring chamber, as if in great torment, in order to terrify the accused into confession.

Mr. Howells has written two or three articles partly biographical, and in greater part critical, on modern Italian minor poetry—on modern Italian poetry, indeed, for it is not injustice to call it all minor poetry. In this latest essay we learn about Francesco Dall' Ongaro. Mr. Howells does not confine himself and us to sympathetic criticism—criticism acute sometimes as well as sympathetic—but gives translations of some of that series of poems in which Dall' Ongaro did for the Italian struggle of 1848 and 1859, and of to-day, for that matter, what Dobell and Alexander Smith did not nearly so well—hardly well at all—for the English Crimean war. Thus we are ourselves enabled to make a fair judgment of the poet—a judgment at any rate that is not too unfair; for whatever else poets lose in translation—prettinesses, beauties even—they do not lose much in weight in essentials. A pleasant and instructive volume might be made out of Mr. Howells's essays on these later poets, and the essay on Italian comedy which was not long since published.

Governor Andrew's fervent, large, simple nature is very well revealed in Mr. Browne's character of him, which will strongly confirm those who knew him in their high opinion of that able and good man. The article is very cleverly composed, if it is what it is by design, for its simplicity and the absence of pretension in it are quite in harmony with its subject-matter. It is to be hoped that Governor Andrew's biographer, in writing the forthcoming life, will draw largely upon Mr. Browne's recollections; and if Mr. Browne can do as well by the historical as he has done by the personal side of the governor's biography, it seems as if the life of his chief might have been as well done by him—though he is evidently an unpractised writer—as by any one that could have been selected.

Articles of more or less value, none of them uninteresting, but all of less interest than those previously mentioned, are that entitled "Boston," that on "Nominating Conventions," that on Mr. Fraser's book, and that on "Railroad Management." The one last mentioned is thus far valuable, that it gives some facts concerning the relative merits as regards speed, cost, and safety of American and foreign railroads. Having set his facts before us, the author ends with advice to the corporations, counselling them to make use of all inventions which will make fuel cheaper, improve the road-ways and give better machinery, and to adopt a system of regular promotion, only advancing such officials as have rendered faithful and efficient service. This is good advice, but such, we imagine, as the unaided average director must have already often given himself. Still, the article, though it does not treat of those questions touching railroads in which the general public are most interested, is sound and instructive, and by stockholders, at least, will be pronounced interesting. Mr. Adams's article is of more interest to Bostonians than other people; but we are all more or less Bostonians. He recounts the well-known story of the city's comparative decline, and recounts it in vigorous language, but he does more; he is a voice crying in the wilderness, but also he is a voice which directs to paths. Boston, he thinks, may yet be restored to a place among cosmopolitan cities, may be saved from impending provincialism, from becoming merely a seat of commerce with the Dominion of Canada, and an exchange for merely New England merchants. He believes that if there were to be appointed a board of commissioners, whose duty it should be to study the causes of Boston's commercial decadence, as Horace Mann and his coadjutors studied the failure of the Massachusetts school system, as the Harbor Commissioners have studied the condition of the harbor, as several other Massachusetts commissions have recently addressed themselves to various subjects, a way would be found to raise the city to her old rank. The efforts towards that end which have been made hitherto, have been, he says, spasmodic, and therefore of no effect. A commission would, he thinks, find out precisely what is needed, and Boston could then go to work intelligently. It seems not impossible that something of the kind might be done. Bostonians have helped to make many other cities great, and certainly worse things could be wished for the country than that the influence of Boston should be increased.

Mr. Eliot's review of Mr. Fraser's excellent report is useful and readable. Mr. Eliot, while admitting the full weight of some, very successfully meets others of Mr. Fraser's objections to our school system—that one, for example, which urges that in American schools there is not enough of religion. We take a passage from a late account of the condition of children in a certain English mining district:

"Although it is painful to do so, we give a few illustrations of this ignorance on religious subjects, taken from the answers of children: God is 'a good man,' or the 'man in heaven.' 'I've heard of Christ, but don't know what *it* is.' 'Don't know where God lives, or about the world being made or who made it.' 'The Bible is *not* a book.' 'Have not heard of Christ.' 'Don't know if I am a Christian, or what it is or means.' 'The good and bad go to heaven alike.' 'Them as is wicked shall be worshipped.' 'When people die they are burned, their souls and their bodies.' 'All go into the pithole, where them be burned.' 'They never get out and live again. They have not a soul. I have not one.' 'The soul does not live afterwards. It's quite an end of people when they die.' 'The devil is a good person; don't know where he lives.' 'Christ was a wicked man.' 'Don't know what prayer means, or who it is said to.'"

In making this quotation, we are as far as possible from the spirit which indulges in a *tu quoque*. The kind and fair tone of Mr. Fraser's book would disarm even a disputant badly addicted to that substitute for argument. But one reads such things and sees a reason why English Christians may be more anxious than Americans can be to make their schools give definite instruction in religion, and for another thing, such statements of facts suggest the thought that any instruction whatever that a school teacher could give such unfortunate children must be, in a high degree, religious.

Mr. Fisher's essay is an attempt at answering the question which the Philadelphia Union League some months since propounded. Mr. Fisher would secure the nomination of good men by establishing boards of nominors. These he would have composed of native American white citizens, not less than forty years old, educated according to a standard fixed by law, possessed of a certain amount of property or income, regularly elected, sworn to the faithful performance of their duty, and liable to a stated punishment if convicted of unfaithfulness. Then he would have it ordained by law that any man wishing to hold office should send in his name to the nominating boards, and that then these should, or should not, present it to the electors. The adoption of this scheme is, of course, hopeless. If it could do what it offers to do, it would be rejected. But we are persuaded, had this State made it into law on the first of the current month, that before the first day of January, 1869, Mr. Fernando Wood's name would be found in the list of New York nominors. To raise the voter is the way to get good men raised into office.

Mr. Adams Hill, in his article on Swift, earns the praise due to industry. A good deal—perhaps all—of what Swift's friends have said in his favor Mr. Hill states, and in good enough English. To what can justly be said against his client for the nonce Mr. Hill pays too little attention, and we get no complete view of the man. Indeed, the paper is so unjudicial in tone that one gets from its perusal not quite so much satisfaction as might be wished.

The literary notices in this number are none of them less than fairly good, and some are to be highly praised—as the review of Maudsley's "Physiology and Pathology of the Mind;" of Dr. Peabody's last work, and of the "Old Roman World" of Doctor John Lord. Doctor Lord, we should say, will hardly publish many more books. Moral indignation is not poured out by his reviewer; but facts are brought to bear on him in a way that makes one pity him almost more than a Christian ought to bear.

Recent Republications.—There is a good deal of very clever writing of the keen and witty controversial sort in English religious journals, and in the pamphlets which are constantly published by one or another sectarian champion. We, over here, however, most often do not understand the merits of the particular controversies, so the writing of which we speak is almost wholly unread among us. Indeed, it is not far from being unreadable; the learning and acumen of the writers are apt to seem to us as if wasted on things essentially trivial, or, at best, of much less than vital importance; the wit is in great part unintelligible except to the clerical reader well up in the quarrels which constitute the late history of the Church of England, and then, too, sharp as much of it is, it very often is marked by a sort of small spitefulness, an unmanly littleness and bitterness which are pretty sure to sicken the lay reader—the reader, at any rate, who is a layman of some other Church than the English Episcopal, and who has no special reason for hating a "Latitudinarian" more than he hates an "Attitudinarian" or a "Platitudinarian." There were many thousands of people in England who took extreme unchristian pleasure, we suppose, in a recent conundrum which asserted that Eve before she fell was Eve-angelical, but afterwards took to vestments; and there were thousands of others deeply pained and grieved by it. But nearly all Americans would have to take a course of Sundays with the young gentlemen up at St. Alban's before they would see the heinousness of it, or why it was thought to be a good joke. This pamphlet,* then, may perhaps be imagined dull in a high degree, when we say that it gives the substance of a debate which is supposed to have taken place in convocation between the Very Reverend Deans Blunt, Pliable, Pompous, Primitive, and Critical; the Venerable Archdeacons Jolly, Theory, and Chasuble; the Reverend Doctors Easy, Viewy, and Candor; and the Reverend Messrs. Lavender Kidds, Athanasius Benedict, the Professor of History, and the Professor of Theology. The pamphlet is, however, so far from being dull that it is most readable; readable, because of its humor, sometimes sly, sometimes—as whenever Lavender Kidds is brought on the stage—farcically broad, sometimes gravely ironical; because of its wit and its logical conclusiveness; and is worth reading, if for no other reason, because of its spirited, clear delineation of the muddle in which the Anglican Church now is because of its relations with the state, its mixed, compromising body of doctrines, and more particularly because of its relations with the Romish Church of past and present history.

The question proposed for discussion on the first day of debate relates to the doctrine of authority:

Dr. Easy rose to propose the question of which he had given notice at the previous sitting of Convocation: "*Would it be considered heresy in the Church of England to deny the existence of God?*" It had occurred to him that he should perhaps adopt a form more convenient for the present debate, if he put the question thus: "*Would a clergyman, openly teaching that there was no God, be liable to suspension?*"

Archdeacon Jolly thought not. What the Church of England especially prided herself upon was the breadth of her views. No view could be broader than the one just stated, and therefore none more likely to meet with the sanction of the Privy Council, which, he apprehended, was the real point to be kept in view in the discussion of this interesting question. (Hear, hear.)

Dean Blunt concurred in the opinion that Breadth and the Privy Council were kindred ideas. Still, it might be asked, could even the doctrinal elasticity of that tribunal become sufficiently expansive to embrace

* "The Comedy of Convocation in the English Church. In Two Scenes." Edited by Archdeacon Chasuble, D.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1868.

the enormous hypothesis of his learned friend? He ventured to think that it could. Let it be supposed that some clergyman of the Church of England —say the Archbishop of Canterbury—should publicly teach that there was no God. The case being brought before the Privy Council, it might be reasonably assumed that that supreme Arbiter of Anglican doctrine would deliver some such judgment as the following:

"We find that the Church of England is not opposed to the existence of a God. At the same time, we cannot overlook the fact that the nineteenth Article, in affirming that all churches, even the Apostolic, have erred in matters of faith, obviously implies that the Church of England may err also in the same way. Therefore the Church of England may err in teaching that there is a God. We conclude that whilst, on the one hand, the Archbishop has taken an extreme or one-sided view of the teaching of the Church, on the other, for the reason assigned, it is undoubtedly open to every clergyman either to believe in or to deny the existence of a God."

We have no space to do more than indicate the line of argument. The discordant views brought forward by the various speakers are shown to be perfectly incapable of reconcilement. On the second day of debate the question under consideration is the nature of Holy Orders in the Church of England—a question neither so interesting in itself nor so conclusively answered as the one which was discussed on the preceding day. Lastly, we have some satirical portraits of various kinds of clergymen—the "high and dry," the "sensational," the "ritualist," the "amatory," and so on, and they are put before us at least as vividly as in the works of the novelists and social essayists to whom they have been a prey for several years past. On the whole we do not know why "Anglo-Catholics," or "Ritualists," or "Bible Episcopalians," or clerical "Broad Churchmen," "High Churchmen," "Low Churchmen," or other Churchmen should be at all pleased with the pamphlet, except as each may see the others depicted in it. The Anglican Establishment generally—as outsiders will think—is very successfully attacked in it. The Romish case as against other Protestant communions the author does not present. We have not space to say so much about the pamphlet, nor to let it say so much about itself, as we willingly would; but we expect for it a general perusal. As for its authorship, we do not know to whom to attribute it. Father Newman has been credited with it, and need not, so far as his reputation is concerned, resent the imputation. It is not his, we should say, and we know too little of late English Catholics to even conjecture to whom belongs the honor of producing so clever a satire.

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The Week.

THE week's work in Congress has been somewhat broken up by the necessity of eulogizing members recently deceased—Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hise, Mr. Noell—framing the customary resolutions, and adjourning. But on the 21st instant the House voted down Mr. Butler's amendment to the consolidating military bill, and an amendment which would have given to the Southern conventions, now sitting, the power to appoint State officers instead of leaving that function to the people at large. Mr. Butler, Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Kelley spoke in behalf of the amendment, but 112 members, Republicans and Democrats, voted against it, leaving Mr. Butler in a minority of 53. The original bill then passed by a party vote, 123 to 45, and goes to the Senate, where it may very likely stay for some time. Senator Doolittle, on Thursday, delivered a long oration against it, which is variously characterized by various journals. Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Nye, Mr. Morton, Mr. Wilson, and other senators have since made speeches in reply to it. On Wednesday the Senate debated Mr. Thomas's case. In the House, Mr. Chanler, of New York, called Mr. Julian a coward, and Mr. Julian having invited Mr. Chanler to test that question whenever he liked, Mr. Chanler signified his intention of doing so at an early date. On Friday there was debate on the consolidating bill in the Senate, and in the House a bill to prevent the payment of damages for Southern railroads seized during the war, and for lands seized for military purposes, was debated, and on Monday was passed. On Saturday Mr. Sitgraves, of New Jersey, discussed the state of the Union "from a Christian stand-point;" debate on the Prodigal Son and on Eve then followed. On Monday, in the Senate, there was more speech-making on reconstruction. In the House, a bill regarding the protection of American citizens was reported by Mr. Banks.

Reconstruction Bill No. 4, as just said, is still in the Senate, and has been debated during the week. It abolishes, as our readers may remember, all existing civil government at the South, and substitutes a military dictatorship under General Grant. We designate it by a number imply for convenience, and not by way of exhibiting our disrespect for it, although we confess we do not respect it, and never shall, until some member of Congress gets up in his place and tells the country, in a straightforward way, why it was introduced. Nobody has as yet done so. All the speeches that have been made in its favor are simply arguments showing the necessity of Reconstruction Bill No. 1. No. 1 we supported; Nos. 2 and 3 we also supported, because the haste and recklessness with which No. 1 was pushed through both Houses made them absolutely necessary to give it effect. We shall also support No. 4, when we hear in what respect it excels its predecessors, and why they have failed, if they have failed. But we cannot support all of them at once, and would not even if our support had far more value than we claim for it. Everybody owes something, even in the most exciting times, to his own character and intellect, and we shall not stultify or degrade ourselves, or seek to stultify and degrade our readers, no matter what the consequences may be. If the first plan of reconstruction was a good one, this last one is not; we can stand by either one or the other, but not both together. We are still of the opinion, which we expressed last week, that the public is of our way of thinking, and many of the most influential Republican journals all over the country begin to speak their minds out. One of the most marked signs that things are going badly with the party is the increasing desperation of the New York *Tribune*, which already shows symptoms of one of those frightful fits of immorality to which it is liable immediately before election, and at other times when hard pressed. It calls on people to stand by Congress through thick and thin, and accuses everybody who does not like Congressional doings of crying or feeling "Down with the nigger!" There is nothing like having things made plain. Moreover, as its temper is getting very ugly, we advise the "weak-kneed" to confine themselves to their houses for a few days.

The principal speeches on the bill have been made by Mr. Doolittle against it, and Mr. Trumbull for it, and the discussion could hardly have fallen into better hands. It was begun by Mr. Doolittle's moving that in any bill relating to reconstruction a clause be inserted providing that negro voters must either have served in the Federal army or know how to read and write, or possess a certain amount of property. He supported this in a long denunciation of the whole plan of reconstruction, and by arguments with which the public is very familiar. For the benefit of those who do not know the trick by which speeches such as this are made to wear a plausible air, we may mention that it consists in a careful suppression of a long string of essential facts. For instance, the recent liberation of the negroes from slavery is dwelt on in glowing terms as a reason for not admitting them to a share in the Government; but the fact that this very circumstance renders them peculiarly exposed to oppression in various forms is carefully concealed, and so, also, is the fact that the very first use the whites made of their newly-recovered legislative power, after the war was over, was to make a series of elaborate arrangements for "keeping the negroes down." There was one part of Mr. Doolittle's speech which was almost amusing, and that was where he expressed his horror at the eagerness of the Republicans to use the Southern vote to keep their party in power, and at the frankness with which Mr. Stevens avowed it. We confess we share strongly in this eagerness, because parties mean principles and policy, and a party's being in power means that a certain line of legislation will be pursued. It is because we think the Republicans are not careful enough of their power, and, we fear, are

endangering it, that we find fault with their recent enactments. Mr. Trumbull spoke ably, and with a great deal of feeling, and pricked several of Mr. Doolittle's bubbles very effectively; but the discussion had no special bearing, as we have said already, on Bill No. 4. Why, we want to know, is it necessary to make a military officer a dictator, and set the President aside completely?

"Historicus" continues to write to the London *Times* on the question of "indefeasible allegiance," and his last letter is an elaborate charge of inconsistency against American politicians for the loudness with which they are urging on the adoption of Great Britain doctrines on the subject of naturalization which this Government has never adopted itself. He shows, as it is quite easy to show, that the American doctrine on this subject, both as laid down by the courts ever since the foundation of the Government and as expounded by the elementary writers such as Wheaton and Kent, is, that allegiance is indefeasible, and that when a man who has been naturalized in a foreign country returns to the country of his birth all the duties and obligations from which his departure relieved him descend upon him again in full force. General Cass was in fact the first American diplomatist to throw any doubt on the correctness of this view of the law, and he was not a very weighty authority. Therefore, as we pointed out some weeks ago, the agitation which is now raging on this subject should be directed towards procuring a change in the law and practice of this country as a preliminary to all attacks upon other countries. It is time that the American doctrine of allegiance were authoritatively revised and restated, and we wish Congress would address itself to the work under the guidance of sensible men who know something about the subject. The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs ought to have taken the matter in hand before now and we hoped it would do so. The Committee of the House, however, has now unfortunately got the start of the Senate, and another of Mr. Banks's great "reports" is already out. We shall doubtless before long have his "great speech." We have as yet seen only a newspaper abstract of the report, so it would be unfair to criticise it very fully. It appears to state the case between this country and Great Britain fairly enough; but, the Fenians being dragged in, Mr. Banks is himself again, and gives way to the feelings of his too impressible nature. Two passages the abstract reproduces *in extenso*, and they are of their kind perfect. In one Mr. Banks attacks feudalism and plays shocking havoc with that unfortunate institution, in the other he eulogizes the German Confederation in a very patronizing manner. We never felt really sorry for feudalism till we read his scathing exposure of it. He says "the feudal claim is absolute over the mind as over the body. It denies liberty of conscience and of thought by the same title that it proscribes the right of locomotion. It dwarfs human capacity and reason, and corrupts the nature of man and society. As a subject, the life of Bacon is an offence; as a scholar, it is the glory of his race. Shakespeare is known to the law as a criminal; in the world of letters and of liberty he is revered as an immortal spirit." Nobody who has the credit of the nation at heart can read stuff of this sort without real sadness, especially when he remembers that Congress and the country swarm with men who *do* understand the subjects on which Mr. Banks speaks and reports, and who could, if they were allowed, treat them with force, clearness, and common sense

Supreme Court Bill No. 3 absolutely forbids the Supreme Court to take jurisdiction of any case in law or equity arising out of the Reconstruction acts, and the bill is framed under the clause in the Constitution which provides "that the court shall, in cases not affecting ambassadors and consuls, and in which a state is not a party, have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and to fact, *with such exceptions* and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." The latest commentator on the Constitution—and he is a very radical one—Judge Timothy Farrer, interprets this as a grant of power to Congress to remove certain cases from the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, but denies, and with great force, the right of Congress to remove any case arising under the laws and Constitution of the United States from the jurisdiction of all legal tribunals whatever, or to remove it from that of the Supreme Court without providing for its final settlement by some other court, as this bill does. Be this as it may, the press, both Democratic and Republican, seem disposed to admit that the bill is constitutional, and do not conceal their admiration of the ingenuity which contrived it. Its expediency is another question, and for thinking it highly inexpedient we give our reasons elsewhere. The Springfield *Republican* suggests reasonably enough that the "exceptions" should be made larger, so as to embrace *all* acts passed by the present Congress. If this game of "exceptions," as an instrument of party warfare, be once fairly entered on, we venture to say that, in the course of the next twenty years, the constitutionality of half the statutes at large would be withdrawn from the cognizance of the Supreme Court. It is luckily three years before the Democrats can get the upper hand in Congress, but when they do, there will be some wonder-working legislation.

A direct attempt at inflation has at length been made in the House by Mr. Ingersoll, who proposes to issue $45,000,000 fresh greenbacks, so as to bring the total amount in circulation up to $400,000,000. This, or something like it, has evidently, judging from the buoyancy of the stock market, been expected by the speculators for the last week or ten days. There is something symmetrical and orderly in the suggestion, which makes it at first sight attractive, and there is probably a large number of people who will be readily persuaded that if this concession be made to the inflationists they will accept it as a finality. But unless human nature has undergone some great change within the last year, it is safe to say that this will be found to be a delusion. Every motive which actuates those who clamor for expansion now, will impel them with even greater force to seek a further expansion a year hence. By that time prices will again have found their level; business will again begin to "stagnate;" money will begin to be "scarce" (as if the mass of men ever found it plenty), and the crops at the West will again be difficult "to move"—those crops are such solid bodies. In old times, people who found money "scarce," and their goods hard to "move," had either to use their credit in procuring it, or wait for mining operations to increase the volume of the currency; but now that the whole thing can be accomplished by "running a mill," it is safe to assert that these efforts to "expand" will be periodically renewed until either the paper currency has been made worthless—that is, *repudiated*—or until sound economical ideas have worked their way by some process—we know not what—into the heads of the Western farmers and traders. God has not worked a miracle, and is not going to work a miracle, for the benefit of the West, though the prairies were twice as big, and the coal-fields twice as deep; and, the West may rely on it, it will yet come full butt against the laws of nature, and find it a skull-cracking experience.

"Carl Benson," though entirely wanting in humor, is a good observer and a thoroughly fair describer, and is not a man from whom one would expect much sympathy with, or indulgence for, black politicians. An account from him, therefore, such as he sent to the New York *Times* of Monday last, of a visit to the Constitutional Convention now sitting in Charleston, is very interesting, particularly as the newspaper reporters pursue the old plan of making their descriptions of all such bodies as this tally with the political opinions of the paper for which they write. He says many of the colored delegates were "intelligent and respectable looking men," and asserts that the whites were fully "up to the average of political bodies at the North or elsewhere, in appearance at least—the local newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding." He says, moreover, that there was nothing remarkable about the proceedings except "a little greenness in organizing," but predicts that, the negro being an imitative animal, "he will acquire all forms of political business quite soon enough." He asks, pertinently enough, of those who decry the legislating capacity of these conventions, Whose fault is it if the whites are not represented in them?

General Butler has had many odd experiences, but none odder than the last. He was challenged at Richmond the other day to fight a duel by a Methodist preacher. The cause of this outburst of ferocity on the part of the preacher was an order issued by General

Butler in 1864, expelling him, then Major White of a New York regiment, from his department for having deliberately resigned his commission in the presence of the enemy for the purpose of starting in business as a sutler in the very camp in which he had been serving as a field officer. He was vigorously kicked out of the department in an admirable order, which, for our part, we find too mild. If, as the papers say, he has since been received into, or allowed to continue in, the Methodist body as a preacher, somebody there has much to answer for. We detest General Butler's politics, and think he is even less useful in that field than he would be in command of a seventy-four sailing ship; but his manner of dealing with rascals whom the civil law could not reach will always be one of the choicest chapters in the history of the war. His administration of the government of New Orleans was positively a contribution to civilization itself, and there will never be a true lover of his kind to the remotest ages who will not chuckle over it with delight. Would that a department could be created for him to rule in perpetuity, to which we could send all our hardened blackguards, rowdies, and snivelling cheats and impostors! They would improve under his sway, and the spectacle would be highly moral, and the nation would profit by having his vigorous and active mind withdrawn from the consideration of the public finances.

The manufacturers who have been meeting in convention at Cleveland and Worcester are doing good service by concentrating their fire on the heavy expenditures of the Government, and pressing for a reduction of taxation as the first and great step to financial revival. It is in reality the weight of the taxes which has raised the cry for inflation and repudiation. They are spreading, too, some valuable documents; but occasionally one comes across curious little bits of absurdity in them. Mr. E. B. Ward, for instance, in a vigorous onslaught on the Secretary of the Treasury, utters the following lamentation:

"Our foreign trade has drained this country of its precious metals, and is still taking every dollar produced from our rich mines. It has taken over a thousand millions of our securities, and is steadily creating a foreign mortgage on our whole national estate."

What would Mr. Ward do with the products of our "rich mines" if he could keep them? eat them? drink them? wear them? use them as money—when people prefer paper, checks, drafts, and credits? What harm does it do to have the foreigners take our securities? If they lend us money at six per cent. when we can make twenty-five per cent. on it, why in the name of common sense should we not give them all the securities they can be got to take? How will that "mortgage on our whole national estate" be foreclosed? By what process? In what court? Who will sell it—who buy it? Is not this kind of wild talk from shrewd business men misleading, and therefore mischievous?

The British never can understand our institutions. The last instance of their obtuseness which we have observed is in the London *Spectator*. The *Spectator* tell its readers of the horrible Lake Shore accident of last December, when sixty people were killed. "Let us hope," says the *Spectator*, "that the catastrophe will cure American railway officials of their insane custom of locking the carriages." One would suppose that the writer really was in a position to inform his fellow-subjects how the Americans manage their railways. We fearlessly call on any gentleman who has ever travelled by rail in our whole wide country, and New Jersey, to say whether or not one of the two doors is not perpetually swinging and banging backward and forward? Does not a very sensitive man frequently have moments of agony when he feels a dull jar, and suspects that one of his neighbors, walking the length of the train, has slipped down to the track and been cut up at the rate of thirty miles an hour? The fact of the matter is—and the head of the Travellers' Club or the Resident Commissioner of the *Tribune* will confirm all we say—the American car is rarely locked except for the purpose of keeping people out of it. They lock it when it is in the depot and people are anxious for seats. At other times it is as free as the boundless continent of freedom.

The foreign news continues to be uninteresting; the cable newsman, too, has either been changed or he has lost all his former exuberance of imagination. He now furnishes hard, dry facts—not always very important, but still facts. Of his own emotions he talks sparingly, and does not describe the feelings "which prevail throughout Europe" as freely as he once did. In France, the army bill having passed, the public mind is absorbed in speculating on the use the Emperor will make of the enormous force now placed at his disposal, and somehow nobody seems to believe that he will use it simply to keep the peace. The German and Russian press evidently look for something astounding in the spring, and the occasional savage allusions to Italy in the semi-official papers in Paris strengthen the impression that "somebody will be whopped" before long for something. There is not the least likelihood, however, that the Emperor, let him be ever so bellicose, will be able to bring the new army into use for a year at least. It has to be organized and drilled, and will not reach its full strength for six years. At present, even with the Chassepot rifle—"Saint Chassepot," as the Parisian wags now call it—the French army is no more than strong enough to prevent Prussia gobbling it up in a three months' campaign. The fact has come out in the debates on the army bill that, though it was never in better condition than in 1859, the Emperor was only able to bring one hundred thousand men into line at Solferino. It is no stronger now, and will be no stronger in spring, and therefore it is not at all likely that it will undertake the task of stirring up General Moltke.

Moreover, the army bill is intensely unpopular in the rural districts. This is not denied in any quarter, and the rural districts form the imperial strongholds. The population is stationary; there are in French families no spare sons whom fathers are glad to get rid of, or even to whose departure they easily reconcile themselves. They have rarely more than three children, and nearly every man has a father or mother or sisters to take care of; there is, therefore, very little food for cannon amongst them, and when the shells begin to break in French ranks they work a desolation unknown in almost any other army. Moreover, the financial difficulties are rapidly growing serious. We spoke recently of the rapidity with which the public debt has increased under the present régime—130 per cent. The Government is now forced, after a long run of heavy deficits, to announce another loan, of nearly $90,000,000; and, to make matters worse, the payment of the Mexican bondholders is one of the objects to which the money is to be devoted. As might be expected, the restiveness of the Government under criticism increases. The newspapers are only allowed to publish two kinds of reports of the proceedings in the Corps Législatif—one an official verbatim report, appearing first in the *Moniteur;* the other a condensed one, prepared under the supervision of the Presidents of the two Chambers. The newspapers do publish these; but, having published them, they naturally comment upon them, and, in commenting on them, say unpleasant things of various speakers. The editorial deductions thus drawn from the reports the Government chooses to consider garbled or distorted reports, and is prosecuting for them right and left. The remonstrances of the Liberals in the Chamber the ministers meet with that windy declamation in which French politicians delight, and in which M. Rouher excels. A good illustration of what we mean was to be found in one of his late speeches on the Roman question, in which he abuses the Italians for being troubled "because an old man stretches out his hands in prayer under the dome of St. Peter's."

In England, Fenianism, and still Fenianism, and nothing but Fenianism, occupies the public mind. The latest "outrages" are bold robberies of gun-shops. The Fenians have doubtless taken to this mode of stirring up their enemies in order to spread an impression that they are preparing for a desperate and bloody rising. But this, we take it, is simply a little joke of theirs. They do not think of fighting in the open field, or if they did, would hardly rely on a monthly robbery of a gun-shop for their armament. Lord Stanley has firmly and decidedly put an extinguisher on all hopes of a radical settlement of the land difficulty by the Tory Ministry, which makes it not unlikely that it is on the Irish question the Liberals under Gladstone will oust them, if not this year, next year, in the reformed Parliament. The only social sensation has been caused by the appearance of another volume of the Queen's book, which, it must be confessed, considering the condition of the kingdom, is strange reading.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this Journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

CONGRESS AND THE FREEDMEN.

IN 1865, some prominent Radicals conceived the idea that the Supreme Court might be made to do the work of reconstruction, by deciding that no government was "republican" in the sense in which the term is used by the Constitution in which men were disqualified from voting on the ground of color. The *Nation*, which had then just entered on its existence, opposed this scheme on two grounds: The first was, that the court would, if it did its duty, have to interpret the Constitution in the sense attached to its language by its framers, and not in the sense which the progress of the world in political morality makes the present generation wish they had attached to it; and in the former sense a state might clearly be "republican," and yet exclude men from citizenship on any ground, however absurd. The second was that it was dangerous to ask a court of law to extract a "latent spirit" from the Constitution. We said (No. 6 of the *Nation*): "We think the Supreme Court entirely unfit to be entrusted with any such task; we think appeals of this kind to it, at such crises as the present, are, if it responds to them, full of danger as precedents. We have already had one specimen of its legislation, and we never desire to see another. The President and Congress can do the work, in our opinion, far more effectually and with far less shock to the body politic."

This scheme of appealing to the court, we were informed, on good authority, had the approbation of several of the chief Radical leaders. We relied, however, on what is far higher authority than any of the leaders—reason, experience, and well-settled principles of political science. We knew very well that these could not be set aside for any cause, however noble, and that they would have to be followed in reconstruction as in any other political process. As no more than one opinion at a time was at that period permitted in the ranks of the Republican party, we naturally incurred a good deal of odium by our audacity. The Boston *Transcript*, usually a very sensible paper on political questions, had a sad attack of "holy wrath," and denounced us in good set terms. We had been in the course of the discussion so imprudent as to cite Montesquieu as an authority touching the meaning attached to political terms in the eighteenth century. This appeared to the *Transcript* a piece of unseemly levity, not unlike quoting Tom Paine or the "Comic Songster" in the middle of a sermon. For some weeks afterwards we received by every mail a small packet of abuse from people of whom many appeared to have a horrible suspicion that Montesquieu was a Breckinridge delegate to the Charleston Convention, and that our appealing to him was proof positive that the *Nation* was going over to the Copperheads.

We have lived to see all hope of using the court as an instrument of reconstruction given up. More than this, we now see denied not only its right to share in reconstruction, but its right to interpret the Constitution on any political question properly so called. Not this only; we see abuse and ridicule of the court form a prominent feature in Congressional debates, and attempts to shear it of all power and to lower it in the estimation of the public made a prominent feature in Congressional legislation. Moreover, we see the despised Montesquieu, for whose exposure in 1865 to the scorn of so many acute and comprehensive minds we blamed ourselves deeply, rising into Radical favor. He was actually quoted in the House last week by Mr. Bingham, who pronounces him a "profound thinker," and belabors the judiciary with him in good lusty style. In fact, we hardly doubt that the French jurist will, if the present controversy last much longer, take a place in Congressional esteem second only to the *Globe*, the "Classical Dictionary," and "Plutarch's Lives."

We recall all this not by way of self-glorification or recrimination, but for instruction and for warning, and for the justification of those who, during the last three eventful years, have honored us with their confidence. We do not claim credit for either remarkable wisdom or sagacity. We have simply trusted to the evidence of our senses, and held on to the belief that, human nature not having undergone any extraordinary change within the historic period, human experience was of considerable value at such a crisis as this, and that politics have not been studied and practised for some thousands of years without giving out a few truths worth remembering and applying. We have never surrendered, too, the conviction, which must at times be the sole support of anybody who honestly seeks to form his opinions for himself, that the political progress of the race must in the main rest on reason and not on enthusiasm, and that very little can be done for it simply by discoursing on "eternal justice," "the rights of man," by feeling humane, and occasionally giving three cheers.

We hold to-day the very same opinions about the power of the court and about the power of Congress we held three years ago. We believe it will be well for the court if it keep out of the reconstruction business of its own accord, but if it does not do so, we think Congress has ample means of making it do so without doctoring it or playing tricks upon it. We think Congress has until very recently legislated as well as circumstances would allow, but we believe that it is now, either through fatuity or through desperation, entering on a course in which it will not be sustained by the country, and in which check or failure will be ruin. We do not care to argue the constitutionality of any of its acts. The great question now is, not what does the Constitution authorize, but what will the people suffer? Congress may have power to do bolder things than it has yet attempted, but power is a curse to anybody who does not know how much of it he ought to use.

If we believed that the great struggle by which this country has been convulsed for the last thirty years would be over as soon as the negroes all had the ballot, and the delegates from the Southern States had taken their places under any of the Reconstruction acts, or that the last great danger to freedmen and Unionists would be removed when the Supreme Court had been shorn of most of its authority, we doubt whether we should not applaud any measure, however desperate. To let points of law stand in the way of a consummation for which two generations have vainly struggled and half a million of men have died, would be wasteful and ridiculous excess of scrupulousness. Unfortunately, we are right well assured that even when Grant has been made dictator, and Hancock has been removed, and the conventions have all drawn up constitutions, and the negroes have all voted, and the disloyal have been driven from the polls, and the new delegates have taken their seats in Congress, and the regular double-leaded pæan has appeared in the *Tribune* and *Independent* announcing the "regeneration" of the South, that all will *not* be over. The freedmen will still not be safe; the Union will not be safe; the public credit will not be safe; and the South will not be regenerated.

We have got rid of nothing by the war but slavery and the faith in the possibility of secession by which the South was pervaded. We have not got rid of the imperfection of the moral perceptions—of the hard, coarse love of gain—of the caste pride and the race prejudice which made slavery possible at the South, and which, down to the year 1860, secured it the sympathy and connivance of the North. Moreover, the victory over slavery was not—mark this—won by a majority of the Northern people. The Republican party has always been a minority in the whole Union, and, in our opinion, it will become a minority again as soon as the Union is restored. It is impossible not to see that those elements of evil in politics which the moral exaltation of the war temporarily swept out of sight are again reappearing. The decline of public sentiment on the question of the national debt, and the increasing boldness with which politicians of the Butler and Pendleton type appeal to the lower and baser motives of the community; the increasing restiveness under the business depression, and the growing reaction against the claims of the negro to equality, are all signs that the old materialism is again asserting itself—and they are signs which it would be madness to disregard. We do not mean to say that we have gained nothing by the war, that the moral vision of the nation has not been cleared by it and its moral aims raised. Far from it. We mean simply that the powers of evil are far from being vanquished, and that the old struggle with them will have to begin forthwith and

be continued year after year in the old way, and that we do not yet know how much force they have in store at the South, for the South has not yet revealed its real temper. Morally and intellectually, the new South may be said to be a *terra incognita* to us.

There is little doubt that the leaders in Congress are conscious of all this. We question if one of them, in spite of their bold speeches and bold bills, looks into the future without foreboding. Those who are most anxious that the war should bear its just fruits feel most foreboding. But they evidently believe that they can settle the whole difficulty now, at once and for ever, by a series of vigorous enactments and a strong network of oaths. In this we think they are mistaken, and the country, we are sure, feels they are mistaken. Supposing Grant made dictator to-morrow, under Reconstruction Bill No. 4; he cannot be kept dictator. The country would not suffer such a spectacle as a permanency; and once the States were restored in form, there would not be the shadow of a warrant for keeping it up. The end of the dictatorship and of the military rule must come, the garrisons be withdrawn, and the Southern States committed to the regular civil governments set up by Congress. These governments will be composed in the main of the most ignorant, most inexperienced portion of the population, the portion possessing least moral and intellectual vigor. That with this state of things the disfranchisement of the whites could long be maintained, that the whites would not everywhere, by force of numbers, of energy, of organization, again take possession of the governments, is something that one must be visionary to believe. It is as certain as anything in politics can be, as certain as that water will find its level, that before very long the whites will reassume their old ascendency. The worst enemies of the blacks are those who deceive themselves on this point.

The whites back in possession of the State governments, and the white Radicals who are now cutting such a fine figure at the constitutional conventions having fled North for their lives, the blacks would have nothing to rely on but Congress and the Constitution and the Supreme Court. Suppose the majority in Congress to have been elected during a reaction, to be bitterly hostile to the whole plan of reconstruction as now settled and desirous of undoing it, and supposing the State legislatures of the South to attempt to regulate labor by a series of measures such as they all enacted or began to enact after the close of the war, what resource would the blacks have? There would be the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, and under it, or under the Civil Rights bill, doubtless, they could appeal for protection to the Federal courts; but suppose at this point Congress were to step in and close the courts to them, by copying Supreme Court Bill No. 3, now before the House, and making all cases arising under this amendment or this act "exceptions," and forbidding the Supreme Court to entertain them. What then? Enthusiasts, "old war-horses," and even children can, generally, tell what the immediate effect of legislation will be. We expect statesmen to consider and foresee its remote effects. The immediate results may be, and often are, trifling; the remote are pretty sure to be ineradicable, and may prove very momentous.

We leave the reader—and we may safely leave him—to imagine the possible consequences to the freedman of the South of the policy of leaving him dependent for everything on the bare majority for the time being, which Congress now seems disposed to pursue. Nobody who knows how public sentiment shifts and fluctuates, what astounding and unlooked-for things happen under temporary reactions, can help looking forward with a good deal of anxiety. We have been, and are, in favor of doing everything that is absolutely and imperatively necessary to bring the South back to the Union on the basis of equal rights, and with proper guarantees against fresh secession or attempts on the public credit. But more than this—everything, for instance, which serves no purpose but to show the power of Congress or to wreak vengeance on the Southern whites or to humiliate the President or to degrade the Supreme Court and the *forms* of law in the eyes of the people, we look on with unmixed apprehension. We believe them to be blows struck at the weak and almost helpless race which has just been introduced into the body politic. We believe that whatever tends to place its interests hereafter at the mercy of the Congressional majority for the time being; whatever shows the Democratic party ways and means of despoiling it of its rights without hindrance from the Executive or the Supreme Court; and whatever familiarizes the public mind with legislative tricks and evasions, is simply a disguised mode of handing them over bound hand and foot to their old oppressors.

For this reason we look on the Supreme Court Bill No. 3, which has just been introduced, as simply an ingenious contrivance for depriving the blacks of whatever safety the law and Constitution, as they at present stand, provide for them; and, should it pass, we doubt not they will yet curse the day when it saw the light. Nothing could justify such a course of legislation as that on which Congress has entered during the last few days but the certainty that its acts could never be repealed, and were sure to accomplish their object. But those who think this are simply prophets, and not politicians; and with prophets there is no use in arguing, for prophecies can neither be tested by experience nor by logic.

THE SUPREME COURT BILLS.

Some friends of the freedmen think that, when they have pointed out that the object of the Congressional legislation against the Supreme Court is the enfranchisement of "a race of four millions," to say anything about its expediency is a waste of words or a mark of cowardice. But this is surely a very short-sighted view of the matter. The *Tribune*, for instance, argues that inasmuch as there are two hundred men in the Congressional majority, and many of them as good "jurists" as any on the bench of the Supreme Court, it is absurd to allow the vote of one judge to set aside an act of Congress. So, by way of providing a remedy for this monstrous assumption of power on the part of the court, it gives its cordial sanction to an act which makes the votes of six judges necessary to set aside an act of Congress. In other words, it affirms that as long as five judges might declare a law unconstitutional the "inalienable rights" of man were in danger of violation, but when six judges are made necessary for the job the court becomes quite harmless. Nevertheless, it still remains difficult for ordinary minds to see the difference in absurdity, if absurd it be, between allowing the decisions of two hundred to be upset by one man, and allowing them to be upset by two. If the question be one of numbers, no law of Congress ought to be allowed to be set aside till at least two hundred and ten judges have pronounced it unconstitutional, and, if this be true, the remedy provided by the present bill is simply ridiculous.

But the question is not one of numbers, we are thankful to say, any more than one of avoirdupois weight. The opinions of any twenty members of Congress on a point of judicial interpretation should no more be allowed to overrule the opinions of three judges, or two, or one judge, because the members of Congress are more numerous than the judges, than because they are heavier. Mind and training are entitled to some consideration in this as in other matters; and there are several important reasons why a legislature, however numerous or however well supplied with "jurists," is not as competent to pass on the constitutionality of its own acts as any number of judges however small, sitting during good behavior, trained to the work, and taking no active part in the political contests of the day—reasons which we shall take the liberty of quoting from the *Federalist*, a work evidently falling more and more into disrepute, but which yet has some good things in it, and which will throughout compare favorably even with the burning "editorials" of our own time as a specimen of careful thinking and sound reasoning. Arguing against the project of confiding the power of passing on the constitutionality of laws to a branch of the legislature itself, Hamilton says:

"From a body which had even a partial agency in passing bad laws we could hardly expect a disposition to temper and moderate them in application. The same spirit which had operated in making them would be apt to influence their construction; still less could it be expected that men who had infringed the Constitution in the character of legislators would be disposed to repair the breach in that of judges. Nor is this all; every reason which recommends the tenure of good behavior for judicial offices militates against placing the judiciary power in the last resort *in a body composed of men chosen for a limited period.* . . . There is an absurdity in subjecting the decisions of men selected for their knowledge of the laws, acquired by long and laborious study, to the revision and control of men who, for want

of the same advantage, cannot but be deficient in that knowledge. The members of the legislature will be rarely chosen with a view to those qualifications which fit men for the station of judges, and so on this account there will be great reason to apprehend all the ill consequences of defective information; so on account of the natural propensity of such bodies to party divisions there will be no less reason to fear that the pestilential breath of faction may poison the fountains of justice. The habit of being continually marshalled on opposite sides will be too apt to stifle the voice both of law and equity."

Nothing can be sounder than this, and the obvious deduction from it is that there is something almost farcical in asking us to trust to such men as Mr. Boutwell or Mr. Bingham, in the full glow of their rhetoric, to decide whether a measure they are supporting with all the heat of impassioned advocates is, or is not, constitutional, rather than to the judges of the Supreme Court—in asking us to believe that the two hundred who jump up and pass bills like those of Mr. Banks on the neutrality laws last session, unanimously and with enthusiasm, are a judicial-minded body, under the influence of its "jurists," and can, under all circumstances, be entrusted with the interpretation of the Constitution.

We have read carefully many of the arguments in favor of the bill which have appeared during the past week, but have not lighted on one which seems to us to meet the real point. All of them talk of the court as if it were a council for the revision of laws, instead of being simply a court of justice, and as if all acts of Congress come before it to have their constitutionality tested before being enforced, whereas none come before it at all except incidentally in suits between corporations or individuals. "Why not require two-thirds of the court to declare a law unconstitutional," says one, "when juries in all civil and criminal cases are required to be unanimous in order to render a verdict?" Because a jury has to be unanimous to render a verdict either for a plaintiff or defendant. Both parties, therefore, address it on a footing of equality. What would be thought of a rule requiring only six votes to give a verdict for the defendant, while making twelve necessary to give a verdict for the plaintiff? And yet this is substantially what the bill now before Congress proposes to do, when it declares that in a private controversy before the court the person contesting an act of Congress shall have to convince twice as many judges as his opponent. The cases cited in a long and elaborate article in *Harper's Weekly*, as well as the case of the two-thirds vote required of Congress to overrule the President's veto, seem to us to have no application whatever to the matter now in hand. In none of them is any notice taken of the fact that the new bill affects the court in its *judicial capacity*. When Congress is required to overrule the President by a two-thirds vote, it is not sitting in judgment in a legal controversy; it is legislating. If the court were a legislative council of revision simply, it would, no doubt, be perfectly fair and highly expedient to impose a similar obligation on it.

But are we, then, in favor of allowing the Supreme Court to set aside the Reconstruction act? By no means. We think the court has nothing to do with the process of reconstruction, and ought not to meddle with it. The majority in Congress, however, does not go as far as we do; it acknowledges that the court *may* set aside the Reconstruction act, but says it cannot do it by less than six votes. For ourselves, we confess we are unable to see the value of this distinction. If six judges can undo, by their opinion, all that Congress has done, and is doing, to bring the Southern States back to the Union, we are neither reassured nor consoled by the reflection that it cannot be done by five. Every argument of the least weight which can be brought forward against the interference of the court applies just as well to six judges as to five. In fact, all that is gained by the present bill is an appearance of security for the Congressional policy, and it is gained at the cost of more valuable things than security, because it is gained by conceding the most important principle, that the Supreme Court can prevent Congress from performing one of the highest acts of legislation, an act essential to the safety of the Government, and with which the founders of the Government certainly never dreamed of the court concerning itself. With the best will in the world we are unable to get up any enthusiasm about the bill, or to read some of the speeches made in support of it without wondering what there is in the subject to evolve so much heat. It changes nothing; establishes no new principle; enunciates no old one; and, in fact, is neither more nor less than a sharp little device—we do not like to use the word dodge—for getting round a difficulty which ought to be fairly met, if met at all.

But it will be said, Think of the consequences, at this crisis, of a decision by a majority of the court adverse to the constitutionality of the Reconstruction act! Well, what would they be? The President would refuse to enforce the act. Then impeach and remove him; the court could not save him. Actions would be brought against officers enforcing the law; then indemnify them, as in the case of officers sued for acts committed in the performance of their duty during the rebellion. Besides, persons who are willing to let six judges pronounce an act unconstitutional while they look upon a similar decision by five as a calamity to be avoided at any cost, have no right to ask us to provide for the consequences of such a decision. What would they do if two-thirds of the court pronounced the judgment they so much fear? Have they made any provision for *this* contingency? If they have, they are fully prepared for a similar judgment at the hands of a mere majority. By whatever expedient the one is met, the other may be met. The consequences of one would be just as formidable as the consequences of the other. All the damage five judges can do the four millions of freedmen, six can do.

If the object of the present bill be the retention of the moral power of the court on the side of Congress, it only makes its condemnation all the deeper. The court, unfortunately or fortunately, now exercises very little influence through decisions bearing, however remotely, on great political questions, even when left to utter its mind in the natural and usual way, through a majority of its members. It will exercise still less after it has been manipulated by Congress to suit a particular exigency. There is a simplicity, worthy of a miracle-monger or a medicine-man, in the supposition that Congress can secure for its policy an air of constitutionality by arranging the court beforehand with reference to particular bills. Nobody who doubts the constitutionality of its policy will be won over to it by a decision which Congress itself has prepared for the judges. Nobody who is satisfied of its constitutionality will have his faith strengthened by anything the court, thus organized, says or leaves unsaid. The authority of the court does not reside in the bodily presence of the judges, or in their votes, but in their intellect, and in their liberty and in their impartiality, and there is nothing more laughable and nothing more contemptible than the spectacle of a court claiming reverence for a decision the delivery of which had already been imposed on it by one of the parties to the cause. What makes the court formidable to Congress is what, if it were on the side of Congress, would constitute its usefulness—its supposed independence. Destroy that, and it can no more help Congress than harm it. The only effect of a decision of the court in favor of the reconstruction policy, after the bill now pending has passed, will be to make its enemies more satisfied than ever of the mischief of the policy, and lead them to work harder than ever before for its reversal.

The thing for Congress to do, it seems to us, is not to corrupt the judiciary—for the judiciary once corrupted is far more likely to be serviceable to bad causes than to good ones—but to decide what is necessary to restore peace and union to the United States, find out whether they will be supported by the public in doing it, and then do it without pretending to be as good lawyers as the Supreme Court, or as scrupulous on the point of constitutionality. Nobody is imposed upon by this, while thousands are disgusted by it. If the court had decided the war unconstitutional, the war would not for that reason have been stopped. If it had launched an injunction against Grant, requiring him to desist from besieging Richmond, he would have lighted his cigar with it. Congress maintains now that what it is doing is simply closing the war up, and establishing peace on sure and lasting foundations. Let it act boldly on its own theory of its work and position. Let us have no "cowardice," no flinching, no doctoring of the court, no flimsy attempts to wring decisions from it which nobody will respect. In this we are firmly persuaded it will have the hearty support of the public. In breaking down the authority of the Supreme Court, and making it contemptible in the eyes of the world, the majority not only alienates thousands on thousands of voters at the present crisis, but secures for itself something which not enriches it, and makes the nation poor indeed.

AN ODD STORY.

A CERTAIN State had been waging war. At the return of peace, a heavy debt and the question of its payment divided the citizens into two parties, known as the Specie and the Paper-money parties. The latter desired that the difficulties of the time should be met by issues of currency, and in a short time had met with such success as to have obtained control of the government. A paper-money bank of one hundred thousand pounds was established. The bills were to be loaned to the people according to the apportionment of the latest tax, upon a pledge of real estate of double their value, and to be paid into the treasury at the end of fourteen years. In order to make things easier, the collection of the tax last assessed and a recent excise act were suspended for the time being. It will be observed that these bills were secured by a heavy mortgage. Notwithstanding this precaution, depreciation of the bills commenced with their issue, on which the government, regarding this depreciation as sad proof of disloyalty among the people, subjected any person refusing to receive the bills at par, or in any way discouraging their circulation, to a penalty of one hundred pounds and the loss of rights as a citizen. Notwithstanding this act of encouragement, disloyalty became so virulent that merchants refused not only to take the bills as they were ordered to do, but even to do any business at all. Traders closed their shops. The loyal farmers who had pledged their lands, to retaliate upon the traders, refused to bring their produce to market. A riot took place. In fact, disloyalty had become so rife that another forcing act was necessary; and when the judges at length declared the acts void, the government summoned them into its presence to assign the reasons for their decision.

Though bills were plenty, money was so scarce that rents were paid in corn, and barter became almost the only mode of trade; and eight months after the establishment of the bank the treasurer was ordered to pay off about one-fourth of the debt in bills received for taxes, this paper having already depreciated five hundred per cent. The rebellious spirit of the people had now become so outrageous that all holders of government securities were required to present them to the treasurer within six weeks, and receive five shillings in the pound thereon, or to forfeit that amount, and interest was to cease almost immediately. The judges were changed, and, with a loyal court, the government felt patriotism to be so much in the ascendant that it paid off another quarter of the debt in the same way as before, on which disloyalty increased, or, in other words, the bills of the State now passed at the rate of eight for one; they continued to depreciate, until the neighboring States prohibited the trial by their courts of any suit for debt brought by a citizen of the State of whose affairs we are speaking; and, finally, disloyalty triumphed, the legal-tender act was repealed, and the depreciation of paper bills was settled at fifteen for one.

All these things happened in the State of Rhode Island eighty years ago. There was the same cry for inflation that we have to-day, the same "necessity" for more currency in order to stimulate industry; there was the same vigorous patriotism induced by a desperate war, and the result was, notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding, too, the fact that the Rhode Islanders had a penal law against speculators which would have delighted Mr. Stevens himself, the paper money—legal tender at par—stood at a discount of fourteen hundred per cent., and then broke down altogether. At about the same time that the Paper-money party in Rhode Island held the power of the State in their hands, attempts were made in various other States to obtain the same objects, but they did not succeed. Rhode Island was the only State which attempted to alleviate the poverty caused by the war by furnishing ready-made money to the debtors. Her reputation was, as we have seen, not enviable then, and the lapse of time has not at all improved it. Mr. Arnold, in his history, speaks without any reserve of the Paper-money party of 1786 as the party which desired to pay less than it had borrowed, and, generally, he uses terms which it would be well for honest inflationists to heed. What a dominant party does may be "knavish" and "beggarly," just as well as what the dominant member of a household does, but in the latter case there are the neighbors and the police; no neighbors can pry in upon a continent, and no police can arrest party spirit. And there are two practical suggestions to be drawn from this, disregarding for the present all moral considerations—which of the two is drawn in any given case will depend, of course, upon the education and temper of the individual voter—one is, to "go in and win;" and the other is, to sit down quietly and think a little before acting, because, though there is certainly no difficulty whatever about going in, to come out, and to come out winning, is a much more arduous task.

There is one thing about this Rhode Island case which deserves attention—every precaution was taken to prevent depreciation which human ingenuity could devise. The legal-tender act was penal, and the payment of the money was secured by mortgage, and when the judges declared the forcing acts void the judges were removed, and yet, as we have said, fifteen for one was the current rate three years after the system was begun. Fifteen for one is not so bad as a thousand for one, which had been the Virginia rate at the close of the war, but fifteen for one is pretty bad. And then fifteen for one is a fact; not a theory nor an abstract idea, the speculative result of what is called "closet thinking," but a hard, stern, undeniable fact, staring the patriotic and the unpatriotic alike in the face, and bringing misery and starvation to the honest, hard-working citizen. It was a fact which meant so much that churches excommunicated members for attempting to pay their creditors under the legal-tender privilege. It meant stagnation of business, tumult, danger within and danger without; in a word, it meant all that can be meant by a resolution on the part of a little more than half a community not to pay its debts to the remainder; and the difference between this condition of affairs and that in which a man who measures six feet declines to pay the bill of a man who measures five, relying upon the difference of measurement rather than any equitable defence, is difficult for any one destitute of a very legal training to see.

DETERIORATION IN AMERICAN MANNERS.

A RECENT writer in the *Galaxy* asserts that "nothing is surer or, it would seem, more manifest than that during the last twenty years our manners and the tone of our society have suffered a great and widespread deterioration. Americans," he says, "are to-day less courteous than their fathers were, less deferential to age and weakness, less careful in the suppression of selfishness, coarser in their pleasures, more grossly material in all their views of life." These several ugly counts make up an indictment to which we may very well hesitate to plead guilty. In fact, one hears it, and at once puts in a more or less indignant general denial. To most Americans the truth of such a charge will seem so far from sure that they will refuse to believe it, and so far from manifest that it will doubtless seem to them flatly contradicted by all the obvious facts bearing on the question.

An age which even in its legislatures and constitutional conventions begins to talk of protecting the weakness of woman by giving her an equal share with man in the government of the state; which was, in great part, at any rate, led by a desire of protecting weakness to emancipate millions of slaves; which, from humanitarian motives quite as much as from motives of policy, begins to abolish capital punishment, and treats its criminals with tenderness of kindness, would seem at the first look to be an age which would hardly deteriorate as regards the suppression of selfishness and the payment of deference to weakness in the individual or deference to the old, who, so far as deference is not commanded but given away, get deference because the old are weak. Nor at first blush would one suppose that a period and country in which intelligence is daily spreading more and more; in which, by reason of the facilities for communication and travel, the tendency of the whole population to become urban instead of rustic constantly grows stronger; in which the growth of wealth brings the attainment of refining comforts within the reach of a regularly increasing number of households—in a period and country such as this no one would *à priori* suppose that the class of people most tempted to indulgence in the grosser pleasures would grow greater rather than diminish, or could readily believe that, the population generally having become richer, more intelligent, and less provincial, the manners of the people would not be better than before.

Take the special matter of amusements and the special case of New England. The last generation had New England rum and no theatres. The average young man of the last generation, even if he lived within twelve miles of Boston, very likely chased a greased pig on Thanksgiving morning; skated or "slid down hill" in the winter; in summer attended a church picnic; went fishing now and then, and on the Fourth of July fired at a mark or went to the city to see the fireworks. The average young

woman went to an occasional quilting party, an occasional husking, an occasional sleigh-ride, perhaps to a "dance." To meeting she and her brother of course went regularly, and to go to the evening meeting was perhaps something in the way of amusement and was by no means a purely devotional exercise. Her successor goes in pretty regularly to Messrs. Williams & Everett's exhibition rooms or to De Vries & Ibarra's; each winter she attends a course of lyceum lectures; she sees Booth in *Ruy Blas* and *Hamlet;* she probably has a piano; she reads some of the books in a tolerable public library. Her brother's successor is also in the lyceums and on the committee to hire lecturers; indulges more freely than his father in the contemplative man's recreation, smoking; oftener runs in to the city theatre and less often goes to circuses, will have nothing to do with chasing greased pigs, and perhaps has more to do with a trotting park than his father had. Now, as amusements, we suppose one may properly call these not coarser but more refined amusements than those they have displaced. Not that there is no fault to be found with them, but condemnation of these as compared with the amusements of twenty or thirty years ago seems to us a mistake.

That we are no less deferential to weakness to-day than our fathers were, we hardly know how to prove. In the general view it seems that the facts are with us and not against, but to make use of particular instances in support of the proposition is not easy. We should certainly say, however, that the ordinary young man of to-day is as civil to women as his father was. In such cases as have fallen under our observation where both the son and his father are on the stage, the son seems to be as civil as his father now is, whatever the father may have been formerly. In regard to the respect paid to old age, as to parents by children, it is true, we think, that the children of twenty or thirty years ago will have to be praised above those of to-day. It is doubtless true that somewhat less rigid views begin to be held and inculcated by parents as to the degree of deference to be expected of their sons and daughters. Children are now less subject than formerly to severe restrictions, are treated more as if to them also, to their wishes and inclinations, great consideration were due. It is thus certainly with the relations between teachers and pupils. Not improbably the same doctrine, which bids fair to be still further developed, has to some considerable extent been carried into effect as regards the relations between young people and their elders generally. That such a process of change is for the worse we are not convinced. Still, it is easy to see that, judged by the old standard of what is proper, the conduct of the young to their parents and others their superiors in age may seem reprehensible.

We suppose it true that in certain circles of society in great cities, circles composed of the newly and suddenly rich, there is a constant display of excessively bad manners and that the whole tone of such society is low. That this is a widespread deterioration we do not believe. We believe, for example, that if Miss Fanny Ellsler, a lady with a dancer's well-earned European—private and public—reputation, were to come to-day into New York, she would hardly be enthusiastically received into so great a part of the total number of good houses in New York as when she came here and was received by New York high society some twenty or thirty years since. It is our opinion that Mr. Dickens, if he were to visit us now, would be received with all due civility and kindness, but that it is out of the possibilities that we should show so little dignity and self-respect as would have been shown if he had visited us twenty-seven years ago. This whether the "American Notes" were in existence or not. For, as we look at society, the Americans at home, take them "by and large," as the *Galaxy* writer says, are far less raw and provincial than their fathers; they have seen more, they have read more, they have mixed more with people of other nationalities, they have fought more and had to think more, they have spent more for ideas and given more away than their fathers ever did—in brief, the national character has been raised and dignified, and with it, we believe, the national standard of good manners. Certain persons in avenues in New York who give "cheap and hungries," are not "the American people taken by and large," and a comparison of the manners of such persons with the manners of the Knickerbocker families of the old times—of the times "below Bond Street"—the families and times and manners we all regret so much—gives no data for generalizing about the manners of the American people.

Having said this much by way of giving our view of the state of the case, and having hinted at some reasons why our view should be accepted as the true one, it remains to account, if possible, for the view which the writer in the *Galaxy* has taken. A man does not bring against his fellow-countrymen charges of the gravity of these we have quoted unless he seems to himself to have good reason. Looking about for a cause that would make it possible, and even easy, to fall into such an error, as we believe it, we found what we think the true one. It is not to be denied that manners as a complicated fine art, as an end in themselves, ceremonial manners, are going out of fashion; rather have mostly gone out of fashion, and the remnant of them is going with extreme rapidity. Their birthplace and home was in the courts of kings and the houses of noblemen. But kings and noblemen, and all the things that belonged to them exclusively, and all the people who imitated them in behavior, and all the people, from the finished American gentleman of the old school down to Mr. Turveydrop, who imitated the behavior of the people who imitated the behavior of the king and the nobles of the good old times—the day of all of them is all but gone. It has been with manners as with dress. Instead of cut velvet, the gentleman of to-day wears Scotch tweed; instead of high-heeled shoes, he wears thick-soled half-boots; he discards vari-colored doublets and hose, and is as dull-colored as dull colors can make him. And punctilio in manners is as dead as the use of bright colors in clothes or duelling by the code. We do not, if we are gentlemen, bow so low to the ladies; nor, if we are ladies, do we courtesy so low or so many times; nor, if we are children, do we so often say "sir" and "madam;" nor do we as men so often despatch challenges as if we had all, gentlemen, ladies, and children, lived in the times which, by ceremonious people, are thought to have been peculiarly the times of the gentleman.

This we may all confess—the elaborate style of behavior is almost entirely gone. It had a grace of its own, it had a fitness, or it would not have existed. It had an unfitness, or it would not have died. We have now a school of manners different from that which had its origin in courts. It lacks punctilious ceremonial; it makes rules for equals rather than for superiors and inferiors; it makes rules for men who work rather than for people who were occupied in idleness. But it no more encourages selfishness or unkindness or meanness or contempt for the weak or gross materialism than did that other school of manners which was illustrated by the framers of the Fugitive Slave law, the hosts and hostesses of Fanny Ellsler, the business men for whom the phrase "almighty dollar" was invented, the gentlemen whom Josiah Quincy had to fight hard before the noble amusement of the theatre could be introduced into Boston. In punctiliousness our fathers beat us—beat us so badly that we have reason to be not proud, but very proud. But we should be glad to see a reasonable nineteenth-century definition of the gentleman which would put Abraham Lincoln's constituents, as gentlemen, below Mr. Franklin Pierce's.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, January 3, 1868.

THE cold is intense, and all the *gamins* of the town are sliding upon the Seine, frozen over at sundry points. The shallow "lakes" of the Bois de Boulogne are solid ice; but as in so capricious a climate as that of Paris one can never count on the steadiness of the weather, the Skating Club has decided to lose no time in taking advantage of so exceptional a state of things, and will give, to-morrow night, a splendid *fête* on its "own particular" pond, lighted *a giorno* by electric suns, and winding up, about eleven o'clock, with a grand supper in its elegant Pavilion. No one but the members of the club, and guests invited by them, being ever admitted within the aristocratic precincts of this very exclusive club, a great crowd is sure to gather outside to witness the sport. The belles and lionesses of the club, mostly Russian and American, are understood to have adopted a skating-costume of velvet and fur, destined to rejoice the heart of Mrs. Bloomer, if that bold innovator be still in the land of the living.

The old year has gone out and the new year has come with the usual honors. All the military bands of Paris, joining forces, according to custom, on the afternoon of the last day of the departing year gave in the Court of Honor of the Tuileries, to the Imperial family, who listened and applauded from the overlooking balcony, the traditional *aubade*, or day-serenade, supposed to convey to the sovereign of *la belle France* the salutations of its approaching successor. On the following day the Emperor and Empress held the usual New-Year receptions, winding up a hard day's work with a grand-dinner to the members of the Imperial family; the Emperor, at all events, having earned his share of the good cheer provided for the occasion by his prompt response to the appeal of the *maire* of a distressed town in a distant department, in the form of an authorization to open, without a day's delay, and at the cost of his privy purse, an "economic kitchen" for the distribution, gratis, of six thousand portions of soup, meat, vegetables, and bread, daily, from now until the end of next March. While awaiting that "good time coming" when the rulers of the earth, whatever their denomination, shall devote their united wisdom to the extirpation of

the various roots of pauperism and popular destitution, it were to be wished that the unfailing generosity with which the Emperor and the Empress take a leading part in all attempts to mitigate the pressure of present distress—devoting to this end a very considerable portion of their respective allowances—were more generally imitated by their "brothers" and "cousins."

The holiday crowding of the favorite shops has been unusually dense this year, confectionery being, as usual, the class of goods most generally in demand. Siraudin's receipts, for the last three weeks, have averaged 20,000f. daily; and it is computed that the quantity of sugar employed in his establishment during that time would suffice to make *eau sucrée* of all the water of the Seine, from the Bridge of Jena to that of Austerlitz! Of the amount of New-Year business done by Klein we know only that it has been enormous, and that his gains on the mass of elegant knick-knacks sent out by him all over Europe must be very considerable; and so with the other shops, in more modest proportions. As for the cheap novelties, of which one or two usually create a sensation every Christmas, the favorite ones for this year seem to be the new puzzle, consisting of two little bits of steel in the form of a point of interrogation, hooked together at their rounded end, and at which half the children of Paris are now laboring hard to get them apart; a wonderful new top which, set in motion as usual by the aid of a string, emits a number of little tops, reabsorbs the same, and does various other curious things, all explicable upon "mathematical principles," but which fill with amazement the unsophisticated minds of their youthful possessors, and furnish no little amusement to many "children" of a larger growth; and the new doll, extensively advertised in "religious journals" under the heading of "A large supply of Infant Jesuses, in pasteboard, wax, or gutta percha, with mechanism and music, at prices varying from one franc twenty-five centimes to one hundred francs."

The theatres are all putting the last touches to their New-Year buffooneries, in the hope that this favorite form of Parisian folly may bring back the crowd to their now half-empty benches. Mlle. Patti, who has been crowning herself with fresh laurels in all the more ambitious rôles in which she has recently appeared, is to marry the young and brilliant Marquis de Caux, one of the members of the Imperial circle most in favor with the court. Miss Harris, the English *prima donna* whom—seeing that she is English!—the Parisians are never weary of wondering at themselves for so cordially admiring, who has something of la Patti's style of vocalization, might possibly, in case of the retirement of the bright-eyed *diva*, be able to take possession of her vacant place. A few evenings ago, at the second performance of *Martha*, Miss Harris was enthusiastically encored both in the famous hunting-song and also in the charming quatuor of the spinning-wheels. Her voice is not very powerful, but is of delicious quality and exceedingly flexible; her method is perfection; and she is altogether in high favor with the highly cultivated and very *exigeant* public of the Théâtre Italien.

Monsieur Sainte-Beuve, finding himself absolutely given over by the princes of the orthodox school of medicine, suddenly sent for one of the leading homœopathic practitioners, and has been so much relieved that some of his friends are beginning to hope that he may recover, though the disease from which he is suffering is usually regarded as incurable. M. de Lamartine, roused from his state of stupor by the echo of the rumors which have been representing him as near dying, has come unexpectedly to Paris, apparently to show the world that it has been premature in consigning him to the undertaker. He has been sending reproachful letters to the journals; and seems half-inclined to bring a suit against them for having made him out to be so ill, and against their readers for having believed them. But, however little he may like to admit the fact, the old poet is scarcely the shadow of himself. Those who saw him being wheeled in one of the little hand-carriages, last summer, through the mazes of the now defunct Exhibition, his head sunk on his chest, his eyes dim, scarcely able to articulate a word, and unwilling to reply even to the salutations of his oldest friends, could hardly fail to recall the belief of the contemporaries of Tasso, who held that the soul of the poet during the last sad years of his life had already escaped from its earthly tenement and that the outer semblance of the man was all that remained behind. Public opinion here has long been turned, perhaps too harshly, against Lamartine, mainly from the fact that, although the most simply innocent of men in regard to all the vulgar vices by which the members of the "nobler sex" so often beggar themselves, indifferent even to the pleasures of the table, never touching a card, and careless of dress as Mr. Horace Greeley, Lamartine has, nevertheless, managed to run through several fortunes, and has "demeaned" himself by accepting, in his old age, the pension recently voted to him by the Legislative Assembly. The secret of Lamartine's extravagant outlay is to be found, if the truth be told, in his vanity. He could never, though professing the most democratic principles, forget his claims to nobility, nor forego the pleasure of making costly Eastern voyages in ships of his own, and of surrounding himself with horses, dogs, a host of servants, and a numerous train of hangers-on, who flattered his mania of playing the *grand seigneur*, lived at his expense, and consumed the fortunes inherited by him at different periods of his life, and the still larger sums he made by his writings.

It has been announced within a day or two that M. Vacquerie was about to publish a volume entitled "Faust." The work in question, which will not, however, see the light before April, is looked for with much interest by those who are in the secret of its scope and nature, and will no doubt excite, when it appears, its share of attention. "Faust" is, in fact, a philosophic dramatic poem, resembling the immortal creation of the great German only in name. The "Faust" of Goethe is an appreciation of the past and present, under the form of an allegory; the "Faust" of Victor Hugo's son-in-law is an attempt to divine the future. Given the motive powers and inventions of recent years, the author endeavors to deduce therefrom, by analogy, the form of the social state implied in their generalization. The remainder of the poem sets forth the writer's views on God, the soul, the future life, etc., and will, probably, be the portion of the work that will excite most interest. Whatever the ultimate verdict of the thinking world in regard to the views contained in it, it is certain that the forthcoming work—for which, of course, any one but a Frenchman would have chosen a more modest name—is of a far higher order in point of talent than anything hitherto published by its author.

There is also looming in a not very remote future a new literary undertaking of much promise, being nothing less than an "Encyclopædia of the Nineteenth Century," under the literary directorship of M. Laurent-Pichat, with the rich banker, M. Motu, for godfather and provider of funds. The plan of the proposed work is still being eagerly discussed by the group of writers—all men of mark in their several walks—who have been recruited to put it into execution. Shall the new work consist of a collection of special treatises, classed by categories, or of a series of articles following one another in alphabetic order? One point is fully decided, to wit: that each collaborator shall be called upon to furnish not so much a mere compilation of other men's views as an exhaustive setting forth of the results of his own acquirements in regard to the subject assigned to his pen. The proposed work will, therefore, be less an "encyclopædia," in the ordinary sense of the word, than a sort of gallery giving a careful and conscientious reflex of the leading personages, sciences, opinions, facts, inventions, and topics of the busy age in which which we are living.

The artist-world is much excited just now by a discovery claimed to have been made by M. Charles Blanc, brother of the London exile, and author of an admirable "History of Painters." There is at the Louvre, in the "gallery of the seven masters," a fine portrait by Calcar of a young man with an ample flaxen beard. Up to this time no one knew who could have been the original of this fine portrait, which had hitherto baffled the efforts of all who have endeavored to provide its ideal with "a local habitation and a name." The eminent art-critic, by a series of ingenious deductions, appears to have made it tolerably clear that the flaxen-bearded youth is no other than the great physician Vesale, father of modern anatomy. M. Charles Blanc has come across a letter proving that Calcar made a portrait of Vesale; he proves that the young man of the picture is the same who is represented in a variety of attitudes in the illustrations by Calcar of the earliest editions of Vesale's work on anatomy; into the picture of the Louvre is introduced a coat-of-arms with the blazon of the guild of apothecaries, and it is known that Vesale's father belonged to that corporation; and to crown the series of arguments thus adduced, M. Charles Blanc has discovered in one corner of the mysterious picture—too small to be seen without a microscope—the letters M. V. B., which, according to him, stand for *Magister Vesalius Bruxellensis*.

M. Accolas, who, with his friend Naquet, has just been on trial on a charge of indulging in the attempt to get up one of those absurd little conspiracies "in a tea-pot" to which a certain class in this city are so much addicted, and who has been sentenced to imprisonment for the same, would have done better to continue to devote his efforts to the work of procuring the progressive reform of acknowledged evils by peaceful means, instead of endeavoring, by means most inadequate to the end, to procure the violent overthrow of the existing order of things. He has written various works, principally on the subject of French legislation, ancient and modern, exposing the points in which French law contrasts unfavorably with the legislative code of other countries, and notably of England. M. Accolas is exceedingly energetic and active, and he had succeeded in collecting a little group of sympathizers who met every week, under his auspices, to discuss the legal

reforms to be demanded of the Government. M. Jules Favre had been coaxed and tormented by Accolas until he had consented, though very reluctantly, to allow these meetings to take place in the drawing-rooms of his house in the Rue d'Amsterdam. But as Accolas has a passion for revolutions, M. Jules Favre, fearing to find himself implicated in some such foolish proceeding as has just brought the pair of agitators to grief, being summoned from home one day when the group was to meet there, *forgot* to leave instructions with his servants for its reception; and the members, on arriving, were denied entrance to the parlors, the servants declaring that they could not, in their master's absence, take upon themselves the responsibility of letting them in. The hint was understood, and the group subsequently met at the rooms of M. Accolas; but having gradually changed its discussion of legal matters to the plotting of a rising against the Government, the police were soon upon its track, and the trial just terminated has given the *coup de grâce* to the association.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In August, 1866, I sent to your office a communication in regard to the Bremen Rose-wein, which in due course appeared in the *Nation*. A day or two ago I learned through a German paper and from a friend, who had visited the "Rathskeller," some items in relation to the subject that may be of interest to the readers of your paper.

The oldest Rheinwein in the "Rose" of the "Rathskeller" in Bremen is said to have been made in 1624, and a newer kind in 1668. Six hogsheads cost originally 300 thalers in gold. Adding to this sum compound interest, and allowing 10 per cent. per annum during 192 years for leakage and refilling, the value in 1860 would be 5,752,000,000 thalers per hogshead. Each bottle would be of the value of 22 million thalers; each glass (eight glasses to the bottle), 2½ million thalers; and each drop (1,000 drops to the glass), 2,750 thalers.

The vault is decorated by a rose painted on the ceiling. Notwithstanding the above figures, my friend assured me that a bottle of Rose-wein can be bought in the cellar for the sum of 2½ thalers gold; the wine has rather an unpleasant taste, owing to its extreme age.

In connection with this subject it may be proper to state that near the "Rosezimmer" is a room so constructed that in it the lowest whisper can be distinctly heard in an opposite corner. This room is known as "das Schallzimmer. C. M., Jr.

Philadelphia, January 9, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

The meagre show of advertisements in the journals devoted to "the trade" admonish us that business among publishers is dull. J. B. Lippincott & Co. intend to issue "Poems," by J. B. Everhart, and we believe that besides this there is nothing in the list of books to be published by this house of which we have not already informed our readers.——T. B. Peterson & Brothers have in press a new novel by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, "The Disputed Birthright," and another, called "My Son's Wife," by the author of "Caste."——G. W. Carleton & Co. find the first edition of "Laus Veneris" exhausted, and will soon publish the second; and they announce, also, a new book by Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern).——Lindsay & Blakiston announce new editions of several works known to the medical profession, "Birch's Constipation," Duncan's "God in Disease," an enlarged and revised edition of Hewitt's "Diagnosis, Pathology, and Treatment of the Diseases of Women," and Basham's "Dropsy."——Little, Brown & Co. have in press a fourth volume of Everett's "Orations," which will contain addresses on the characters of Washington and Franklin; panegyrical pieces on Thomas Dowse, Webster, Choate, Prescott, Humboldt, Hallam, Irving, Quincy, Felton, and others; the address on the conduct of the war which Mr. Everett delivered sixty times during 1861 and 1862, and many patriotic speeches delivered during the last three or four years of Mr. Everett's life. The same house announce as now ready the second and third editions of a revised edition of "Greenleaf on Evidence," edited by the Honorable I. F. Redfield.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton, of Broome Street, announces that he will shortly offer for sale a very fine private library which has been put into his hands for disposal. It is the property of a gentleman who spent some years and much money in collecting it, and that he collected with knowledge and taste the catalogue makes evident. Catalogues, by the way, will soon be ready for general circulation, and will be sold at half a dollar apiece. Among the choice things in the collection is a copy of Béranger's "Chansons"—the author's copy, with the suppressed "Chansons" in his own handwriting. Another is the original manuscript of "Hunted Down," a short story by Dickens, which, if we do not forget, was sent to Mr. Bonner simultaneously with its publication in London. Another is the original manuscript of Cooper's "Life of Sommers." There are also complete large-paper editions of most of the French classics; of Webster, Franklin, Adams, Bancroft, Irving, and Sparks among American authors; a copy of the original edition of Chapman's "Homer" and of the "Paradise Lost" and of the first Genevan version of the Bible; large-paper copies of Massinger, of Middleton, of Dodsley's collection of old plays, of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," of all Dibdin's works, and of many other works of standard value or of peculiar value and interest. Mr. Bouton promises a feast to the connoisseur in fine bindings who shall give the library an examination. Wright, Rivière, Pratt, Matthews, Silani, Grieve, David, Pettit, Bedford, Aliô, and other celebrated workmen in this line are represented by some of their best handiwork. In every case, Mr. Bouton says—and he is something of an authority—the best edition was secured by the collector without regard to cost, and the library contains many of the choicest bibliographic gems which were disposed of by auction or at private sales during the time of its collection.

—The English Wesleyan Conference are about to publish, by subscription, the entire poetical works of Charles Wesley, never hitherto collected. The edition will comprise not only the verses printed by him in his lifetime, which are scattered through over thirty distinct volumes and tracts, all of them now more or less scarce, but also a great mass of hymns, etc., which he left in MS., and which have not yet seen the light. The Conference purchased these last from the author's family long ago, but have never made use of them till now. Of them alone there is enough to fill four volumes. The whole of the poems (with the few by John Wesley) will be included in about twelve volumes crown octavo, with introductory and historical notices; Dr. Osborn, we believe, is the appointed editor. The subscription price is two guineas for the twelve volumes; subscriptions to be received through any of the Wesleyan ministers. Six volumes are promised during the present year. The price to non-subscribers is set at 4s. 6d. per volume.

—We have looked over with some curiosity and pleasure the second number of an American paper printed in Shanghai, and called the *Shanghai News-Letter*. Among the "Local Items," we see it stated that a band of robbers climbed over the city wall a short time ago and looted some jewellers' and pawn-shops, and got away all clear—a story that in some, at any rate, of its particulars sounds strange to American ears when told by a fellow-citizen. And we learn that a raid was recently made at Tche-hein's instigation on some houses at Honque, and another on some other houses in Sungkiang, and rubies and jewellery were found on the persons of certain Chinamen. "It is likely to be 'heads off' in this case," the reporter adds. On the 11th instant, the *News-Letter* says, the Chinese steamer *Nora Creina* came back from a cruise against the pirates, having burnt, during her absence, some forty junks. And it appears that the barbarian sport of boat-racing not only has been introduced but flourishes in the waters of the Flowery Kingdom. An English eight-oared boat has recently avenged the English defeat of last year by defeating an American eight in a boat of which the stroke-oar was pulled by a barbarian from Boston, Mr. A. A. Hayes. Victors and vanquished, after the regatta was over, flouted the Son of Heaven in his own realm by uniting in a song of which this is an insolent stanza:

> "And for many coming years may there be no doubts or fears
> To mar our perfect Union and Alliance.
> Only in such wars as these may we strive on lands and seas,
> And then my Boys we 'll bid the world—Defiance."

We learn, too, that Viceroy Le, who is fighting rebels at Shantung, would gladly employ in the field two American telegraphers, but is restrained by the jealousy of the other viceroys, and by the cabinet at Pekin. So the *News-Letter* goes on, printing American ideas and advertisements in Cathay in a manner that somewhat confounds the imagination, showing us vividly the New World in contact with the Old, and suggesting thoughts of the opportunities that are waiting for Americans in the oldest of Old World empires.

—The English magazines of to-day are very much more able than they have ever been before. Macaulay, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Wilson, De Quincey are not writing for them; but even if we admit that these

men—some of whom, whatever they may be as names in the literary history of their generation, are as writers but very little read—were greater in literature than any half dozen men who now write for the periodicals, still one has only to turn back to the quarterly reviews and monthly magazines in which their articles were printed in order to see that the greater number of their contributors were men in every way inferior to the contributors to the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, the *Cornhill*, the *Chronicle*, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and even the *Edinburgh*, *Blackwood's*, the *North British*, and the *Quarterly*. So, also, of the daily press of Great Britain, and, without being familiar with the periodical literature of the European continent, we are not afraid of misleading anybody, or of being contradicted, when we say that what is true of the English periodical press is true of the Continental. There is, then, a wide range of valuable reading from which conductors of eclectic magazines and papers—paste-pot-and-scissors magazines and papers they have been called by people who looked only at the worst side of them—may select matter for their readers. Perhaps the range is so wide that there is a chance of life for more eclectics than are now in the field. Recently, we have had the *New Eclectic*, published at New York and Baltimore, and the *Week*, published at New York. There were already in flourishing existence *Every Saturday*, the *Eclectic*, and *Littell's Living Age*. The *Living Age* is, to our taste, the best of them all—a little heavier, perhaps, than *Every Saturday*, or a little less light, but evidently managed by a person who either knows what is valuable in contemporary magazine literature or knows where to go for good advice. The *Eclectic* we might perhaps think almost as good as the *Living Age*, if it were not that it has a habit of occasionally publishing editorial articles which, so far as we recollect, are not perfectly, but tolerably, good specimens of feeble thinking and bad writing. *Every Saturday* is meant for passengers by rail and steamboat, and its managers cater very well to the tastes of the better class of railroad and steamboat passengers, and not seldom print articles that deserve more serious consideration. Of the *New Eclectic* there have been published but two numbers, so that it is not yet time to speak certainly of its character. Its selections seem, so far, to have been made by persons of some taste, but, without knowing anything about the prosperity of the old *Eclectic*, we should say that the new one is so nearly the same that the old one must die or the new one will be obliged to seek a fresh field of operations. The *Week*, also, is so new that to criticise it would be unfair. It differs from its brethren in this, that it is mainly devoted to politics, and aims to give opinions on all sides of every important political question. This well done will, we should think, make the paper valuable to those persons who, caring nothing for ordinary news and something for the condition of parties, are too busy to read the daily papers. Foreign politics, too, are to find a place in the work, and it will contain dramatic, musical, religious, scientific, and art news. For the very general reader who likes a little of everything and not much of anything, the *Week* will be, if it keeps on as well as it has begun, a pleasant and useful paper. It is a matter of wonder that some one does not establish a daily paper of the same character. It should be published in the evening, of course, and perhaps its scope ought not to be so wide as that of the *Week*—ought not, that is, to be so wide as regards the ground covered in every number. In some respects it would have to be a little wider, perhaps. Perhaps original articles might well be admitted. But an evening paper which should do in America what the *Pall Mall Gazette* does in England, which should give the reader as he goes home in the afternoon a digest of everything that all the partisan papers have said in the morning, which should give all such news of the day as is not in most people's eyes trivial, and should add to this an account of the condition of the markets, some literary matter, some dramatic news, and so on, could hardly fail to be a success. We have now in New York no evening paper not a party paper which is not of a very slight sort.

—The work of Von Martius on the ethnology of our continent, to which we lately referred, has for its full title "Contributions to the Ethnography and Philology of America, especially of Brazil." As its author is now nearly seventy-five years old, we may probably regard it as the final fruit of the famous journey of Spix and Martius, undertaken in the years 1817–20, the general account of which, and the detailed workings-out of its botanical results, are so well known to the literary and learned world. The central and chief part of the work is a detailed account of the Indian tribes of Brazil and its vicinity, of their distribution, connections, habits, history, numbers, and so on. Besides his own observations and collections, the author has turned to account whatever was accessible to him, including the information gleaned by a long-continued and extensive correspondence. His combinations and inferences seem sometimes a little venturesome; but it is very difficult to avoid erring in this direction where the field is so wide and the materials are so scanty. The second volume is made up of vocabularies, larger and smaller, of a great number of dialects—the basis, in part, on which the conclusions of the other are founded. The whole is led off with two dissertations, prepared and delivered on special occasions many years ago. The one groups together the jural usages of the South American natives, their customs that bear upon the conditions of social and public life. The other, on the past and future of the American race, ought, in virtue of its subject, to be the most directly interesting and enjoyable part of the whole work; but we have found it on some accounts the least satisfactory. It shows us the author as having begun and long pursued his journeyings under the dominion of a very Rousseau-ish theory respecting our aborigines, as a new and childlike branch of humanity, characterized by simplicity and innocence; and then we see him aroused from his delusion by a curious occurrence which he relates with much *naïveté*, and suddenly converted to the opposite and equally baseless persuasion that they are the worn-out relics of communities once more powerful and highly cultivated. Something of the tendency to discover traces of ancient grandeur and present decay where they probably do not exist is perceptible throughout the work; yet this is, as we doubt not, one of the most valuable and trustworthy contributions yet made to American ethnology.

—M. Perdonnet, of Paris, once wrote a small volume on railways and contracted for its publication with M. Eugene Lacroix, who is perhaps best known, on this side of the water at any rate, by his title of Bibliophile Jacob. Each edition of the book, said the contract, was to consist of 1,500 copies. An edition was exhausted each year, and it was the custom to send the proofs through the publisher to the author. M. Perdonnet one day found in the proof-sheets an error which he tried to explain to the printer, but in vain; so he took it to the printing-office with intent to talk about it to the workmen. They stared at him with astonishment—the proofs were not from their office, they said; they knew nothing about them. It was M. Perdonnet's turn to be astonished. He began to make enquiries. To make a long story short, he discovered that Bibliophile Jacob was in the habit of publishing in Paris the 1,500 copies provided for by the contract, and of publishing thousands of other copies which he printed at provincial presses. Jacob was brought before the courts and had to pay damages. Doubtless this is the only case of the kind. The trusting confidence of authors and the transparency and honesty of publishers are well known. Seriously, though, it is probable that authors in France are not mistaken in leaving their interests in the hands of their publishers; English authors do so as a rule, and American authors do so almost without exception. Still, one does not blame George Sand for employing an agent to attend to such matters. Nor does one wonder that in Paris there has been formed a Dramatic Authors' Association, which publishes plays, and which has to some extent injured the business of Michel Lévy & Brothers, who have long held the monopoly of publishing dramatic works. Its career, so far, has been successful, more successful doubtless than would be that of any association of authors of another kind who should attempt to dispense with a publisher. It costs but little to put a play in type, and if a play has already been applauded on the stage there is a sure sale for a certain number of copies. There have been in Paris librettos of operas which have been sold to the extent of 70,000 copies, and dramas of which there have been sold more than 100,000 copies. And on an average it may be set down as certain that collectors, spectators, dramatic agents, and managers of provincial theatres will buy 300 or 350 copies of any play that has succeeded on the Parisian stage. But $25 covers the cost of 1,000 copies of a one-act play, $40 of a play in two acts, $63 of a play in five acts, and the entire cost is covered if 300 copies are bought. The rest is clear profit. So there can hardly be a loss upon the publication of dramatic works. With books of other kinds the case would be very different. So, as is evident, the Dramatic Authors' Association, which publishes for the author, finds it not hard to succeed, and, at the same time, give more money to the author than Messrs. Lévy, who have hitherto monopolized the business, have felt willing to give. As the first instance of co-operation on the part of the *genus irritabile*—the first instance that we have heard of—the experience of this Parisian association is interesting. It is hardly to be called an experience promising good to the whole fraternity of writers wherever found. In this country, for example, an association of authors which should go into the publishing business would soon die. An indefinite number of "Something, and Other Poems," as Mr. Bristed says, would speedily kill it, or else it would fall to exercising the publisher's function of finding out what literature would probably pay for publication, and so would fail of attaining the end of such associations—bringing books before the

reader through a channel of publicity less expensive to the author than that which the ordinary publisher now offers. For the facts in regard to the French association which we have set down in this note, we are indebted to the Paris correspondent of the *Publishers' Circular*—a writer whose letters are always valuable and interesting.

GENERAL GREENE.*

THE life of General Greene is, we are told, the realization of a dream of early youth. A work written in this spirit by any one, and upon any subject, could hardly fail to have some interest and value—still less when the writer is one of the foremost literary men of the country, and the subject the chief military hero of the Revolution next to Washington. Not without reason, then, does the author venture to hope for his production "a life beyond my own;" his book is at once a welcome contribution to American literature, a valuable historical record, and the needed memorial of a distinguished man about whom too little is known.

"The life of General Greene," we are told, "falls by a natural division into two parts; the first of which is strictly biographical, the second historical." In the present volume we have the biography—the years of preparation for the great work in which he was the chief actor—"Greene's thoughts and feelings, the growth of his mind and the formation of his character, compose the picture." This "psychological study" is very successful. We are made personally acquainted with his mind and character, not by any labored analysis of the biographer, but by his own energetic actions, thoughtful writing, and judicious counsels; and if we do not recognize the over-sanguine nature, too readily despondent and as readily flushed by "the illusions of inexperience," of Mr. Bancroft's last volume, it is not for lack of materials on which to form a judgment. Nor do we learn to know Greene alone, but his associates and surroundings. His home at Potowhommet—a genuine bit of New England—is made almost as familiar as if we had known it in person; and in every scene of military life the writer has the skill to place himself and his reader in close relations with his hero. Nowhere is this more finely done than in the description of the camp life at Valley Forge, p. 564.

There is, no doubt, more correspondence on purely military topics than the general reader needs—not too much, perhaps, for the historical student. Perhaps, too, there are times when our author fails to make it certain that Greene was not too sanguine. It surely is not necessary for his fame to prove that he did not make a mistake in advising Fort Washington to be held. It was, at any rate, an open question—Washington himself felt in doubt—and if the issue proved that his first judgment was right, he yet had not himself felt decided enough to feel inclined afterwards to throw the responsibility upon his lieutenant, even if his magnanimity had not forbidden this. But Professor Greene has done wisely in taking no notice whatever of the ungenerous insinuations of Bancroft's history; the name of that historian is not once mentioned. Only we have the full correspondence from which garbled extracts are given in that work; and, what is more important still, we have the most constant and convincing evidence of the esteem and confidence reposed by Washington in General Greene—and if Washington was satisfied, we may well be.

Besides the Fort Washington affair, the only serious charge made by Mr. Bancroft is with regard to Greene's late arrival at Germantown, and this is rather an insinuation than a charge straightforwardly made. But in his numerous citations on this point he neglects to refer to Pickering's journal, which must have been accessible to him, which says, without a word of censure (and Pickering was a sharp and fearless critic), "I understood that the guide of the left wing mistook the way"†—a not unnatural nor uncommon occurrence.

In a review of this life of Col. Pickering, a few weeks ago, we spoke of a certain "hardness towards Washington" noticed by the biographer as inexplicable. The biographer thought fit, however, to omit a very characteristic anecdote touching on this point, which Prof. Greene, more judiciously as we think, gives, p. 468:

"On one of those dreary nights," writes Pickering, "as the army marched upwards on the eastern side of the Schuylkill, in its rear I fell in with General Greene. We descended the bank of Perkiomen creek together, and while our horses were drinking, I said to him: 'General Greene, before I came to the army I entertained an exalted opinion of General Washington's military talents, but I have since seen nothing to enhance it.' I did not venture to say it was sensibly lowered, though that was the fact; and so Greene understood me, for he instantly answered in these words precisely: 'Why, the General does lack decision; for my part, I decide in a moment.'"

Nothing is gained, we think, by suppressing such anecdotes as this. We surely do not need to be told that Washington was not faultless; nor is it any disparagement to either him or Greene that in the second year of the war there did not exist that almost superstitious reverence for him which we have learned to feel.

This faithfulness to the record is a marked characteristic of the book. General Greene's grammar is at all times faulty, but is left as he wrote it: so that we have such sentences as this (p. 98): "Many officers blames me for being so silent upon the occasion, and thinks I don't do justice to the colony." Nor is his letter to his wife omitted (p. 406), advising her to improve her spelling before coming to the camp.

We noticed in Pickering's letters frequent complaints of lack of public spirit and morality, and of the inefficiency of Congress. In this volume, which covers a part of the same ground, we find the same complaints—less severe and frequent perhaps, as Greene was a less critical person than Pickering. We do, however, obtain in this volume a stronger picture than the other gives us of the inefficient administration of Congress, so strong and apparently so well-founded as to make our Congress during the late rebellion appear by comparison a model of energy and wisdom. And we suspect that this was true. It was partly owing to the weakness of the Federal Government (which indeed did not in strictness exist at this time), partly to an actual degeneracy in the second Congress by the withdrawal of able men, and partly, as we believe, to a real inferiority in the average of the community then as compared with the present day.

The two years and a half of the war comprised in the volume before us have many analogies with the same period in the beginning of our late war in circumstances which account in some degree for the evils complained of. It was experimental—made up of illusions, miscalculations, and blunders, a severe but wholesome school. But we fear it was true, as our author says, that while the army learned from the lessons of experience, the civil leaders refused to do so until after still more bitter experience. In the war of the rebellion, on the other hand, Congress was nowise backward in learning all that experience taught.

Professor Greene's judgment, indeed, would warrant an even stronger contrast. "It is the greatest of all absurdities," he says, in a note to page 411, "to represent the Revolution as the work of either the people or of Congress; it was the work of a few leading men who inspired confidence and awakened enthusiasm in spite of the errors of Congress and the shortcomings of the people. But for the reverence inspired by Washington, the people would have failed the Congress and Congress the people. But for the sustaining sympathy of Greene, Sullivan, Schuyler, Knox, Hamilton, the two Morrises, and a few more, both civilians and soldiers, Washington would have sunk under the burden of responsibility and labor." This, then, was an aristocratic revolution—a revolution carried through by a few men! And we know that aristocracy was the prevailing sentiment, and the institutions of the time had an aristocratic basis. How different from the revolution of our democratic days, in which it was the determination of the masses that pushed soldiers and statesmen—often against their will—to the auspicious result!

It would be hardly worth the while to notice one or two instances of what we might deem defective rhetoric in a style which is generally so calm and well sustained or a few cases in which the connection of events is not made sufficiently clear. We will, however, remark that in so detailed and vivid descriptions of battles, plans of the ground would have been very serviceable, especially for the battle of Brandywine. It is to be hoped that these will not be omitted in the subsequent volumes.

* "The Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution. By George Washington Greene, author of 'Historical View of the American Revolution.' In three volumes. Vol. I." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.

† Pickering's Life, Vol. I., p. 167.

HINTON'S HISTORICAL COSTUMES.*

MODERN writers upon the fine arts, a race who differ very widely among themselves, seem to agree pretty well in this, that modern figure painting is not of absorbing interest, nor capable of giving delight to anybody, either painter or spectator. About the causes of this unfortunate condition of things these writers again differ widely among themselves, but are found to agree again in this, that modern costume is one reason, and a potent one. The painters themselves, not often gifted with power of coherent speech, act at least as if they agreed with the critics. The French classical painters—whom Hamon shall represent for us—avoid modern costume by

* "Select Historical Costumes, compiled from the most Reliable Sources. By Henry L. Hinton." New York: Wynkoop & Sherwood. 1868.

the adoption for all their figures of a light drapery of semi-Grecian character, not displaying much of the dressmaker's art, not very credible as garments for the working day, not very well adapted for "northern climes and British ladies," nor for the uses of any other than a strictly ideal "Jardinière," or "Girl feeding chickens." They gain what they seek, placid grace, unity of conception, harmony; and for these they sacrifice possibility as willingly as they give up richness and brilliancy of color. The English realists, caring less for beauty of line than for fulness of meaning and truth to the facts, paint modern life in modern costume. More than any one painter, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, is an example of this close confinement of the imagination within the limits of the actual; a master of the nude form, and the most inventive of modern designers in pure sculpture, he is not less careful of Tennyson's knotted cravat and coat tight-buttoned across a broad chest than of Tennyson's clusters of hair; but even he is glad of the chance to model little "Constance in her night-gown," and took the order for a statue of Bacon for Oxford with, probably, a feeling of gratitude for the possibility of a long furred gown.

The painters of the school of art to which Woolner belongs, though staunch in their principles of putting modern men in modern dress, are fond of a subject which will give them a better chance. One of the most prominent men of the school, John Everett Millais, is best known by his studies of the past—Huguenots of the sixteenth century and Cavaliers of the seventeenth; another one, Holman Hunt, has drawn his most important pictures, with a single exception, from the East and from Oriental life, taking his subjects from the sacred history, but his costumes and accessories and "local color" from the little-changing East as he saw it in the nineteenth century. And if we look at other painters, who are neither English students of the actual nor French students of the classical, we find the powerful ones doing either as Hunt does or else Millais does. Gérôme, probably, does not head or represent a "school," for his work is not artistic enough to satisfy artists, even badly taught artists, if they are taught art at all; but he is one of the most prominent of those who have gone to the East for a satisfaction which modern Europe will not afford. And Henry Leys, of Antwerp, leads the Continental mediævalists who seek material for beautiful art in a careful study of the rich, varied, often whimsical, but as often noble, and always picturesque, dress of the people of Western Europe during their great age of decorative art, which we roughly put at from A.D. 1200 to 1550.

To go abroad for subjects or inspiration is not exactly the right way for painters to work; for painters, to succeed truly, must paint what they thoroughly understand and have sympathized with from childhood, unless they become acclimated abroad, when they may possibly succeed in painting the life of the people of their own time in foreign lands, as Gérôme and Holman Hunt have done in different ways. But to live among the people of the past, and set them once more in motion, to animate the simulacra arrayed before us by Froissart and De Joinville, is not possible—at least, it has not yet been done, and probably it cannot be. Pictures of the past must continue to be like histories of the past, mere record, not life, and hardly drama. The drama must be of the present; no matter what antiquated names you give your puppets, the voice that speaks for them must speak from a modern intelligence.

Of the two uses to which this little book is devoted, namely, of furnishing material for masqueraders and the getters-up of fancy balls and tableaux, and of giving suggestions to artists, the former is the more important. Some good may come of "fancy dresses," but none, we think, of mediævalism in art, more especially in a country where the past has no hold whatever. If any good comes from the book at all, it will be in helping those who are, or, under favorable circumstances, would be, artists in dress. The absolute rule of fashion smothers all love and all capacity for the art of dress. Once in five or six seasons a woman has a chance to wear beautiful stuffs—but within six months they have become no longer admissible. Once in about as long a time fashion allows a not ungraceful drapery, which will be cut short or thinned out to awkwardness with the next turn of the wheel. Men just now may wear pretty patterns and bright colors of silk in their scarfs, and a bit of jewellery, which may be good in a small way as scarf ring or pin; but that is all the chance they have to show any love for beauty in their dress. It is not the fine art of dress which one cultivates in selecting the quietest of his tailor's cassimeres, and in insisting upon a medium style of cut for his dress-coat; and such bits of good sense as these are all, except the cravat, which the modern gentleman may indulge in.

But it seems possible that the inborn love of beauty of which Americans in these years are beginning to make a little more account might be directed toward this important matter of dress, by the influence of the masquerade and such other occasions of license in matters of garb as we have named. Not that we expect any speedy good result from such means. But it is possible. Every man or woman who, with careful skill and trained taste, has prepared and wears a beautiful costume, even for one evening, may be doing a certain good work by it, may arouse a little the dormant love of beautiful clothes, may shake a little the barbarous throne of fashion, may give a hint to others how to dress a little more tastefully in spite of, or in modification of, the fashion. We recommend this book to those persons who have not within their reach better books of the same sort, as a collection of hints toward the preparation of beautiful dresses.

As regards the book itself, the costumes are drawn from several sources, not all of equal authority. Those of the Middle Ages are not of the richest, but rather of the least splendid and characteristic that might have been chosen. Those of the present time are interesting, and make one desire a work which might easily be prepared, and which would preserve all the fast-disappearing costumes of the outlying provinces of Germany and Italy. The lithographs are not fine nor delicate, and the book does not pass for a gift-book or a finely illustrated one, but only for a sort of school-book in the study of dress.

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

THE magazines have become so numerous, and so much of their contents is almost necessarily padding, that we intend, in reviewing them hereafter, to speak only of the more valuable or striking articles—such as we shall presume our readers would, out of curiosity, or for profit, willingly read. Mr. Tennyson, this month, makes his first appearance, we believe, as a contributor to the *Atlantic*. His poem, published a month ago in *Good Words*, was copied from that source into many of our American papers, and has probably been already read with some pleasure by almost everybody. It is in finely finished verse, and is the presentation of a situation ingeniously painful. That we see the love of the mother, or, if one chooses to say so, the maternal instinct, triumphing over the fear of death and contriving self-sacrifice, is of itself enough to save the poem from producing the effect of horror merely. This escape is facilitated, we should say, partly by our perception of the mother's ingenuity and still more by a lack of vividness and force on the poet's part. Mr. Whittier and the anonymous writer of "Orion" furnish the rest of this month's poetry. "Orion" is not happy in thought or in the dress of the thought. "The Meeting" is in Mr. Whittier's best style, as regards the language and versification; some of the verses are notably felicitous in word and ideas—as, for instance, these, which the editors of the *Advance* will like better than the editors of the *Liberal Christian*:

> "No cool philosopher to teach
> His bland audacities of speech
> To double-tasked idolaters,
> Themselves their gods and worshippers."

It has numerous other verses, however, which will please Unitarians more than the orthodox. Every reader of good American poetry will know what we mean when we say that, substantially, the poem is an expression of Mr. Whittier's religious belief.

Mr. Parton, in an amusing article, justifies himself tolerably well for having discontinued smoking. He thinks his room is cleaner than it was in old times. That alone would be a good deal; but then, too, he has a better opinion of himself than he had formerly. He breathes foul air with far less inconvenience than during the thirty years in which he used the vegetable poison. His head aches less than it did once. His temper, he believes, is somewhat better than it used to be. If these things are so, perhaps he did well to forego the chief pleasure of the modern man. As for us others, we have now, we fancy, a sufficiently good opinion of ourselves. The present writer, for example, habitually looks at his individual self, decides forthwith that he has collected a sufficient number of facts for generalizing, and immediately proceeds to tell his fellow-creatures that a certain thing "does *not* pay," or the reverse. Then again most of us, we should say, have clean rooms already, and not many headaches, and are sufficiently good-tempered, and do not care to enjoy foul air or to be otherwise than offended by it. Tom Sayers, we imagine, would have been amused if he had read Mr. Parton's diatribe and thought of the cigars which he consumed up to the eve of Farnsborough. And Mr. Blaikie, we dare say, will tell Mr. Parton that the racing crew which has "made the best time" yet made in this country was not totally debarred from smoking during the period of training. Doubtless, to go a little further, Mr. Blaikie will say also that the rowing-men do not, as a general thing, read Buckle or write Buckle to any great extent, and Buckle, as Mr. Parton tells us, wrote "the most valuable work of this century." So to be an abstainer from tobacco is not all. In fact, Mr. Parton argues from himself and from extreme cases of one sort and another, and makes wild statements of various kinds. We do not know what a man so incapable of making limitations would do if he could be at

the same time a man incapable of making limitations and a man of any imagination. Smoke himself to death, perhaps; do nothing at all with moderation; let uncorrected likes and dislikes lead him into odd opinions, and beguile him or drive him into passing judgments which are and must remain singular.

Mr. Dickens's "George Silverman's Explanation" goes on with an agreeably rapid movement towards the ending of it. "The Destructive Democracy," by an unknown author, is a very weak performance; for any effect it can have it might better have remained unwritten, for those readers whom its dulness does not repel will, by a natural—deplorable perhaps, but natural—reaction rebound towards the Democracy when they see in a Republican writer of some ability such blind misapprehension of the condition of political affairs. The Democracy is to be destructive by reason of what the Republicans fail to do, and, without the sacrifice of a principle, the party which fortunately has been in possession of power for the last seven years can keep itself in power. But denunciations of the Democracy or faithful histories of Democratic corruption are not going to give us the country next year. A little work on the revenue laws is to-day, the average voter thinks, worth perhaps several hundred thousand speeches, spoken or printed, on the enormous guilt of Davis and Lee.

Besides the prose and poetry above-mentioned, there is a clever article, by Mr. E. E. Hale, entitled "A Week in Sybaris," and jocosely satirical upon some of our modern municipal, social, and domestic inconveniences and follies; an essay about some Elizabethan dramatists, by Mr. Whipple; an essay by Dr. Hedge which is called "Characteristics of Genius;" and a neatly done little notice of Mr. Tuckerman's latest book. Mr. Henry James, Jr., writes "The Romance of Some Old Clothes," a tantalizing story which, when the end turns out trivial, is seen to be trivial altogether.

A story of a very different class is that one of Mr. James's which is finished in the February *Galaxy*. "The Story of a Masterpiece" is very well thought out, and is, so far as we remember, the best of Mr. James's. Within the somewhat narrow limits to which he confines himself, Mr. James is, we think, the best writer of short stories in America. He is never commonplace, never writes without knowing what he wants to do, and never has an incident or a character that is not in some way necessary to the production of such effects as he aims at. By-and-by, no doubt, he will write of something besides love, will leave off subtly analyzing flirtations. In the tale of which we speak, a man in love with a woman, who is probably all she should be—to use a common phrase—but perhaps not all she might be, learns, on the sight of a portrait, painted with insight by an old-time lover of hers, the woman's essential worthlessness. It is a good idea and, as we have said, well worked out.

Mrs. Yelverton writes a very slight article on the "British Marriage Law and Practice"—an article that makes a better figure in the advertisements of the magazine than in the magazine itself. Besides these writers, the *Galaxy* brings forward this month Mr. Clarence Cook, Mr. Grant White, Mr. George Wakeman, M. Pierre Blot, and Mr. George M. Towle. Mr. Towle gives a sad account of "French Clubs." "It is certainly true," he says, "that one with moral perception cannot remain comfortable in such a place a quarter of an hour;" and there is much more of the same sort, all of it to be taken *cum multis granis*. M. Blot is always amusing. Thus he speaks of the concomitants and consequents of "a good, nearly frozen Roman Punch:" "If well made, its refreshing qualities, together with the charming smiles of the ladies, profusely distributed right and left, and the amiable and gallant little phrases of the gentlemen, prepare every one to attack those most succulent of birds—quails." It is good news, by the way, that M. Blot talks of setting up a restaurant for down-town men of business. And if that philosopher of his acquaintance, who "had never seen a lady cut a meringue that did not enjoy it," and so much enjoy it that a smile of peculiar captivation passed over her face, would talk still further with M. Blot, and induce him to try saddle of horse and other equine dishes at the new tables, it would be an act worthy of himself as a man without prejudice, and one which M. Blot almost owes to a people whom he has even now partly emancipated.

Lippincott's for February—a better number than that for January—begins with more of Mrs. Harding Davis's painful novel. We see she makes an attempt at satire, and contrasts an over-wise, transcendental young collegian from New England with some West Virginians, stolid and solid. "The Christian Commission" tells of the soldiers several good stories, and one that is extraordinary. It is briefly this: A Federal soldier, wounded in the mouth at the battle of Resaca, was asked by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, of the Commission, if he would not have a drink. Intense thirst is the first sensation after a wound. The young fellow, whose name is unknown, declined the draught offered him, saying, "My mouth 's all bloody, sir, and it might make the canteen bad for the others." "Alaska" gives much new information about our northernmost territory, if, indeed, it is our northernmost. The article speaks of a new continent called Wrangel's Land, which was discovered last summer by an American, Captain Long, who sailed through Behring Straits to the northwest, and coasted a new country. The writer gives a very favorable account of Alaska, believes that its wood alone will make it of incalculable value to our Pacific States, and that it may in time—with its climate as mild in winter as that of New York—become a great seat of ship-building industry. An isothermal map accompanies the article. "European Affairs," which we conjecture to be by Louis Blanc, is of no great length, and not, perhaps, in quality quite equal to his reputation. It talks well, however, of the Italian and Mexican troubles, and of the Fenians in England. "Our Monthly Gossip" is of interest and value, and is evidently prepared by a writer possessed of some literary and a good deal of bibliographical knowledge. The poetry of this number is nowise remarkable.

So also of the poetry in this number of *Putnam's*. Some rhymed hexameters on "Broadway" have, however, this pretty good verse:

> "A miss to whom life hath some charm since Don Giovanni is ours."

And enough like this:

> "She 's gone! what a princess-like gait has this blonde, so accustomed to Broadway."

For prose, *Putnam's* has, like *Lippincott's*, an article on Fitz-Greene Halleck, who is talked about in a rather prosy way. It has also some extracts from a private journal never published, and never written in except now and then, kept by Fenimore Cooper. Cooper's strong sense is plainly visible in the few passages quoted, and so is his forcible, downright character. Of mixed prose and poetry, we have the paper on "Dante and his Latest Translators." The writer, in his remarks on the work of others, shows some critical ability, but again seems at times anything but acute or in possession of the poetical sense. He translates the inscription over the entrance into hell by verses which begin thus:

> "Through me the path to place of wail,
> Through me the path to endless sigh," etc.—

which seems to be hardly more English than Italian.

The "Book Notices" in *Putnam's* are not nearly so well done as in its equal-aged rival for public favor.

Hours at Home is fuller of Halleck than either *Putnam's* or *Lippincott's*, and, as regards a critical estimate of the poet, is much better and comes nearer to stating the poet's place than either of the others. Our own opinion of him has been freely offered. We may say we find it confirmed by these anecdotes of him which his acquaintances now put in print. Mr. James Greenwood's "Pen Poison" is written by a veteran writer for magazines. It tells of the contents of what are called "yellow-covered novels," and speaks of the matter and sale of them with indignation. But it is not so good as he ought to have made it; it is, indeed, commonplace. The Rev. F. M. Bird writes a biographical notice of an unknown hymn-writer, whom he praises highly. But he gives specimens of his work, by which it appears that Mr. Gill had but a poor notion of what a hymn is, and that he will hardly be saved from oblivion. Dr. Bushnell continues in this number of *Hours at Home* the series of papers on which he has been for many months engaged, and Mr. John D. Sherwood writes a better article than we have known him to write before, to which he gives the odd title of "Knobs of Travel."

Harper's has many tales—half a dozen or so—two illustrated papers, one about "A Summer on the Plains," and one by General Strothers, who this time tells about the march to Antietam and the battle there; an essay, entitled "Warfare of Modern Religious Thought," which we suspect as Dr. Osgood's; some chapters of Miss Mulock's new novel; and the usual quantity of "Monthly Record," "Editor's Drawer," and "Editor's Easy Chair." Dickens, and Railroad Conveniences—as Mr Vanderbilt understands them and permits them to be purveyed in this part of the world—and Gifts for Christmas and New Year's are Mr. Curtis's themes this month. We must not forget to mention the best article in the February *Harper's*. It is a little collection of anecdotes of Governor Andrew, each one of which will deepen the public's sense of its loss.

"Couture's Book" is the pleasantest reading in the *Catholic World*. One hardly wonders at the enthusiasm with which his old pupils speak of him. His "Painting-Room Method and Conversations"—everybody calls it Couture's book, it is so naïvely full of himself and so much like him in speech—ought to be translated for students of art in this country. The *Catholic World* gives many extracts, and they constitute, as we have said, an entertaining article. "Paris Impious, and Religious Paris"—which

gives some account of Parisian charities—ought to be read together with Mr. Towle's lamentation above mentioned. Aubrey de Vere writes some of his less successful verses on the text, "Beati Mites," etc.; Argyll's "Reign of Law" is carefully reviewed from the Catholic point of view; the speech of Bishop Dupanloup at the Congress of Malines, in which he denounced so severely the project for erecting a monument to Voltaire, is translated at length; Father Lacordaire is eulogized, and there are other matters of less importance—among them this, which appropriately follows directly after the praise of the new Dominican: "A certain old man determined that he would drink nothing for forty days. Whenever he was tormented by burning thirst he took a vessel, and, having filled it with water, placed it before him. And when his brethren asked him why he did this, he answered: 'In order that, seeing what I greatly desire, and yet not tasting it, my suffering may be the more intense, and hence that the reward which God shall give me may be the greater." He was one of the fathers of the desert.

Recent Republications.—In spite of the already numerous works on the same subject, we are disposed to welcome the appearance in a more permanent form of Dr. Burt's letters from the East to the Cincinnati *Gazette*.* They are the unpretentious record of a traveller whose interest in his journey seldom becomes enthusiasm, and whose language is never rhapsodical. His observations, however, are frequently newer than could be expected in so well-studied a field, and we presume his conjectures as to the real location of Scriptural places and events are worth something among others. We do not remember a Nile tourist who exhibits more plainly or more feelingly that intimacy with the sky which must result from the monotony of the river scenery; the colors of morning and evening are noted, if not with warmth, at least with apparent precision—which, perhaps, is to be said of all Dr. Burt's descriptions. He is also the first, so far as we know, to set down the music of the boatmen of the Nile, which has been often alluded to, and sometimes in comparison with that of the blacks of the Sea Islands. The sketch-maps, which are fitted to the size of the page and bound in with the text, are another feature of this volume in which it surpasses more enduring and valuable works. The wood-cuts are of less account. Dr. Burt says (p. 195), speaking of Egypt:

"In the matter of taxes it is estimated that, notwithstanding all the measures devised to secure to the Government the full amount of taxes levied on the people, at least one-half of the whole sum paid by the people stops short of the public treasury—in the hands of intermediate agents."

Should his book reach a second edition, the author might quote, in a foot-note to this passage, Mr. Commissioner Wells's belief that in this country "not over fifty per cent. of the amount of the internal revenue taxes is received in the national Treasury." This in turn might suggest a note on the futility of Ismail Pasha's device for saving more of the revenue—establishing a constitutional form of Government.

If the debate between Romanism and Protestantism—the principles as well as the systems—were to end as soon as either party should be content to forego the last word, a stout pamphlet of 128 pages reviving it† might be deemed untimely and inconsiderate. Undoubtedly, political equality, free public education under Protestant auspices, and a national rule which compels sectarian toleration, are forces which must in time either destroy Catholicism in this country or essentially change its nature. But it is our misfortune that this form of religion has been imported and is sustained chiefly by one class of immigrants, whose numbers and whose ignorance together have made them courted as a political power, and secured immunity and even homage for their common profession. Catholicism has thus a bulwark against the corroding action of our institutions, and behind it may grow strong enough, at least in certain localities, some day to hazard a struggle for supremacy. Proof of the metamorphosis (perhaps only external) which it is undergoing here, and also of its inability to succeed in an open encounter, when undertaking to deny its transformation, is contained in the interesting discussion in Cincinnati, to which we have already once or twice alluded, between Rev. Thomas Vickers and Archbishop Purcell. This was partly conducted in sermons, and partly through the press of the city, the archbishop using his brother's paper for his own arguments, but never printing therein the rejoinder of his adversary, although the *Gazette* regularly presented both sides. It is Mr. Vickers, of course, who gathers up all the articles, and publishes them for the public verdict, and we have only to add that a more complete discomfiture than that which befell the would-be liberal and yet obedient archbishop is rarely to be met with. His attempts to maintain at once the immutability and uniformity of Church doctrines, and his own incautious utterances in oblivion of the Encyclical, are as amusing as the "Comedy of Convocation;" and if the members of the Established Church can take any comfort from so unevangelical a champion as Mr. Vickers, we advise them to purchase and enjoy his pamphlet. The appendix contains the Encyclical and Syllabus of Dec. 8, 1864, in the original Latin, with a faithful translation by Mr. Vickers himself.

My Prisons. Memoirs of Silvio Pellico. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.)—Silvio Pellico, a young Italian poet, was arrested at Milan by the Austrian authorities, in October, 1820, and spent the succeeding ten years of his life in various prisons, the fortress of Spielberg being that in which he remained longest and suffered most severely. His arrest was occasioned by the publication of certain articles in the *Conciliatore*, a Liberal newspaper, published at Milan, with which he was connected. He was at first condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to "fifteen years severe imprisonment." At the end of ten years he was released.

In 1831 "My Prisons" was first published in Italian, and it has since been frequently translated into other languages. It possessed certain features which of necessity rendered it popular. As the work of a man who had suffered in the cause of freedom, it was eagerly welcomed by the Liberals of Europe. The ecclesiastics, also, who create and destroy so many reputations on inadequate and factitious grounds, took this book under their protection. It stood well, moreover, on its own merits. As a poet, Pellico would never have addressed a wide circle of readers, but the accident of his imprisonment furnished him with the material and the occasion for a simple and pathetic record of personal experience under the severest trials, which appeals, as such records must always appeal, to the sympathy of all readers. That the interest of the work is purely biographical and limited, that it awakens no emotions except sympathy and compassion, and teaches no lessons save resignation and faith, and teaches these in a certain restricted sense, seem to us sufficient reasons for demurring to the title of "world-classic" which Mr. Epes Sargent gives it, but, of course, do not interfere with its rightful claim to popularity.

The book is, perhaps, chiefly remarkable for its omissions. A good deal of clap-trap, even, might have been pardoned a man who for ten years had suffered unjust imprisonment; but Pellico neither invokes liberty nor inveighs against tyranny. Prudence probably enjoined this reticence, but Pellico's artistic sense no doubt confirmed the decision. At all events, the silence is suggestive, and the unemphasized story is willingly supplemented by the reader. A still further reason for his moderation might be found in the fact that he was an exceedingly good specimen of the Christian optimist. On the first night of his incarceration he embraced Christianity, in which, he says, he had previously only half believed. He turned instinctively, however, to its consolations, and they never failed him. He accepted the sufferings as a just punishment for his sins and a necessary discipline for his soul; and so believing, to have expressed wrath against the appointed instruments in his perfection would have been out of character.

That it is possible to live well even in a palace, we know from Marcus Aurelius. The problem is probably more difficult in a prison. There privation cannot wear the garb of self sacrifice, the charm of willing to assume a difficult post must be foregone, the prisoner seems to be the sport of men and not of natural forces, and cannot help wasting upon them a certain amount of unphilosophical anger. It would be unfair to expect from such an unnatural condition of life the best results of which life is capable. The tests are not only more than ordinarily severe, but both mind and body are in a morbid condition, to which healing and consolation are of the first importance. Yet, laboring under disadvantages so immense, Pellico proved himself a man worthy of the sincerest respect and sympathy. Suffering taught him some of its best lessons, and the miserable years of imprisonment which wasted his youth failed to rob him of his love for literature, his belief in human virtue, and his faith in God.

The Story of My Childhood. By Mme. J. Michelet. Translated from the French by Mary Frazier Curtis. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.)—This little story of Madame Michelet's is so delightfully told that one might quote with pleasure from almost every page, and yet its beauty is so purely formal that one forgets to sympathize with the childish sorrows it

* "The Far East; or, Letters from Egypt, Palestine, and Other Lands of the Orient. By N. C. Burt, D.D." Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1868.

† "The Roman Catholic Church and Free Thought. A Controversy between Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, and Thomas Vickers, Minister of the First Congregational Church of the same City," etc., etc. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

delineates, because they afforded such pretty material for the adult imagination to work into shape. It is autobiographical in form, but there is, properly speaking, no central figure; the interest does not centre in the neglected child and her doll, but scatters on a thousand diverse points. The child is, indeed, but the connecting link which binds together certain lovely little pictures of French rural life; she has no such strong personality as Marjorie Fleming, or, to take an instance from pure fiction, as Maggie Tulliver, beside whose genuine humanity this little French maid becomes almost as artificial as her doll itself. Her experiences are doubtless genuine, but one can't help feeling that the book owes quite as much to its author's artistic power and her imagination as to her memory.

The story might, however, be wholly fictitious and yet lose none of its value. One reading by no means exhausts its resources as a pleasure-giver; it is so simple, so graceful, it reproduces with such delicately vivid strokes the peculiar charm of French domestic life that one lingers over its pages with renewed delight. In France the gods of the hearth are not so heavy-footed as in England, nor so redolent of beef and pudding; home life there, as it is painted in this book, and in a charming little tale by Madame Sartoris, called "A Week in a French Country House," has a singular and poetic grace.

Madame Michelet introduces us to a family of moderate wealth and good social position, living in the south of France. We see the studious father; the mother, grave and severe, lenient to her two elder children, but stern and unsympathetic with the younger ones; the elder sister, devoted to housekeeping and her doll; the rough and mischievous brothers; the picturesque servants, and, finally, the solitary little girl whose infancy was passed away from home, and whose childhood found but one friend, her father, and but one consolation, her doll. This doll, by the way, is an old friend of ours. We recognize in it and its mistress the heroines of a chapter in "La Femme," entitled "Love at Five Years: The Doll." The owner of that doll, indeed, died broken-hearted at the loss of her rag-baby, and madame, on the contrary, survived to write the history of hers; but M. Michelet probably felt that so much might be conceded to the claims of sentiment. It is not, however, the sentiment of this book which constitutes its charm. The child might as well have been born of the ideal mother in "La Femme," and cradled in love from her infancy, since her little miseries and infrequent joys are matters of minor importance. They are told by a woman who recognizes in their gentle melancholy a charming background against which to sketch her delicate bits of landscape—her harvest scenes, her rustic interiors. It was an artistic problem merely, which her success solves satisfactorily. What could be better in its way than this, and how little of its charm does it owe to the age or sex, the happiness or unhappiness of its narrator?

"The grandeur and poetry of our autumn come with October. At the close of this beautiful month a melancholy silence settles on the country. The leaves are falling, not by the frost, but from exhaustion, after the long summer. The soil is full of the warm, pelting rains of the equinoctial storm. Little clouds hang just above the meadows, and follow the streams. When the sun has not power enough to lift them in the morning, they are condensed in fogs upon our valley. We ran out to play at losing ourselves in this sea of white vapor. What remained of the world? Nought but gossamer threads and the sound of our own footsteps.

"At noonday came a change, and bright rays pierced the thick veil. The sun transformed the clouds to glory, then vanished away, and left a pure blue sky, soft light, and slumbrous calm in the air. One would gladly have dreamed away the day; but it was essential to make haste, and profit by these sweet afternoons. My brothers helped to shake down nuts, and collect leaves for enriching the soil. I had to gather in the last of the seeds, and spread them out to dry. My mother and sister went to the weaver to set up the web of some new linen. . . . There were no holidays at the farm in these times: the tillage and planting were to be done. We were glad to see the pale-colored stubble of the fields turned over at last, and the great oxen dragging loads of manure. Towards evening we followed the gigantic shadow of the old woman who cast the seeds into the furrow. She saw us not: she went and came like a spirit. Her action was almost sublime, as she walked hand in hand with destiny. She seemed to say to the earth, 'I give: receive thou.'"

The book is translated into very easy and flexible English, which retains the spirit of the original as well as its substance.

O-Kee-pa; a Religious Ceremony, and other Customs of the Mandans By George Catlin. With thirteen colored illustrations. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.)—Much more than other sciences does the science of man depend upon a multiplicity of observations, and upon a due regard to all the phenomena, not excepted those which correspond to earthquakes and rattlesnakes. Ought the author of O-Kee-pa to have stopped when he had proved that the Mandans had, more than any other Indians, a distinct tradition of the Flood, and celebrated annually the retreat of the waters with the same emblems of the event that are cherished by Christendom—an effigy of the Ark, a willow (for an olive) twig, a "medicine" bird, and a representative of Noah himself, painted white? We decidedly think not. We do not know why he should have spared the details of the cruel ordeal of the braves, and the disgusting rites of the Feast of the Buffaloes, which were always joined with the propitiatory sacrifice to the Great Spirit against a second deluge. We think he would have done wrong and not right to suppress the facts. We have a right to know the fate of the Princess de Lamballe or the secrets of the Rathhaus of Nürnberg or the history of the Duke of Alva or of slavery on the Sea Islands or of the extremest forms of religious fanaticism in any age and in any part of the world. All we can require of the historian is that he shall add no ferocity or grossness of his own to that of his narrative; and in this respect Mr. Catlin is certainly faultless. Those who are offended by the realism of his text will, of course, be shocked by the fidelity of his illustrations, which, if not models of drawing and coloring, probably convey a very exact impression of the scenes and characters of the story. The part which discusses the origin of the white strain in the Mandan blood is perfectly unobjectionable, and the author's theory is at least plausible. He likens their wigwams to the rude cabins of the mountain peasantry of Wales, their pottery and beads to Welsh products of the present day, their canoes to the Welsh coracle; and their name he finds pure Welsh for *red dye*. Several words in their dialect bear a striking resemblance to the Welsh, *e.g.*, *Maho-Peneta* (Great Spirit) to W. *Mawr-Penaethir*.

Greek Elements; including the most useful Roots, Derivatives, and Inflections. Compiled by J. H. Allen, Cambridge, Mass. (Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.)—"These tables," Mr. Allen tells us, "are an attempt to bring into a single view those parts of the grammar and dictionary which are of the most constant and tedious reference." They contain a brief synopsis of Greek syntax, the most usual inflections, and a list of the more common roots. If we were disposed to criticise an attempt which has our hearty sympathy, we might perhaps except to a somewhat loose classification in the third division of the genitive, and to one or two other points of minor importance. Although these tables seem to us too brief, and therefore necessarily too imperfect, to be of much substantial use in their present form, yet we hope they may effect more important service in calling attention to the want now widely felt among intelligent teachers of a thorough reform in the present system of teaching Greek and Latin. Many of the objections to classical study which have been urged so earnestly of late by the advocates of the scientific as opposed to the classical system of instruction might be avoided, and many more might be satisfactorily answered if we could have brief compends, of about one-fourth the size of our present grammars, of the elements of Greek and Latin grammar. Mr. Allen, in common with the best teachers everywhere, has doubtless felt this want, and we earnestly hope that before another year has passed either he, or some other competent person, will undertake this much-needed work.

Condensed French Instruction; consisting of Grammar and Exercises, with Cross References. By C. D. Delille. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.)—This is an excellent elementary text-book, consisting of a brief French grammar, followed by a series of exercises in English and French, with constant references to the grammatical principles which the exercises illustrate. The author has shown much discrimination in the selection of these exercises, which seem chosen with the double pufpose of furnishing a useful vocabulary to the beginner and of bringing out the most important principles of grammar. The grammatical portion of the book is excellently arranged, the principles clearly stated, and the verb, the *pièce de résistance* for young scholars, carefully arranged, is placed most conveniently at the end. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt publish in the same series, as an elementary reading book, Jean Macé's "Histoire d'une bouchée de pain," designed to take the place which "Le Grand-Père" has so long occupied, and most certainly deserving to supplant it. The style is light, conversational, and idiomatic. Much scientific information is conveyed in an agreeable form. The book is supplied with a vocabulary and a list of the French idioms employed, and forms a natural and suitable companion to the grammar mentioned above. It has received the prize of the French Commission of Instruction, and we can confidently recommend it, together with the grammar, to the attention of teachers and students.

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The Week.

THE work in Congress has not been very lively, and nothing of much importance has been done. The Senate has kept up the discussion of the character and views of the Republican party as compared with the character and aims of the Democratic party, and with Mr. Johnson's policy. The rumor goes that the debate will be kept up until the news comes from Alabama, and that it will end in the passage of Reconstruction Bill No. 4 or in nothing, according as the news is good or bad. It seems probable that Alabama is about to accept the new constitution; before the end of the week it will be certainly known whether she has or not. In the House, on the 28th of January, a bill was passed providing that the legislature of each State may determine the manner and place of taxing all shares of national banks within the State. On the same day Mr. Chanler, of New York, made some remarks, which the Speaker permitted. It appears that he is not after all going to fight with Mr. Julian, though he is under promise, publicly made on the floor of the House, to do so at an early date. Now he says if anybody is dissatisfied with his record, and chooses to call him to responsibility, he is at such person's service. This is not what the country was expecting of him. On the following day, Wednesday, the Senate passed the bill authorizing the sale of thirty-five iron-clads and the retention of nineteen. In the House, Mr. Banks brought in again the bill to protect American citizens abroad, and made a speech about it. On Thursday this same bill was debated, and again on Tuesday last. Before the debate on that subject Mr. Scofield brought up the case of a Supreme Court judge—supposed to be Judge S. J. Field—who, it has been stated, has said in private conversation what his opinion of the Reconstruction acts is, and what the court's decision will be. The Judiciary Committee is to enquire as to the truth of the statement. On Friday the Senate received the notification that the Ohio Legislature has rescinded the resolution by which the last Legislature ratified the Constitutional Amendment. The Judiciary Committee is to examine the law of the case, and report whether a State's consent can be thus withdrawn. In the House the same action was taken on the same matter. Afterwards the House, 104 to 43, agreed to a final report of the Conference Committee on the cotton-tax bill. The amendment, which the Senate has succeeded in getting tacked to the original bill, exempts from tax imported cotton—imported after November next. The original bill exempts from internal revenue taxes cotton raised in this country. On Saturday there was nothing in the way of speech-making for bunkum. On Monday the reconstruction debate went on in the Senate. In the House the Hon. Mr. Robinson bearded the British lion in behalf of certain prisoners now "rotting" in English dungeons.

The New York *Tribune* has, during the past week, undertaken to give reasons for the introduction of Reconstruction Bill No. 4. They are in substance that the President, the rebels, and the Democratic party are doing all they can "to embarrass and defeat" the Reconstruction bill now in operation, and that "the results of last year's elections have greatly strengthened their hopes of a triumph next fall;" that, "the President having shown himself the inveterate, unscrupulous enemy of the reconstruction policy of Congress, which his Attorney-General officially declares unconstitutional," "*it has seemed just and necessary to Congress* that its execution should be confided to a legal and law-abiding General-in-chief rather than to a President *who lies awake nights* to devise and mature schemes which have for their direct object the overthrow of that policy." It however admits, as the leading members of the Republican party have admitted in the recent debates, that the assertion that "reconstruction is now going forward satisfactorily at the South is measurably true, yet it is none the less true that it is so proceeding in defiance of the most industrious and implacable hostility from the President, the rebels, and the Democratic party." We are thus left as much in the dark as ever. The foregoing, however, suggests a few additional questions which we should like to have answered. Will the new bill creating a dictatorship cause reconstruction to proceed otherwise than "in defiance of the implacable and industrious hostility, etc?" If this hostility be unbearable, will Bill No. 4 destroy or modify it? Will it weaken the Democratic "hopes of a triumph next fall?" Will it cause the President to cease being "the inveterate, unscrupulous, untiring enemy of the reconstruction policy of Congress?" Will it cause his Attorney-General to declare that policy constitutional? Finally, will it cause Mr. Johnson to sleep nights? If these are the things which have caused the introduction of the bill, the bill ought to meet and remove them. If it will not meet or remove them, it becomes a mere wanton assertion of power calculated to trouble the public mind and endanger the Republican triumph next fall. The *Tribune* also announces that "Congress sees that the President does not take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Congress, if it sees this, ought at once to impeach him, impeachment being the remedy provided by the Constitution, and not by the creation of a new office unknown to the Constitution and calculated to shake popular confidence in the party.

There has been more or less discussion of the bill in the Senate during the week also, but nothing new appears in it. The Democratic arguments were all directed against the whole plan of reconstruction as undertaken by Congress, and those of the Republicans were, to our mind, conclusive as to the wisdom, justice, and necessity of Reconstruction Bill No. 1. Not one word have we found which applies specially to Reconstruction Bill No. 4, and this is the one about which the country wants information.

The other subject of importance which has occupied Congressional attention has been Mr. Banks's bill stating the American doctrine on the subject of expatriation. The bill, as most readers by this time know, settles satisfactorily none of the points in dispute between this and foreign governments. It offers absolute citizenship to all for-

eigners who choose to come and settle here, but does not surrender the old claim of the American Government to indefeasible allegiance—a claim which the courts and the executive have always asserted, and which was laid down in the broadest terms during the war as regards Davis & Co. Now, we may claim from foreign governments as much as we please, but we must concede as much as we claim, or else we shall still be in hot water. The bill, moreover, gives the President the power of "employing all the resources of the Government in just efforts," etc.; in other words, the power of plunging the country in war without the knowledge or consent of Congress whenever he chose to consider a British Fenian or a Prussian conscript who had paid a visit to his country unjustly deprived of his liberty. The retaliation clause, empowering the President when American citizens are deprived of their liberty abroad to seize and imprison foreigners residing in this country, we hardly know how to characterize. The best thing we can say is, perhaps, that it is worthy of its author. However, in this case law, justice, and common sense are not left without defenders. Several members picked holes in the bill, and Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, made an excellent speech, for which the country ought to be grateful to him, setting the question before the House in its true light, showing the points to be met and wherein Mr. Banks's composition failed to meet them, and touching, though we think too lightly, the demagogical features of that remarkable work. If Mr. Wilson and a few other members who understand these questions would make it their business at such crises as these to speak their minds out fully, to state the law clearly, no matter how strong the tide of bunkum was running in the House, we are satisfied they would find it to their advantage in the long run. The Bankses might get the better of them for the moment, but the country would soon learn to appreciate their efforts to save the national credit by pouring cold water on the Congressional head. The subject came up on Monday under a resolution of Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, directed against the British lion, which beast he charges with "trampling on American citizens," evidently confounding him with the elephant, as the lion does not trample. Mr. Bingham then did for Mr. Robinson the same service which Mr. Wilson had done for Mr. Banks, telling the Fenians plainly that the doctrine which is rapidly gaining ground amongst them, that on British soil they are entitled to the same privileges and immunities as foreign ambassadors, and are not liable to arrest or punishment, for crime, was a mistake. An excellent bill has, however, been introduced into the Senate as a substitute for that now in the House, and covers the whole ground—makes the rights of expatriation and naturalization part of the public law of the United States, and defines the terms and conditions on which they may be exercised, and the consequences which follow their exercise. We have hoped from the first that discussion and the Senate would save us from the Foreign Committee of the House.

Congress shows serious signs of a desire and design to retrench. But it is dreadfully hard, in the presence of declining revenue and under constant assaults from contending interests. Mr. Washburne is endeavoring to carry out Mr. Wells's recommendations with regard to the army and navy, but both of them find plenty of friends. It has come out in the discussion that we have as many engineers for forty steamers now in commission as France for three hundred and fifty! There is still talk of inflation, but not so much as there was. In business circles there is a general disposition to regard the anti-contraction bill as settling what the volume of the currency is to be for some time to come, and we have been assured on very good authority during the past week that the root of Western discontent is rather the scarcity of national banks in that region than a desire for expansion of the currency, properly so-called. People in the border States, however, who have "war claims" which they would like to have settled, and which amount to an enormous sum, naturally enough meet the Government plea of poverty by asking to have the mills set to work, and as much money manufactured as the case may require.

The House was edified on Tuesday by the communication to it of letters which had passed between General Grant and the President between the dates January 25 and February 3, the former having, of necessity, the last word. The correspondence grew out of a verbal order from Mr. Johnson that Grant should not obey Mr. Stanton's orders unless satisfied that they emanated from the President. The general wants this in writing, and, having got it, replies, January 30, that until Mr. Stanton's authority is officially impaired by his superior he shall continue to obey it as heretofore. Each party makes a long and mutually contradictory statement of former conversations, pledges, and understandings in regard to the possible reinstatement of Mr. Stanton. The President threatens to suspend Mr. Stanton again, and is charged with attempting to force Grant to violate laws which he himself does not dare to violate.

In the Eighth Congressional District of Ohio the Republicans have beaten their Democratic opponents, and returned General Beatty to Congress in place of Mr. Hamilton, recently killed by his insane son. General Beatty's majority is seven or eight times larger than that given for General Hayes last year in the gubernatorial election, although it is about one-half smaller than the majority obtained by Mr. Hamilton in 1866. Hereupon some Republican journals in ignorance of the facts of the case, and some, like the *Tribune*, for reasons which we do not care to talk about, inform their hearers that "the reaction" is all over, that the stout yeomanry, the intelligence, and other inhabitants of Ohio are once more "standing by Congress," "shaming the cowards," and so on. The melancholy truth of the matter, as stated neither by Democratic nor Republican papers, but by a sensible and truthful man, General Donn Piatt, living near the scene of the election, seems to be this: The district is a Republican one; the Democrats were not sensibly weakened by the defection of Mr. Vallandigham, whose egotism blinds him to the fact that his influence over the "unterrified cohorts" is great enough to call out three cheers and other admiration, but not to induce a mutiny in the ranks; the election was a special one, and it is the general election that brings out the full strength of parties; but the Democrats more nearly cast their full vote than the Republicans; the Republicans were filled with a life and enthusiasm with which the Hayes canvass did not inspire them, for General Beatty planted himself fairly and squarely on Pendleton and Butler's repudiation platform. This, General Piatt seems to say, was what gave him the election. The people, he says, "will not consent to see the indebtedness they hold, in the shape of greenbacks, depreciated while that of the bondholders is kept at par"—fine phrases which mean that the borrower will not pay because the man who lent him money is, in one particular, a little better off than himself. However, we are not discussing now repudiation, we are giving the facts in regard to "this first election of 1868," into which "Andrew Johnson and the slave power threw themselves with all their baleful energy," etc., etc.

Judge Field, of the Supreme Court, is under "enquiry" as to whether he made use at "a private gathering"—understood to be a dinner party—of language revealing his opinion, and that of the Supreme Court, that the Reconstruction acts were unconstitutional. Mr. Trumbull was justifiably warm, a few days ago in the Senate, in his denunciations of possible judges who might out of court express opinions on important and exciting questions which might afterwards come before them in their judicial capacity; but it is, nevertheless, questionable whether the evil, if it exists, will be cured by following judges to the dinner-tables of their friends and taking down every indiscreet word they may utter. The way to make judges discreet is to be careful in selecting them, and to exalt and honor their office. In other words, the judiciary is to be kept pure and dignified and reserved, it seems to us, rather by general influences than by special punishments. It is now the fashion to believe Congress omnipotent in fact as well as in theory, and to think that it can set the world to rights by bills and resolutions. But this is a bad fashion, and will pass away. We shall never secure good presidents by a lavish use of impeachment or any other legal penalty, but by raising the popular regard for knowledge, soberness, honesty, and dignity in politicians. We shall never make the judges what we want to have them by abusing them, holding them up to popular execration in debate, and legislating against them, and

sending spies after them. It is an old and true saying, that they never respect themselves whom no one else respects; and a judiciary whom the people had learnt to despise would be one of the most repulsive bodies in the world.

"Historicus," in a letter to the London *Times*, explains the real nature of the "mixed jury" right by which the Fenian mind has been so troubled. He shows that the statute of Edward III., by which the right to such a jury was first bestowed on foreigners, specially excepted cases of treason, and no doubt would also be held to except cases of "treason-felony," the modified treason for which Fenians are generally tried. He does not say, but we believe he might say also, that the statute bestows the right simply on persons born out of the realm; and if so, Irishmen simply naturalized in America cannot claim it.

In England there are only two topics of interest—Fenianism and the distress amongst the working-classes in London. The accounts of the latter are appalling. We see Mr. H. C. Carey ascribes it to free trade, as if such things were unknown in the days of protection. Why not lay it at the door of primogeniture, or the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords? The real cause is the tremendous speculation of the last three years, in a country flooded with capital seeking investment and with knaves seeking dupes. It is also another illustration on a great scale of the evils of the system in which the working-classes play the part of mere tools, and have no voice or vote or judgment in directing or controlling the tendencies of trade or manufactures. Here are six hundred thousand people reduced to abject misery—they know not why or how—through the reckless gambling of a few hundred employers and capitalists. Famine, by the way, appears to be widespread. It is desolating Eastern Prussia, and in Algiers and Tunis the people are dying of it by the hundred, and are buried in trenches as on a battle-field. The American consul at Tunis reports to Mr. Seward that on the 27th of December two hundred persons died of hunger in the streets of that city, and that in his drives and walks he finds along the roadside the corpses of those who have perished from the same cause. Here the cause is bad harvests, though some may feel disposed to ascribe the scarcity to Mohammedanism. One of the charms of political and social speculation to many minds is that, as there is no social or political phenomenon which has not a number of causes, one can, if he is so minded, single out any one of them as the real cause, and make a very good fight for it, and make it do good service afterwards for some pet theory.

The Fenian business does not seem to make much progress, but the public mind is evidently becoming greatly cleared on Irish questions under its operation. The idea that Ireland may be and must be treated exactly as England is treated, which has been for thirty years the curse of Ireland—and which Mr. Wendell Phillips, with his usual want of good fortune when he draws his illustrations from history and foreign politics, seems to think is what the Irish are contending for—is being gradually given up, and the idea of different treatment and exceptional legislation is being accepted by the English public. The Queen's journal of her life in the Scotch Highlands has drawn from many of the newspapers the suggestion that if she had thought a little more of her responsibilities to the nation and a little less of domestic happiness, she would have perhaps done in Ireland what she did at Balmoral. She was enthusiastically received in 1849, and had she built a house at Killarney, lived there more or less, and done half as much to flatter the Irish as she did to flatter the Highlanders, she would have found amongst them loyalty no less devoted, and Fenianism would probably never have been heard of. Some settlement of the land question which will give the tenant greater fixity of tenure becomes more and more probable, but this subject of course cannot be discussed without exciting the wildest expectations amongst the peasantry. Considerable difficulty is already anticipated in the collection of the spring rents, and a general refusal to pay, such as that which marked the anti-tithe agitation in 1831, would create the most formidable difficulty with which the Government has yet had to deal. A whole people cannot be ejected or sold out.

Bishop Dupanloup has published another letter on the "Higher Education of Women," in which he reaffirms his former position very stoutly, and produces strong expressions of approval from about fifty prelates. That position was, as our readers may remember, that he is in favor of the higher education of women, but does not want anybody but priests to superintend it, which, as we hinted in reply to a Philadelphian correspondent a fortnight ago, is, in our minds, nearly the same thing as being opposed to it. He says that in Paris, if the girls attend the lectures of the professors at the Sorbonne, they will be seen by the students of the Quartier Latin; if in the country towns they go for a similar purpose to the Mairie, they will be seen by the *pompiers* (firemen); result—danger to modesty. He is, however, willing to have lectures delivered by professors in girls' schools, because then the professor is under the eye of the female teacher of the schools, and we know under whose eye the female teacher is. She prescribes, it appears, the subjects, and even the books, for the professor. In her absence, or if she is neglectful, which sometimes happens, says the bishop, why a professor has been known to read prayers standing, and to play with his papers and dust the table-cloth while he was doing it. Another actually selected "personal poetry" as his subject and Voltaire as his model, and another spoke to the girls on Rabelais! The bishop says, also, that girls who attend lectures in public will be "trained up in vanity," whereas, trained in private under the clerical superintendence, French women—girls, wives, and mothers—are "a type of purity, piety, and good sense such as no other people in the world possess." Unhappily, Frenchmen in general do not think so. The best Frenchmen agree with foreigners in considering the French "jeune fille" a very unsatisfactory person—a type which France would be the better of losing, and the Liberal press accordingly warmly applauds the ministerial plan of education, and wants to have the "girls, wives, and mothers" get their higher education from somebody else than the priests. There are some very amusing things in the controversy. In some of the new educational "cours" sanctioned by the minister for this "higher education" there are traces of Darwinism, such as undue reverence for the ape as the possible ancestor of the human family, and one philosopher speaks in a lofty French way of the belly having been the precursor of the brain in the order of human development, that is, of digestion having gone before thought. The bishop's feelings at having matter of this sort laid before "jeunes filles" may be imagined, but cannot be described. What he means by having women "think" and "study" is now tolerably clear.

The "woman question" continues to make its way on the Continent. It has appeared in Italy, and is the subject of two volumes just issued at Milan by Signora Mozzoni, who takes as radical ground in the matter as any member of our own women's rights missionaries. Speaking of that large class of Italian women who are still educated in convents, she says they carry from the convent "into family life that narrow, intolerant, superstitious, and retrograding spirit which, inoculated by affection into the natures of husbands and children, causes deplorable hindrance to the development of the nation."

The French Army bill has passed the lower Chamber without serious modification, but the bill regulating the relations of the Government to the press is still there, and is meeting with such serious opposition from the Liberals that there is talk of its being withdrawn. Singularly enough, however, the newspapers are in favor of its passage, inasmuch as, bad as it is, it is better than the present régime, the continuance of which, in the opinion of many editors, bids fair to put an end to everything worthy of the name of a press in France. At present the minister may be said to wield absolute power over the newspapers, and their proprietors hold their fortunes, and the writers their profession, at his mercy. We do not well see, however, how any bill is to mend their condition, as long as officers of the Government are not suable before a court of law for abuse of authority. At present, no matter of what illegality a government functionary may be guilty, he cannot be sued or prosecuted without the consent of the Council of State, which is, practically, never accorded.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WHO ARE THE BONDHOLDERS?

The idea which some politicians are working hard to spread, and which has taken fast hold of the minds of a good many people in the West, and which we may be sure will find a warm reception in the South whenever the South is brought back into the Union, that the holders of the Government bonds form a separate and distinct class, divided in interest from the rest of the community, and living in idleness and luxury at its expense, and therefore deserving to be abased and regulated, was originated in the summer of 1866 by Mr. Johnson, then in the height of his fury against Congress. He first produced it in a conversation with the editor of the New York *Citizen*, who faithfully recorded the conversation in the columns of his paper. Mr. Johnson afterwards recurred to the subject more than once, and made a very bold allusion to it in the celebrated message in which he foreshadowed repudiation as one of the probable consequences of attempting to carry out the Congressional plan of reconstruction. This theory of the position and character of the public creditor excited a good deal of disgust at the time, and it was only prevented from exciting more by the then widespread perception of its absurdity. The rapid rise of the Democratic party since then, and the growing weakness of the Republicans on financial questions, have ended in strengthening and diffusing it to a degree of which Mr. Johnson probably never dreamt, and for which he certainly did not hope when he first concocted it. We are bound to say it was by far the most subtle and ingenious of his plans of attack on the legislature. He could not have devised in the interest of the South anything more likely to serve the purpose of the malcontents.

To understand how very effective this new weapon is or may become, we must remember that the issue of all wars now is mainly a question of money, that population is only a secondary element in military calculations. This was felt by everybody during the late struggle. Observers both at home and abroad watched the Southern finances and ours even more eagerly than they watched the military operations, and the result proved them right. Had the North not been so successful in borrowing, its armies could not have been kept together. If clothing, food, ammunition, arms, hospital stores, and wages had not been forthcoming in lavish abundance, from first to last, the Union would not to-day be in existence. If anybody doubts this, we invite him to go back in memory to the year 1863, and read the papers and correspondence, and ask Chief-Justice Chase how he felt about that time, and what his agents all over the country were saying. The Confederacy fell to pieces and its armies dissolved because it lost its credit and its money became worthless. It could not buy food and clothing for its men, and they deserted in regiments; it tried forced levies of supplies, but in a thinly-settled country this was found to be even a more worthless expedient for protracting an armed struggle than it has been found to be in rich and thickly-settled countries. We conquered, however, not simply because we were richer than the Confederacy, but because whenever the Government chose to ask for a loan, money flowed in torrents into the Treasury.

Now, who are the lenders? Great banking-houses in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia? Great foreign capitalists? No. It was from first to last a constant subject of patriotic rejoicing in the newspapers and on the platform that all United States loans were "popular loans," that they were the sum of the savings of the masses freely offered to the nation, not simply as a good investment, but as a proof of their affection. One favorite topic of loyal writers and orators in 1863—the history of this matter is important—was the fact that France and the United States were the only two countries which were able to make the people at large the creditors of the state; or, in other words, to place their finances as well as other things on a democratic basis. The newspapers recorded every day with pride the taking of one, two, or three millions of bonds, not by six or twelve or twenty persons, but by hundreds all over the country, and we were informed at the time that if the figures in possession of the Government in 1863, showing the way in which the bonds had been diffused amongst all classes and conditions of people, and in sums of all sizes, could have been used, they would have furnished perhaps the most curious and instructive of all illustrations of what was meant when the war was called a "people's war." At the present moment the registered bonds, which are generally issued in large denominations and represent more nearly than the coupon bonds the portion of the public debt held by capitalists or wealthy men, are but three-eighths of the value of the United States securities, or $890,874,850—the remaining five-eighths, or $1,551,593,700, being coupon bonds. Moreover, the denominations of the coupon bonds issued average $732, while those of the registered bonds average $1,360. In fact, the bonds have long formed a favorite investment of all the thriftiest, that is, most valuable, portion of the working-classes, because they possess over the savings-banks the advantage of not being taxed, and of being convertible at any moment. Most people who know anything of the habits of the more careful and intelligent mechanics, gardeners, farmers, and household servants, must, in fact, have been surprised to find how largely they hold Government securities.

The other classes who, as classes, are the largest investors in these securities, are the banks of loan and the savings-banks, and guardians and trustees. If any one maintains that it would be a useful thing to the community to break all the leading banks, or even to greatly impoverish them, we shall not argue with him, as our ideas of the nature and objects of human society and his ideas differ too widely to give us a chance of arguing. But the case of the savings-banks is worth attention, from the fact that their deposits are the savings of the poor, and if they be not sacred, nothing on earth is sacred. We are unfortunately unable at this moment to state the exact amount of these deposits which have been invested in United States securities, but we are able to state that it is very large. As long ago as 1862, the difficulty experienced by the managers of these institutions in finding investments for their funds had become very great, and when the Government loans were first offered they naturally turned to them eagerly. In Massachusetts, for instance, the savings institutions invested over $6,000,000 in Government securities in 1862; in 1863, they held $15,727,826 of them, and had taken them as collateral security for $2,586,267 more. We have no doubt the process has been going on steadily ever since. Now, let anybody try to picture to himself the full consequences of sudden and violent depreciation—even putting aside the danger of total loss—of a sum of even $19,000,000 in a single State, made up of the savings of poor people. Multiply this even by ten, and think what the result would be. We have little doubt, too, that if the figures could be got at, the sum invested by the trustees of orphans, widows, and minors in United States securities during the last five years, would be found to be enormous. We know very well that the Butlers and Pendletons and Thurmans tell us that they would inflate the currency, and pay off the bondholders in paper, so stealthily and gingerly that we should never know what they were at till all was over. But then not so many of us are simpletons as they seem to think. The greenbacks of a government which had led the world to believe that it would pay in gold, and then paid in paper, would bring about as much in the market as its bonds, and neither would bring much more than the Confederate money at the close of the late war. We should witness a rapid return to specie payments, but it would be by a short cut.

It ought not to be forgotten, too, that to the enemies of the Union, the believers in the right of secession, the most obnoxious and formidable feature of the Union is its credit. The power of raising and maintaining fleets and armies, and of borrowing money, are in reality the three things on which the national existence now rests. Destroy any one of them, and the Union is lost. Destroy the power of borrowing money, and you cannot raise and maintain fleets and armies in time of war, that is, when you most need them, and successful secession once more becomes a possibility. Every nation is nowadays dependent on its credit for its life, for no nation is capable of meeting out of its ordinary revenues the demands of a great war on the scale on which

war is in our day carried on. Without credit, nationality, in fact, is not possible. Therefore, whether we strike out from the Constitution the clauses permitting Congress "to borrow money on the credit of the United States, to raise and support armies," and "to provide and maintain a navy," as all secessionists would be delighted to have done, or so treat the public creditor now that nobody will ever lend the Government money again, as the Butlers and Pendletons want to have us do, the result would be the same. The nation as a nation would cease to exist. Its life would be gone, and it would simply hold together till somebody chose to upset it, and the rising generation of Southerners would probably live to see what their fathers died in vain to bring about.

We have said a good deal from time to time on the moral aspect of this matter; but one can hardly say too much. There is no question which goes so nearly to the root of national character as the question of finance. Men will fight from pride and pugnacity, or in self-defence, but when they *pay* it is pretty sure to be because they are both wise and honest. Burke says—and it is one of the finest and truest things he ever said:

"The revenue of the state is the state. In effect, all depends on it, whether for support or for reformation. . . . As all great qualities of mind which operate in public, and are not merely suffering and passive, require force for their display—I had almost said for their unequivocal existence—the revenue, which is the spring of all power, becomes, in its administration, the sphere of every active virtue. . . . Through the revenue alone can the body politic ever act in its true genius and character, and therefore it will display just as much of its collective virtue, and as much of that virtue which may characterize those who move it, and are as it were its life and guiding principle, as it is possessed of a just revenue."

He elsewhere speaks of the condition of a nation's credit as one of the tests of its financial ability, and asks, with great point and force:

"Why should nations of commerce and economy enter into any pecuniary dealings with a people . . . amongst whom they see the debtor prescribing at the point of the bayonet the medium of his solvency to the creditor, and *discharging one of his engagements with another*, turning his penury into his resource, and *paying his interest with his rags?*"

Our Butlers and Pendletons have gone a step further, and propose to pay their principal with their rags also. If they succeed, it would be, perhaps, one of the greatest blows public morality has ever received. When a private individual borrows money, the creditor knows he can resort to a tribunal to enforce his claim, in case the debt is not paid, and he knows exactly what are the terms and conditions which the law requires to make his claim valid, and sees to it, therefore, that the transaction into which he enters meets them. When a nation borrows, however, it comes into the market solely on its honor. There is no court in which it can be sued and made to pay. The only security it can ever offer is the character of its people. No creditor, therefore, ever thinks of scanning closely the authority under which the national agents act in raising the money. Hundreds of millions have been invested in public securities all over the world by persons who know nothing of the law of the country which borrows, or of its mode of construing its legislative acts. They know perfectly well that if it wants to cheat them it can do so, and therefore care nothing whether they are cheated through "the letter of the law" or open repudiation. There is, therefore, something impudent as well as comic in showing acts of Congress to our creditors, and informing them that under our "rules of construction" no bond is payable in gold in which no mention is made of gold. The only rule of construction of which they know anything is that by which the voluntary promises of honorable men in private life are explained. The only undertaking on which they rely is that given by the agents who took the money, and whom we allowed to go on for three years promising gold, without one word of warning or remonstrance. The people of California showed, a few years ago, that they justly appreciated the moral position of a community which borrows, when, after the Supreme Court had pronounced a State loan unconstitutional, they at once acknowledged it by a popular vote. We are glad they had an opportunity of doing this, because there is in every solemn and public acknowledgment of the supremacy of the moral law, of the superiority of honor and good faith to money and comfort, not simply the foundation of great national traditions, but an instrument of political education for the young such as neither schools nor books nor speeches can ever supply.

THE "JUDICIOUS" IN JOURNALISM.

We occasionally still receive letters—we have one before us now—from friendly readers, suggesting to us the impolicy or injudiciousness of opposing the recent measures of Congress, though we may be never so well persuaded in our own minds of their unsoundness or inexpediency, on the old ground of the danger of weakening the party which, with all its faults, is the only party from which we can at present expect either justice or fair dealing in the matter of reconstruction. In replying to criticism of this kind we have, of necessity, to repeat some arguments with which we have already made our readers more or less familiar, but as they are the arguments which really justify all attempts at independent journalism, they can hardly be too often produced.

The reason why we believe in and resort constantly to what "practical" politicians consider "injudicious criticism" is, that we do not share their faith in the value of acts of the legislature unless those acts are the product of the sober second thought of the public; unless the people has pronounced upon them a matured and carefully formed judgment. Every party has certain principles which it desires to see triumph, and which it is the object of its existence to make triumph; and politicians, naturally enough, are in the habit of considering the embodiment of their ideas in legislation as a full and complete victory. When a hard-working agitator has passed half his lifetime in speaking and writing in defence of certain theories of governmental duty, he comes to look on an act of the legislature as the goal of his ambition and the seal of his work. If he can only secure that, he thinks all is over and he may rest from his labors; and he is therefore, perhaps, not very scrupulous or very particular as to how it is to be brought about. The most scrupulous politicians and reformers amongst us do not often give themselves the trouble to see whether the public has kept up with them in their advance; if they can secure a majority of the legislature for the time being, the position of the public strikes them as a matter of minor importance.

It is at this point that we part company with "practical" men. We think what the legislature *does*, in a popular government, of comparatively little moment; what the people *thinks*, of comparatively great moment. We believe the passage of acts which the public has not considered, or does not understand, or does not approve of, to be almost child's play. We consider the "rushing" of bills through Congress by surprise or under the gag, and without reference to the condition of popular feeling and popular thought about them, or to their probable effect on popular feeling and popular thought after they have gone into operation, to be worse than child's play—simple mischief. The idea from which we have suffered and are suffering so much, that if you can only get a certain law passed your object will be accomplished, is an idea drawn from aristocratic societies, and has neither use nor application in this. In aristocracies the opinions of but few men are expressed in legislation; and they are generally maturely weighed, and form part of a deliberately framed policy before they are embodied in legislation. The acts in which they are clothed are, therefore, likely to stand, and do stand, and often work important social changes, no matter how unwise they may be, or what the people think of them. But in a democracy there is no use in legislating in advance of the popular sentiment. The legislator may be a better man than his fellows, and he may seem to have a splendid opportunity of setting the world to rights, and it may be that he is only trying to enforce some principle to which, though the people may not be prepared for it yet, they will one day work up. But he will, under such circumstances, not only not help the cause he has at heart, but hinder it, if he seeks to base his legislation on his own ideas of right, and not on firm, popular conviction.

If there is one thing which experience is teaching modern nations more thoroughly than another, it is the comparative worthlessness of all political arrangements on paper, whether constitutions, treaties, or legislative acts. The mere fact that they are laws, passed and recorded with the proper formalities, seems to secure for them neither durableness nor authority. Of all the treaties which have been made between civilized nations since 1800, not one has the least force except what it draws from the support and approval of public opinion at the present day. The treaties of 1815 were supposed to have made the settlement

of Europe arranged in that year perpetual. They began to be rent in pieces fifteen years later, and now not a shred remains. The treaty of Paris was supposed to have driven Russia out of the Black Sea and settled the "Eastern question." What is the treaty worth to-day?

Forty years ago, about the time when the British and American Constitutions were furnishing models for "charters" to such of the other nations of the earth as longed for constitutional government, there was a widespread belief amongst politicians that if you only gave a country a well-drawn constitution, properly engrossed, attested, and sworn to, its happiness was sure. France, Greece, Belgium, and the Spanish-American republics all sought this short and easy road to liberty and prosperity. During the anti-slavery struggle in this country, each side flattered itself that if it could only procure the embodiment of its views in an act of Congress or in a judicial decision, the struggle would be over. When the Ordinance of 1789 was passed, the Northwest was supposed to be thenceforward secured to freedom. When the Missouri Compromise was made, the conflict between the rival systems of labor was believed by the authors of the measure and by a large portion of the public to be at an end. The Fugitive Slave Law was looked on as another great quieter of controversy; but none of them could compare to the Dred Scott decision. We all remember the shouts of triumph that came from conservative throats as that was hurled at the heads of the Republican party. There it was, duly rendered in a full court on final appeal, with reasons given, and every form complied with; what was there left for the abolitionists to do but submit and be silent? Where are all these "settlements" now? The temperance reformers all over the North have for many years been fully satisfied that if they could only get drinking prohibited by law they would confer one of the greatest of benefits on the community, and they were ready and willing to have the law passed in any way—by stratagem, by surprise, in a fit of excitement or enthusiasm. The great thing was to make drinking illegal; this done, no matter what the moderate drinker said or felt, the good cause was triumphant. We all know what the end of these efforts has been.

In fact, the mere passing of an act in a democracy, if it is not the expression of the popular will—and by this we mean the popular will formed by calm reflection, by time, and by a fair consideration of all the arguments for and against the proposed measure—may be said to be not only worthless, but injurious, because it leads to that incessant unrest and uncertainty, that want of fixity in policy, want of respect for vested rights, and that constant doing and undoing, which are every year more and more the characteristics and curses of our legislation, both Congressional and State. Measures that are pushed through in haste, before the legislators or their constituents have considered them, are naturally liable to be repealed when they have considered them; what Congressmen do without knowing what their constituents think about it, they naturally have to undo as soon as they find out what their constituents do think about it. Look at the internal revenue; look at the tariffs of the last six years; look at the four Reconstruction bills and the three Supreme Court bills, counting as the first Mr. Boutwell's sage proposal to restore Southern confidence in the Federal courts by excluding from practice in them every man who had aided or abetted in the rebellion—that is, the whole Southern bar. Not one of them was half enough discussed; about none of them has any intelligent public opinion been formed or expressed. It is only now that people begin to perceive and talk about their defects. Not one of them has brought the millennium, has restored public confidence and prosperity, and nothing will ever do so which the people have not knowingly and calmly, not in excitement or fever, stamped with their approval.

Now, how is this enlightened popular judgment to be formed? Not by the debates in Congress. Congress has apparently abandoned all pretence of influencing public opinion through its debates. The majority has now for some years apparently acted on the theory that it is not a deliberative body at all, and that discussion is a waste of time. Legislation is conceived in secret committees, and, when produced, hurried through both houses under whip and spur. The talking is mostly done on Saturday, and on that day, of course, the great aim of the speakers seems to be to avoid topics of real interest. On important legal and constitutional questions, such as the neutrality laws, the Reconstruction bills, the Supreme Court bills, the expatriation question, the country ought to hear its ablest jurists and politicians at full length before anything is done. Does it hear them? Not at all. The framing of the public policy on all these questions is left in the hands of men like Messrs. Stevens and Banks, who neither by nature nor by education possess the least fitness to deal with them. The "jurists" remain silent, and, when the vote is taken, go dumb and blind in favor of whatever the politicians decide that the interests of the party require.

The formation of public opinion is, in fact, left entirely to the press. From the newspapers people have to learn all they need to know in order to make up their mind about every question that comes up. If the newspapers only present to them one side of it, as is generally the case, of course a "snap judgment" may be taken, and an appearance of popular approval be secured for the time being for anything the "leaders" like to bring forward. But the public does not remain long content with this half-knowledge. The question is gradually turned round, and the other side is revealed either by reflection or by the supply of fresh light or by actual experiment in legislation. Then come distrust, dissatisfaction, disgust, and reaction. The "leaders" find themselves discarded, and avenge themselves by a loud beating of tom-toms, by calling the deserters "cowards" and renegades, and by swearing that they will not yield an inch, when everybody has ceased to care whether they yield or not.

The press, too, has been shamefully ready to play the part of priest or soothsayer for the Congressional gods. The newspaper politician generally serves the party by treating the people as imbeciles or children. He professes to look on them as the very fountain of wisdom as well as of power and honor, and to regard their decisions as conclusive both in law and morals. But, nevertheless, if you propose to him to tell them the whole truth, to present them with all sides of a subject before asking for their decision, he asks if you are mad. Consequently he devotes himself body and soul to the task of deceiving and humbugging them. He conceals carefully all facts that he thinks likely to depress them; makes the most of all facts and stories that seem likely to elate them; hurrahs vociferously, and pretends to be in high spirits when he is beginning to feel sure of defeat; when the question is one of law, prates incessantly about "justice" and "the rights of man;" and when the question is one of morals, takes his stand firmly on the letter of the law. We ask any reader to peruse carefully the editorial articles of any party paper within his reach during any exciting political crisis, and particularly *before* and *after* an election, and then say whether this picture is overdrawn, and whether there is not something comically absurd in politicians of this stamp pretending to have faith in the people.

One other office they fill, which is, perhaps, most degrading of all, and that is the office of yelling with admiration whenever a leading man of their own way of thinking makes a speech or brings in a bill. The appearance of a second Moses with the tables of the law in his hands could hardly produce greater uproar and more unqualified submission and assent in a tribe of barbarians than the production of a bill by a party committee, or the support of it by a prominent member of either House, produces amongst a very large number of the "moulders of public opinion" in this the most advanced political community in the world. We know of nothing so nearly resembling the part they play as that of the *claqueurs* in the French theatres. And yet the rôle of the claqueurs is the more respectable of the two, for the claqueur makes no pretence of "thinking" or "criticising." He simply applauds on a given signal; he has not the impudence to get up and try to justify his applause by argument, and by pretending that he is a disinterested looker-on. And what is the reward of all these base compliances? Why, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the privilege of recommending a few broken-down adventurers and "ne'er-do-weels" to small places in the custom-house or post-office, and an occasional gushing letter of thanks from a "grand public man."

We are glad to say, however, that every day a larger and larger portion of the press is becoming disgusted with these odious functions, and will not perform them. In every State there are papers now found whose editors are filled with a nobler ambition than that of being party hacks, and who devote themselves steadily to the task which

Congress has abandoned, but which somebody in a free country must, if it is to remain free, perform—that of speaking out their whole mind on every question that comes up; of bringing before the public as arbiter all facts and all arguments, the pleasant and unpleasant, favorable and unfavorable; of doing what in them lies so to order things that when the people vote they shall vote with knowledge, and that in exciting times passion shall not be allowed to darken counsel.

ARIADNE'S FAREWELL.

THE daughter of a King, how should I know
That there were tinsels wearing face of gold,
And worthless glass which in the sunlight's hold
Could shameless answer back my diamond's glow
With cheat of kindred fire? The currents slow,
And deep, and strong, and stainless, which had rolled
Through royal veins for ages, what had told
To them, that hasty heat and lie could show
As quick and warm a red as theirs?
Go free!
The sun is breaking on the sea's blue shield
His golden lances; by their gleam I see
Thy ship's white sails. Go free, if scorn can yield
Thee freedom!
Then, alone, my love and I—
We both are royal; we know how to die.

H. H.

TWO GIRLS.

WE mean the girl of thirty years ago and the girl of to-day. Our fathers respected, loved, and married the one; and we, it is to be hoped, respect, ove, and will marry the other. Which is the luckiest man—he of the last generation, or he of this?

The American girl of thirty years ago was not a precise image of the young women who came over in the *Mayflower*, but, compared with her more worldly and showy successor, she deserved the title of "a Puritan maiden." Not only did she always "belong to the Church," but she held that it would be wicked to marry an "unbeliever," and she seldom thus "made shipwreck of the faith." Religious exercises occupied a large portion of her time; she went to church thrice a Sunday, and to weekly prayer-meetings every Wednesday evening; she attended a serious sewing society, taught a Bible-class, and sometimes distributed tracts; she was accused of finding something like amusement in these things. She would not have a lottery at a fair, nor would she dance at a party. If there crept into her circle a "worldly man," wearing whiskers, irregular at "divine service," and concerning whom old ladies whispered, she felt no hankering after his society, or, if she did, she fought it as a temptation. "Men about town" had as poor a chance in America at that period as in Turkey.

The girl of thirty years ago was a "home body." Although not enslaved to domestic cares like her mother, and far from willing to wash and iron like her grandmother, she still had a habit of "pottering about the house," idling there if not laboring. Walking the streets and fields, unfortunately for her digestion, had not yet been invented for ladies. Horseback exercise was almost unknown because there were no men of leisure for cavaliers. She may have visited New York once, but she had never dreamed of going to Europe. Except when called out by church, or by a rare Sabbath-school celebration, or an equally rare sleigh-ride or party, she seldom left home for any other purpose than to chat with her one female confidante. Barring Turkish and Brazilian women, and cats, there never was a more domestic creature.

Incredible as it may seem, the girl of other days was usually dressed in calico or mousseline de laine, cut by herself possibly, made by herself probably, and with small variety and no luxury of trimmings. Changes in the material and even in the form were so rare that the feminine soul had intervals of peace. There were "baby waists" and there were "pointed waists;" but once this or that fashion established, it stayed until men loved it as an old friend; it shone with a steady beam, and not with a bewildering sputter of various scintillation. Thus plainly and permanently attired, this dear departed had time to think of other things than fashion plates.

How was her intellect vestured? That, too, was in simple garb—a fair English education and nothing further; no more likelihood of a foreign language than of a lace shawl. If she had perchance a piano, she played badly upon it; and the music which she executed—"Timour the Tartar" and the "Battle of Prague"—was vile enough to deserve her severe usage. Her miscellaneous reading was not entirely commendable; for the female mind seldom relishes "Plutarch's Lives," "Rollin's Ancient History," and such other solid old works as lorded it in the libraries of that time; and, quitting these, the next literary food attainable was apt to be trash of the weakest sort. In place of "The Newcomes" there was "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and in place of the *Atlantic* there were no one knows what extinct *Lady's Books*. But it must be remembered that this inanity was qualified by infusions of "Scott's Commentaries," the "Pilgrim's Progress," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," "The Life of James Brainard," the *Missionary Herald*, and other similar moral nourishment. Moreover, if she at times read trash, it was simply weak, not vicious. It might be Miss Bacon's "Tales of the Puritans" or Mrs. Sigourney's "Poems," but it was not "Guy Livingstone" nor "Laus Veneris."

Thus equipped to enter the staid social tournaments of the day, her conversation was considered brilliant, and would now be voted slow. The "ologies" which she studied at school were so ill-learned that they did not make her instructive, and, if our memory serves us in the matter, were so quickly forgotten as not even to make her tedious. Unenlightened by the fashionable newspaper, and rarely permitted to hear the gossip of metropolitan fine society, she was deficient in what now passes among ladies for knowledge of the world, and was at her wit's end to entertain a beau who came from a distance. To put her quite at her ease, you must be of her town and talk of her townspeople. She was given to quoting the opinions of her mother and the sermons of her parish clergyman. She spoke of Europe and all that came from it with a moral blush, as nice people now allude to a Turkish harem or Brigham Young's establishment. In short, she was not a worldly-wise woman; nor, unless nature had done much for her, a brilliant converser; nor, judging her from the European stand-point, a queen of fashion. But she was good enough for the men of that day; and it is an interesting question whether she was not good enough for the men of our day; whether she would not be accepted by them as an improvement on her more dashing successor. Her solid and devout moral education, mixed with only a spice of evanescent sentimentalism, obliged her to accept household cares and labors and economies as duties. Her home-haunting habits and lack of acquaintance with social splendors made her willing to devote herself to husband and children. She had almost no ambitions separate from the interests of her household, and she never thought of dressing for any man but her husband. There never was in any community a staider and more virtuous life than that which she led and enforced. If her sympathies were narrow, none of them were dangerous. If her social information was restricted, it contained few facts which might be temptations. If she had little faculty for dazzling a multitude, she was the more likely to exist solely for one. Her very incompleteness as a member of "society" made her more essentially a member of the family.

And oh! ye taxed fathers and husbands of the present day, how little she cost! Looking back upon her from our era of exquisite but expensive luxuries, she seems like one of those plain, wholesome, nourishing dishes which have been so gratefully eulogized as "wery fillin' at the price." It is safe to say that the girl of thirty years ago was four times as cheap by the pound as the girl of to-day; and we have little less hesitation in asserting that she was twice as cheap, allowing for the increase of incomes. In other words, the daughter or wife of this generation is pecuniarily a two-fold heavier load than was the daughter or wife of the last. Do you doubt it? We know that it cannot be proved; we admit that our statement is not founded upon statistics, but upon a great vague groaning of common rumor; and we even invite attention to the fact that, if it is exaggerated then this article has no sufficient reason for existence.

Now, what have we gained at this immensely increased cost of production? It has already been hinted that the gain lies in particulars which tend to the splendor and amusement of society rather than in such as make the family an easy and stable success. Please to do yourself the honor and pleasure of taking a look at the American girl of to-day. For the sake of getting an average we will not go to New York for her, but to one of our smaller cities. She is handsomer than her predecessor; there is little rational doubt of that. She does not lace, nor drink vinegar to make herself pale, nor pass weeks without exercise; and these concessions to common sense have been rewarded by finer health, figure, and color than were common thirty years ago. Further, she has a more various expression in her face, more culture in her manner, and carries herself better. On the whole, still speaking of her in the average, she is the most perfect specimen of delicate female beauty in the world. Her temper is good, her purity of character is beautiful, and her piety only requires favorable sur-

roundings. What we mean to say is, that while she is a very excellent girl, she is not the "Puritan maiden" of other days, not even in her own imagination.

Her education is superficial, but it is broad and fits her for society. It is a fair chance that she reads a little French or German, that she can make out what is going on in Italian opera, and that, if her father is a college professor, she knows Greek and Latin. She despises "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the *Lady's Books;* her novels and magazines are of the best that Anglo-Saxondom affords; she has taste, and is even a critic. You will find her able to talk about Hugh Miller and possibly about Darwin. You will see, if you seat her at the piano, that she plays passably, and that at events she has no poor music. But if there is one thing that she does well it is dressing. Ah! here is her forte; here is her mission. To this æsthetic solemnity she has given meditations of which men know neither the anxiety nor the gladness. When you have seen her pensive and judged her in love, she was thinking of trimmings. A good talker, a good letter-writer, something of a student, something perhaps of an artist, clever to a limited extent in many things, she is above all a dandy.

Yes, our average woman is a clothes-worshipper; and what is bad, she worships without taste, believing that her raiment is handsomer than herself; and what is worse, she worships without prudence, not measuring outgoes by income. This last is her greatest fault, and we will not allow that it is a little one. We will pass over the facts that dandyism is unintellectual and selfish; that it makes a woman a less intelligent companion and a less considerate wife; that it wastes a great deal of time. The pecuniary point of view shall be the stump from which we will deliver our philippic. We tell the American girl that she costs more than we can afford, even if she does not cost more than she is worth. It is out of point for her to say: "You are spendthrifts." We earn; that makes a vast difference; we are producers and you are not. If you have any duty in this matter of income and outgo, it must surely be that of economy; and we may fairly claim of you that you should seek to repress our extravagance, rather than let your own outrun it.

"But you should look at this question from our point of view," interrupts a cultivated soprano voice. "You should consider that it is very pleasant for us to dress handsomely, to have fine surroundings, and to hear ourselves called brilliant." Madam, all that must be very pleasant, and it is also proper that it should be pleasant. If the thing could be kept up, we should like to put every woman in an ivory palace, clothe her in all that her imagination could desire, and let her devote her entire life to being fascinating. Nothing but the certainty of bankruptcy prevents us from carrying out this idea, and nothing but the fear of it induces us to growl at our present family burden. You must admit, madam, that it is an unusually heavy one. Remember that in Europe only the married lady goes in society, and, thirty years ago, in America, only the girl. Here and now you go with your daughters, and you seek to out-belle each other. Remember, too, that there are consequences to this extravagance of parade which concern not only us but our children. Let us glance at them.

A nation of old maids and old bachelors would not probably be powerful, and certainly would not be permanent. We shall not, of course, reach the fulness of that ridiculous upshot, but we are coming nearer to it than is good for individual morals or for national vigor. While the fathers and husbands of the present generation are running their race bravely, the young men who should succeed them are not entering the lists in the good old fashion. "I can't afford a wife," is the cry of hundreds of thousands of our youth; and presently necessity drives them to the lamentable calculation that they can afford a substitute. If any one thinks that this is not serious, let him remember that the demoralization of one sex ensures that of the other, and then let him pray for the women that are to be.

But man is aware of woman's ways, and yet permits them. Yes, the American girl's profusion is only a part of the national profusion; it is only one of the various ways in which democracy seeks to level upward; it is mediocrity striving to be as fine as wealth. Woman is everywhere what man makes her, or at least allows her to be. Since, then, we lords of creation are responsible for this evil of over-expense in pin-money, what remedy shall we suggest, and what reformation inaugurate? Shall we, while consuming our usual allowance of cigars and sherry, retrench our daughters' ribbons and sacrifice our wives' crinolines? We have not the heart to be thus shabby; nor have we the head to set a confirmed example of economy. What then?

"There is no help for it," says one profound philosopher, "except in increased moral and intellectual culture; we must teach woman to respect herself for herself, and not for her clothing and other accessories." Good and great being, will it please you to teach us men that beautiful lesson? We admit that certain individuals, specially favored with the reverences of the world, seem to have learned it. A distinguished savant or author or artist knows that he is respectable on two thousand a year; but does that prevent the grocer from seeking to be magnificent in order that he may hold up his head with the shipper? Even among the so-called aristocrats of Europe, grand and self-respectful for a thousand years back, is there no ruinous ostentation? Is there none among the pillars of our churches?

We propose two remedies, the *dowry* and *woman's labor*. No expensive, elegant, aristocratic society has ever existed long without the dowry. It is an institution of justice, for whereas it is the wife who chiefly insists upon "style," she ought to furnish a portion of the expense which style demands. It is an institution of economy, for a woman is less likely to waste a sum of money which is hers and of which she knows the exact measure, than money which flows daily into her hands from sources beyond her estimation. The very fact that a wife owns nothing leads her to be extravagant. You cannot make a human being forethoughted and frugal as long as you assign to him or her the financial *status* of a slave.

Look at the history and influence of the dowry in a respectable family of continental Europe. From the moment that a girl enters the world the father and mother have it on their minds to provide her with a marriage settlement, knowing that without it she will not easily find a husband. "Horrible!" you exclaim. Oh! it is so easy to be horrified at other people's customs! But is there nothing admirable in the affectionate tenacity with which this purpose is kept in view and in the wise economy by which it is effected? Is there nothing agreeable, however singular, in the spectacle of a girl contented with one silk dress and practised in a thousand little expedients of frugality? She submits willingly to this simplicity of attire because it is for her own future benefit and because it is the fashion of a society which we think so unnatural. Nor does she as a rule plunge into a reaction of extravagance after marriage. Prodigality tyrannizes at Compiègne, under the silly sway of an Empress who has cost the world more by her dandyism than her husband by his armies; but it does not seriously affect that vast, shrewd, sensible bourgeoisie which constitutes the strength of France; it does not demoralize French grocers, tailors, and lawyers. The young wife has more style than the young girl, but she furnishes a portion of it out of the savings of her childhood, and she does not often ruin her husband. So much, briefly, for the moral and pecuniary benefit of the dowry.

Secondly, we advise that, if woman will not save, she shall work; that she shall be more like a pillar of society, and less like an ornamental entablature; that she shall be more like a sailor, or captain if she will, and less like a passenger. Considering the expenses of a family, the probability that they will increase instead of diminishing, and the steady decline in the proportion of marriages to the population, a girl's education now ought to be based on the supposition that she will never have a husband and that she may have to support herself. The contrary will undoubtedly be the rule, but surely we ought to provide for the frequent exception. Here we are checked by a voice which calls upon us to state precisely what things woman is to do, and to describe how she is to enter upon the doing. "I wish to work," says the speaker; "only show me where and how."

The task thus allotted is too much for the wisdom of one man, or even for the wisdom of millions of men in one year. The resolute attention of society during this generation will no more than suffice, and perhaps may not suffice, to discover how woman can be inducted into such new methods of labor as will make her so far self-supporting as may be requisite. One thing, however, we know: the first practical point in this matter is, not the *way*, but the *will;* the first necessity is a sound public opinion. American democracy already holds that industry and economy are gentlemanly; it must go further and pronounce that they are ladylike. When it shall have become the national creed that it is just as honorable for a woman to earn a living as for a man, all this trouble about the "where" and the "how" will shrink as if by magic from a giant to a dwarf. It will not then be incumbent on essayists to say to one lady, "You can be an editor;" to another, "You can stand behind your husband's counter;" to another, "You can keep your father's books." The needs and opportunities of life will make these suggestions, and women will receive them as they are now received by men.

Something of this has already begun to be. There are girls who have become printers, clerks, and book-keepers; there are wives who manage post-offices, and perform other public duties; there are mercantile colleges open to both sexes. The age is not only oratorical concerning woman's right to vote, but to some small extent practical concerning her far more important right to earn a living. For "right" let us say "duty," and the millennium will be nearer.

"But—" says Mr. Potiphar; and we hasten to interrupt him. We do not mean your wife, sir; we know that you have thirty thousand a year, and that Mrs. P. has no need to "clerk it;" we only demand of her that your yearly expenses shall not be thirty-one thousand. But suppose you should fail? Would it not then be nice to have the half-dozen women of your family able to clerk it, or at least to make their own dresses? It might save you from forging a note or blowing out your brains.

But we cannot enter upon objections. To state such as are obvious would require a volume, and to answer them would require another. Will it not suffice for the present to note that human action is usually but a succession of choosings betwixt two evils, and that when one evil has become intolerable, it is the highest sanity to leap somewhither, if only to the chance of a smaller one?

It is the belief of certain well-meaning men who were not born in Constantinople that, if the American girl were called on to meet a proportion of her expenses by her own labor, she would be publicly a greater blessing, and personally healthier, wiser, and happier. It is even believed that her outlay, instead of increasing, would diminish. Practised in the mystery of keeping accounts, aware by experience of the difficulty of earning money, she would become clever enough to save it. With something to do, she would put less mind, time, and purse into the pursuit of pleasure. Mated at last with a poor man (so many are incorrigibly vicious that way!), she would share his burden rather than crush him with it. If all women now were thus, we should have no cause to cry, as we are sometimes tempted to do, Oh! for the slow but cheap girl of thirty years since! Whether democracy is capable of some such self-saving miracle as we have indicated remains to be seen.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 17, 1868.

THE latest literary sensation has been caused by the appearance of a new book by the Queen. It is simply a collection of a few diaries which make no claim to literary merit, and derive their only interest from their authorship. They are, therefore, as much outside the province of legitimate criticism as if the Queen had published a list of her wardrobe or the bill of fare of the dinners at Windsor Castle. They are a private record, written obviously for her own eye, of sundry small excursions, chiefly in Scotland. The most exciting anecdote which I discovered in a cursory inspection of the pages was that the Princess Royal once sat down on a wasp's nest, but was fortunately rescued by the attendants without much injury. The manner in which the book has been received is, therefore, of more interest than the intrinsic merits of the book itself. The public was so anxious to buy it that, although ten thousand copies had been printed, the day of publication had to be postponed for a fortnight. The newspapers have all written what are called reviews; that is to say, the most animated panegyrics they could put together. The *Spectator*, for example, became quite gushing about that incident of the wasp's nest; it declared that in thousands of British families next season the children would be encouraged by the mothers to emulate the fortitude of the Princess Royal, though, as it admitted, her Majesty tells the fact quite simply without saying that the Princess displayed fortitude or the reverse. But the eye of faith supplies such little details for itself. It is an inexpressibly ennobling thought that princesses, like ordinary flesh and blood, are accessible to the stings of wasps, and that a recollection that princesses have sat upon wasps' nests will stimulate the heroic ardor that beats in the infant bosoms of Great Britain. I must leave to others the question whether this intense interest in the smallest external details of royalty is a greater proof of snobbishness or of an ennobling loyalty. Probably the decision would depend upon whether the homage is rendered chiefly to the Queen's position or to the respect which every one most deservedly feels for her character. I confess that, to my taste, the enthusiasm excited savors more of the sentiment with which a valet is supposed to regard a hero than of a nobler emotion; and I rather regret that Mr. Arthur Helps should have succeeded in persuading her Majesty (as the preface informs us) into publishing a book calculated to gratify that variety of hero-worship. However, nothing can be said of the Queen's domestic life which is not to her honor, and, in some degree, the volume may tend to strengthen the respect which is grounded upon the general appreciation of that fact.

From the other end of the world we receive accounts of the enthusiasm with which the Duke of Edinburgh has been received in Australia. I know not how many people thronged the streets of Melbourne to welcome him upon his arrival. Infinite addresses were delivered; ladies sat for hours to look at the Queen's son; and black fellows danced corobbories—whatever that may mean—in honor of his arrival. It is difficult to appreciate the precise value of English loyalty; it is still more perplexing to guess at the value of that commodity in the colonies. One thing is plain, that no people ever had such unequivocal reasons for faithfulness to an imperial government. Their connection with us now involves the most one-sided of bargains. We pay their army and navy, and protect them against external dangers, if any such exist. We have ceased to discharge upon them any of our criminal population; the last ship-load of convicts was sent to Western Australia a month or two ago, and we have promised never to send them any more. They arrange their own affairs precisely as they please, and put on protective duties against our manufactures. In return, they lose the inestimable advantages of a presidential election, and have the honor of paying a governor sent out from England. Now, if men are discontented with having everything their own way, and many responsibilities of national existence taken off their hands, they must be hard to please indeed. It would, of course, be chimerical, in the highest degree, to suppose that the relation between England and Australia can be permanent. Some time or other we must expect to see them setting up for themselves, in name as well as in fact; for in most essentials they are already as independent as many thousand miles of salt water can make them. Every one must wish, however, that the separation may be peaceable when it comes, and not leave behind it such bitter feeling as was caused by a more important severance. We have, I hope, learnt wisdom since the days of George III. and Lord North. In fact, the only danger arises from our disposition to fancy that a merely nominal tie has more meaning than should really be attached, and to look for some more substantial tribute than that of general good-will and friendly feeling. In the case of Australia, I think there is little danger of any serious misunderstanding; for that question is fortunately beyond the reach of complication from jealousies between ourselves and any third party. We can manage our little troubles *en famille*; and there is enough friendliness on both sides to encourage the hope that when the time for severance comes it will be satisfactorily arranged.

Whilst I am upon colonies, I may notice that another complication has arisen in the Colenso affair. After a great deal of trouble, it is announced that a clergyman has at last been found to go out and put himself in competition as a second Bishop of Natal. That is, we are going to have the spectacle of a small schism in South Africa. Dr. Colenso is undoubtedly bishop according to the laws of the Church of England, considered as a state church; nor has any real attempt been made to turn him out. On the other hand, the new bishop will have some claim which it passes my theological knowledge to define accurately. In some way or other the mass of clergy have, I suppose, convinced themselves that he will be the representative of the true Apostolical succession, although, even from that point of view, I do not understand that Dr. Colenso has been deposed after any constitutional fashion. It is a very pretty quarrel, and I must confess that since it has lost itself in mysterious legal labyrinths, it has passed entirely beyond my comprehension. One thing alone is plain: whatever may be its theological significance, it indicates the approaching conflict between the two theories of a state church and a church resting on divine right. What the end of it may be in the small colony of Natal, I know not; but it is a symptom of a struggle which must, before many years are over, be exemplified on a larger scale in England. The battle of the Ritualists, now being fought in the law courts, is the commencement of operations. Where and how they will terminate requires the foresight of a prophet. A blue-book which has lately been published by the commissioners appointed to enquire into Ritualist practices contains some curious information as to the theories of the party. One of their leaders, Mr. Bennett, of Frome, propounds his view of the case in very plain terms. He declares that any interference of the state in such matters is sacrilege. Now, as the Church of England is, as a matter of fact, the creature of the state, as its tenets and discipline are strictly defined by act of Parliament, and as its courts will decide all questions brought before them on the ground of the absolute supremacy of Parliament, it is very clear that a sect which holds such opinions must find themselves in a logically unbearable position. It is a curious result that in this they fall in precisely with the views of the party most diametrically opposed to them—with the followers of Comte, for example, or with extreme radicals of every shade of opinion. Placed between two fires, that singular compromise, the Church of England, is beginning to feel the awkwardness of its position. It has not, however, yet come to the arena of active politics, and, indeed, Mr. Bennett appears to be the extreme leader of his party, and the other witnesses shrink from taking up the position into which he has instinctively drifted. Most of them continue to justify their practices by the authority of Parliament or the Privy Council, and have, therefore, not cut themselves loose from the ties which he finds insupportable.

Home topics are for the moment tolerably quiescent. A great education conference is being held at Manchester for the purpose of forcing upon Parliament some measure of compulsory education. I have reason to know that Government will make a bid for the lead in this most important question by introducing some considerable measure of its own, though I have no guess as to how far it is likely to go. Every one must wish that they may be able to help the question forward as decidedly as in the last session they advanced the cause of reform. Upon this topic I have lately said enough, and will not for the present refer to it more fully. Perhaps another branch of the question may be interesting to your readers. A great move has lately been made in the North of England in favor of an improvement in female education. The University of Cambridge took the first step by admitting girls to what is called the "non-general" examinations—that is, to examinations of persons not members of the university. These examinations have been a great success, and the girls have so far distinguished themselves. It is remarked that they have done particularly well in the mathematical papers, and, for example, have shown a much greater sense of logic in writing out propositions of Euclid than the boys. Is is now proposed to organize more thoroughly a scheme for examining and giving to the successful candidates certificates, which would be of the highest value for governesses and teachers in schools. It is proposed still further to form a ladies' university, for which purpose I hear that considerable support has already been obtained. The only danger, so far as I have heard, seems to be that they are inclined to imitate the faults as well as the merits of the older universities in a natural anxiety to show that women can do whatever men do. No definite scheme, however, has yet been made public.

I may refer, in conclusion, to a controversy which has lately been carried on in the papers, and which may have some interest in America. The *Times* has bitterly attacked the appointment of Mr. Thornton as successor of Sir F. Bruce. Their objection seems to be that they know very little of him, that he has been employed chiefly in such out-of-the-way countries as Buenos Ayres and Brazil, and that he is not a peer. They lay particular stress upon this last deficiency, which they apparently think a very fatal one. Their remarks as to the importance of sending a good minister to Washington are obviously true; but I do not sympathize with their objections. What we want, I imagine, are the usual qualifications for an able diplomatist, of which peers have no monopoly; and I know that every one who is qualified to judge speaks in the highest terms of the ability and high character of Mr. Thornton. No one knows the secret causes of enmity expressed by the *Times* on various occasions, and therefore few people value its enmity very highly. I have, therefore, every hope that Mr. Thornton, in spite of the *Times* and its criticisms, will know how to manage the delicate affairs entrusted to him with credit to himself and, I hope, benefit to both countries concerned.

Correspondence.

"THE WAR BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL."

To the Editor of the Nation:

I enclose herein a few slips—all cut from the *Nation* (Boston), which sheet seems to be rampant on the temperance question, but apparently not conversant with all the "Ten Commandments."

My object, however, is not so much to comment on your namesake as to call your attention to the fact that you have a contemporary who feels himself competent to unblushingly use your commendatory notices. Were it not for the fact that I find in the same sheet a condemnation of the sin of lying, I should almost infer that its editor made his appropriations unscrupulously.

Yours truly, ——

Philadelphia, January 30, 1868.

[Accompanying the above are three commendatory notices of the *Nation* (New York), bestowed upon it by the *Christian Advocate*, the *Methodist*, and Henry Ward Beecher, and which the Boston *Nation* is deliberately publishing as "what the press says" of itself. In the same number of the paper from which these were cut we find the following broad generalization in the "moral" department for the young folks:

"A small lie, if it is actually a lie, condemns a boy or girl as much as a big and black falsehood. If a man will deliberately cheat to the amount of a single cent, give him an opportunity and he would cheat to any amount."

Better still, we also find under the title, as a kind of standing motto:

"The Battle of the Library, the School, and the Church against intemperance is the most visible part of the war between Heaven and Hell."

All we have to say on this subject by way of comment will be found in an article entitled "Humanitarianism," which appeared in our columns two weeks ago. We learn from the *Independent* of last week that the Massachusetts "temperance reformers, just now, stand formed in hollow square for the shooting of their deserters." Would it not be well to dispose of all classes of offenders on the same solemn occasion? —Ed. Nation.]

MR. ALLEN'S GREEK TABLES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In your very fair notice of my little compend of "Greek Elements" you omit to state that it is all contained in *a single sheet of letter-size;* and so you do not give a right notion of what I undertook, which was, not to provide a substitute, but a memorandum or key for more complete manuals, in the smallest possible space. Small as it is, it contains all the regular inflections and many others, about 550 roots and derivatives with their meaning, and nearly every point of syntax required in reading ordinary Greek prose—all this, with fair type and handsome page. In point of fact, in daily use it saves me at least nine-tenths of the references to the larger grammars.

Such a grammar as you propose I have sometimes thought of preparing—to fill, perhaps, eighty to one hundred pages of ordinary print—these tables being one feature of the plan. I have just finished the revision of a Latin grammar, prepared with much care on a corresponding scale, by Prof. W. F. Allen, formerly of Antioch College, and now of the State University of Wisconsin. If it should find a publisher, it would probably be accompanied by a sheet of Latin elements on the general plan of this which you have noticed.

Your obedient servant, J. H. Allen.

Cambridge, January 31, 1868.

THE PROPAGATION OF SMELT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Can any of your correspondents inform me whether the smelt has ever been artificially propagated?

There are two species of this fish known to me; one is caught in Charles River, Massachusetts, the other in the Raritan River, New Jersey. That in the Raritan is very far superior to the other in flavor and in delicacy of texture; it runs up the river in February and March, in great numbers; and it seems to me as well worthy of cultivation as the shad and the salmon; more worthy than the trout. T. H.

Cambridge, Mass., January, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Harper & Brothers announce as in press reprints of Dr. H. White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," Krummacher's "David, King of Israel," Smith's "Smaller History of England," Smith's "Student's Manuals of the Old and New Testament History," Frere's "Old Deccan Days," and several novels, none of great pretensions, and one by Percy Fitzgerald.——Roberts Brothers promise a translation of some one, we do not know what one, of Auerbach's novels, to be reprinted from early sheets.——Sheldon & Company have in preparation the "Autobiography of Elder Knapp, the Great Revivalist," a volume of sermons by the Rev. Newman Hall, and two of Mrs. Edwards's novels, "Stephen Lawrence" and "Archie Lovell."——John E. Potter & Co. announce "The Railroads of the United States: their History and Statistics," by H. M. Flint.——Ticknor & Fields talk of a novel by Mrs. Stowe; a volume of tales by Rev. Mr. E. E. Hale; an edition of Halleck, with an introduction by Bryant; Hawthorne's American Note-Book; a volume of Colonel Higginson's *Atlantic Monthly* papers relating to his adven-

tures during the war, and numerous other books, the most promising of them being the still delayed book of poetry by Browning.

—"Who was the Art Architect of the Houses of Parliament?" There is no doubt who had the credit and the rewards, pecuniary and other, who was knighted for it, and who, it must be added, has been heartily abused for the ugliness and the sham-Gothic elaboration of the building. Sir Charles Barry's industry, good business habits, and knowledge of mechanical principles and construction deserved and won what is generally called "success" as an architect, and his knowledge of the details and the principles of design of classical architecture make his name respectable among modern artists. All over England are civic and domestic buildings of his designing; no man in England, since Inigo Jones, has designed Renaissance and Grecian buildings of a more simple, rational, complete, and satisfactory fashion. But he knew nothing of the architecture of the Middle Ages; his few attempts at "Gothic" buildings—we are not now speaking of the Houses of Parliament—were complete failures; he never joined in any way in the movement which Pugin, for a time, headed, for the restoration of the Gothic art as a living style to be followed and built in. So people said that Mr. Barry, and afterwards that Sir Charles, was the architect of the new Westminster Palace, that his knowledge of planning and of building was good, that the building would be sure to answer its purpose well, and then that there was much in the plan which seemed to show the hand of the *classical* architect. But they could not say that of the design, for, although the type chosen was unfortunate—late, spoiled Gothic of what is called the "Perpendicular" style—and although the designs for carving, stained glass, tiled pavements, and decoration generally were monotonous and unimaginative, still it showed the mind of some one who had studied late English Gothic very thoroughly. But it is pretty generally known that to offer a design and to make it are two different things—things which may be done by the same person, but which, also, may not. Mr. Barry might have got together in his office all the draughtsmen obtainable who had studied the English mediæval work; his great industry and readiness were known; he might have crammed himself so thoroughly that he could oversee a number of assistants of whom each one knew more about the work he was doing than his chief knew. In such ways the better informed explained the phenomenon, while to the world at large the phenomenon was not visible. But now, both Sir Charles Barry and Mr. Augustus Welby Pugin being dead, Mr. Pugin's son claims for his father the merit of the design. Much correspondence having passed between Mr. Pugin and two sons of Sir Charles Barry, Mr. Pugin has published a stout pamphlet stating his side of the controversy, and this bears for its title the question which begins this note. The points are—1st, that when the competition was ordered in 1835 for the new Houses of Parliament, on the conditions that the style of the designs must be "Gothic or Elizabethan," Mr. Barry and Mr. G. Graham went to Mr. A. W. Pugin, and employed him to make designs for them, which designs they intended to offer and did offer in competition; 2d, that when Mr. Barry had received the award and was appointed architect of the new building, he employed Mr. Pugin to carry out his (Mr. P.'s) own design, who accordingly made the needed drawings, general and detailed; 3d, that Sir Charles Barry, who had behaved in many respects very shabbily toward Mr. Pugin, got possession, by a trick, of his own letters to that gentleman, which were then in the possession of the younger Pugin, and that the family refuse to restore them as was promised. The case is probably not wholly clear. The life of Sir Charles Barry recently published by his son does not throw much light upon it, but Mr. Pugin's side is stated in this pamphlet, "Who was the Art Architect of the Houses of Parliament? a Statement of Facts, founded on the Letters of Sir Charles Barry and the Diaries of Augustus Welby Pugin, by E. Welby Pugin," London, Longmans, 1867.

—The private library soon to be disposed of by Mr. Bouton is very rich in autographs, which, like the other articles in the catalogue, will, without exception, be sold by auction. There are of autographs, American and foreign, not less than two thousand lots, some of them comprising many separate letters. Among the others is the numerous collection of the late Mr. Balmanno, who was very well known in New York literary circles, which includes the letters to Fuseli which Mr. Balmanno luckily saved from the fire into which they were just being thrown as rubbish. From his collection, too, are several very pleasant letters written by Hood. Some of these latter are illustrated; one, for example, has a pen-and-ink picture of a bay-window, and, in a postscript, Hood cautions his correspondent not to stand too near the window while he reads, lest he should take cold. In the list of foreign autographs we observe the names of Abernethy, Hans Christian Andersen, Joanna Baillie, Byron, Chantrey, Coleridge, Cruikshank, Croker, Dickens, Flaxman, Ugo Foscolo, Frederick the Great, Gortschakoff, Hallam, Haydon, Hogg, Humboldt, Hook, Leigh Hunt, Jenner, Lamb, Lamartine, Mazzini, Melancthon, Napoleon III., Palmerston, Victoria, Wilberforce, Southey, Turner, Wilkie, and many besides. The American portion of the collection is strong in distinguished names, containing, for example, autographs of most of "the signers."

—Among the autographs above-mentioned, some that are perhaps of as much intrinsic interest as any of the rest are Thackeray's. Not many of our readers know his handwriting, and to such we may say that it is remarkable for distinctness—being almost as easy to read as so much print—and for the absence of flourishes and other oddities. The letters are small and formed of strokes of equal thickness. The dash seems to have been his chief reliance as regards punctuation, and he was careless in the use of capitals, often using small letters in their place. Once in a while he, too, like Hood, scratches off a little sketch illustrative of the context—pictures that bear a family resemblance to those with which he adorned his books, and, in some instances, done with the same care or carelessness. We copy one of his letters, addressed to a gentleman of this city, which was written partly aboard the *Canada* when Thackeray was returning in 1856 from his American visit, and partly after he had reached London. We suppress names:

On board last day—May 7 1856

My dear old ——— I tell you that writing is just as dismal and disgusting as saying good-bye.—I hate it and but for a sense of duty I would n't write at all—confound me if I would. But you know after a fellow has been so uncommonly hospitable and kind and that sort of thing a fellow ought you see to write and tell a fellow that a fellow very much obliged and—in a word you understand. So you made me happy when I was with you you made me sorry to come away and you make me happy now when I think what a kind generous friendly W. D. R. you are. You have ——— back in the Bower of Virtue—youll fill that jug when [sic] one day and drink to my health won't you? And when you come to Europe you'll come to me etc—and my girls mind, and we'll see if there is not some good claret at 36 Onslow Square. . . . . We have had a dreary rough passage—yesterday the hardest blow of all. I have been ill with one of my old intermittent attacks after wh. my mouth broke out with an unusually brilliant eruption and I am going into Liverpool with a beard 8 days long—It is not becoming in its present stage. I have not been sea sick but have n't been well a single day. Wine is ojus to me, segars create loathing—could n't I write something funnier and more cheerful? Perhaps I may when we are fairly into Liverpool—perhaps we may be there to-night perhaps not till to-morrow morning for it blew a hurricane into our face last night and the odds are we shall not have water enough to pass the bar.

Home (wiz 36 Onslow Square Brompton London) May 9. We did pass the bar, and did n't I have a good dinner at the Adelphi, and was n't I glad to get back to town yesterday, and was n't there a great dinner at the Garrick club (the annual Shakspeare dinner wh. ought to have come off on the 23 ult. but was put off on account of a naval review) and did n't I make a Yankee speech, and Oh lor ——— have n't I got a headache this morning? I'm ashamed to ask for a sober-water that's the fact. And so here the old house, the old room, the old tea-pot by my bed side—the old trees nodding in at the window—it looks as if I'd never been away—and that its a dream I have been making. Well in my dream I dreamt there was an uncommonly good fellow by name W. D. R. and I dreamed that he treated me with all sorts of kindness and I sent him and J. C. B. P. and D. D. (and what's his name down stairs?) my heartiest regards, and when my young women come home I shall tell them what a deal of kindness their Papa had across the water—so good-bye my dear ——— and believe me always gratefully yours W. M. Thackeray.

P.S.—Tell Tim W. that we had n't a single actor at the Shakspeare dinner, and that F. F. and C. D. send their best remembrances to him—How did that Sunday dinner go off? was it as bad as the dreary Friday?

—No age in which literature has ever been cultivated has been wanting in lovers of literature who have loved it for its own sake rather than for the honor or power or other advantages it could bestow. And among the lovers of literature as an end rather than a means it is certainly necessary to place the enthusiastic collectors of books, the bibliomaniacs. Doubtless, their place is not a high one when, as a class, they are compared with certain other sorts of book-lovers—such as may be said to love the minds of books rather than to lavish a more or less unreasoning fondness on their bodies, to take an enthusiastic interest in the history of their personal fortunes and so on. Thus the elder Disraeli and Dibdin are to be ranked among the lovers rather

than among the users of literature. Of course no rigid classification is possible; still these two men may be said to belong in one class, and their class may be roughly described in the terms we have used. But Dibdin's place is low as compared with Disraeli's. Yet it may be doubted if the labors of the kind of book-lovers of which the laughable doctor was a full-blooming specimen, have not been of as much service to the literary world as the labors of the Disraelis. Certainly, neither class exists in so great numbers that the literary world should not honor a worthy member of either. One such has just died. Mr. Peter Force, who died last week in Washington at the age of seventy-eight years, spent the best part of his long life in collecting books and manuscripts relating to American history—documents that it would now be entirely impossible to gather together by any expenditure of money, and which are intrinsically, as materials for history, of very great value. For example, he had in his library 245 volumes of newspapers printed in this country prior to the year 1800—a great part of them the American journals of the Revolutionary period. He had also 700 volumes of newspapers of the present century. Another extremely valuable and interesting part of his collection consisted of 48 volumes of Revolutionary and other letters, historical autographs, and 30,000 pamphlets bearing on American history, political and military. For thirty years, he said, he had worked almost every day from four to eighteen hours among his books and papers. And the mere labor of collection must have been very great. Very poor, too, he had been, he said, all his life, and what money he spent on his library was so spent at the cost of great self-denial. Congress, a year or so ago, gave him a hundred thousand dollars for his collection, which, under the name of "The Force Library," now forms far the most valuable part of the Library of Congress, and makes it, in the department of national history, by much the best library in America. The hundred thousand dollars which Mr. Force received was not a high price to pay, and, as he said, was "not much to a dead man." But perhaps not many of his contemporaries found more happiness than he got from his absorbing industry in a beloved pursuit. Mr. Force was a Jerseyman by birth, but had long resided in Washington, where once—in John Quincy Adams's administration—he published a political paper, and before that time "The National Calendar," a serial statistical work.

—Two correspondents, one a gentleman in the service of the Post-office Department, have written to us in relation to statements first printed in a late number of *Harper's Weekly* and used by us in a literary note published in our paper of three weeks ago. They deny the truth of what was said about the relative cost of a twenty-pound package of books sent through the mails from a British to an American office, and of such a package sent between two American offices. The writer in *Harper's Weekly* asserted that the postage on twenty pounds' weight of books sent from this city to Newark would be $19 20. On the contrary, both our correspondents assure us, the postage on such a package would be just one-sixth as much—$3 20. To this the writer in the *Weekly* would reply that the law limits the weight of packages of book postage to four pounds, and that a twenty-pound package, sent at letter rates—at six cents the half-ounce—would, as he has said, cost $19 20. We believe that in practice the Post-office authorities refuse almost no bundles which their bags will receive, and though one of our correspondents attributes other motives than perfectly pure ones to the writer in question, the latter may have sent a twenty-pound package to Newark, or may have tried to do so, and may have paid, or found that he would have had to pay, for its transmission as if it had been twenty pounds' weight of letters. Consequently he may have thought himself justified in setting the expense at $19 20, although he knew that *five four-pound packages* can be sent for $3 20. As to another matter which was mentioned in the same note, we now get information to this effect: The American publisher does pay on blank paper out of which to manufacture books a duty of 35 per cent. *ad valorem;* it is true, too, that on books printed abroad, by foreign printers, he pays but 25 per cent. *ad valorem;* but such books are not bound abroad. American copyright books, if printed abroad, leaving foreign binding out of the question, would be confiscated by the custom-house officials. There are, however, English books which are imported into this country bearing the imprint of some American house. This is done to save the expense of reprinting, which, in the case of such books, would be so great as to make it unprofitable to put them on the market. The above-mentioned difference in duty is therefore an advantage rather than a disadvantage to the American purchaser. The American publisher, however, may be excused for looking at the matter with a certain displeasure.

—There are a good many indications that the English are beginning to bestir themselves in regard to the condition of their manufactures as compared with the same branches of industry in Continental countries. In several fields of industry in which they had for years distanced competitors, and in which they thought themselves as secure of pre-eminence as they patriotically believe themselves to be upon the waves, they have been badly beaten by foreign workmen. However, one would make a mistake who should imagine that one success against an Englishman gives his enemy the battle. Triumph just yet on the part of the Austrian or Frenchman or Bavarian would be premature, probably. The other day the Mayor of Darlington addressed himself to the consideration of the question in this spirit: Technical education, he told his fellow-townsmen, rested with serious responsibility on England. Not long before he had been present at a meeting in London where the subject was discussed. Some of those present had been travelling abroad, and were unanimously of opinion that the British workman has not as good an opportunity for learning his business well as the foreign workman, and that it would be necessary to do something in his favor at once. In Bavaria, for instance, the apprentices in dye-houses were taught chemical and other knowledge, in order that uniformity of result in coloring might be secured. In English dye-houses the same color could hardly be got twice; the deficiency in this respect he thought lamentably great. At Darlington they not only talk in this way, but they have established a School of Art which gives instruction to 161 students. At Salford, Doctor Angus Smith has recently delivered, before the Working-men's College, a clever lecture on this same subject of technical instruction. He spoke forcibly on the need of more advanced schools for the upper classes of the manufacturing communities. "More and more," he said, "the power of advance is being wrenched out of the hands of merely practical men." The teaching of theories, not the mere teaching of methods of working in this or that trade, is in his opinion what the English manufacturing world will have to provide for. This same doctrine is urged in some cases consciously, in others unconsciously, by the eighty skilled workmen whom the English "Society of Arts" last year sent over to the Paris Exposition. The reports made by these observers have just been published in a volume of much interest. The concurrent testimony of a very large majority of them is to the effect that provision must be made for the scientific instruction of British artisans, or England will lose what remains to her of her industrial supremacy, and will not regain the great deal of it which undeniably she has lost. The volume contains some opinions very well worth considering in regard to the effect of trades-unions on good workmanship, in regard to the value of a good understanding between master and workman, and on kindred topics, and on this account, as well as for its statement of facts, it is a valuable contribution to industrial literature. The book's title—a sufficiently clumsy one—is as follows: "Reports of Artisans selected by a Committee appointed by the Council of the Society of Arts to Visit the Paris Universal Exhibition."

SCIENTIFIC.

APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRICITY AS SEEN AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

RUHMKORFF'S COIL.—This apparatus has grown from a modest little coil of a few hundred feet to one of many miles, from a power to throw a spark an inch to the facility of throwing it two feet. By the use of a small galvanic battery and one of the large Ruhmkorff machines, the application of the inductive principle in electricity enables us to accomplish results which were never before deemed to be possible. Numerous induction coils were exhibited which were modifications of the one invented by Ruhmkorff; and from being the exclusive property of the scientific man, it is now adapted to very many popular uses, as, for example, to the burglar-alarm telegraph, to the employment of Geissler tubes for illuminating purposes, to the firing of large blasts in mines, for the production of ozone on a large scale to be used as an agent in bleaching, for charging Leyden jars, for medical purposes, for photography, as a toy for children.

PANDYNAMOMETER.—An apparatus for measuring the amount of mechanical force of any machine by electricity, called the pandynamometer, was exhibited.

REGULATOR FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Duboscq exhibited an apparatus invented by Foucault for regulating the movement of the carbon points used in producing electric light. It is driven by clock-work, and the velocity of the movement of the carbon pencils is governed by the rapidity of consumption of the particular poles of the battery to which they are attached. Without some such contrivance as this no uniformity in the electric light can be obtained.

HOLTZ'S MACHINE.—The electrical machine of Holtz is, in fact, a constant electrophorus. The plates of glass and resin are made perpendicular or horizontal, according to the work to be done. In the Russian department, one of these machines consisted of many pairs of perpendicular plates. The appearance of the apparatus is not unlike that of the old-fashioned frictional-plate machine, but in its power it is infinitely beyond the old form. A small Holtz's machine of ten inches diameter will throw a spark five or six inches, and will charge and surcharge a Leyden jar with almost as great facility as a Ruhmkorff coil. This form of the electrical machine seems destined to supersede all others, and very powerful ones have been constructed for the refining of sugar by the ozone process.

THERMO-ELECTRIC BATTERY.—There was a thermo-electric pile exhibited by Marcus, of Vienna. This consisted of a row of bars of an alloy of antimony and bismuth so arranged that while one end was heated the other was plunged into cold water. We had no means of judging of the power of the battery, as it was not mounted. This form of the battery is now attracting more attention than any other, and it is the direction of research which promises the best results. It is evident that if by simply heating one end of a metallic bar sufficient galvanic current can be excited to repeat all of the effects now accomplished by means of the acid batteries, it will be marvellously cheap and convenient. A similar battery of very superior construction was exhibited by Mr. Farmer, of Boston.

PYROPHYLAX.—An apparatus for sounding an alarm in case of fire was exhibited by Captain Arbuckle in the English department. The general idea was similar to that of the burglar-alarm telegraph. If a fire broke out in any room, the fact would be made known by the effect of heat either upon mercury or copper wire, and would be telegraphed to the bells. The ringing of the bells would arouse the sleepers, and give them an opportunity to escape. A somewhat similar contrivance has been proposed for indicating the presence of foul air in any locality. A vessel containing caustic potash or lime is carefully counterpoised, and one arm placed very near to the pole of a battery. If considerable carbonic acid is in the air, it will be rapidly absorbed by the potash, and that limb of the balance becoming heavier, will descend, and thus establish the connection in the current which will ring the signal-bell. Such a contrivance as this, if it proved practical, could be put up in our public halls, and as soon as the air became too foul for respiration the incessant ringing of bells would compel the janitor to let in fresh air. The invention has been made and exhibited, but we have not heard of its having been given a fair trial.

TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS.—Nearly one hundred telegraphic machines were exhibited, not all of them different in construction, but many of them modified according to the tastes of the country whence each came. The printing telegraph of Hughes attracted particular attention, and was deemed worthy of a high prize. Morse's form of telegraph was perhaps the most frequent. The autographic telegraph, previously mentioned, excited more interest than the others on account of its ingenious construction and the marvellous feats it accomplished. There was considerable variety in the material used in various parts of the apparatus; but the principle involved in the action of the batteries being always the same, there was little latitude left for the display of inventive genius. There were thirty-seven telegraphs exhibited by France alone, and as these were placed in one room, it was easy to compare the various systems proposed. Austria was also well represented in this department.

GALVANOPLASTY.—In the application of the battery to electro-plating more progress has been made than in any other branch of the subject. It is only a few years since Jacobi first proposed to deposit metals from their solutions by the action of the galvanic current. At first the application was limited to one or two metals and to articles for table use. The art is now extended to apply to numerous metallic salts, and to the plating of articles of great size. There was exhibited in a separate building in the Park copies of antique and modern sculpture—of the massive bronze doors of Florence; of Trajan's Column, which the Emperor has ordered to be copied in its natural proportions; and of numerous works of art, which were such perfect imitations of bronze that none but professional dealers could have decided upon their true character. Methods have been devised by which the exact amount of metal deposited upon any given object can be carefully weighed. In the case of gold and silver this is of particular importance. Great improvement has also been made in depositing metals which have hitherto not been considered as available for this purpose. The foundation, also, upon which to deposit the metal has been changed, and even glass and rubber have been employed with success. Specimens of the batteries employed, and of the balances for weighing the metals, and an infinite variety of samples of the work accomplished, were to be seen in the Exhibition.

GALVANIC BATTERIES.—There were various modifications in the form of batteries, few of them new. The well-known batteries of Daniel, Grove, Smee, and Bunsen were exhibited in abundance. There was one modification which was applied to batteries intended for occasional use, and that was a spring arrangement by which the zinc poles were lifted out of the acid or the bichromate of potash, when not in use, and the action thus suspended. By pressing down the spring the zinc was again immersed in the liquid, and the current re-established. This was different from making and breaking the connection by disconnecting the wires, and was deemed to be more economical.

MEDICAL APPARATUS.—A probe to be used in searching for a ball in a gun-shot wound was so constructed that when the points of the instrument met on the bullet a connection was established and a small bell rung. The surgeon thus avoided the danger of mistaking a bone or other hard substance for the ball. Electric baths, volta-electric brushes, volta-electric paper, and an infinite number of other contrivances for the cure of maladies by the application of electricity, were exhibited.

GEISSLER TUBES.—A great variety of tubes of different colored glass and of curious device, for showing the properties of electricity when passed through a vacuum or through gases, were exposed by the French and German philosophical instrument-makers. Some of the tubes were bent in the form of letters, and arranged to spell in electric light the names of FARADAY and VOLTA. There were small magneto-electric motors for rotating these tubes, so as to give rise to rings or stars of light in a most simple manner. Some of them were so cheap as to come under the rubric of toys for children.

LADD'S MACHINE.—Ladd's magneto-electric machine was pronounced to be superior to any other in the Exhibition. It is an improvement on the form adopted by Siemens and Wheatstone. Two flat plates compose the electro-magnet, and two Siemens armatures, one at each end, rotate between them, generating a constant and powerful stream of electricity. A small battery converts one of the plates into a magnet, and the electricity, being thus induced, goes on accumulating without the necessity of any further external supply from a battery. In fact, the fire once kindled increases every moment in violence while the machine continues to rotate, and the wear and tear of the plates and the small power required to rotate the armature are the only expense. As this power can be furnished by the machine itself, we have about as near an approach to a perpetual motion as we can ever hope to attain.

OZONE-GENERATOR.—Mr. Beane's ozone-generator is a new form of Leyden jar attached to an induction coil. Flat plates of glass coated with tin-foil represent the Leyden jars; these are electrified by means of a Ruhmkorff coil; and a stream of air being driven in at one end of the plate, comes out at the other so highly charged with ozone as to be irrespirable. This air, passed into vats containing sugar, paper stock, cotton goods, or any such material, at once bleaches without imparting any bad odor or taste, and without damaging the goods. Old and soiled engravings, if moistened and suspended in such an atmosphere, can be thoroughly bleached without the least injury. Mr. Beane's invention is likely to become of much practical use in trade.

RAILWAY SIGNAL.—A self-registering railway signal light was exhibited by Mr. Preece. It often happens that some of the signals are out of the sight of the signal guard, and they may be extinguished or removed without his knowledge. By Mr. Preece's contrivance everything is registered by day and night in the sentry-box of the guard. The day signal connects by a wire with a galvanic battery, and makes known its movements on a revolving tablet placed in a box. The night signal lamp is made to ring a bell should the light by any accident be extinguished.

THE PROGRESS OF ANTHROPOLOGY.*

M. DE QUATREFAGES' work forms one of the volumes of a great literary enterprise which is being carried out at the instance of the French Government, and which aims at being nothing less than the counterpart for science of the French portion of the various industrial reports called forth by the Paris Exhibition of the by-gone year. Just as they will mark for future enquirers the exact height which the wave of industrial progress, of scientific *application*, had attained in 1867, so will this series of "Reports" on all the sciences, if well completed, stand as a monument in which the curious may read exactly how much distance had been traversed at the same date on the divers paths of more purely *theoretical* enquiry.

* "Rapport sur les Progrès de l'Anthropologie en France. Par A. de Quatrefages." Imp. 8vo, pp. 570. Paris: Hachette. 1867.

If the lucky savans who have been chosen to represent their country in such a work, and to have their own opinions, if they please, thus officially handed on to posterity, floated by the prestige of the collective undertaking, and in the enviable splendor of large octavo, broad margins, and the typography of the Imperial press, are only adequate to their mission, the work will be one of great and permanent value. Quite as much will depend on the manner in which still pending questions are displayed as on the way in which the results generally acknowledged to be securely ascertained are set forth. A thoroughly just and impartial statement of both sides is, in such cases, absolutely necessary, and will be an extremely delicate task to perform. From this the reporter's own summing-up should be kept carefully separated, and should be judicially and gravely made. We are not sure that M. de Quatrefages' mode of proceeding is not open to censure in this particular. Anthropology is a science born, so to speak, yesterday. In it almost every proposition is as yet a subject of hot dispute; and this necessarily so. Not only are its data as yet in almost ludicrously small quantity when the magnitude of the inferences drawn from them is considered, but even of those few a large proportion are so uncertain that they are liable any day to correction or contradiction; and the interpretation of those which we may regard as certain is, owing to the endless variety of purely local conditions that are utterly impossible to estimate, a matter requiring extreme caution and reserve. Every day, to be sure, the state of things is improving; and, thanks to the general popular interest in anthropological problems, facts are accumulating with a rapidity which, a few years ago, could hardly have been hoped for by the most sanguine. Much of this popular interest has anything but a purely scientific source. The zeal for and against orthodoxy has always formed a by no means insignificant factor in the popularity of the question of the original unity ("Monogenism") or diversity ("Polygenism") of our species, and we in America all know too well how often "science" has been appealed to in the least calm of public assemblies to bear evidence in favor of one view or another of the way in which we ought to treat the inferior races that live with us. More recently the startling discoveries that have placed beyond a doubt the fact that man existed at an age remoter than the greyest antiquity which tradition records, and the applications which have been made of Darwin's hypothesis to man, have been of a nature to arouse the interest of every one, both by reason of the natural wonder and pleasure we all have in contemplating the dim and mysterious, and also because the chords of religious and anti-religious prejudice have again been set in motion. The consequence of it all, notwithstanding the vast mass of bad anatomy, worse psychology, and statistics worst of all, made into an harmonious whole by an absurd broth of dogmatism on both sides that has been let loose in the midst of us—the consequence of it all is that science has really been furthered. All sorts of amateurs have been set working, and facts and documents dug up or rescued from destruction which otherwise we might have waited for indefinitely.

The prosperity of the Anthropological Society of Paris, and the still more rapid growth of her younger sister of London, the large circulation of the *Anthropological Review*, are in great measure due to the same causes. So that the crude and polemical condition of the would-be science has had its advantages. M. de Quatrefages' tone, as we have hinted, betrays somewhat too much of these antecedents. His own studies have convinced him of the truth of the monogenistic conception, and the impression his book gives is rather that of a brilliant piece of pleading in its favor than of a calm survey of researches and their results. He has, of course, a right to present his own conclusions, and we do not know that he does any substantial injustice to the other side. But even were he truth incarnate, his continually persuasive and argumentative *tone* (with all its French urbanity) is rather more that of an advocate than of a judge; and many of his rivals may think he has taken an unfair advantage of the dignified post from which he speaks.

The book contains, first, a short history of anthropological learning in France. The succeeding chapters discuss man's place in nature, the unity of the species, its original appearance in one or in many centres of creation, its antiquity, fossil man, the migrations of the different races, their aptitude for acclimation and its bearing on specific unity or diversity, the ape-origin of mankind, the characteristics of primeval man, and the history of man in Europe. Then three chapters on the physical, intellectual, and moral differences of races; and, finally, a discussion of the facts observed in *mixed* races, a programme of the classification of the existing races (one of the most valuable portions of the book), and an appendix containing a tolerably complete bibliography of these subjects for France.

The vast range of special information here involved is manifest. In fact, no knowledge comes amiss to the anthropologist. Turn by turn he must be historian, physician, philologist, geographer, and antiquary; be equally able to appreciate the value of an indication derived from an old bone at one moment, and from a religious dogma the next.

Throughout the whole work we find the modifying effect of external circumstances largely insisted on. There has always been a great deal of controversy as to the extent of this modifying influence, and much of it has arisen from an ambiguity in the use of terms. When Darwin, for instance, says external circumstances have little effect, he means that they produce little change in the visible characters of a given animal taken from birth upwards. The fact that certain peculiarities imprinted on him before birth may have been caused by the obscure physiological working on his parents of the medium in which they lived, is here neglected and considered in another connection. Quatrefages uses the term *actions de milieu* as including everything that happens to a creature from the ovum upwards. The peculiar circumstances in which his parents may be plunged, and their physiological reactions, become thus a part of his external medium. This seems the best and most consistent way to use the term in question.

One of the most interesting chapters is that on acclimation. A great argument in favor of polygenism has always been that races cannot permanently flourish outside of the area in which they took their rise, or at least, not in regions dissimilar to that area, and that the actual cosmopolitism of man is true of him only as a *collection* of species, not of each species separately. Statistics and facts have been brought forward in abundance to show this radical incapacity for acclimation out of the original habitat. Counter statistics have likewise been adduced, and each party has declared that their adversaries' facts were so many exceptions caused by peculiar local reasons. M. Quatrefages admits the decline of vitality manifested by white men in a great part of the tropics. But he instances the curious history of the acclimation of geese and chickens in some parts of South America as probably being analogous to it. When geese, for instance, were first brought to Bogota, they laid eggs but rarely. Of these hardly a quarter hatched, and of the product of that quarter one-half died before the first month. "So that at the end of a time representing at most $\frac{1}{100}$ of the life of a goose there existed only $\frac{1}{4}$ of what an European breeder would have obtained." Few stories of European colonization show as bad a beginning as this. But twenty years later, *i.e.*, after twenty generations, the geese had regained nearly but not wholly their normal fecundity. Now, admitting, says M. Quatrefages, the worst of what has been said of the effects of the West Indian climate on the white man, there is yet no cause for despair. "The French have been at Guadeloupe and Martinique only since 1635. Consequently at the outside nine generations have succeeded each other on this soil." Nevertheless, individuals nearly a hundred years old may be found there, and families of pure creoles of the third generation numbering from seven to eleven children. Such individuals correspond evidently to the surviving geese from which the permanent Bogota breed is now, even after *twenty* generations, being formed.

In Algeria, too, the mortality of the first French settlers and their children looked very ominous for the future of the colony, but to-day (in such a short term of years) the number of white births exceeds the deaths throughout the country, "and some of the least salubrious localities have become, thanks to human industry, flourishing centres of population."

In general, statistics require a close and separate analysis for each region. "Simple differences of hygiene, physical and moral, suffice to change totally the results obtained in neighboring localities." The habits of life among the richer colonists have certainly in many places largely increased their mortality. For instance, "if we take the white population of Bourbon Island in a mass, we see that it is kept up only through immigration. And in view of this crude fact, *testified by figures*, we should be authorized to say of this island what has been said of the West Indies, and to maintain that the Frenchman and the white man cannot be naturalized upon it. But the fact only obtains for the population of the cities and of the plantations, that is, for precisely that class which possesses most of the wealth. And by the side of this collection of inhabitants for whom the colonial habits render this place so destructive, there flourish the *poor whites*, descendants of the original colonists, who perform labor of various kinds, who have never mixed their blood with that of the negroes, and whose type, instead of degenerating, has remarkably improved."

Some places, as the Gaboon, seem fatal, others, as Australia, favorable, to all races alike. And even to the indigenous race slight differences of station may be very disastrous. Negroes transported from the coast of Senegambia, two hundred leagues into the interior, and negroes transported from the interior to the coast, both perish in enormous proportions. In the South Sea Islands we have the strange spectacle offered us of an indigenous people melting, as it were, away, while the emigrants from a widely different clime multiply in an unexampled manner. All these facts and a mass

of others which we cannot quote show how extremely cautious one must be in generalizing on these matters. But in sight of our own Aryan branch, reaching as it does from Scandinavia to the Dekkan, we can very well afford, even if not to be as confident as M. Quatrefages, to refrain at least, until further proofs compel us, from the dismal croaking in which so many writers have indulged.

Professor Quatrefages inclines to take a cheerful view of everything. After a long and able review of the mixture of races generally, and particularly of that human mixture which is now taking place so inevitably all over the world, and of which the warmer parts of our continent are the great laboratories, and the result of which so many pessimists have prophesied to be the eventual degradation of the greater part of mankind, he concludes most hopefully. He thinks, for example, that when the maximum of mixture shall have been attained, "humanity as a whole will have advanced. Its means of action upon nature will be multiplied," since history shows that a fresh mental impulse or original quality is often the result of mixture, "and at the same time its force of resistance to actions [of climate, etc.] which have often hitherto dominated it, will be increased. Nothing leads us to think then that the civilizations of the future will be inferior to those of the present, and we may even foresee that, without the fruit of the present ones being lost, it will be surpassed in some direction as yet unknown."

M. Quatrefages is no Darwinian, although he is persuaded of the existence of permanent variation within the species. He dismisses peremptorily the ape-origin of man. It may interest some readers to know that he considers the primitive man to have had red hair and a yellow complexion, and not, as one author thinks, to have been pale and freckled.

In conclusion, the book fills a place as yet vacant. To the student it will be of great value as an *index;* and to the general reader who wishes to learn what "anthropology" is, we can heartily recommend it, cautioning him, however, not to let the charm of the style make him forget that on almost all the subjects treated the other side has still to be heard.

JOHNSON'S "WONDER-WORKING PROVIDENCE."*

In 1654 there was published, anonymously, in London a book with the running title of the "Wonder-working Providence of Sions Saviour in New England." According to its title-page, however, it was "A History of New England. From the English planting in the Yeere 1628 until the Yeere 1652; declaring the form of their Government, Civill, Military, and Ecclesiastique. Their Wars with the Indians, their Troubles with the Gortonists and other Heretiques. Their manner of gathering of Churches, the commodities of the Country, and description of the principall Towns and Havens, with the great encouragements to increase Trade betwixt them and Old England. With the names of all their Governours, Magistrates, and Eminent Ministers."

The work was evidently the production of an earnest, devout man, with no literary accomplishments and little or no education. He was thoroughly saturated with the strongest flavor of Puritanism, and treated with impartial bitterness church forms and ceremonies as displayed either in the Roman Church, in the milder type of English Episcopacy, or in the more rigid differences of Protestant sectaries. The author's familiarity with the Bible is apparent on every page; his quotations from it are numerous, and his references to it constant. His literary style, as might be expected from what has been said of his education, is by no means above criticism. His sentences are often extremely long and involved, and their parts are so disconnected and irrelevant as to leave the reader in a painful state of doubt at their close as to the subject of which the author has been treating. It would seem as if he had composed his book little by little, year by year, and had then, on its completion and before sending it to the press, gone over it all and made additions, bringing the facts down to the date when it left his hands for the printer. But there is a marked improvement in his style as he proceeds with the work, the sentences grow shorter and clearer towards the end, and we are favored with more facts and fewer pious platitudes and devout exclamations.

One weak point of the author is a fondness for verses, and accordingly, whenever he wishes to commemorate a New England worthy and hand his name down to the honorable regard of all posterity, he endeavors to ensure this result by some of the sorriest attempts at poetry ever dreamed of. The reader may form his own opinion, however, by looking at the following effusion concerning Governor John Endicott:

> "Strong valiant John wilt thou march on, and take up station first,
> Christ call'd hath thee, his Souldier be, and faile not of thy trust;
> Wilderness wants Christs grace supplants, the plant his churches pure,
> With Tongues gifted, and graces fed, help thou to his procure;
> Undaunted thou will not allow, Malignant men to wast:
> Christs Vineyard heere, whose grace should cheer, his well-beloved tast.
> Then honoured be, thy Christ hath thee their Generall promoted:
> To show their love, in place above, his people have thee voted.
> Yet must thou fall to grave with all the Nobles of the Earth,
> Thou rotting worme, to dust must turn, and worse but for new birth."

Another marked peculiarity is that, Nonconformist and voluntary exile as he was, a strong love of Old England always possesses him. He invariably mentions his native country with affection and veneration, and treats it as if still his home. With the old national prejudice, he spitefully identifies the French with frogs: "Oh, yee *French!* feare not the great swarmes of *Locusts*, nor the croking *Frogs* in your Land." He has many curious fancies. From one of them we might imagine that he had taken a "bird's-eye view" of some of the towns he describes, as he often discovers a whimsical resemblance in their shape to the forms of animals, etc. Thus he says of Charlestown, that its form "in the frontice piece thereof, is like the Head, Neck and Shoulders of a Man, only the pleasant and Navigable River of *Mistick* runs through the right shoulder thereof;" and he likens Dorchester, Boston, and Roxbury respectively to a "Serpent turning his head to the North-ward," a heart, and a wedge double-pointed. He had a great liking for statistics, especially those connected with trade in its different branches, and he was very careful to find out and state the exact figures in every case within his reach.

Many of his accounts of important events are so minute that it is clear that the writer had himself witnessed the scenes depicted, had himself been engaged in transactions forming so important a part of his narrative. His descriptions are at times painfully strong, being so real and so vivid that it is evident he himself felt the sufferings he relates. But with all this he was so modest and unobtrusive, so careless of literary fame, that he throws out no hint, gives no clue by which his identity could be established. Thus much of the man we may learn by a single perusal of his book.

In 1659, five years after its first publication, the book appeared again, this time with an entirely new title-page and preface, the author being stated to be Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Knight. It was issued in a volume containing three other tracts, the collection since known as "The Gorges Tracts," and the whole making one complete work. A more transparent literary fraud than this could hardly have been attempted. A work saturated with the unmistakable essence of Puritanism, democratic in tone, and evidently the production of one interested in trade if not a trader himself could with little reason be attributed to a Churchman, a Royalist who ruined his fortunes in the service of his king, a man who had been both a military and a naval commander, and who, instead of a government of the people, had endeavored to establish a system of feudal tenure in the wilds of Maine. It was the imposition of his grandson of the same name, a needy and worthless adventurer, who devised this as one of the parts in a scheme of his to maintain his claim for territory against the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Transparent as this fraud seems to us, it for a long time baffled the antiquarians. Tradition, however, has always rightfully ascribed the authorship to Captain Edward Johnson, a laborious and public-spirited citizen of the town of Woburn, in Massachusetts.

Mr. W. F. Poole, the librarian of the Boston Athenæum, has now prepared with great care an elegant edition of this rare and valuable old work. His plan has been to give an exact fac-simile reprint of the text, page for page, retaining all mistakes, alike of the author and printer. We should have preferred to have the old paging broken up for the sake of explanatory notes, correcting some of the not altogether obvious errors of the text. These errors are quite numerous, and, in many cases, not to be misled by them needs not only a knowledge of early New England history, but also that special familiarity with the book itself which hardly any one but the editor himself could be expected to have. The want of such notes has been to some extent supplied by a good index.

Captain Johnson's book is a work which, in the eyes of all persons who have studied the early history of New England, must possess great interest. To the general reader the thing which more than any other makes it interesting is, doubtless, the vivid picture which it affords of the way in which old New England towns were founded. Woburn, in Massachusetts, came into existence in 1640; or, rather, Charlestown Village, which two years afterwards was incorporated as a town with the name of Woburn, was then first settled by white men. Johnson tells us how. The church in Charlestown in 1640 sent out him and certain other of its members in good standing to explore the wilderness to the north of the town line, and

* "Wonder-working Providence of Sions Saviour in New England. By Captain Edward Johnson, of Woburn, Massachusetts Bay. London, 1654. With an Historical Introduction and an Index, by William Frederick Poole, Librarian of Boston Athenæum." Andover: Published by Warren F. Draper. 1867.

to see if there was anywhere fair opportunity for the establishment of another church. "Like Jacobites of old," as Captain, or Ensign, Johnson says, they went forth into the forest, not without apprehension of bloody death from the heathen savages or from great wild beasts, on scant allowance of food, exposed to the inclemency of the autumn sky of Massachusetts, until, after fasting and supplication, they came upon a tract of country which seemed to them a fit place where to plant another slip of the vine of Israel. They had set out fresh from a prayer-meeting, and it was with prayer that they took possession of their new fields and proceeded to found one more Puritan municipality. A few houses were soon built not far from a little lake now styled Horn Pond (which Johnson probably named Herne Pond, calling it after some pool in his native parish of Herne Hill, in Kent). Then speedily a minister was ordained, "it being," says the devout Ensign, "as unnatural for a right New England man to live without an able Ministery as for a Smith to work his iron without a fire." The village was, in all true Puritan townships, incidental to the church; without the meeting-house there would have been no houses. The town thus founded has now, perhaps, as many Democratic as Republican voters, and as many Roman Catholic as Congregationalist church members. But the ideas of the founders of such towns as Woburn have been very powerful in our past history, and are no small part, and not the worst part, of the true America of to-day. In this book one sees the feeble beginnings of New England, and for this reason, aside from its value as a curious historical and literary work, the "Wonder-working Providence" is worth examination.

GAIL HAMILTON ON WOMAN'S WRONGS.*

THE objection urged by some of the children of darkness against allowing women to vote—that to do so would really be to give several hundred votes to each clergyman in the country—hardly applies, we should say, to the case of Gail Hamilton. Her ballot, when she has one, will not be cast by any proxy, clerical or lay. Certainly, it would not be cast by a clerical proxy if Miss Dodge were a member of Dr. Todd's church in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Unless that gentleman is pachydermatous to a degree almost unexampled, "Woman's Wrongs" will permanently embitter all these latter years of his existence. Perhaps our readers know that Dr. Todd has been for some time writing essays in the religious papers—tritical essays—on "woman's sphere," on the wickedness of the nineteenth-century woman in seeking what the doctor calls "pants," on the unbiblical conduct of unmarried women whose desire is not towards their husbands but for wages proportionate to their work, on the delicate bodily organization of what he calls "females," and on various other branches of the "woman question." He said some things that were true. On one important subject, into a consideration of which Miss Dodge declines to follow him, he was bold enough to say things that most people have not dared to say, and yet which it was very well to say plainly. Not improbably, his writings may have deterred several women from the commission of a crime not uncommon nowadays, which, as has been said, is a mixture of murder and suicide—the murder certain, the suicide not so certain, perhaps, as desirable, but at the least probable. Still, Dr. Todd had nothing new to offer. And in treating both this particular matter and the general question, he said his say in that manner which clergymen of a certain weight are apt to adopt, and which, it is to be confessed, is sometimes a little trying to the soul of hearers not reuate. But now the most constant attendant on Dr. Todd's ministrations may forgive him freely; Miss Dodge executes on him justice without a taste of mercy. From the doctor's ignorance of grammar up to his intimate knowledge of the secret counsels of heaven, nothing escapes her; she attacks him on all sides, and shoots him through and through and through and through again, as if to destroy him were something worth the while. And, for that matter, perhaps it is. The children of darkness above-quoted may have been wise in their generation, and, if their sneer does embody a truth, possibly Dr. Todd's Pittsfield alone, even were there no other Pittsfields, would be ample justification for the fierceness of the first seventy or eighty pages of "Woman's Wrongs." It really is, we dare say, necessary to clear the ground of disputants such as the one whom Miss Dodge knocks to pieces and drags away. And this being so, the workman who does necessary work so thoroughly we may easily enough excuse for feeling and showing a triumphant joy in the labor's success and a somewhat unphilosophic heat.

As for her own contribution to the literature of the woman question, Miss Dodge claims for it no admiration on the score of novelty. She gets done with her clerical antagonist, then briefly disposes of the ordinary arguments against female suffrage, and in the rest of her essay—it is not long altogether—talks sensibly about the folly of supposing that to give woman the privilege of casting ballots is going to abolish the various wrongs of which woman complains. In most of what she says we agree with her heartily. We have not been much struck by the ability which the opponents of female suffrage have displayed, and find little in their arguments; and, finally, we are quite at one with her as regards the extravagance of hope in which people indulge who fancy that the right to vote is the panacea for the difficulties in which women find themselves as regards work and wages. It is true that most women do, and properly may, look forward to being married. And the cares of the keeper of the house and of maternity are sufficient to occupy the time and energies of almost every woman, married and a mother, who duly performs her duties. It is true, too, that as long as women look forward to marriage as the ending of out-doors life for them, they will give themselves either no preparation, or else a more or less inadequate preparation, for the life of the artisan, the artist, the clerk, the teacher, what not. It is from this cause, perhaps, that most of the wrongs flow which, as some enthusiastic people think, are all to be righted as soon as women get the ballot. Nothing seems surer than that this expectation is doomed to disapointment.

Still, though the ballot will not do for women what it has been powerless to do for men; though women, voting or non-voting, will have to learn to do business well before they, as a class, will get good pay for doing it; though, to a very large extent, men legislating for women do them justice; though what injustice men do women in legislating for them is much mitigated by various influences which meliorate the laws, and rapidly decreases with lapse of time; though men begin to see plainly that the interest of the race in general is dependent on perfect accord between man and woman, on the disappearance o old tyrannical relations; though the admission of women to the polls will have its bad effects on the policy of states, as well as its—probably greater—good effects; though all these things seem to be true, still we are, for our part, strongly inclined to hope that the experiment may soon be tried. If men are better than women, less frivolous, less unjust, less weak and unreasonable, to put it briefly, it is no doubt largely due to the fact that they are more busied in affairs, are compelled to cultivate judgment and look to the remote and immediate bearings of things, are compelled to consider things which by their nature interest the feelings less than do the ordinary feminine occupations, but exercise the brain more. Now, to give the ballot to women might, as women are to-day, be done with little or no peril to the state, and it being provided for that the republic should receive no detriment, as Mr. Sumner likes to say, we are left free to contemplate with satisfaction the probability that a change would—slowly, doubtless, and laboriously—come over the character of our friends' wives and daughters and other people's mothers and sisters. Certainly it is not impossible that woman, as a voter, might become wider-minded, might do more thinking than she has been in the habit of doing. We believe it probable. And when she goes up, we all go up. Her educational bills might be heavy; it is a thing to be seriously concerned about—what she might do in the way of prohibitory laws, and so on; but, after all, if affairs grow bad enough to bring on fighting, man would always be able to mend matters. And the good to be attained would, as we believe, reward the risk. On this consideration Miss Dodge was precluded by her plan from saying much. Her task was to moderate the wild hopes entertained and taught by persons who—as happens to new "movements"—have just at present got the woman question into their own hands. This she does very well indeed, her essay being forcible in argument and very entertaining reading—what is called a bright book.

* "Woman's Wrongs: A Counter-Irritant. By Gail Hamilton." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868. 12mo, pp. 212.

An Elementary Grammar of the German Language; with Exercises, etc. By James H. Worman, A.M. (New York: A. S. Barnes and Co. 1867.)—The author has succeeded admirably in uniting the merits and avoiding the defects of the regular and the so-called Ollendorf systems. The general scheme of arrangement is that of the ordinary grammars, and the paradigms of all declinable parts of speech are given in full as they occur: but exercises and conversations, illustrating the subjects under which they are found, as well as the grammatical principles which introduce each lesson, are interspersed throughout. Full lists of verbs of all classes, together with complete vocabularies in German and English, are placed at the end of the book, which seems to have been prepared in all respects with unusual thoroughness.

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The Week.

THE Senate has listened during the week to Mr. Morrill's, Mr. Drake's, Mr. Harlan's, and Mr. Tipton's speeches on reconstruction. It has had reported by its Finance Committee a bill in substitution of Mr. Sherman's, which provides for the issue of five per cent. bonds, to be called "consolidated debt bonds," to an amount sufficient to cover all the national indebtedness except such as is represented by the present five per cent. bonds. The Senate resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to employ counsel in defence of Generals Meade and Ruger, sued by Governor Jenkins, was adopted at once by the House. Nothing else of importance has been done in the upper House, though many bills and resolutions have been introduced. The amended Tenure-of-office bill, we may add, has passed the Senate, and allows Mr. Seward five supplemental agents of the State Department. In the House, on Wednesday, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Logan, both of Illinois, had an altercation, in which, as regards vileness of language, Mr. Marshall rather had the better of his opponent, who, however, was quite Mr. Marshall's equal in essential ungentlemanliness. The House also has listened to speeches on reconstruction and the condition of the finances of the country. A bill restoring to market lands on the line of the Pacific Railroad and its branches was passed on Friday with great despatch. It opens the sections numbered with even numbers to immediate occupancy under the Homestead Law, and puts on such lands the price of $2 50 an acre. This was on Friday; and on that day Mr. Wilson denied very emphatically that he had ever testified that Chief-Justice Chase or Judge Davis had used in his hearing language as to reconstruction laws similar to that attributed to Judge Field. Appropriation bills have occupied a good deal of the attention of the House during the week. It found time, however, to consider the case of Engineer Sawyer, whom Mr. Welles dismissed from the service for language used in political discussion with a fellow-officer disrespectful to the President.

Decidedly the most important event of the week is the rejection—which seems to be now certain—of the Alabama constitution, and consequent failure—only temporary, we trust—of the work of reconstruction in that State. The miscarriage has been wrought by the Southern whites, who, it appears, are able to bring sufficient influence, part legitimate, no doubt, but mainly illegitimate, to bear on the blacks to make them (the whites), in spite of the disfranchising clauses, more than a match for the Loyal Leagues. It is, in fact, a fresh illustration of the strength of the probability to which we called attention the other day when arguing against the policy of stripping the Supreme Court of its power or any portion of it—that when reconstruction is complete and the troops withdrawn, the whites will rapidly reassume predominance in the government, no matter what arrangement we may now make on paper. The object of reconstruction, therefore, ought to be, we hold, to qualify the blacks, by education and constitutional provisions, and by strengthening all the legal defences of liberty, property, and equality, for the exercise of a fair share of political influence at the South—as much as will cause their wants, wishes, and opinions to be considered in legislation. For supremacy at the South, for keeping the whites down, we cannot qualify them. What is now to be done is a serious question. There is some danger that the Radical leaders may, with their usual impetuosity, rush into a "special enactment" admitting Alabama in spite of the rejection of the constitution, thus throwing the Reconstruction act overboard, making its authors ridiculous, and making the return of the South to the Union without conditions, or at least without operative conditions, all but certain. We hope, therefore, there will now be no "cowardice." Let us have no "steps backward." The Reconstruction act is a good act; its enforcement is essential, and we trust Congress will stand by it. If the South has been deluded into the belief that by staying out it can avoid the legitimate consequences of its defeat, let it stay out till it gets over the delusion. Military government in that region is doing no harm. On the contrary, we hold it to be just the kind of government the crisis requires. It is teaching the whites what nothing else could teach them—respect for law; and is teaching the blacks what is for them the first step in political education—confidence in the law. Military government, in fact, is at this moment a great agent of civilization.

The McCardle case has come up before the Supreme Court, Mr. Trumbull appearing for the military authorities. The constitutionality of the Reconstruction act was not raised by him. He simply argued against the jurisdiction of the court, on the ground that the Judiciary act of 1789, from which the United States courts derived their authority to issue writs of *habeas corpus*, permitted no appeal in such cases to the Supreme from the Circuit courts. The act of 1867, which conferred additional jurisdiction, did so, he maintained, solely in reference to cases in which persons were deprived of their liberty under State authority. The court has reserved its decision.

Another important opinion has been promulgated by the court in the Mississippi and Georgia cases, which were argued last spring, and in which injunctions were sought to restrain the Secretary of War and others from carrying out the Reconstruction act. The application was denied at the time, and the reasons why, from which Chief-Justice Chase expressed his dissent, while concurring in the conclusion, were read on Monday by Judge Nelson. They are, substantially, that the question is a political one, and that, if the court granted the application, it would be in effect the exercise of political power. The judgment is mainly important as showing the reluctance of the whole court to meddle in reconstruction, or in any way to throw itself across the track of Congress or of the Executive, and ought to make some of the "sons of thunder" who have been abusing it for the last month a little ashamed of their work. But it does not, it seems to us, remove all grounds for anxiety as to the McCardle case, for Judge Nelson in several places suggests the inference that a bill, showing that the act of Congress in some way infringed on rights of persons or of property, *might* be differently treated.

Gold continues to steal up, the speculators being at work, the uncertainties of Washington politics now supplying them with the materials which the uncertainties of war used to supply. Rumors are steadily manufactured just as they used to be between 1861 and 1865, and are brought in by "reliable gentlemen" from the White House and the Reconstruction and Judiciary Committees, just as they used to be from the Potomac and the Shenandoah Valley. One of the most remarkable during the past week has been the report that Mr. Johnson was going to say dreadful things to Mr. Thornton, the new British minister, on the very day of his presentation; or, in other words, to behave like a savage. As Mr. Seward prepares the addresses delivered on these occasions, and is, whatever his political faults may be, a civilized man, the expected "scene" did not take place. Mr. Johnson expressed his admiration of Queen Victoria, and his desire for peace and prosperity in the usual way. The Alabama check has, doubtless, a good deal to do with the rise, as it opens up a prospect of formidable difficulties in the reconstruction process. Yet why should anybody be troubled? Is not the Reconstruction Committee busily engaged in considering whether, in the last letter written by the "traitor of the White House," there is not some basis for impeachment? What harm can come upon us when our statesmen are thus vigilant and prudent and energetic?

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the late correspondence between Grant and the President has apparently lighted up the horizon for the gentlemen who are now known as "the original impeachers." They have met, have maturely weighed Mr. Johnson's letters to Grant, and have come to the conclusion that if there be not matter in them for impeachment, there certainly is matter for further consideration. We have little doubt that the thing about those letters which most impressed the more intelligent portion of the community was their extreme folly—or rather silliness. They have done absolutely no harm to anybody except Mr. Johnson himself, and throw no fresh light on his character or aims. Whether Grant said or did not say what the President says he said, or whether the President said what Grant says he said, possesses little interest for the public, inasmuch as it makes no change in public affairs. Mr. Stanton remains in the War Department, Grant in the command-in-chief. Mr. Johnson twaddles in the White House to the newspaper reporters, as he has always twaddled. When we consider what the problems are which are now before Congress, both political and financial—problems such as have hardly ever come before any legislative body in the world—this solemn deliberation of the Reconstruction Committee on the late correspondence, coupled with the solemn enquiry into what Judge Field said at a dinner party, suggests some partly comic, partly painful reflections.

During the debate last week about the "special diplomatic agents" who were sent to Europe by Mr. Seward during the war, to influence public opinion in behalf of the North, Mr. Seward's assumption that these gentlemen helped to save "the life of the nation" was apparently accepted a little more hastily than it ought to have been. We mean nothing disrespectful to these gentlemen when we say that we do not believe that any one of them influenced the opinions of anybody in Europe whose opinions were worth anything. In fact, in the selection of them Mr. Seward displayed his usual contempt for the European understanding. Those who were sent to the Continent were generally ignorant of Continental languages and Continental society, and had to serve their country simply through their personal appearance. Bishop McIlvaine went to England, but we venture to say he did not make a single convert, and if he ever got one into the "hopefully anxious" state, all further progress must have stopped by the appearance of Archbishop Hughes—another of the special agents—in Ireland, where he went to work to help his colleague in England by delivering Fenian, or at least strongly anti-English, speeches. In fact, the whole scheme was a delusion, and we can only account for its conception by supposing, what is hardly supposable, that Mr. Seward was totally ignorant of European manners and customs and of the influences by which European society is affected.

The *Alabama* case is undergoing a hot discussion in England between "Historicus" and Lord Hobart, the former being now just as sure of the impropriety of referring the whole case to arbitration as he was three or four years ago, but now is not, of the impropriety of referring the *Alabama* case alone to arbitration. Lord Hobart takes the other side, and urges the reference of the whole matter to an arbitrator just as Mr. Seward proposes, and accuses "Historicus" of "sharp practice," who replies with much effulgence. At this point, Mr. John Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, who has recently been in this country, appears on the scene, and takes sides with Lord Hobart, showing that the worst enemies of England in this country are anxious that it should not be settled, and saying very plainly that, if the matter be not settled by arbitration now, it will have to be settled by arbitration some day under worse auspices. Mr. Seward has been badly mauled by "Historicus" for self-contradiction—an unpleasantness to which excessive indulgence in rhetoric has often brought even abler men than Mr. Seward. There is no vice more insidious and more injurious to the mental constitution.

The Honorable Robert J. Walker, who is a "statesman of the old school," has been enlightening the country about the advantages to the United States of the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, and they are positively awful to contemplate. It appears that with these two islands in our hands, we shall, in the next war with England, be enabled "to flank" the British fleet "in the West Indies;" destroy all her carrying trade, amounting to two billion dollars a year; annex the Dominion of Canada, which that darkly cunning intriguer, Palmerston, got up "to be a rival power to us on this continent;" "send a sufficient orce to Ireland, *with arms for her whole people*, and thus secure independence." But should we stop here? Never. "From our Pacific possessions we must assail her East India possessions, and finally destroy her commerce upon the ocean; and when in want of food, or of the raw materials of manufacture or of markets for them, the fires in all her workshops would be extinguished, a revolution would be inevitable, and a republic would arise on the ruins of crowns and coronets." We hereby give Mr. Walker notice that we shall oppose this consummation with all our might. There is only one man in the country capable of uper intending the vast plan of operations by land and sea which he has here traced out, and that man is the Honorable Robert J. Walker himself; and when the work is done, we shall certainly not connive at any attempt to rob him of his fairly earned reward. On "the ruins of the crowns and coronets" we shall support the erection of an empire of which Mr. Walker shall be emperor, and George Francis Train Mamamouchi, and shall rely on their both spreading the principles of freedom still further. After having ruined the only free state in Europe, they will certainly not spare France and Germany. The monarchs of those countries will doubtless beg for mercy, and their deluded subjects may entreat Mr. Walker to let them govern themselves in the way that best suits them; but we trust he will not be moved by their uproar. Firmness in such cases is the truest kindness.

Mr. Adams has, it is said, resigned his post in London, and is coming home in April. We doubt if anybody in the diplomatic service of the country has done one-quarter as much for it as he, or is entitled to quarter as much gratitude. His post has been emphatically the post of danger, and one in which only a small portion of the work could be done by correspondence. The duties of the American minister in London must be always largely social duties, and the peculiar constitution of English society renders these more difficult of performance than they are in any other European capital. Mr. Adams, however, not only has discharged them in a way to reflect the highest credit on the country, but he has conducted the most important diplomatic correspondence which has taken place since the outbreak of the war, and conducted it with a vigor, clearness, and ability which no other representative of the United States has equalled or even approached. The controversy of 1865 with Lord Russell will always remain one of the most honorable chapters in the history of American diplomacy, a real model both of style and argumentation. Trying as his position was during the war, however, it has since been more trying still. He has had for the last two years to protect the Fenians against the English courts of justice—

a task for which of course no salary or dignity would compensate any respectable and intelligent man, and the wonder is that he has borne the burden so long. The choice of his successor is an important matter just at this crisis.

Reconstruction in the South seems to have got thus far: In Alabama, the convention, a well-behaved and sensible body of men, has submitted to the people for ratification a very good constitution. The probabilities are that it is defeated, the white men, except in Northern Alabama, having registered in large numbers to increase the total number of voters, having almost to a man refrained from voting in order that the majority of all registered voters which the Reconstruction act requires might not be obtained, and having, if all, or most, accounts are true, done a great deal in the way of intimidation to prevent the casting of even a tolerably full negro vote. The Louisiana Convention is nearly ready to submit its work to the people of the State. There is not a certainty that even in Louisiana the legal voters will be able to sustain the work of the delegates whom they were able to elect. There has been nothing in General Hancock's action as commander in the Fifth District which seems to warrant anything of the kind, but the Democratic party seem to be expecting that General Hancock's superintendence of the election will be more favorable to the Conservative party than General Sheridan's would have been. Still, so much of the total vote of the State is cast in New Orleans that a good part of the negro voters will cast their ballots without terror of their lives, and the result may not at all improbably be favorable to the Republicans. In Arkansas, little or nothing has been done, and the same thing is true of the Mississippi and Florida conventions. The last-named body has divided into two parts of nearly equal size, called the Majority and Minority Conventions. The division was caused by the unwillingness of the minority to recognize the right of unnaturalized persons and persons not residents of Florida to sit in the convention. Each fragmentary convention has organized, and proceeds with the business of reconstruction. A good deal of bitterness of feeling has been shown in all the conventions in regard to the presence, and great prominence as members, of what the Louisiana people call "carpet-baggers"—men, that is, who are new-comers in the country. Many of these Northern men are fully deserving of all the contempt bestowed upon them. We see conspicuous the names of several such who are as destitute of character as of ability, and whose assistance in the peaceful founding of a State can be of no value. One of them, we are glad to see, is in a fair way to be expelled from the Georgia Convention for disgraceful crimes. Georgia, like Virginia, moves slowly in reconstructing herself. Neither, we believe, has done much more than revise its constitution and bill of rights. Georgia has, however, passed a "Relief Law" which takes from the courts jurisdiction as regards debts contracted during the war, but permits the legislature hereafter to abrogate the provisions, except in the case of debts for slaves. North Carolina has made a similar enactment, and generally is working quietly and sensibly. All of the conventions have been disgraced, as legislative bodies in the South are apt to be, by one or more "personal difficulties." A member of the Georgia Convention has been killed by another member, a son of Doctor Mackey; the president of the North Carolina Convention beat a scurrilous reporter of the *Charleston Mercury*, which journal had abused his father; and several members of the Virginia Convention have avowed a general willingness to shoot. Finally, Texas is now voting on the question whether or not she will hold a convention.

The Italian Minister of Finance, Count Cambray Digny, has made his financial statement, from which it appears that a deficit of $48,000,000 is anticipated in the year 1869. Moreover, the total deficit at the close of the present year, including that of 1866 and 1867, is $126,000,000. We enumerated last week some of the expedients by which it is proposed to fill this appalling gulf. The most remarkable feature in the statement was the total want of confidence in the elasticity of the revenue, which forms so strong an element in the calculations of financiers in this country. He does not hope, after doing all that can be done by way of cutting down expenditure and increasing taxation, to bring about an equilibrium between the outgoings and incomings for twelve years to come. The receipts from the sale of church property, he says, are exaggerated, and will not amount to more than $10,000,000 a year, for the present. Strange to say, he still treats the paper legal tenders, by which a large portion of recent government obligations have been met, as simply evidences of unpaid debt, and not as an instrument for the complete discharge of debts—a piece of obtuseness on the Count's part which will doubtless greatly amuse the Pennsylvania State Treasurer and General Butler.

The Eastern question remains as complicated and as dangerous as ever. Russia has been working hard along the Danube in Panslavic propagandism, and has got the Servians into such a state of excitement that Prince Michael wants to fight, and has for some months been busy arming, and even, as we have mentioned, tried to obtain a supply of muskets from Austria. His performances have, in fact, been sufficiently alarming to put an end to the shadowy alliance into which France seemed to be drawn with Russia some months ago, when it addressed a note jointly with that power and Prussia to Turkey on the Cretan question. Since then it has abandoned Russia, and seemed so little pleased with its performance on the Cretan question that it did not insert the correspondence in the "yellow book" presented to the Chambers at the opening of the session, whereat Russia was vexed, and published it herself. France since then has joined England and Austria, and notes from the three, similar in substance if not in form, are now showered weekly on Prince Michael, warning him to keep quiet and let Turkey alone. Russia, in the meantime, has called home Baron Budberg, her ambassador at Paris, and General Ignatieff, her ambassador at Constantinople. Both these gentlemen have the reputation of being extremists on the Turkish question; and if either of them was placed in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in place of Prince Gortschakoff, who is old and moderate, it would be considered an indication that Alexander was disposed to brave Western opinion as his father did. The breech-loaders for which Russia has contracted, however, both in this country and England, are not deliverable till 1869.

In spite of the general declarations in favor of peace, the increase of armaments amongst the great European powers continues on a tremendous scale. In Italy, they are about to build nine iron-plated vessels and alter the carbines of the marines. The Spanish Cortes has passed an arming bill, and the Government is said to be going to buy fifty thousand breech-loaders in this country. The Servian Government has applied to Austria for twenty thousand muskets, but has not got them. The Italian papers say that Prussia is making enormous military preparations. The *Invalide Russe* shows that the Russian army has been diminished by seven hundred thousand men, but acknowledges that the reserve has been greatly increased, and that eight hundred thousand needle-guns will be ready for use this year. The Vicar of Jesus Christ, even, is trying to increase his "army of flesh" to twenty-five thousand men. We know what France is doing, but, nevertheless, it is said that only about ninety thousand men are armed with the Chassepot as yet, which, if true, makes peace tolerably certain for another year. In the presence of all this, no wonder that trade is stagnant and the bank vaults bursting with specie.

The Fenians will quake in their boots on learning that M. Louis Veuillot has received from the Abbé Camalot an infallible specific for breaking up their organization and bringing them to naught, which he has communicated to the Queen and Parliament of England gratis, and which is the more valuable inasmuch as it also supplies the means of "retaining the empire of the seas and the possession of India." It consists simply in inviting the Pope to come over and sing a mass in St. Paul's, and "to proclaim in the same building the definitive abolition of the bastard work of Henry VIII., and to restore the pontifical authority on the ruins of Anglicanism." How wide the breach is between the two great divisions of the Anglican Church we may infer from the fact that Dr. Hugh McNeile, a distinguished Low Church clergyman in Liverpool, has recently declared that he could no more consent to share in the Anglican worship, as conducted at the Ritualistic church at St. Albans and in London, than "be wilfully guilty of Sabbath-breaking, adultery, or theft."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE POLITICAL CURRENT.

HARD times always dispose men to vote against the party in power. With or without reason, it is natural and easy for business men in distress to lay the responsibility of their troubles upon those who have the control of public affairs; and, in general, the "powers that be" are sufficiently in fault to justify their constituents in charging them with at least a part of the general distress. Accordingly, in 1837, 1840, and 1858, the collapse of business led to great changes of the public mind upon questions of political economy, and contributed largely to the political changes of those years. Moreover, the Republican party naturally suffers for the moment from the slow progress of reconstruction. Although the author of the plan now in operation, its execution cannot be said to be in its hands; nevertheless, it is not unnaturally held responsible for most of the delays. Some of these have been undoubtedly due to hasty legislation, but most of them to the passive hostility of the Southern people, encouraged by Mr. Johnson and his adherents. The measures, too, which have been taken to hasten the process have been for the most part violent and ill-judged, and have increased instead of allaying the popular distrust. Paradoxical as it may seem, too, the party has been weakened by the President's growing insignificance. When, as in 1866, he was pouring vituperation on Congress while still in possession of all the powers so lavishly bestowed on Mr. Lincoln, and when his intentions and capacity were still unknown, the means of resisting him undeveloped, and when people looked with dread on the possible consequences of an alliance between him and the South or the Democrats, the country naturally rallied to the support of Congress as the sole guardian of the fruits of the war. Since then he has been completely disarmed, tied neck and heels, and has lost the confidence of the South, and is openly repudiated and sneered at by the Northern Democrats. His hostility is, therefore, no longer of much use to the Republicans, and many men who were willing to go to any lengths against the President rampant begin to feel reactionary compunction for the President couchant.

It is very evident that the commercial difficulties of the present time are having an effect similar to that which they had in former years, and that the people are bent on finding relief from their embarrassments through a change in the administration of the public finances. Unpleasant as is the acknowledgment, we think it cannot be denied that the debtor class, constituting a majority of the community (especially at the West), have determined to relieve themselves, no matter at what cost to the honor of the nation, or to those public interests which most men profess to hold dearer than their own private good. At this particular time, the effect of this determination is highly favorable to the Democratic party, which occupies the advantageous position of being responsible for nothing, and being free to criticise everything, without proposing anything. And if the Presidential election were coming off this week, the Republican candidate, no matter who he might be, would have a very poor chance for election. But there are many indications that the Democracy may be disappointed in the hopes which they are building upon the distress and impatience of business men. The pressure has been so severe as to shake the integrity of the Republican party, and it now seems probable that measures will be adopted by Congress which will afford the trading classes all the relief which they need for a year or two to come. Some of these measures, such as a reduction of expenses, and consequently of taxation, are unqualifiedly beneficial. Others, we fear, will give only temporary relief at the expense of permanent disaster. But if the people are determined to resort to such expedients, it is useless to blame severely the small politicians who manage both political parties for yielding to the popular will. We have the same opinion as to the folly of expansion, and the same conviction of the ultimate ruin which it must bring upon all business, which we have heretofore expressed. But people believe it will bring temporary relief to the embarrassed classes; and it seems highly probable that this belief will be decisive of the political campaign of 1868. The Republican managers calculate that if they can revive the apparent prosperity of the country until after the election they will gain a hold upon the people which no arguments as to what the Democratic party *could* do if it had the power will be able to shake. Business men will fancy that they are, as a matter of fact, restored to prosperity by the Republican party, and they will have little inclination to consider whether the Democratic party might not have done better for them. Moreover, the North is naturally Republican, and will remain so unless something more than merely speculative reasonings calls for a change. The difficulties of reconstruction have driven many Republicans from their party, but these alone will not suffice to change the result of the Presidential election. If the business men of the country are prosperous, or think they are, the Republican party will sweep the North as it has done for twelve years past with only two exceptions.

The New Hampshire election comes on so early (March 10) as to give the Democrats all the advantage of the present reactionary sentiment of the people. It is unreasonable to expect anything less than a reduction of last year's Republican majority, and there is some ground for fearing that the result may be even more unfavorable, as the Democrats made heavy gains in the last municipal elections. Whatever the result may be, however, we think it will mark the lowest ebb of the Republican party, and that nothing worse may be expected for the rest of the year unless Congress is led into some scheme of unusual folly or should revive and press the Reconstruction and Supreme Court bills, which are now sleeping comfortably in the Senate.

It is exceedingly important, with reference to the financial affairs of the country, that the Eastern and Middle States should be kept under the control of the Republican party. Nearly all Western politicians of both parties are demoralized on the financial question, and the only conservative influence remaining is that of the Republicans on the Atlantic shore. That will be seriously weakened by their defeat in the spring elections, and such a result will be construed as an indication that the East as well as the West is in favor of reckless expansion and perpetual insolvency.

No conscientious Republican at the East need hesitate to vote with his party at the approaching elections. It is entirely sound in that section upon the financial issues of the day, and its success is the only hope for national honesty and honor. Even at the West the financial theories of the Republicans are far less objectionable than those of their opponents, and the most rigid upholder of public good faith need not hesitate in his choice of parties. The Republican party in any section of the country has a long way to fall before reaching the level of the Democracy.

INFLATION IN ITS RELATION TO THE MONEY MARKET.

THE multiplex figures of the "Quarterly Reports of the National Banking Associations of the United States" can scarcely be considered very entertaining reading. Indeed, they belong to that class of newspaper information which the great mass of readers turn from with an aversion far from unreasonable. For a healthy mind naturally spurns the unintelligible, or, what is worse, the meaningless; and it is certainly not too much to say that, for all but an infinitesimal minority, these figures are utterly void of meaning or purpose. But when attentively examined by the light of actual developments in business outside of mere banking circles, they are found to be full of practical information of the most valuable kind, and to furnish us with the sole means of judging understandingly some of the important financial problems now under discussion. Indeed, these quarterly bank reports, lightly as they seem to be regarded by most persons, are in reality the most perfect and most comprehensive financial record ever possessed by any people, and by their accumulating fund of facts heretofore unknown will, in a few years, almost compensate for the evils of the system to which they owe their origin.

One of the first things that must strike every careful examiner of these figures is the small amount of *money* that the banks hold. To the question, Where is the greatest part of the large amount of money now in circulation to be found? nine persons out of ten would probably answer, In the banks. But so little is this the fact that, of 650 millions of money in circulation on January 6, 1868, the banks held precisely 133 millions, or very little more than one-fifth. The United States Treasury, at the same time, held about 25 millions more, making for the Treasury and the banks together about 150 millions. The balance of all the outstanding circulation, to wit, about 500 millions, or nearly four-fifths of the whole, was in the pockets or money-drawers of the people.

If we look back to the quarterly reports of the same time last year, we find that the total amount of money or currency in circulation at that time was about 675 millions, or 25 millions more than now. Of this 675 millions the banks and the Treasury together held almost precisely the same amount as now, namely, about 150 millions, while the people held 25 millions more than now, or about 525 millions. Any one at all acquainted with business knows that at this time last year, with 525 millions in the hands of the people and 150 millions in the banks and Treasury, money was scarce and the rate of interest 7 per cent., while now, with only 500 millions in the hands of the people and 150 millions in the banks and Treasury, money is abundant and can scarcely be loaned at 4 per cent. It is hence very evident that the abundance and cheapness of money are not entirely dependent upon the amount of money in circulation, and that with 675 millions of circulation money may be scarce and dear, while with 650 millions of circulation it may be abundant and cheap.

The inference we draw from this fact is, that the present depression in business cannot possibly, as is so generally supposed, be due to Mr. McCulloch's contraction of the currency. For it is evident that the only way in which a contraction or diminution of the currency can injure business, is by making currency or money more scarce or more difficult to obtain, and consequently dearer. If, after the contraction of 25 millions, money is cheaper than before and more abundant and more easy to obtain, then it is evident that the depression in business has not been caused by the contraction. Contraction certainly has not *produced* the abundance and cheapness of money, but money is cheaper and more abundant *in spite* of contraction. Contraction certainly *may* make money scarce and thereby depress business, but the present depression in business cannot be due to contraction, since contraction has entirely failed to make money scarce.

With the undeniable fact before us that money is cheaper and more abundant to-day after a contraction of 25 millions than it was a year ago before this contraction was made, what sense is there in the arguments against contraction drawn from the present depressed condition of business? If business is more depressed with money at 5 per cent. than it was with money at 7 per cent., what can contraction have to do with it? and if increasing ease in money does not improve business, do the inflation visionaries dream that by making money still more abundant they will make business any better?

In fact, money is not the motive power in business at all, but simply an instrument, a tool. Circumstances can arise which make money so scarce as actually to prevent the transaction of business. In that case an additional supply of money would undoubtedly so much aid and facilitate business that it would have the appearance of actually stimulating and increasing it. But under no other circumstances—all our war experience to the contrary—can a mere increase of money, or increased facilities for obtaining money, or an increased cheapness in money, produce the slightest increase or improvement in business. As a rule, no bank or banker lends money without security. As a rule, nobody borrows money on security unless he believes he can make more than the interest by buying merchandise or other valuables. Hence, it makes no difference to a merchant how many millions he can borrow at four per cent. on good security unless he can buy something with it that is likely to pay him a profit. No man, because he can borrow money at five, or four, or three per cent., rushes into the markets to buy up flour and stocks and cotton merely for the pleasure of the thing and without regard to profit. No sensible merchant buys anything unless he believes that its price will advance, *from the nature of things*. No one but a fool thinks that his own purchases will advance the market sufficiently to enable him to sell out again at a profit; and if knaves and fools do occasionally combine to "force up" the price of any article because money is easily borrowed to do it with, it does not need much experience in the ways of the world to know the result.

There is nothing in the recent experience of trade in this city to conflict with this. The recent advance in cotton, gold, and stocks is not directly based upon the cheapness of money. Cotton has advanced because the receipts have declined, the stock is light, trade in Liverpool is improving, and the prospects are considered bad for next year's crop. Gold has advanced because the course of politicians in Washington is expected to injure our credit abroad, and thus disturb our foreign exchanges. Stocks have advanced because the extreme dulness and unprofitableness of trade and manufactures have caused many capitalists to purchase railroad and other stocks as likely to pay a better return for the money invested than either trading or manufacturing. It is true that this natural advance in many things has been anticipated, accompanied, and intensified by speculation, and that speculation could not have been carried to the same extent without an easy money market. But it is also true that the natural advance would have taken place even if money had been less abundant, and, further, that the rise in price of some few articles, even if it had been caused by the abundance and cheapness of money, is very far indeed from being an improvement of business, as the great majority of the mercantile classes can readily testify. That the greatest possible abundance of money can be accompanied by a steady decline in all prices and a universal depression of business, is seen not only from our own experience, but far more strikingly from the financial events of the last eighteen months in England. There money has gradually grown cheaper, until it is difficult to lend it at one and one-half per cent. per annum, yet prices of almost every single article have steadily fallen off, business has been in a state of chronic lethargy, ship-yards have been idle, factories running on half-time, strikes have been the order of the day, and the suffering among the laboring poor has been most intense. There is not one sound reason for supposing that with us great abundance of money would produce results which it is found incapable of producing elsewhere, and which cannot by any process of reasoning be fairly anticipated from it. Hence, all the expectations now so generally indulged in of an improved business as likely to result from the cheapness and abundance of money alone are and must be totally unfounded, and the secret hope with which inflation is looked for by the suffering merchants will meet with double disappointment.

Not only will cheap money fail to improve business, but inflation will even fail to make money cheap and abundant. In fact, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, the amount of money in circulation the amount of currency in use, has directly nothing whatever to do with the cheapness or abundance of money. We might have much more currency out, and yet money be scarce; and we might have much less currency out, and yet money be almost worthless.

The quarterly bank reports show that on January 6, 1868, all the banks of the United States together had invested every dollar of their capital in United States securities. It is evident, therefore, that they had no portion of their capital left to employ in loans to any one. They were, however, allowed to issue three hundred millions of national bank-note currency which they could lend. Yes! But the quarterly reports again show that almost every dollar of these three hundred millions was invested in real estate, internal revenue stamps, compound interest notes, coin and greenbacks, or else was held in the vaults of the banks in the shape of currency itself. It is evident, therefore, that they had no portion of their currency left to employ in loans to any one. Their capital was employed in one thing, their currency in another; they could not lend either their capital or their currency, and yet the quarterly returns show that they had lent the community over six hundred millions of dollars. What is it, then, that they have lent the community? It is simply their credit.

When A, a merchant, borrows five hundred dollars of the First National Bank, he does not receive that amount in greenbacks or bank-notes. He simply receives a "credit" on the bank—that is, permission to draw his check upon the bank for the specified amount. The bank does not lend him a single dollar in money; it only lends him its

credit; and in ordinary times and for all ordinary business purposes this check, this bank credit, is readily taken everywhere in place of money, and indeed preferred to it. It is very true that every check, *if presented to the bank*, would have to be paid in greenbacks or bank-notes, but the fact is that nineteen out of twenty checks so drawn never are presented for payment in money, and upon this single circumstance the whole money market hinges.

A borrows five hundred dollars of the First National Bank. He draws his check for the amount and hands it over to B, in payment of goods bought of him. B deposits A's check in the Second National Bank.

C borrows five hundred dollars of the Second National Bank. He draws his check for the amount and hands it to D in payment of a debt. D deposits C's check in the First National Bank.

At night or next morning the two banks compare notes. Each holds checks on the other for the same amount. They simply exchange them, and the accounts between them are immediately settled.

It is evident that these two banks have then loaned to A and C one thousand dollars without taking a single dollar of money from their vaults. It is also evident that if they had loaned in a similar way a million or five hundred millions, the result would have been precisely the same. Now, if there were only these two banks in existence, and each of them loaned precisely the same amount, and they were certain that all the checks drawn upon them would be deposited in one or other of them, or, in other words, would not be presented to them for payment in money, then it is perfectly clear that these two banks could lend an absolutely unlimited amount, and could supply Wall Street with ten times more money than it could use, and could make money cheaper and more abundant than it is in London, without having a single dollar of actual money in their vaults.

Of course there are many more than two banks, and they all loan in very different amounts and different proportions, but in practice the result is really the same, for this reason: If there were only two banks, and the First National loaned out more than the Second, then when night came the Second would hold more checks against the First than the First would hold against the Second, and the difference would have to be paid in actual money. For a day or two this would not make much difference, but if persisted in would very soon deprive the bank thus lending in excess of its neighbors of all its money, and compel it to stop lending or else to fail. In this way each bank is prevented from lending out of proportion to its neighbors, so that fifty banks in a city are really in precisely the same position as two. They are compelled to loan all in nearly the same proportion, and thus so long as all checks drawn upon them are deposited in one or other of them, none of these checks are presented for payment in money, and the banks can loan an absolutely unlimited amount, and can make money just as abundant and cheap as they please, without having a dollar of actual money in their vaults.

It is very true that the law interposes a limit. It says that no bank shall receive on deposit or otherwise owe more than an average of five times the amount of actual money that it has on hand. As the amount of deposits received by all the banks is really nothing but the amounts loaned by other banks, the effect of this law simply is to prohibit the banks from lending more than five times the amount of actual money they have on hand. This seemingly important restriction is, however, for the present, at least, of no practical importance, for the reason that the banks have not been willing or able to lend anything like the full amount allowed by law. The quarterly bank returns again furnish us with illustration and proof. Although the banks of all the United States together had lent on January 6, 1868, over six hundred millions, they nevertheless had at that date nearly seventy-five millions more actual money on hand than the law compelled them to have, and they thus could, without infringing the law, have lent the community three hundred millions more than they actually had lent, if they had been required to do so or had seen their advantage in doing it.

The position we have now arrived at is this: The banks do not lend money—they only lend their credit, which in the commercial world answers all the purposes of money. The amount of these credits is limited only by two restrictions: one is the law, the other is the condition that these credits shall be deposited in other banks. The limit placed by the law is so wide that the banks could to-day lend three hundred millions, in addition to what they have already lent, without infringing it. The other limit, the condition that the credits lent by the banks should be deposited in other banks, we have not space to consider now. It must here suffice to say, that at the present moment this condition is evidently complied with to its fullest extent, since not only in the great Atlantic cities, but even in the Western capitals where money is comparatively scarcest, the deposits in all the banks are steadily increasing. We may, therefore, for brevity's sake, safely disregard this condition here. We conclude: The banks have lent their credit in sufficient amounts to make money worth no more than four to five per cent. per annum in the great commercial centres, and, if the community had profitable employment for them, the banks could lend them three hundred millions more. But the community absolutely has no use for them; absolutely refuses to borrow them even at the unprecedentedly low rates of interest now prevailing. Now, we ask, what sound argument in favor of inflation can be produced against these facts? What, in the name of common sense, can be urged in favor of making still more money? Nobody supposes that when the Government prints money it is given away. It is paid out to some one whom the Government owes. The receiver will not give it away. He can only *lend* it, and his money will not be borrowed so readily as that of the banks, since the latter is for all commercial purposes far preferable to the printed money of the Government. Now, if we see that the Government money cannot be had for nothing, and that the banks are ready to lend at a cheap rate a better money in larger quantities than the people have any use for, what earthly sense is there in destroying the credit of the country and upsetting all its financial relations by printing additional quantities of inferior money for which there is no possible use? It is difficult to see any difference between inflation and insanity.

THE ALABAMA CONTROVERSY.

The *Alabama* dispute with England has taken a very singular turn, and now on both sides of the water is in a singular position. When it first began, the prematureness of the recognition of the South by England was strongly insisted upon on the American side for the purpose of more clearly fixing on England the responsibility of the damage done by the *Alabama*—that is, by way of proving that there was *animus* and not simply negligence shown in letting her escape and in failing to arrest her when she again returned to British ports, and that her very existence was due to this prematureness. Had the English Government, it was said, waited for the recognition to be forced on them by facts, perhaps the facts calling for it would never have presented themselves; or had they waited till the official acts of the American Government warranting the recognition under the law of nations had been duly communicated to them and maturely considered, it would at least have proved that they had no hostile feeling against the United States when they made it. But they did neither the one thing nor the other. When the Queen's proclamation was issued, no facts making delay inadmissible had come to their knowledge in the regular way. Lord Russell had received no official information about the extent or prospects of the rebellion either from British functionaries or those of the United States. In fact, he has admitted himself that he formed his judgment about it on mere rumor. It is true, when the proclamation of neutrality was issued, the blockade proclamation had reached London, but the new American minister had not, nor were any Confederate cruisers known to be afloat. The unprecedented haste of the proceeding, therefore, even admitting its strict legality, was looked on in this country as proof of unfriendly feeling on the part of the British Government, and helped to raise a strong presumption of wilful negligence in the case of the *Alabama*. Therefore, it has been constantly insisted here that it must be held to be part and parcel of the controversy on the English liability for *Alabama* damages.

This liability was, however, treated for a long while as a wild figment of the American imagination. "Historicus" himself, in 1863, was perfectly certain that there was not a shadow of doubt about the matter, not enough even to furnish the smallest ground for referring it to arbitration. He said, in November of that year, that the decision

of the English Government in the matter "ought to be final, for they are the sole judges of it;" and that "the 'tall talk' of claims against Great Britain for compensation for prizes taken by the *Alabama* is *mere nonsense*, which has no color or foundation in reason, history, or law." He says now, however, in a letter to the London *Times*, that "in the particular case of the *Alabama*, and it may be of other vessels, I think, and I *have always* thought, that it is one which might be fairly made the subject of arbitration." Lord Stanley has, in fact, offered to leave this case to arbitration, but refuses—and "Historicus" supports him in his refusal—to submit the whole controversy, including the recognition of the South as a belligerent, to arbitration. On this, however, Mr. Seward insists, and thus the negotiations have been brought to a standstill. Mr. Seward says, in effect, "Your conduct in the matter of the belligerent rights must form part of the case, inasmuch as it throws light on your conduct in the case of the *Alabama*." To which Lord Stanley and "Historicus" reply: "We are willing to submit our conduct in the *Alabama* case to the judgment of an arbitrator, for about our liability for the mischief she did we confess there is some doubt; but our recognition of the Southern belligerency we cannot submit, for about the propriety of our conduct in this case there is no manner of doubt whatever. We know we were right in that. Our decision on it, as 'Historicus' said of the *Alabama* case in 1863, 'ought to be final, for we are the sole judges of it, and the Federal authorities may inform our judgment, but cannot question our determination.'"

This is where the matter now stands, and it is presented to us in such shape that we are luckily spared the necessity of going over the old and well-worn ground of the justifiability or unjustifiability of the conduct of the English Government. The question is simply whether the whole of their course with regard to the rebellion is proper subject for arbitration, or only part of it. The reason alleged by Lord Stanley for not submitting the recognition is simply that he is sure he is right. "Historicus" adduces this reason and one other, viz., that Mr. Seward's despatches furnish of themselves a complete justification of the Queen's proclamation. Mr. Seward says, in January, 1867, that before the Queen's proclamation the disturbance in the United States was merely a "local insurrection;" that "it wanted the name of war to enable it to be a civil war;" that "this name the President wisely and humanely refused to confer upon it;" but "that the Queen did baptize the slave insurrection within the United States a civil war." He had, however, said in a despatch to Mr. Dayton, in May, 1861, nine days before the proclamation was issued, that "the insurgents have instituted revolution with open, flagrant, deadly war, to compel the United States to acquiesce in the dismemberment of the Union. The United States have accepted this civil war as an inevitable necessity." In fact, "Historicus" rolls up against him any number of contradictions of the same sort; and if he were simply dealing with Mr. Seward, would have achieved an easy victory. Unfortunately, the English public seem to think that he *is* dealing simply with Mr. Seward, and that having floored him, the controversy is at an end.

Nothing seems plainer than that if no "questions of policy" and no questions in which one party is sure that it is right are, as "Historicus" seems to hold, proper subject for arbitration, arbitration can hardly ever be of any use. The questions of pure law which come up between nations are exceedingly few in number, and hardly ever cause much risk of hostilities. The rules of international law are so lax, so imperfectly defined, that nearly every international dispute is a mixed one, partly of law and partly of policy. If no point of policy, however, can ever be submitted to an arbitrator without loss of dignity, all talk of arbitration is ridiculous. The force of the English argument, that the English Government *knows* that in this case it is right, is completely destroyed by its course on the *Alabama* matter. Earl Russell and "Historicus" were sure that England was right in not submitting that to arbitration. Lord Stanley and "Historicus" now confess that Earl Russell and "Historicus" were wrong in feeling sure. This raises the question whether Lord Stanley or his successor may not think, a year or two hence, that he was wrong in not submitting the belligerent-rights affair also to arbitration, and the mere probability of this would justify Mr. Seward in suspending the negotiations and waiting, though we confess we do not believe there is anything to be gained by waiting.

But even if the force of this argument were not destroyed by the inconsistency or conversion of the English controversialists, it would, we think, be destroyed by an examination of the nature of arbitration. We quite agree with the *Pall Mall Gazette* in thinking that there is no magic in arbitration, and that it cannot make an intolerable decision tolerable; that, for instance, the question of whether a nation has a right to exist is one which could never be submitted to an arbitrator, for the simple reason that if he decided adversely his decision would never be submitted to. But then arbitration, as we understand it, is simply the reference to the decision of reason of questions which must otherwise be decided by war; and if this be a true definition of it, no question can arise between nations which is not a proper subject for arbitration if a proper arbitrator can be found. That one party feels sure it is right and its adversary wrong, so far from being a reason for not submitting to arbitration, is a reason for doing so; because wherever there is doubt on both sides, questions can in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred be settled by negotiation. It is only when unshakable confidence in one's own opinion puts an end to discussion that the intervention of another mind becomes necessary or even desirable. Moreover, the worst that could happen to England if the *whole* case were submitted and decided against her would be precisely what would happen to her if the *Alabama* case only were submitted and decided against her. She would have to pay damages, and that would be all. If, too, her conduct in the recognition matter be as unimpeachable as "Historicus" says it is, and Mr. Seward's talk about it as absurd as he maintains it to be, and at the same time totally irrelevant, she should, so far from objecting to its submission, eagerly urge it. If the arbitrators are the right kind of men, they will either discard it from consideration altogether or allow it to weigh in favor of England. If, on the other hand, England's conduct in that matter was not unimpeachable, it must have given good grounds of offence to the United States; and whether it had any connection with the *Alabama* case or no may for this reason fairly influence American temper in negotiating about the *Alabama* case. In this case, also, it ought to go before the arbitrators, for the purpose of ascertaining in the forum of reason whether the United States were justified in taking offence at it or not. "Historicus" says they were not, but this is begging the question. Most disputes between nations as well as men turn upon the question whether one party has or has not good grounds for feeling angry with the other. Does "Historicus" mean to maintain that this question must always either remain undecided, or be decided by war? Does he mean to maintain, too, that any question can be said to admit of no doubt on which two first-class powers are divided in opinion?

As to Mr. Seward's contradictions, however much they may tell against him personally, they do not tell at all against the nation. We have always been of opinion that if he had written only half as much as he has he would have been far more useful than he has been, though, doubtless, less happy. He was in 1861 at his wit's end trying to maintain two contradictory theories: one that there was no war at all, in order to prevent foreign powers from interfering, and the other, that there was a tremendous war, in order to justify the blockade and the general treatment of the insurgents as belligerents. To which theory he held most firmly will never be known in this world, and which he supported most vigorously we defy the most acute critic to say. He tried, in one and the same breath, to persuade the world that slavery had nothing to do with the struggle at all, and that it was "a slave insurrection," shifting from one to the other according to the opinions or sympathies of the persons he was addressing. That he would, therefore, sometime come to grief in this controversy has long been plain to every intelligent mind. The worst charge, however, against the United States that can be based on his variations, is that the American Secretary of State said one thing in 1861, and another thing, utterly irreconcilable with the first, in 1867. But then the same may be said of her Britannic Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and even of the august "Historicus" himself, with the difference, however, that the British Secretary and "Historicus" took less time to go right-about than Mr. Seward. In the meantime, the fact remains that the United States were offended by the recognition of the South as a belligerent in 1861, and considered

it hasty and unfriendly. What Mr. Seward said or says may be good as proof that the American people are unreasonable in being offended, but it does not prevent their being so, and therefore we say, call in an arbitrator, and let England send "Historicus" before him with Mr. Seward's despatches, the Supreme Court decisions, his Latin verses, and all. Surely it is not England that need fear the result. If we were in Mr. Seward's place—we make the wild supposition merely for the purpose of argument—we should, however, be practical, submit the *Alabama* case, let the belligerent rights stand over for future use, and close the controversy in one monster deliverance on the whole war and all its consequences, present and future.

DEMOCRATIC HOMES.

An English tourist in America—Mr. Vaux, we believe it was—learned from a reliable American whom he met in Washington that, on account of our democratic institutions, President Monroe, when a young man, was obliged to wear his hair short on his forehead, as he would otherwise have lost his eyesight. The dregs of our populace, he meant, bitterly hate superiority of intellect and position, so they twist gentlemen's front hair round their right forefingers and gouge out the eyes with the thumb of the same hand. "And this," Mr. Vaux said to himself,—"this is what they call popular government and the best country on the face of the earth!" It was the same sagacious observer, if we have not forgotten, who noted with indignation this other effect of democracy—namely, that it generates in the souls of its victims an envious hatred of well-dressed persons. He advises British subjects travelling in the States to provide themselves with clothing of some coarse fabric; thus, he says, they will diminish the risk of insult, and even of violence, from impudent, ferocious levellers. And it is the influence of overweening democracy, we dare say, that the Rev. Mr. Newman Hall holds responsible for that speech which, innocently, unconscious of the joke, he reported the other day to his countrymen as so much American opinion of Englishmen. Having fallen into a ditch near West Point he was informed by the democrat who pulled him out that palisades at ditch-sides are not needed in our enlightened country, but that in England they are necessary, as the people there have no intellect! At any rate, whatever Mr. Hall thinks in his patronizing heart, it is notoriously democracies that not only gouge, as President Monroe so well knew, but, as is proved by a cloud of tourists—swift witnesses—democracies chew tobacco; they slavishly worship wealth; they break the windows of any wealthy man's house which is more convenient or pretentious than its neighbors; they are so irreligious that sects multiply in them, and there is no church which depends for support upon the state; they are ill-educated; they are ill-mannered; they annex territory; they boast of their freedom and hold in chains and slavery their fellow-beings; they rob their Southern fellow-citizens of property inherited from their fathers; in various and even ingeniously inconsistent ways; they make the citizen of truly free countries doubtful whether to regard them with more digust and abhorrence or pity and shame.

These charges against democracy are, however, well known to everybody; they are admitted as true by a sufficient number of people. One that is new, so far as we know, is this—that domestic happiness is far more difficult of attainment, and far less often attained, in democracies than in aristocracies and monarchies. Perhaps we have stated the charge too generally. For whatever his words were, it was this particular democracy of which we are part that the speaker had in mind—a fact made evident by the fuller statement of his case and the arguments brought forward to support it. Perhaps his ideas are worthy of some consideration.

Domestic happiness, as he said, depends very largely upon likeness of character in the members of the family, and this likeness is very largely the result of similar education, similar pursuits, similar social position—in short, of having had similar experiences. Now, it happens in democratic America far more frequently than in England, say, or France or Germany, that the education and social position of sons is very different from that of their fathers, and that the two, exposed to widely different influences, before long become so much unlike each other that there ceases to be any strong bond of sympathy between them, and there may easily come to be something so much less than weak sympathy between them that the feeling of the one for the other may be slight distaste or even repugnance—repugnance struggled against in most cases, but still existing to be struggled against. The father of the professor, or the president, or the general, or the governor remains an uncultivated man while his son is growing. He and his wider-minded son are necessarily drawn apart, they soon live in different worlds, their tastes and habits and ends in life are at least not in harmony, and may be in clashing opposition, and in either case the happiness of the family relation diminishes or wholly disappears. To this add that, even were the son and father to remain in sympathy, it much oftener happens here than elsewhere that vast distances intervene between the paternal roof and the place where the son goes to seek his fortune. Let it be confessed that possibly the governor may be as narrow-minded and illiterate as his father on the mortgaged farm in Maine; still, if at seventeen or eighteen years of age he severs the family tie and goes beyond the Rocky Mountains to be governor in Oregon or Arizona, a blow is struck almost as fatal to the home as if he had stayed in his native town and there had learned to travel round the "western isles which bards in fealty to Apollo hold," while all the road his father knew is that to Portland or Saco.

About to this purpose was the newest one of several anti-democratic arguments which we recently heard urged with seriousness. Furthermore, we were asked to compare the beautiful friendliness and necessary happiness of the relation between Lord Lytton and his mother with the relation existing between very many American parents and American children, these latter being as a general thing superior in cultivation to their fathers and mothers, unable to found a friendship for their parents upon like opinions and tastes—unable, then, to find happiness at home.

Supposing all this to be true, it may be doubted if one is wise to attribute all of it or much of it to democracy. The young American leaves home and goes West not because he and his father live under a popular government, but because, going out of the home circle, he can find a fortune in the wilderness. The American home of to-day, if it existed under monarchical institutions, would, by geographical necessity, be on the edge of a vast tract of land abounding in arable soil, rich in minerals, and in every inducement to immigration, and mostly unoccupied by man. And if the American youth goes to college, it is so far from being true that he goes against his father's and mother's wish, and that he becomes an unsympathetically different being from his father and mother, that in the vast majority of cases it is true that it is they who send him to the college, that they send him with all willingness, and that the college itself is such that he must be an exceptional being and sadly in want of a morbidly sentimental grievance if he does not find himself, at the end of the curriculum, quite comfortable at home—quite in the plane of sufficient appreciation by most of the men and women who have been reading the newspapers, and attending town meetings, and acting as overseers of the poor, and carrying on the indoors and outdoors work of farms and factories, and listening to preaching and lyceum lectures, and otherwise living the life of the American town and country, while he has been doing a little Latin, and less Greek, and not much algebra and plane trigonometry, and a few Lowell lectures on ethics and metaphysics, and a small trifle of chemistry. Horace enlarges the mind, but Horace plus a constantly attendant dictionary and a literal translation, does not enlarge the mind out of all recognition, even by the minds of deacons of churches or secretaries of sewing societies. And what is true of Horace with the usual collegiate accompaniments is at least equally true of Homer and Sophocles, who, as most graduates do not need to be informed, wrote in Greek—a language which is more difficult than Latin; and certainly it is as true of the natural sciences—natural *lucus a non*, the whole nature of most young collegians, appreciated or unappreciated, is apt to cry out loudly. In brief, our higher seminaries of learning not very high, will have to do more than they have been in the habit of doing before they take most or many of their students out of the range of parental sympathy, and so injure the happiness of home. We fancy that the equanimity of most parents is less disturbed by the great difficulty than by the perfect ease of fully comprehending their children after the end of the four years in college.

And the majority of presidents, and successful generals, and governors of States—these we should say are not creatures whom any extremely dazzling effulgence hedges from the sympathetic comprehension of ordinary flesh and blood, whether "their own flesh and blood" or other. The truth of the matter we take to be this—that our institutions, political or educational, do not make and do not demand people so different from the common run of people that our best educated and highest placed men may not be always, and, speaking largely, are not always, in sympathetic harmony with the rest of their kind—in harmony so full, at any rate, that no domestic misery is caused by its want of fulness. For proof of this, nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand need go no further than to their own experience and observation. The necessities of a new country too big for its population, the instability of family fortunes in a land where the temptation to risk fortunes is so great that they are easily and frequently won and lost—these considerations furnish sufficient explanations of the fact, if this fact

exists, and we need not seek other causes. If some one objects that the instability of fortunes is just the thing which it is proper to insist upon as the cause of the condition complained of, and that this instability is the result of democracy, it is devolved upon such person to show that his more occult cause, and not our more patent one, is the real cause. And, to illustrate, he will find it necessary to show that the republican institutions of modern Switzerland or modern Vermont have made fortunes in those States more unstable than they have been in modern France, for example.

"If the fact exists," we said a moment ago. Is there really less domestic happiness in this country than in equally enlightened foreign countries under monarchical or aristocratic or middle-class government? It is hard to tell. The question is one of those for which there is no rough-and-ready reply, and for which even careful methods of investigation can hardly find anything like an acceptable answer. It eludes investigation. But if we look at domestic happiness as domestic happiness was considered by the disputant whom we have been quoting, as it is the result of likeness of cultivated intellect and moral sympathies, it may very well be doubted, even by Americans not too patriotic, if the sum of such happiness is not as great in this as in any other country. It may be that more rarely here than in some other countries the very highest sort of home is established—that much one might safely concede—but, on the other hand, it must be very much less seldom that families among us are collections of brutish beings, living in pens and sties, destitute of almost every fellow-feeling that deserves to be called distinctively human. In the total the balance must be in our favor, though we count the poor whites and almost equally poor negroes of the Southern States.

There are many points of this question that we have not touched upon—notably, there is the relation between the American and democratic man and wife—and every point in it is full of suggestion; but we have no space for further consideration of the subject. In whatever direction we have looked, whether cursorily or long, we have failed to find any very threatening obstacle in the way of the prevalence of this belief—which is perhaps in a hopeful way to become platitudinarian—that, however it may be with things pleasing and good, there is nothing which man can reasonably call good enough that ever suffers because of human freedom from class restrictions—from democracy, in other words.

THE DAILY PRESS IN ITALY.

"WHAT stupid papers!" exclaims the foreigner, who, having conquered the difficulties of the Italian language, thinks to improve his general knowledge of the country by a perusal of some of the countless newspapers which strew the table in the middle room of Vieusseux's unrivalled establishment; and be the grumbler English or German, American or French, his discontent is justified, as the Italian daily press possesses neither English talent nor German science nor French *esprit* nor American pluck and racy judgments on the world in general. It is incontestably inferior to each and all. This daily, we may say hourly, publication of daily and hourly events is a modern invention in all countries; in Italy it may be said to have been introduced but yesterday—seven years since, in fact—and its deficiencies must be attributed to this rather than to want of talent and learning in the conductors of the press, for talent is abundant, erudition by no means rare, and rapid intuition often atones for the absence of experience. Eight years of comparative liberty coming after four hundred years of slavery, which left fourteen millions out of twenty-two totally illiterate, *analfabeta* (ignorant of the alphabet, as the phrase is), excluded from and utterly indifferent to public affairs—eight years are too short to have changed or even to have visibly modified the situation. The mere fact of learning to read and write does not necessarily produce a desire to read or a personal interest in the interests of the nation. Many thousands who have overcome the difficulties of the rudiments, who can read sufficiently for their own amusement, never dream of taking up a newspaper, but devote their leisure hours to reading the feeble translations in illustrated papers of Ponson du Terrail, of Féval and Kock. Hence the real spur to journalism, the abundance of readers, is wanting in Italy; it has not an innate reason of existence, much less of prosperity. The immense circulation of newspapers, which leads to the profitable system of advertisements, which constitute the chief wealth of papers in England and America, is out of the question in this country. True, the last page of every newspaper is almost exclusively covered with advertisements, but the entire page, ceded by the proprietor to some speculator, brings him in about as much as one advertisement in the *Times*—*i. e.*, ten or even twenty francs per day if the newspaper is (relatively) popular. Hence, in the absence of a large circulation and of advertisements, the inherent defect of Italian newspapers is dependence. The number of political newspapers in Italy is considerable, not less than three hundred, but not one is self-supporting. Each and all are kept alive by the Government, by a party, or by a sect. Hence Italian journalism may be thus classified: Governmental papers, moderate sectarian papers, democratic sectarian papers, and as every party or fraction of a party has an individual at its head, every paper ends by becoming the organ of an individual. Another cause of the small prosperity of journalism is the absence of one common centre. Palermo, Naples, Florence, Bologna, Ancona, Venice, Verona, Milan, Turin, Genoa, etc., are so many social and historical centres, each with its own newspapers, and a reading population too small to support them. The newspapers of the capital exercise a certain influence, not directly on the mass of readers, but on the local press. Italy has no capital such as London, Berlin, or Paris, no metropolis such as New York. The Sicilians read the Palermitan papers, the Piedmontese those of Turin, etc., etc. The papers published in the capital are, on the whole, the best. They are, at any rate, fair specimens of the Italian daily press. The *Nazione, Opinione, Gazzetta di Firenze, Riforma, Opinione Nazionale, Gazzetta d'Italia, l'Italie*, and *Diritto* are the most important.

The *Nazione* belongs to the Tuscan *consorteria*, or clique, was founded by Ricasoli when he was ruler of Tuscany in 1859, and is the faithful echo of his views, his sympathies and antipathies, his hopes and aspirations. It is essentially conservative, affects respectability, but does not always maintain the forms thereof; is often violent, does not always adhere to facts, and is sectarian to the last degree. When Ricasoli, whose every act is a monument of civil wisdom, is not in power, the *Nazione* defends all the conservative cabinets: with Minghetti, it is not adverse to regional decentralization; with Lamarmora, it admits the right of armed force; with Menabrea, renounces Rome, and accepts, with eyes shut, commands from Paris. Its mortal enemy is Ratazzi. The paper is not, on the whole, badly written; the literary appendices are fair; home questions are treated by able hands, but no foreign question is considered of sufficient importance to be expounded. In American questions the *Nazione* was entirely with the South, and now has strong leanings towards President Johnson.

The *Gazzetta d'Italia* is an adjunct to the *Nazione*, but calls things plainly by their names, delights in personalities, revels in scandal, and has no objection to a spice of calumny. In this paper all the lower passions of the *consorteria* find vent.

The *Opinione*, born in Turin in 1848, and transported to Florence in 1865, is the organ of Minghetti, the head of the Emilian *consorteria*. For a long time it was conducted by Bianchi Giovini, one of the ablest writers in Piedmont—a violent adversary of the Catholics, on the one hand, and of the Democrats on the other; a brilliant hand at polemics. It next passed into the hands of Giacomo Dina, a Jew and a deputy; and the paper, if it lost in erudition and in skirmishing ability, gained in calm and in political outlook. As for its morality, at the time of the *coup d'état* it invented the theory of "useful crimes and useless crimes;" and in 1864 it forged a letter purporting to be in Mazzini's handwriting. Despairing of seeing its chief return to power for a long time, if ever, it discusses with tolerable impartiality, though generally with a touch of irony, the questions of the day as treated by the rivals of its chief. The various arguments are disposed of with simplicity, clearness, and brevity. It is a well-written paper. It backs up most cabinets, even Ratazzi's, as long as they seem likely to stand, nor would it combat a ministry formed from the left ranks if it presented itself strong, and with a serious programme. Hoping for nothing, believing in nothing, the *fait accompli* governs the *Opinione*. Until the middle of October it urged Ratazzi to march to Rome before the French arrived. To-day it crouches to France, and recommends prudence, submission, silence.

The *Opinione Nazionale* lives on the inspirations of the Ratazzian *consorteria*, proclaims Ratazzi to be the ideal of a statesman. Its style is inflated, but *naïf*. It religiously follows its chief's evolutions. Up to the 8th October it opposed the Roman movement and approved Garibaldi's arrest, then approved the revolution, sided with the opposition, and now attacks violently all the *consorteria*, especially the Tuscan.

The *Gazzetta di Firenze* completed, on the 1st January, 1868, its hundredth year. It has been the passive organ of all despotisms, of the Lorraines, of the Etrurian kings, of the Napoleonides, and of the Lorraines again. In 1859 it began to read in the constitutional spelling-book, ventured in the footsteps of the Tuscan *consorteria*, and ended by becoming Ratazzian. In one hundred years it has only been once sequestrated, and that was in 1865, when it reproduced the anti-papal deliberations of a Florentine meeting!

The *Riforma* was founded last June by the democratic *consorteria* of the "left," headed by Crispi. Its first number contained a most radical programme, signed by five deputies—Crispi, Bertani, De Boni, Cairoli, and Car-

cassi. The last four took the programme seriously, and prepared to carry it out to its uttermost consequences. But Crispi had quite other ideas in his head. By the assistance of these men and their adherents he counted on ensuring to himself the position of head of the left, which he had been hitherto in name only, and to render himself necessary to Ratazzi, and share the government with him. Step by step the paper became openly Ratazzian, but took care to show that Ratazzi had adopted the principles of the *Riforma*, and not the *Riforma* those of Ratazzi, and assumed a semi-liberal, semi-opposition attitude which gave rise to serious discussions between the signers of the original programme. Carcassi withdrew; Bertani wrote in the *Riforma* against the *Riforma*, but remained; Cairoli and De Boni grieved, grumbled, but took no openly active steps; Crispi remained chief of the *Riforma*, which, from the discussion of principles, has descended to the narrow limits of sophistical polemics; from the study of the varied manifestations of national life to daily panegyrics of Crispi himself. Notwithstanding all this, the *Riforma* is the most liberal and widely circulated newspaper in Florence.

The *Diritto* differs little from the *Riforma*; indeed, had the latter kept true to its original programme, the former would have been driven out of the field. It was founded by Lorenzo Valerio, a distinguished old Piedmontese patriot, and was the organ of sub-alpine democracy. On the transfer of capital the *Diritto* was the most advanced newspaper. The appearance of the *Riforma* threw it into the background, and nearly all the subscribers went over to the rival. The hesitations and contradictions of Crispi's organ, however, gave it breathing time, and after the failure of the Roman campaign some of the *frontier* members from right and left of the House united to appall Ratazzi, adopted the *Diritto*, and concerted a programme, if not more advanced, at least more independent, than that of the *Riforma*. Conenti, from the right; De Pretis, minister of several moderate cabinets, but who sits on the left; Bixio, the amphibious deputy; Mordini, moderate liberal; Bargoni, *idem*, and some forty subalterns, compose this "new third party." At present the *Diritto* protests alike against Crispi and Ratazzi, hence against the *Riforma* and the *Opinione Nazionale*, and is equally opposed to the servility to the foreigners of the moderate press; it demands the reconstruction of the internal life of the nation, the initiative of the state, the authority of the Government, and at the head of that Government new men, *i.e.*, its own inspirers, who, by the way, are not new men but have only entered into a new combination. The actual theory of the *Diritto* differs little from that of the *Riforma;* both seek to disarm Garibaldi and to get into power with his programme. The first act of the leaders of the *Diritto* after Mentana was to defeat Ratazzi, the candidate of the left for the office of Speaker, and to give the victory to Lanza, the candidate of the Government.

L'Italie, the paper edited in French by the ex-French republican Pascal Duprat, is the organ of whatever party happens to be in power, yet it manages to keep well with the French Government, Napoleonism being the aim and object of its propaganda.

Almost all these papers are singularly monotonous, poor in correspondence, devoid of the knowledge necessary to the handling of foreign topics of interest; the aim and end of their being is to throw light upon one side of all questions, *i.e.*, the side which reflects the imaginary interests of their respective *consorterie*.

At Milan the *Perseveranza* is the mouthpiece of the Lombard *consorteria*, the ally of the Tuscan. It is a well written paper, on the whole; has plenty of correspondence, and treats foreign subjects with copious erudition, but is arrogant, intolerant, venomous, and scornful—reflects, in short, the characteristics of the Milanese aristocracy, so ably described by Giuseppe Parini in his "Mattino," that *chef d'œuvre* of satire.

The *Gazzetta di Milano*, once the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* of Austria, then the panegyrist of Napoleon III., has now become the organ of the Milanese middle classes, has passed over into the opposition field and wages war to the knife on the *Perseveranza*. Carlo Cattaneo contributes regularly to its columns.

L'Unità Italiana is the organ of the republican school, at whose head stands Mazzini. It spoils and deteriorates the theories of its master by its sectarianism, its personal dislikes, its theological ire. It does not represent a republican political idea developed in all possible phases according to the tendencies of the epoch and the latest results of political studies, drawing strength from the errors, the crimes, the incompatibility of monarchy; on the contrary, it proceeds by dint of elimination, and ends by denying the idea itself. Like all the other sectarian papers, it consumes half its columns in hymning the praises of its chiefs. Its editors are worthy of all praise for their abnegation and constancy to their ideas of right; but the *Unità Italiana*, as it exists at present, will never become the organ of the republicans in Italy, whose ideas of a republic and the means of attaining thereunto are "quite other."

The Venetian papers—*L'Arena* and *L'Adige* of Verona, the *Rinnovamento* and the *Tempo* of Venice, and countless other minors—are but feeble reflections of the *Nazione, Opinione*, and of the *Perseveranza*, poor in form and material. New to public life, they have not yet learned the A B C of liberty; for them it means the liberty of who governs.

The *Pungolo* of Milan, with its brother in Naples, is one of the richest papers in Italy. It is clever, unscrupulous, and boasts of giving the earliest news. It is intensely sensational, and, when times are dull, invents "incidents," for the purpose of keeping the public lively.

At Turin, the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, a journal that is some twenty years of age, the younger *Gazzetta di Torino* and *Count Cavour*, were once the organs of the moderate parliamentary majority, when Turin was the capital of Italy, but in 1864 all these passed over to the opposition. In Piedmont people know how to read, and do read, and the democratic propaganda of these "converted" journals exercises quiet, gradual, but immense influence. The Piedmontese press is the most dangerous opponent of the Lombard and Tuscan *consorterie*. The great merit of the *Gazzetta del Popolo* consists in its hostility, from 1848 to the present hour, to clericalism. The circulation is about 15,000, and the Piedmontese, the least prejudiced population of the peninsula, owe not a little to the *Gazzetta*. These three papers are now the mouthpieces of the "Liberal Permanent Piedmontese Association."

The organs of the clerical party are the *Unità Cattolica, Armonia*, and other minor papers. The former, edited by a band of literary priests, learned, witty, unscrupulous, experienced, and logical—at the head of whom shines Don Margotto—is perhaps the best paper in Italy. In order to be a Romanist in Italy, to maintain the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope, one must also be anti-unitarian, anti-national, champion of Austria and of brigandage. The *Unità Cattolica* is all this openly and unreservedly. It defies the national sentiment, defies right, defies history. Its task is difficult, but it has wonderful tact; it is a monument of ability, of sophistry, and of erudition. If facts are wanting, it substitutes argument; if truth refuses its aid, authoritative quotations are at hand. If it cannot wound, it parries its adversary's thrust; but if there be a weak point in the armor of its foe it inflicts a deadly wound. When proved in the wrong, it quotes the deeds or words of twenty years ago, and against our modern weathercocks generally gets the best of it. The moderate press is put to the torture by constant quotations from past professions of faith in open contradiction to the present. One of its habits all Italian papers would do well to imitate; the *Unità Cattolica* publishes the writings, speeches, sayings of its opponents, be they Mazzini or the King, Menabrea or Ratazzi, Ricasoli or Crispi; the other papers ignore all that does not proceed from their own liege lords or comment and criticise without enabling their readers to judge of the original. *Du reste*, the *Unità*, humble or haughty according to the smiles of fortune, is ever cutting, cruel, relentless. The rack and wheel are its beau ideal of government.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, January 25, 1868.

The second of the four state balls given every year at the Tuileries has just taken place with the usual splendor, the Emperor looking on with his peculiar quiet look of latent humor as the waltzers and polkers whisk past him, the gauzy skirts of the ladies not unfrequently brushing his "august" person as he stands at the foot of the raised platform of the throne or moves about with his peculiar slow, cautious, noiseless step on the edge of the crowd, addressing a pleasant word to the persons known to him; the Empress, always with something novel and characteristic in the elegance of her toilette, eclipsing all the other women by the splendor of her jewels, older and thinner than she was—the arms especially beginning to show the approach of middle age—keeping her seat all the evening in her gilded armchair under the canopy of crimson and gold, talking with great animation to all the starred and embroidered gentlemen who come to make their low bows to her at the foot of the throne, and taking very exact mental notes, say the people of the court, of every incident of the evening, however trifling. According to the established etiquette, the Emperor, at half-past eleven, approaches the foot of the platform, and the Empress rises from her chair and descends the steps. On reaching the floor she makes a courtesy to her spouse, who makes her a bow, and gives her his arm, while the chamberlains, in their splendid coats of crimson silk, covered with gold embroidery, wave back the crowd on either hand, opening a narrow lane for the passage of the Imperial pair, who, followed by the diplomatic body, the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and the guests honored with a special

invitation to that effect, begin their progress through the long suite of splendid ball-rooms, which, dazzlingly lighted by scores of enormous glass lustres, and filled with gay dresses and brilliant uniforms, present a very imposing spectacle. The orchestra ceases to play when their majesties begin their walk, and the dancing instantly ceases, as everybody is anxious to get a glimpse of the "august couple" as they pass on towards the supper-room, bowing and smiling, and pretending not to see the frantic demonstrations that are going on a few feet ahead of them, nor to be aware of the instantaneous closing in of the crowd upon the dignitaries behind them as they move forward. When the Imperial *cortége* has entered the supper-room the doors of that apartment are shut against the rest of the company, the orchestra is heard again, and dancing is resumed with more spirit than ever, while a dense crowd gathers at the entrance of the supper-room, ready to make good its entrance on the reopening of the doors. Meantime, the Imperial party having done justice to the refreshments provided, leave the supper-room by another way. The tables are respread exactly as before, the doors are thrown open, and a violent scramble takes place to get in. When the room is filled, the doors are again shut, and a second crowd forms behind them, ready to make good its entrance as soon as they are once more opened. The tables are thus replenished and emptied three or four times in succession until all the assembled thousands have contrived to sup more or less copiously. The Emperor and Empress never return to the ball-rooms after supper, but go directly to rest, leaving their guests to dance as long as they please, the crowd seldom departing until between two and three in the morning.

M. de Sainte-Beuve, whose *Causeries du Lundi*, continued through so many years in the *Débats*, have given him so prominent a place in the literary world of Paris, seems to be on the high road to convalescence, thanks, apparently, to the skill of the homœopathic physician he sent for when he found himself "given over" by the practitioners of the orthodox school. He has just sent to all the leading literary men of Paris—his friends or foes, and he has not a few of the latter—a copy of the new edition, recently issued, of his "History of Port-Royal"—a work which, in spite of its solid research and its admirable portraits of Pascal, the two Arnaulds, Mère Angélique, and other leading notabilities of the best days of Jansenism, has never been very popular in France, being rather the work of a moralist skilled in the analysis of the human heart than that of a historian. M. Michelet, who has many of the merits and defects of M. de Sainte-Beuve, is a warm admirer of this book; but the verdict of the public has always pronounced it to be "heavy." M. de Sainte-Beuve is exceedingly sensitive to the opinion of others, and is perpetually dropping friends and acquaintances, who often have no idea how they can have offended him, simply because they may have criticised or failed to praise his productions. To such a point does he carry this sensitiveness that, finding himself included in a group of caricatures, sketched by Lehman in an album belonging to Daniel Stern, and including all the *habitués* of her *salon*, where M. de Sainte-Beuve was formerly an assiduous visitor, he never again set foot in that lady's house! On the other hand, his self-love leads him constantly to make advances to his declared opponents, in the belief that he cannot fail to win them over to the admiration with which he himself regards the children of his pen. Thus, in the copy of his "History of Port-Royal," which he has just sent to the learned young historian, Frederic Morin, he has written the imploring words "De judice averso ad judicem attentum" in the fly-leaf. This craving for admiration, which weakness he shares with the brilliant republican deputy, M. Jules Simon, whom his friends accuse of making advances to any political opponents from whom he can hope to extract anything in the shape of praise, has procured for M. de Sainte-Beuve the *sobriquet* of "the coquette." Having been violently attacked and insulted by his colleagues of the Senate during the angry debates which took place in that assembly in relation to M. Renan, and overwhelmed with insulting letters by the clerical party, M. de Sainte-Beuve, when he was supposed, a week or two ago, to be at the point of death, added a codicil to his will, providing that his body should be carried to the grave without being taken to any church, or having any religious ceremony performed over it—a defiance of Catholic prejudices which has created no little surprise here, where his nervous horror of noise and scandal is well known, and which has excited a violent uproar among the priests and their adherents.

Notwithstanding the evidence of a repressive tendency on the part of the new Minister of Justice, M. Pinard, a great number of new journals, most of a socialistic tendency, are about to be founded. One of these, under the management of M. Arlès Dufour, so widely known for his influential position at the head of the industry of Lyons, his immense fortune, his princely beneficence, his honorable political antecedents, and the great services rendered by him as Secretary-General to the International Exhibition of 1855, is to urge upon public attention the programme of social reform resulting from the ideas of the St. Simonian school, of which the great silk-weaver has always been an ardent partisan. The Fourierist school, which succeeded in reconstituting itself a couple of years ago, is already publishing a weekly paper, entitled *La Science Sociale*, and has just inaugurated a weekly banquet, to serve as a gathering point for all who share the large hopes of universal peace, plenty, and brotherhood that fired the soul of its founder. Another socialist paper, *La Solidarité*, is also devoted to the advocacy of economic reform, from a point of view which seems to class it rather as the continuation of the principles of the late Pierre Leroux. Another democratic journal, with no special social programme, is to devote its columns to the advocacy of abstention from the electoral polls—a system which has usually been found to be far more injurious to the party adopting it than to the government against which it is intended to serve as a protest. There is room for much difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the repressive policy by which the Second Empire seeks to obviate the constitutional and traditional tendency of the French mind to make political disquisition the immediate prelude to revolution; there can be none as to the fact that it systematically accords the largest liberty to all attempts to bring before the public any programme, theoretic or practical, aiming at social and economic reform.

The sale of the picture gallery of Khalil Bey has created such an excitement among the artists and *dilettanti* of this part of the world that the *queue* of visitors, on the days of exhibition preceding the sale, extended from the doors of the Hôtel des Ventes nearly to the Boulevard. Among the treasures sent to the hammer by the action of the same princely caprice that had gathered them together were two "Inn" scenes, by Teniers; "Windmill," by Ruysdael; a "Boar-hunt," by Horace Vernet (the dogs renowned for their beauty and spirit); two exquisite heads of children, by Greuze; a "Hunt," by Wouvermans; a charming "Girl" (miniature), by Gerard Douw; Eugène Delacroix's great picture, "The Murder of the Bishop of Liége;" "The Boar of Ardennes" (the famous scene of "Quentin Durward"), and "Tasso in the Madhouse," by Robert de la Mark; Decamp's "Duck-hunter," with its magical effects of light and shadow; three fine studies of the nude, by Ingres; five noble landscapes, by Rousseau, whose recent decease necessarily adds to the value of his works, and another by Jules Dupré, who may now be considered as the first living landscape-painter of France; Meissonnier's "Guitar-player" and "Amateur de Peinture;" the "Message," by De Leys, so greatly admired last year at the Champ de Mars; and various fine specimens of the *faire* of Courbet, Troyon, Diaz, and Fromentin.

The work which fetched the highest price is Delacroix's masterpiece, "The Murder of the Bishop of Liége," first sold to the last Duke of Orleans for 1,500f., purchased by M. Villot (one of the conservators of the Louvre), at the sale of the property of the late duchess, for 4,500f., sold by him last year to Khalil Bey for 37,000f., and adjudged the day before yesterday for 46,000f. It is not uninteresting to see how, in regard to injustice in the field of art as elsewhere, "the whirligig of time brings about its revenges." Original and kindly, but somewhat eccentric, modest, shy, and in bad health, Delacroix was looked down upon by his brother artists and ignored by the public. For years his paintings were constantly refused admission by the juries of fine-arts exhibitions, and it was only by the persistent support of the younger artists that he was at length admitted to the Institute. There he was more than once the butt of the brutality of Ingres, then in the height of his popularity, who one day, in the violence of his anger during a debate in which Delacroix had ventured to express an opinion at variance with his own, sprang from his seat and rushing forward towards the object of his scornful fury exclaimed, "Monsieur Delacroix, you have no conscience in your drawing, your work is that of a dishonest man." The vastly overrated talent of Ingres is now being judged more correctly, as was evidenced at the sale in question, where one of his noted paintings was knocked down at 10,000frs. less than the price at which it was bought, while all the works of Delacroix, now recognized as one of the glories of the French school, were sold at an immense advance on their original price. The remembrance of the long neglect and slow recognition of the lamented artist was doubtless present in the memory of many of those who attended the sale. When his now famous work, "Tasso in the Madhouse," sold originally to the elder Dumas for 800f., was knocked down at 16,000f., a buzz of satisfaction went through the crowded hall, but when the still greater work before alluded to and now regarded as his *chef d'œuvre* had been carried up to the high sum at which it was finally knocked down, a burst of applause, long and enthusiastic, proclaimed the delight with which this homage to his genius was regarded by his friends.

Delacroix sold his paintings for very small sums. He had faith in him-

self; but he lacked the power of imparting that faith to the crowd. His physical weakness incapacitated him for grappling with the ill-will of rivals, or asserting his own claims against the indifference of the public. Every sort of accident seems to have conspired in his childhood to cut short his days. He was drowned, burned, stifled, poisoned, and run over, and, though he escaped being killed by these misfortunes, his health was shaken by them for the rest of his days. He suffered constantly from dangerous attacks of sore throat, and was kept alive only by the incessant devotion of an old servant to whom he was greatly attached, and to whom he left a handsome legacy. Having made up his mind, on account of his health, that he must never marry, he led an exceedingly quiet, simple, and regular life, dividing his time and strength between the brush and the pen. Fortunately for him, he had inherited a small competence, which enabled him to live in the modest way which he had marked out for himself, receiving only a very few intimate friends, painting, or setting forth in a series of original and highly interesting papers, most of which were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, his theory of colors and his observations in regard to art.

Notes.

LITERARY.

CERTAIN Germans of Iowa have just done a thing which is unexampled, we believe, in our political history. They have ordered of the publishers, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, two hundred copies of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed's "Interference Theory of Government," and intend to distribute them gratuitously among the members of the Iowa Legislature. Doubtless there are not many members of Iowa or other legislatures whom a careful perusal of the work in question would not benefit greatly, and the action of our German fellow-citizens seems worthy of imitation as well as commendation. "The Interference Theory of Government" and Mill's essay "On Liberty" might profitably be scattered broadcast amongst our law-makers. Legislative Lycurguses we have in plenty, and even Dracos are not few in our Assemblies, but of Solons there is always a scarcity.

—The *Athenæum*, edited by Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, is an English literary weekly paper not so well known among us as the *Saturday Review* or the *Spectator*, and not deserving to be so well known as either of those able journals or the very learned *Chronicle*. It is proper to describe the *Athenæum* as a paper of much value as a repertory of literary news and a third-rate paper as regards critical ability. Recently, as has been stated by several American journals, daily and weekly, the *Athenæum* brought a very heavy charge against a highly respected Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Dr. March, of Philadelphia, who is the author of a little book entitled "Walks and Homes of Jesus." The "Walks and Homes of Jesus," if one takes the judgment of the *Athenæum* as intelligent and honest, is nearly all "lifted out of Mr. Dixon's pages." Most of our readers know Mr. Dixon as the writer of "New America," a work of which it is true to say that almost any book-maker might very well be glad to have made it, for it sold well, and was well put together, but which most writers above the class of clever book-makers would perhaps not think extremely creditable to the author. Mr. Dixon is also the writer of another new book and of another old one, neither of which is different, as regards the point of which we have just spoken, from "New America." "Spiritual Wives" is the new work and "The Holy Land" is the old one. The *Athenæum* pretended to show, by printing in parallel columns an extract from the editor's book and an extract from Dr. March's, that the "Walks and Homes of Jesus" was made up bodily of pilferings from the "Holy Land." The attempt was really so entirely a failure—would have been so obviously a failure if a real offender, a Scotch plagiarist, had not been shrewdly put forward first and unmistakably proved guilty—and the attack seemed so wanton and insolent, that, after reading the criticism, we began to make preparations for showing, by a careful comparison of the English book and the American, that gross injustice had been done the author of the latter—injustice no less cruel to the man on whom it was inflicted than injurious to the character of the journal inflicting it. We have been spared the labor, however, for Dr. March, in a letter to the *Round Table*—which journal had spoken of him as "pilloried by the *Athenæum* for a flagrant act of plagiarism"—justifies the high opinion in which he is held by all who know him by showing conclusively the careless untruthfulness of the *Athenæum*. The "Walks and Homes of Jesus" (English edition) contains two hundred and twenty-four pages. Of these pages Dr. March offers to prove that eighty-two were written and published from the pulpit ten years before Mr. Dixon's "Holy Land" appeared. This proof depends on the veracity of "many living witnesses" and on "double record made at the time." What the last phrase means we do not precisely know. One hundred and forty-eight of the two hundred and twenty-four pages were written and made public not ten years before Mr. Dixon went to Palestine, but yet before his work was published. Of the seventy-six remaining pages there are fourteen—and Dr. March defies Mr. Dixon to point out what fourteen—in the preparation of which reference was had to the "Holy Land." Finally, the *Athenæum's* critic made a blunder in talking about the book as a book of travels. That it made no pretensions of being. It was offered to the public just as tracts are offered, and with the same intent with which tracts are offered, by the Presbyterian Publication Society. It indeed "expressly disclaims all original investigation," and is simply a book of sermons or religious lectures, delivered by a minister to his congregation, and put forth in book form by the society above-mentioned, without expectation that the author would get money or honor by it. The American journals which helped to hurt an honorable man's reputation—in the *Times* we saw reference made to the matter, and a singular paper called the *Church Union* had something to say about it—ought to copy Dr. March's letter to the *Round Table*.

—Some weeks ago we spoke of a national German political organization called the Independent Progressive Party, one of whose aims is to abolish the present executive and substitute for it one appointed by Congress. No doubt many of its members belong also to the "Society for the Spread of Radical Principles," whose headquarters are at Indianapolis, lock-box 93. These principles are not political solely, as may be seen on examining some of the society's publications. No. 1 is entitled "Die Reconstruction und die Neger," by Ludwig Greiner, and is dated the last of June, 1865. Its views were those commonly held by the Radical Republicans of that time, all of which were perhaps sound and wise at a particular stage of the reconstruction process, but not all have remained so. No. 2 is by the same author: "Die Union und der President," end of August, 1866. The remainder, so far as we are informed, consist of various works by Mr. Karl Heinzen, editor of the Boston *Pionier*, a thoroughly brave, outspoken, and honest man. He would not be accepted by all his countrymen, especially by the religious portion of them, as their teacher and leader, but his ability is readily acknowledged, and his audience is intellectually a select one. The society publishes of his: "Teutscher Radikalismus in America," a bound volume of selections from his writings on a variety of topics; "Die Wahrheit," which is based on the theorem that "all is vain save Truth and her exponent Radicalism." Radicalism is further defined as seeking the truth on every hand, for the truth's sake, and demanding supremacy for it; also, as shrinking from none of the consequences of truth, and for love of it silencing all other considerations. From this pamphlet we extract the remark that "Bishop Berkeley was just the philosopher for the Hottentots, whose language has no expression for 'I am.'" "Sechs Briefe an einen frommen Mann," "Six Letters to a pious Man, with a preface to a Jesuit and a postscript to a Humbug,"—third and enlarged edition—is an argument for atheism and materialism, the Jesuit being complimented for his logic in warring against reason, and the "humbuger," for his belief in creation—or "the art of making something out of nothing, which is humbug"—being satirically accorded the royal title "by the grace of God." The pamphlet which will most commend itself to Americans is "Die Teutscher und die Amerikaner," written in view of an increased German emigration to this country, and discussing pleasantly and in a judicial manner the characteristics of the two peoples and their duties toward each other. Mr. Heinzen rejects the advice so frequently given to the Germans to "Americanize" themselves, and bids them—instead of taking Mr. Banks for a model, or eating pork and beans and Boston brown bread—be Germans still, but without Teutonism. He would have Americans neglect the classics in favor of German, which should be understood by every cultivated person. Finally, he declares: "Not 'Americans' must rule America, but intelligence, humane culture, and principles of freedom." Mr. Heinzen devotes a separate chapter to German as compared with American women, and finds the former more restricted, less widely active, less independent than the latter. The companions of their husbands at all places of amusement, they never appear at political gatherings. He believes that they have much to learn from our women, and he anticipates the complete enfranchisement of both—a hope which we judge is not shared by many German men. The latest manifesto of the society is a petition which appeared in the *Pionier* of Dec. 25, 1867, occupying two pages. It is a good illustration of the parallel drawn by Mr. Greiner, in his second tract,

between the Americans and Germans, who respectively trust and mistrust, hope and dread, expect and doubt. We say this rather of the tone of the petition than of its object, which is to get from Congress a constitutional amendment abolishing the Presidency, and establishing an executive after the Swiss committee or cabinet pattern, this executive in turn to be watched by a Congressional committee during vacations. The arguments for this reform are mostly familiar; the *à priori* being that our co-ordinated government is an unstable compromise between an absolute monarchy and an absolute democracy. One of the strongest points made is that, no matter how good your President, the *office* is a perpetual source of party strife, individual ambition, and general corruption. Much of this, however, could be removed by a rigid civil-service bill such as Mr. Jenckes has in keeping. The petition reminds us of the parallel just cited when it says: "That is surely the best government which makes most unnecessary any trust in the possessors of the public authority, while it renders misuse of that power most difficult."

—Keith Johnston's "Royal Atlas of Modern Geography," published by Blackwood of Edinburgh, may not be in all respects the best existing atlas, but it is the most beautiful and the pleasantest to use that we have ever seen, and it answers nearly all possible purposes—of course we mean for the Old World; our indefinitely great country here requires an atlas of its own, and we have several to choose from. But concerning the "Royal Atlas"—the price of it is five guineas and it is very bulky. Next comes a smaller book published by the same house, called the "Handy Royal Atlas," at three guineas. Scribner, Welford & Co. import this. It seems to be the best atlas for family use and for college students that has been published in the English tongue; this, with even a common-school atlas for Yankeeland, will take one to nearly every place he may want to find. At the same time with these books should be named "The Globe Atlas of Europe," a convenient hand-book or overcoat-pocket-book. It contains forty-eight maps on the same scale, and a general map of Europe on a small scale, upon which as a diagram are laid down the outlines of the different detailed maps. It is not complete enough for use in the library or class-room, but an excellent traveller's companion. It is a volume of Macmillan's Globe series, and is imported by Scribner, Welford & Co.

—The *Art Journal*, a monthly published in London and New York by Virtue, Yorston & Co., is giving a continuous illustrated catalogue of the great French Universal Exposition. The *Art Journal* has a large broad page; the printed form is just as high as that of the *Nation*, and about half an inch narrower, and is divided into three columns; each number formerly contained three full-page engravings on steel, which could be pretty large, and thirty-two pages of letterpress thickly strewn with wood-cuts. Since the Paris Exhibition opened, one engraving and twelve pages have been suppressed, and sixteen pages given of the illustrated catalogue, which work is paged for binding separately. This catalogue is certainly thickly set with pictures. Of the sixteen pages which came with the January *Art Journal*, five pages have one wood-cut each—these quite large—four pages have two cuts each, one has three cuts, two have four, one has five, two have six, and one has eight, or fifty "figs" to the sixteen pages. Of course, as they illustrate the efforts to outdo each other of modern cabinet-makers and silversmiths, these pictures are commonly of subjects poor enough. As a bit of history—and by way of suggestion and spur to our own yet more tasteless and very unenterprising people—this catalogue will have a sort of value, but artistically it will be nearly worthless. The *Art Journal* itself is not a critical journal in any sense of the word. The editorial tone is rather the reverse of really critical, rather suggestive of "genial" and "favorable" notices of works of art, old and new, and books upon art sent to the editor. But there are exceptions, as sometimes in the notices of exhibitions of pictures in London, although the strictures are generally upon unpopular works, and have the air of echoing rather than disregarding the general voice. When the contrary is the case, the bit of genuine criticism is so lonely and out of tone with the rest that it seems false. Thus in the January number the notice of French pictures has very good things in it, but the severe, yet mainly just, unfavorable criticisms upon Jalabert and Gérôme seem like wantonly exaggerated attacks when contrasted with the general tone of the *Art Journal* for ten years past. Mention of a few of the articles in the January number will partly set forth at once the value and the shortcomings of the *Art Journal*. We have a wood engraving of the extraordinary design by Miss Hosmer for a freedman's monument to Abraham Lincoln, which we reviewed last March (Vol. IV., p. 238). One is satisfied to have a picture of that very feeble and pretentious design that he may lecture upon it, and try to prevent the carrying out of anything so bad; but the half-page of warm praise of it is less delightful. Then among the book notices Mr. Hamerton's very able and interesting "Contemporary French Painters" is rather slightingly reviewed in a column notice, which leaves the impression that the critic thought but little of it. And below we find the beautiful "Story without an End"—reviewed in the *Nation* for December 19—decidedly pooh-poohed, while the "Æsop's Fables," noticed by us on December 12, illustrated with really unrefined, ungraceful designs, poorly lithographed, is noticed in this way: "England has this year supplied us with no book so entirely good as this which we receive from America. . . Lithographs so excellent as to rival wood or even line engravings. . . . There is no one of these engravings that does not exhibit *genius of the highest order!*" Mr. Ruskin has sometimes written for the *Art Journal*; still more recently Mr. Hamerton has written for it. Other writers of ability do so now and then, generally over their own signatures. If you miss a number, it will be sure to have in it something you ought to have seen. But the off numbers are mainly valuable for their numerous illustrations, some of which are very good indeed.

—The leader of the French liberal Christians, Athanase Laurent Charles Coquerel, has recently died in Paris. He was an old man, having been born in August, 1795. At twenty-three years of age he was a graduate of the theological school of Montauban, and when thirty-five years old, after twelve years of preaching in Holland, he became pastor of a Protestant church in Paris. In 1848 he was elected a member of the National Assembly. He was always liberal in his political as in his religious faith; he supported the administration of Cavaignac and of Louis Napoleon before the *coup d'état*; after that event he withdrew himself wholly from public life; during our war he was a warm friend of the North. His liberality as regards religious creeds was so great as to offend very many people—not Catholics only, but Protestants. Guizot looked on him much as we may imagine Doctor Wayland looking on a very liberal Unitarian preacher. He demanded for himself perfect freedom of belief. It is told of him that a gentleman who had long attended his church called on him, with candor confessed his doubts as to Coquerel's belief in the divinity of Jesus—doubts founded on Coquerel's constant avoidance of allusions to Christ as the Saviour—and asked his pastor to certify him as to his belief; but Coquerel refused to give him satisfaction, and denied his right to make enquiry. It is told, now that he is dead, that many people—Protestant as well as Catholics—are not a little scandalized to learn that for upwards of fifty years he kept in his library a bust of Jean Jacques Rousseau. His works as an author have been thrown into eclipse by his fame as a pulpit orator. Yet he was not so mere an orator that little of value is to be found in his books; he loses less in such a comparison—perhaps, other things being equal, the Protestant preacher always loses less—than his Catholic rival Lacordaire; his sermons, of which some have been translated into German and English, are not without depth, force, and fineness of thought. He died at the age of seventy-three, and was followed to his grave in the cemetery of Montmartre by a concourse of more than two thousand persons. Through the corner of this cemetery, by the way, Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine—to whom, as to Mademoiselle Thérésa's sapeur, nothing is sacred—is about to run one of his new boulevards.

MR. JENNINGS ON REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.*

Mr. Jennings's object in writing the work before us has been, he tells us in the preface, "to explain the original plan and design of the American Constitution, to review the changes which have been made in it in subsequent times, and to describe its present condition and working." His opening chapter contains a very fair and lucid statement of the theory of the Government, but when he comes to point out what he considers the aberrations from the constitutional standard which have taken place in practice, particularly during the last six years, he gets into difficulties. For instance, in talking of the differences of opinion which have prevailed as to whether or not the Constitution can be stretched so as to make it meet such emergencies as the civil war, he talks of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Milligan case as having given "authority and sanction" to "the party" which contended that "the Constitution was binding on the nation for ever, and could neither be abridged nor extended, no matter what perils or difficulties arise." All that was decided in that case, however, was that the President could not suspend the habeas corpus and order men to be tried by military tribunals in places in which the courts were open and their process was obeyed. The discussion of which Mr. Jennings

* "Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States. By Louis J. Jennings." New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

speaks, touching the powers of Congress, was entirely irrelevant, bore on no point before the court, and gave no "authority or sanction" to any party or to any particular set of opinions. When, also, Mr. Jennings deliberately asserts, as he does in the same chapter, "that the Constitution has been subjected to so many violent changes that its framers, could they see it once more, would detect but few traces of their work," he talks in a style which deprives the remainder of his work of all claim to the confidence of the candid reader. This is the sort of stuff one hears every day from declaimers of the extreme Southern party, but it is not the language of a philosophical observer. We assert, on the contrary, that if Hamilton or Madison were to revisit the earth, he would not find in a single State in the North the slightest indication of any change whatever in the Constitution. There is no act of Congress enforced in any of these States, and no doctrine enunciated by the courts, either State or Federal, of which the constitutionality has ever been disputed. In the South the case is very different. There the Government is dealing with a state of things for which the framers of the Constitution professed their inability to provide, and it is doing divers things for which it would be hard to find a warrant in the fundamental law, but nobody talks of them as precedents or as having effected changes in the Constitution. The Constitution is not in force there just as it was not in force on the field of Gettysburg during the battle; but to say that it was abolished or changed in the State of Pennsylvania because a writ of habeas corpus could not have been executed in the village during the fight would be very wild talk.

We say the same of the assertion "that under the influence of an organic national law which every side might interpret as it pleased, which might be held to mean one thing one week and a totally different thing the next, *the whole character of the Government has been changed.* No one can say with any certainty what *will be even its leading features in ten years to come*" (p. 25, Am. ed.) That is, nobody can say with certainty that in 1878 the United States will not be governed by an absolute monarch. Anybody who knows American society as well as anybody ought to know it to write a disquisition on its political tendencies, can, we submit, pronounce on this point, and on many others about which Mr. Jennings is extremely doubtful, with the utmost certainty. With a similar want of perspicacity, Mr. Jennings takes Webster's assertion in the Hayne debate in the Senate, that "the people may, if they choose, throw off any government which becomes oppressive and intolerable and erect a better in its stead," to be an admission of the constitutional right of secession. Nothing is better known than that Webster was talking of the right of revolution, which lies behind all constitutions, just as the right of self-defence lies behind all courts and policemen, but the existence of which has to be proved by success.

We do not like to accuse Mr. Jennings of misrepresentation—we are quite sure he is not knowingly guilty of anything of the kind—and yet there is something which can hardly be called by any other name; we refer to it not because it is of any great importance in itself, but because it is illustrative of the temper in which Mr. Jennings has performed his task. Talking of the disgust excited by Mr. Johnson's boasting of his low origin, he says the people "knew who and what Mr. Johnson was before they elected him Vice-President. If the people do not like mechanics to be their chief officers, they need not to go to that class for them. But the truth is, that many of the results of popular government are unsatisfactory to Americans when they are brought into close contact with them." Now, there is in this a very marked *suggestio falsi*. Mr. Johnson was not nominated for the Vice-Presidency because he was of the mechanic class. Neither his origin nor his calling had anything to do with it. He was nominated by the Republican convention because he was a prominent Tennesseean politician, and was the only senator from any of the seceding States who had remained faithful to the Union. He *happened* to be of low origin; but that circumstance exercised no more influence on his nomination than his height or the color of his hair. In other words, he was selected, as all presidential candidates are, from amongst those whom the various States present as their picked men, and a more intimate knowledge of American society would have prevented Mr. Jennings from supposing that the origin of a politician exercises here, as it does in England, any material influence on his fortunes. Mr. Pendleton is at this moment the most popular Democratic politician in the West, and for much the same reason that Mr. Lincoln was at one time the most popular Republican politician, and yet Mr. Lincoln began life as a rail-splitter, and Mr. Pendleton is "a gentleman" by birth and position.

Here is another extraordinary statement:

"The executive is a prize contended for chiefly by hungry place-hunters, or by the obscure and illiterate puppets of a faction. The educated class has been driven from the ranks of competitors. The office has almost ceased to be an object of ambition," etc., etc.

We shall only say of this, that the only men who have ever occupied the place by the deliberate choice of the people who could be called "illiterate" and "obscure," have been Jackson and Lincoln. Jackson was a distinguished soldier—the first after Washington. Lincoln was the ablest debater in behalf of the free-soil doctrine the West had produced. All other presidents have had as good an education, either from books or society, as the country can afford. The candidate on whom the choice of the North is now falling is a general who has few, if any, living superiors—a regularly educated soldier, on whom the highest military distinctions have already been conferred. His possible rivals are the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, and Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, the two latter being men of as good education, both in the technical and in the larger sense of the word, as are to be found in the country; both men of fortune, and of high social position and of good family. We are getting rather tired of being told that educated men have been driven from political life in America. If we had the time or space, we should have little difficulty in showing that the politicians from every State are fair representatives of the society from which they come; that if poets and philosophers do not abound in Congress or in the State legislatures, it is because they do not abound amongst the people. We may add that we should find some difficulty in mentioning a single man of education, possessing the qualifications which would fit him for political life in England, who wants to get into political life in America and cannot. It is not every man of education who is fit to be a politician in any country.

In the chapter on the judiciary Mr. Jennings falls into some other errors—in themselves slight, but yet sufficient to impair his authority still further. The Dred Scott decision, for instance, was not, "as a general rule, disregarded till slavery was abolished." That decision was simply that persons of African blood could not sue or be sued in the Federal courts, and it was in no case disregarded till slavery was abolished. So also, as we have already remarked, the Supreme Court in the Milligan case did not decide that all military tribunals, under all circumstances, were unlawful, but that military tribunals established by the President alone, away from the scene of hostilities, were unlawful. Mr. Jennings also asserts, in contradiction to De Tocqueville, that "the people practically compel the Supreme Court to apply laws which it has pronounced unconstitutional. The legislature first passes such laws; the people support the legislature; and the Government is obliged to see that the laws are carried into execution." It would be difficult to get more confusion into the same space than we find here. The Supreme Court does not pronounce laws unconstitutional, except incidentally in giving judgment in controversies between private suitors; it only "applies laws" to the cases which come before it in the regular way; and to talk of the people "practically compelling it to apply laws" which it has already pronounced unconstitutional is simply absurd. The Supreme Court does not pronounce laws unconstitutional till after they are passed; but it is not its business either to enforce or hinder their execution. A court, as Hamilton says, "exercises *judgment*, and not *will*; it declares the sense of the law;" with its execution it has nothing to do; and no attempt till the introduction of the recent bills into Congress has ever been made to prevent its declaring the sense of the law.

Mr. Jennings mentions as a monstrous thing that Congress, in 1867, refused to admit into the Union two Territories as States "unless they changed the organic law of their constitutions so that it should not exclude negroes from the suffrage." He has surely forgotten that Congress has always held, and has frequently exercised, the right of insisting on the insertion in, or exclusion from, the territorial constitutions of any condition it pleased as a condition precedent of admission to the Union. "The measure," he says, "was not carried without protests and arguments from many members." Very likely not; but were they not the same members who, before the war, argued and protested in vain against Congress forcing Territories applying for admission to the Union to prohibit slavery in their organic law?

We had marked a great many other passages for the same kind of criticism. We have space, however, for only two more citations. Mr. Jennings says: "The House of Commons, since the year 1862, *has been said to be* an epitome of the English nation; the House of Representatives *is nothing but a deputation* from the least cultivated classes in America. There is no great interest, whether of capital or labor, in the world of commerce or in the world of thought, which has not hitherto been faithfully reflected and honestly guarded without detriment to other interests in the House of Commons." We may fairly turn this last proposition over to the authors of the "Essays on Reform." Of the first we shall only say, that it reveals a singular

notion of the nature and object of representation. The representative body of every country represents "the least cultivated classes." In what country are the scholars and philosophers in possession of the government? One other specimen of what we must call Mr. Jennings's loose writing and extravagant talking, and we have done. He says: "The best known preacher in America gains his notoriety *solely* by the freedom with which he discusses on Sunday morning, from a text of Scripture, the acts of public men, and the turn affairs are likely to take." The singular incorrectness of this statement it would be difficult to make anybody understand who was not a regular hearer of Mr. Beecher, who is, of course, here meant.

Mr. Jennings indulges in one practice which we consider unfair and misleading. He quotes exposures of abuses from American newspapers and other periodicals as proof of the failure of the government; that is, he points to the use of the principal instrument of reform, in a free country, as proof that reform is hopeless. He cites, for instance, the *Nation's* denunciation of the caucus system, *d propos* of the nomination of P. T. Barnum, but forgets to mention that Barnum was defeated, and forgets also to call attention to the fact that the ups and downs of party warfare in America are caused entirely by the revolt of the voters against the caucuses.

We might say a great deal that is good of the book. All the narrative parts—all parts, in short, for which Mr. Jennings could draw his materials from books, are admirable, and the tone is throughout kindly. The author, too, writes like a gentleman, and evidently tries—as well as strong conservative prejudices and a too great eagerness for generalization will let him—to do justice. We, however, regret the success of the book in England, as indicated by the sale of two editions. We are satisfied it will only thicken the fog through which most Englishmen look at the United States.

MODERN STREET BALLADS OF IRELAND.*

THE street ballad is a very important element in the life of the Irish peasant. It supplies the place of the newspaper, not only appealing to his passion or his reason, but being a general chronicle of news, both local and general. Every remarkable event—wedding, wake, execution, robbery, race, hunt—within a wide circle is seized with avidity by the ballad singers as a subject for verse, and not only these, but any notable political or religious event abroad that appeals to the knowledge or interest of the Irish peasant is sung, instead of being read, all over the country.

The peripatetic Homers themselves who give bodily form to the voice of the people are to be found in greatest abundance at fairs and market days, although in cities like Cork or Waterford one or more is pretty sure to be encountered every day except Sunday. At a fair in a market town, amid the throng of buyers and sellers, arguing for the odd shilling or ha'penny with Celtic vehemence, you are sure to come upon a denser crowd than usual grouped around a common centre, from the midst of which arises a voice in an indescribable, melancholy cadence, soaring and falling in a sort of pillelu falsetto, like no tone of voice producible by human throat except an Irish ballad singer's. Here is a ballad singer, perhaps two, for they often sing in couples. The first voice will "rise" it:

"Come all you feeling Christyuns, with me now sympathi-i-i-ze,"

then a second will join, and both together soar to the heights of lamentation and fall to the depths of woe with the next line in unison, and so on single and double alternately to the end. While the leading woman is singing her solo, the second is rapidly selling from the bundle in her left hand to the audience, never failing to join in refrain at the proper instant, although in the very act of dealing out a ballad or taking a ha'penny. The female minstrels are usually dressed in long cloaks faded to a greenish-brown, their faces pale and worn, and their voices lost to all semblance of woman's characteristic from being strained in continual falsetto. They sing with lack-lustre eyes, and apparently without the slightest feeling of the subject-matter. All the ballads are not lamentations. Many of them are quite jovial in expression, but "Finnegan's Ball" is transformed into the same melancholy cadence, at once outrageously comical and lugubrious, as "Willy Reilly" or any other tragedy. The men are not a whit more jaunty than the women. Usually clad in a long and tattered frieze great-coat, the old caubeen is not boldly cocked, but rather hung on the back of the head, and the whole air is one of despondency. In fact, the ballad singers are the most melancholy set of beings in all Ireland. The beggars wear a jovial look beside them. All poets are popularly accused of melancholy, however, and every ballad singer is his own poet. Any one will improvise a ballad of the established pattern in an hour's time on any theme in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, not to mention a glimpse of purgatory or the lower regions.

The patriotic songs are disappointing. There are but few which stir the blood like "the sound of a trumpet." Centuries of oppression have stifled the voices, if not chilled the hearts, of the minstrels. There were no great victories to sing, no triumphant heroes to reward their strains. Everything to be proud of was associated with defeat and woe. The songs of the vanquished were silenced in the presence of the victors, and their secret voices were only of hope or despair. In most of the political songs even at the present day allegory is largely used. Ireland is usually typified under the name of "The Old Woman," "The Green Linnet," "The Dear Black Cow," or as some resplendent maiden in despair, "Roisin Dubh" (Black Rose), etc. The police keep a sharp lookout on the ballad singers, and the singing of "The Wearing of the Green" or the like would be the signal for instant arrest. The seditious ballads which are sung by stealth, and often unprinted, are not usually the production of the hackneyed professionals. They have a bolder mint-mark. The following verses are taken from a composition entitled "The Irishman's Farewell to his Country," which is a specimen of this class. It was probably composed by some indignant peasant as he brooded in his cabin with an empty cupboard and a cold hearthstone. Its feeling is too deep to be artificial:

"On Irish soil my fathers dwelt since the days of Brian Borue;
They paid their rent, and lived content, convenient to Carricmore.
But the landlord sent on the move my poor father and me.
We must leave our home, far away to roam, in the fields of America.

"No more at the churchyard, *store machree*, at my mother's grave I'll kneel.
The tyrants know but little of the woe a poor man has to feel.
When I look on the spot of ground that is so dear to me,
I could curse the laws that have given me cause to depart for America.

"Oh, *Erin machree*, must our children be exiled all over the earth?
Will they evermore think of you, *astore*, and the land that gave them birth?
Must the Irish yield to the beasts of the field? Oh, no! *acushla store machree*,
They are coming back in ships, with vengeance on their lips, from the shore of America."

Among the Fenian poets of the present day there is but one that deserves the slightest shred of laurel. Charles J. Kickham, now under sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude in the prison at Dartmoor, has written two or three ballads of genuine merit, which the people have at once adopted as household songs. His "Rory of the Hills" is the finest of the genuine Fenian ballads. It begins—

"'That rake up near the rafters,
Why leave it there so long?'
The handle, of the best of ash,
Is smooth and straight and strong.
And, mother, will you tell me
Why did my father frown,
When to make hay in summer time
I climbed to take it down?'
She looked into her husband's eyes,
While her own with light did fill,
'You 'll shortly know the reason why,'
Says Rory of the Hill."

The love songs are more numerous and of higher quality than the patriotic. The pulses of the heart are free, and its utterance clearer in human love than in that for the country. Nevertheless, the love songs of a modern date are inferior to those written in the Irish language. There is nothing to compare with such gems of ancient melody as "The Cooleen," "Cashel of Munster," "Youghal Harbor," "The Exile's Flower of Love," "Maire in Milleoin," and many more, which make the Irish poetry of love hardly inferior to that of Scotland even. Translations of the ancient Irish love songs, transmogrified though they may be into barbarous verse, are still among the most popular favorites, and their expressions and images are to be found in almost every song of modern date.

There is one thing particularly noticeable about all these ballads, and that is the utter absence of licentiousness or vulgarity. There is in but very few even that plainness of speech which could be called coarseness in refined society. This is a fact that speaks volumes for the native purity of the Irish heart. The Irish peasant girls are the most virtuous of their class and condition in the world. This is owing to the influence of the confessional and the strong feeling of family pride, which retains its hold on even the poorest, as well as to the custom of universal and early marriage. Not but there are cases of unfortunates who have "made a slip," and are obliged to flee from the wrath of their kindred with base-born offspring in their arms, to tramp the roads in beggary, or herd in vice and misery in colonies, of which the "Wrens" of the Curragh of Kildare are by no means solitary specimens. But the cases are comparatively few, although the ballads often relate such homely tragedies.

* Street Ballads. Cork, 1866. Street Ballads. Dublin. 1866.

Bits of poetry can be picked out of almost every love ballad of description or feeling, as witness the following:

"One pleasant evening, when pinks and daisies
Closed in their bosoms one drop of dew."

. . . . . .

"'Twas on a bright morning in summer,
I first heard his voice spakin' low,
As he said to the colleen beside me—
'Who 's that purty girl milking her cow?'"

. . . . . .

"My love is far fairer than the bright summer's day,
His breath is far sweeter than the new-mown hay,
His hair shines like gold revived by the sun,
And he takes his denomination from the Drien Dhun." *

. . . . . .

"Her hands are whiter than the snow
Upon the mountain side,
And softer than the creamy foam
That floats upon the tide."

. . . . . .

"More welcome than the blossom to the weary, dusty bee."

The "lamentations" or confessions of condemned criminals come next in point of popularity, murder next to love being the most entrancing theme for the uncultivated muse. The "lamentations" supply the place of the reports in *Police Gazettes* of more cultivated lands, and all follow a stereotyped pattern. The first verse begins with a soliloquy by the prisoner on his unfortunate condition and impending fate; then an account is given in the third person, varying at will to the first, of the particulars of the tragedy, concluding invariably with an appeal, in the first person, to all good Christians to pray for his soul, and a regret at the disgrace he has brought upon his relatives. The death penalty has not of late been inflicted for political offences, and it is seldom now, in comparison with the good old times, that agrarian troubles lead to tragical results. The shooting of an agent or a landlord and the consequent hanging of the murderer, once of common enough occurrence, are now seldom known, and the martyr element in these ballads, the cursing of the cruel laws, and the exhortation of vengeance on the informer, are extinct also.

The lamentations are of more unequal merit, and generally inferior to the love songs. They are seldom adapted even to the melancholy melodies in which Irish music is so abundant. Once in a while is a touch of untaught pathos:

"The anguish of a troubled heart no mortal tongue can tell,"

"The mother got distracted, and fell to deep despair
With the wringing of her hands and the tearing of her hair."

There is one of these lamentations which is occasionally to be met with in a bunch of modern ballads, although it is upwards of eighty years old, which is of singular strength and pathos. It is sung to a sweet and melancholy air, and may be occasionally heard at wakes in the County Waterford, around the Loomeragh Mountains, where William Crotty, a notorious highwayman and robber, lived. The air, when sung in the presence of the dead, and in the stillness of the hushed faces around, generally by a woman, is profoundly touching. It is the prisoner's wife who laments:

"William Crotty, I often tould you
That David Norris would have sould you,
In your bed, as you lay sleeping,
And lave me here in sorrow weeping.
Oh! hone, O!

"O! the judge, but he was cruel.
Refused a long day to my jewel.
Sure I thought that you would may be
See the face of your poor baby.
Oh! hone, O!"

Among the narrative ballads of the present time occurrences in America, particularly of the war, are very prominent. Among a people almost every one of whom looks on America as a future home, or has one or more relatives in it, the war was of absorbing interest, and was a fruitful source of profit to the ballad singers. As a general thing, the sympathies of the Irish peasantry were with the majority of their kindred in the North. The acts of the substitute brokers in enlisting emigrants just landed did not fail to be noticed, and "the glorious victory of seven Irishmen over the kidnapping Yankees in New York" relates the defeat of a party of such by the blackthorns of the "sons of Granua Vaile." The Know-Nothing excitement also produced its crop of ballads; "the pulling down of the chapels by the infidel New Lights in America" had more than one veracious chronicler, and the burning or wreck of any emigrant ship is straightway told in doleful verse. The mundane affairs of Pope Pius are a fruitful subject. O'Connell's death produced more elegies—than there were hairs on his head, we were going to say—but he wore a wig. Napoleon's downfall has not yet passed to oblivion as a subject of lamentation, and almost every priest or popular landlord is honored at his death with an extemporized effusion.

The eulogies of person or place, a gentleman or his seat, are innumerable, and in these the climax of absurdity is reached. The themes which sometimes stir the simplest mind to poetry are absent; gratitude, prospective or retrospective, for food and whiskey, is the only incentive, and the result is a "composition," as the bards are fond of terming their productions, which the broadest imagination must fail to burlesque. The longest words, the wildest metaphors, the most outrageous anti-climaxes and misapplied long words, given, as O'Connell called a witness a "naufragous ruffian" because it sounded well, are the main staple of these performances.

We should like to say a word concerning the wealth of old ballad poetry, which the extinction of the Irish as a living language has destroyed in the hearts and tongues of the people, but a portion of which has been preserved in collections more or less complete by the few who have seen their merit, and translated them well or ill into language by which they can be known to the general English reader; but even to glance at their characteristics, or to give any intelligible idea of their nature, would require a larger space than has been already occupied.

* Brown thorn.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN.*

We are reminded of our long delay in calling attention to the work before us by the news which comes to us from the other side of the water that the author is about to take up his abode in this country for as long a period as may be necessary to complete a book on civilization in the United States, which he has now in contemplation. He feels, we believe, that the political work on which he has for so many years been engaged in England is done. When he entered upon it, the popular cause received little or no assistance from men of culture. Before the passage of the last Reform bill the ranks were crowded with members of the universities, and hundreds of pens and tongues which had received the highest training were employed in laboring for the political and social elevation of the great mass of Englishmen. The step has been taken which makes the working-classes to a large extent the arbiter of their own destinies. Whether they will go any further in the work of political change it now rests with themselves to say. Mr. Smith feels, we believe, that he may safely and honorably do what enfeebled health and his own tastes have long prompted him to do—retire for a season, at least, from the political arena and devote himself to the arts which he has always loved best, and to the successful cultivation of which he has owed nearly all his success as a politician.

As a politician he has had some necessary, and, we may add, honorable, defeats—defeats which he shares with Mr. Gladstone, with Falkland, with Hampden, with Fletcher of Saltoun, with Romilly, with every man who, having in the closet produced and cherished a high and pure idea, brings it down with him into the tumult of the forum, and seeks to realize it or exact its realization of others engaged in the practice of politics. Such men cannot but be exacting, cannot but be hard to satisfy. They would lose half their value if they were not. It is only by being exacting, and exacting to the verge of intolerance, that they can ever keep the eyes of the common herd of politicians fixed on any standard higher than that which their own petty interests and small passions may create. Goldwin Smith, too, made his entry into political life when all or nearly all men of education who took any part in politics had become deeply imbued with the Palmerstonian feeling about politics—that it was absurd in a gentleman to get excited about them, and that earnestness was a sign of wildness. The appearance of a man of his temperament and tone in the field was almost as distasteful as the appearance of a Puritan amongst Rupert's horse, and the easy-going Liberals found him a fellow-soldier whose ardor made both march and bivouac anything but easy, and who, not sparing himself, forgave nobody else for taking his ease.

He has had no equal amongst modern English writers and politicians in that most difficult and yet most useful art, the extraction from history, for contemporary use, of doctrine, of reproof, and of instruction. There is no greater master of the earnest rhetorical style living, and he has the power of saturating his brain with his subject, if we may so speak, before beginning to treat it, in a degree to which few if any modern writers have ever attained.

The three essays on Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt are excellent specimens of what he can do in this field. They are, though in form simply historical essays by a professor of history, in reality political articles written by

* "Three English Statesmen: A Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

a practical politician in the service of a momentous though peaceful revolution, and, in fact, that they are really this, and little else, is their *raison d'être*. He makes no contributions to our stock of knowledge regarding either of the three, and does not by any means exhaust, it is evident, his store of comment or generalization. But he so handles them and the times in which they lived as to make their lives a great political lesson. Pym is his typical member of Parliament, his typical constitutional reformer, his typical gentleman devoted to public affairs; Cromwell his typical democratic chief, brought to the front by bloody revolution; Pitt the typical aristocratic minister, though he divides him into two—one, the ante-revolutionary reforming Pitt; the other, the post-revolutionary repressive, coercive Pitt, contending vainly with the forces of a new age. In treating the latter the author draws a vigorous picture, though in very few strokes, of the political degradation by which Pitt was surrounded, of that ripeness for the reforming sickle which the English Government of that day showed.

There is hardly a page which does not contain some bit of political wisdom worth pondering and retaining. Some of the applications of the lessons the author makes to the circumstances and men of our own time are, to our minds, so direct and pointed as to injure the literary finish of the essays, which would, as political homilies, have, we think, been more effective if their precise bearing on modern politics had been oftener left to the reader to decide for himself. But even as works of art the essays will repay the most careful study. In days when most political writers are either mere bloated enthusiasts, panting and groaning with every blow they receive, or else awkward louts, half whose blows are foul, and whose clumsy violence makes all their blows ineffective, it is a real treat—we hope Mr. Smith will forgive us the simile—to have a real master of the manly art show us what training can do for eye and hand and wind and muscle.

Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 *to* 1861. Edited by Arthur Helps. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1868.)—There is really very little to "notice" in the Queen's second volume. There are only a few pages in it which can be said to be more than a mere itinerary, and these were all published by the daily papers within a few days of the appearance of the book. Of the work itself, taken as a whole, we have much the same opinion that we expressed about the former volume. It reveals the Queen to the public as a model wife and mother; that is, as a much better specimen of what is called "the true woman" than the world at large was disposed to believe a queen could be, or ever was; but it unquestionably helps to make queens *qud* queens seem of very much less value than the world was disposed to think them. For this reason we look on the publication of this volume as another political mistake—as one of the many incidents which are day by day loosening the hold of feudal royalty and feudal aristocracy on the popular imagination. We do not rejoice at this; we regret it. If we are to have monarchies, we prefer monarchies like Queen Victoria's, based on sentiment, to monarchies of the new Cæsarist type, based on force and existing by the will of the Zouaves. But we fear Queen Victoria has done more than any one has ever done to make monarchy based on sentiment impossible. People may weep as much as they please over the charming picture of her domestic life she draws in this volume; but no nation will ever, in this age of the world, long surround with veneration an office which it is told can be filled with great credit and perfect efficiency by an excellent woman, of very moderate abilities, very imperfect education, entirely absorbed in her husband and children, thinking his thoughts, repeating his most commonplace sayings as the profoundest wisdom, and making his comfort and happiness the great object of her life. Burke denounced very fiercely the French Jacobins for "tearing off all the decent drapery of life," "all the superadded ideas furnished from the wardrobe of the moral imagination," and maintaining that "a king is but a man and a queen but a woman;" but we doubt if their "scheme of things" was ever more effectually aided than by the revelations of life at the English Court which are now being delivered to the public.

The share of Mr. Arthur Helps in the undertaking is only justifiable on the theory that kings are the anointed of the Lord, and that a "divinity" hedges them about. But this theory has not been recognized in England since 1688. Looking at the Queen in the character assigned her by the English Constitution, his preface is very amusing reading, though when one remembers his claims on the gratitude and respect of the reading world it is worse than amusing. If anybody wants a really merry half-hour, however, we recommend him to the reviews of the book which have appeared in the English Radical papers. These journals try, and have always tried, to atone for their radicalism in politics by being far more *loyal* than the Tories, and they accordingly almost go into hysterics over the "Journal in the Highlands." The *Morning Star* recommends the issue of a cheap edition, and roars for a circulation of two or three hundred thousand, like that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

There is only one feature in the book which tends to give even a shade of unpleasant feeling with regard to the Queen personally, and this is the picture of complete absorption in her personal interests and enjoyments which it presents. But this may be, and doubtless is, due to the exclusion, of which Mr. Helps speaks, of all matter of a political character or bearing.

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The Week.

THERE has been but one speech on reconstruction in the Senate this week. It was by Mr. Garret Davis, who proposed that, as the South had suffered enough, all the reconstruction bills should be repealed. In the House on the same day, the 11th, the bill introduced by Mr. Banks for the protection of American citizens abroad was discussed, and met with much opposition. President Johnson's letter in reply to Grant, accompanied by letters from members of the Cabinet, was laid before the House, which, by resolution, called for General Grant's rejoinder. On Wednesday, in the Senate, Mr. Sherman introduced his bill providing for the immediate admission of Alabama. It declares that the people of Alabama, assembled in convention, have formed a constitutional government, which has been ratified by a majority of all voters who voted on the question, and that therefore the State is entitled to be restored to her old relations with the Union. The Appropriation bill—judicial, legislative, and executive—occupied the House, and Mr. Banks's bill above-mentioned was discussed. On Thursday, the Senate went back to the case of Mr. Thomas, senator elect from Maryland, and opposition stronger than was expected to his admission became evident. A case precisely the same in principle was, on the same day, settled in the House; Mr. J. Y. Brown, for saying, in 1861, that any Kentuckian joining the Lincoln army ought to be "shot down in his tracks," was declared ineligible to the office of representative in Congress. During the debate, Mr. Sumner cited out of Sallust the case of a certain senator who put his son to death for engaging in a conspiracy, and he thought that though Thomas should not have slain his son, he should have had him arrested. By an odd coincidence, Mr. Sumner quoted in the Senate, while Mr. Dawes, speaking on the Brown case, was quoting in the House, certain lines beginning,

"I hear a lion in the lobby roar."

On Friday, the Senate had the case up again. The probability that Mr. Thomas will be refused admission seemed to increase. The gift of one hundred dollars to his son who was about to join the rebel army seems to be the point relied on to secure his rejection. As a precedent, his rejection is not necessary. On Saturday, the Senate was not in session; the House continued consideration of the Kentucky expulsion case, and refused Mr. Smith, the contestant, the seat to which Mr. Brown has been elected. On Monday, Mr. Bingham brought in a substitute for the Senate bill in relation to Alabama. It differs from Mr. Sherman's in little except its wording. Both ignore the provision of the Reconstruction Act which requires that a majority of all qualified voters should vote on the question of ratification, both refuse a new election, and both admit Alabama to the Union almost at once. Mr. Bingham's goes into details more, and insists on the ratification by the State Legislature of the amendment to the Constitution and the passage of an impartial suffrage act. There will be no difficulty in harmonizing the provisions of the two bills. The Senate Judiciary Committee, on the same day, reported a bill declaring a majority of the votes actually cast in any of the elections held under the Reconstruction Act shall be sufficient. Mr. Trumbull offered a bill in regard to the jurisdiction of courts. In brief, it is this: The judicial power of the country, as many decisions of the Supreme Court testify, does not include political power, and reconstruction is a political business. So the bill, which seems to us a wise one, dismisses the McCardle case, and orders similar ones dismissed.

Both the Alabama bills substantially repeal the Reconstruction Act, as they provide not that a majority of the votes cast at an election to be *hereafter* held shall be sufficient to ensure the adoption of the constitution, but that a majority of the votes cast at an election which has already taken place, and in which a large body of voters abstained purposely from voting, as under the law they had a right to do, is sufficient. Either is, in other words, to all intents and purposes, an *ex post facto* law, and introduces an entirely new principle into reconstruction, throwing overboard that on which the process has hitherto proceeded, namely: that the new constitution ought to be such as the people of the State, minus certain defined exceptions, approve of. The abstaining of the Alabama whites was, no doubt, a demonstration of hostility to the Government; but it must be remembered that the law not only permitted, but suggested, that the new constitution might be opposed by simply staying away from the polls, as well as by voting. That provision was certainly a mistake. Everybody now admits this; but is not the way to rectify it to order another election with the stipulation that a majority shall suffice to adopt the constitution? Mr. Bingham's bill strikes us as in fact a trick in return for a trick; but is it dignified or wise for Congress to engage in a game of this sort with the Southern whites? The proceeding, too, though it will, of course, bring Alabama into the Union, can have no moral effect. The whites will not consider it in any way binding, and will break it up at the first opportunity. Moreover, the new bill makes no provision for the case of the other States, and therefore, if passed, is likely to throw the whole work of reconstruction into confusion. We say no more about it at present, however, because it is not likely that it is the plan which will be finally decided on.

In Florida, the seceding convention, led by a Mr. Liberty Billings, offers to rejoin the majority convention if Billings can be made the nominee of the convention for Congress. Mr. Alpeoria Bradley's private character is so bad that he has been expelled from the Georgia Convention by a unanimous vote; nothing is said against Mr. Billings's character, but if it were possible for the convention to send him—not to Congress, but out of the convention, Florida, we are very sure, would not in the least suffer. He is entirely destitute of qualification for the leadership of any class of voters yet existing in this country or any other. General Meade's advice to the two conventions to expunge their separate records, elect a new president, and begin work over again, has been taken. We hope sincerely there may arise some opportunity for General Meade to arrest Mr. Billings as an obstructor of reconstruction.

The Georgia Convention has, as we have said, honored itself by turning Mr. Bradley out of doors. His insolence while in power is said to have been quite equalled by his abjectness in disgrace, and there is no doubt that he has in profusion all the gifts of the lowest sort of demagogue. The convention is still at work, and is still almost or wholly without pay for its services. A petition to Congress for a loan to the State of $30,000,000, for the restoration of the agricultural interest, has been adopted—a substitute, possibly, for the wild confiscation measures which were to have been adopted "when the brutal African," etc. In Louisiana, a similar petition will be adopted. General Hancock, it is said, intends to order that the vote on the election of State officers shall be held on another day than the one appointed for voting on the ratification of the Constitution. The convention is of opinion that the popularity of candidates, and the interest taken in their fortunes, will tend to bring out a full vote. Perhaps General Hancock is of the same opinion, and perhaps he is of another; at all events, Senator Trumbull's bill, presented last Monday, most likely makes it a matter of perfect indifference whether the expected order is issued or not. The South Carolina Convention asks Congress for $4,000 with which to purchase lands for the homeless. General Canby, whose excellent administration of affairs in Louisiana procured him the sincere respect of every man in the State, though it once in a while made Radicals, and oftener Conservatives, grumble, is winning respect in the Carolinas also. There is little fear of intimidation of voters while he remains in command. In Arkansas, General Gillem has ordered the voting on the constitution, just completed, to begin on the 15th of March, and continue five days. In Virginia and Mississippi, work in convention is going on slowly; Mississippi has had her "personal difficulty," but no lives were lost.

As we said last week, the decision of the Supreme Court in the Mississippi and Georgia cases does not remove all cause for anxiety about the result of the McCardle case. The court, on Monday, denied Mr. Trumbull's motion to dismiss the case for an error of procedure, and the question of jurisdiction has, accordingly, still to be decided before the merits are reached. To meet the contingency of a decision adverse to the military authorities, Mr. Trumbull has introduced a new bill, which, it is thought, will be passed in lieu of the one about which we have heard so much lately, but which the Senate has judiciously let sleep. The last bill, which is No. 4, declares that Congress alone has the power to decide political questions—which the court has repeatedly acknowledged—that no civil governments, recognized as such by Congress, exist in any of the unreconstructed States; that reconstruction is a political process, and the reconstruction acts are political acts, the propriety and validity of which no judicial tribunal is competent to pass upon, and forbidding the court to entertain any process whatever arising under these acts. We have at last got into the right track, and we have to thank Mr. Trumbull for it. This bill exactly meets the case, and no more than the case. It prohibits the court from interfering with what is in reality, as we said some weeks ago, the making of a treaty of peace after a long and bloody war; but it does not doctor or manipulate the court, or curtail its jurisdiction in ordinary times and for ordinary cases, and does not treat it as the tool of the majority for the time being or as "the creature" of the legislature, and leaves its dignity unimpaired. When Congress, however, makes four or five experiments—as it has in this Supreme Court business—and at last settles down on a plan differing completely from all that have gone before, one cannot help reflecting with curiosity as well as anxiety on the mental condition of the party orators and editors, who, as each plan makes its appearance, swear before heaven that it is perfect in all its details, essential to the national salvation, and that anybody who doubts it is either a traitor or a blockhead, or both.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, writing from Alabama, gives an interesting account of the election in that State, and of the cause of the defeat of the Constitution. He says the Conservative tactics were simple enough: There were 171,000 registered votes in the State; under the law 86,000, therefore, had to vote for or against the constitution to secure its adoption even by a majority; but if anything less than 86,000 voted for it, even if nobody voted against it, it was defeated. So they stayed away. A Conservative was asked by the correspondent if he did not think this "a little obliging" on the part of Congress, to which the unrepentant rebel replied, profanely, but with a good deal of truth, "Yes, sir, obliging out of pure d—d stupidity." The rebels ought in fact to erect a monument in some conspicuous place to the Previous Question.

The key of the position having been discovered, the plan of the Alabama Conservatives was of course simple and easy of execution. Each intelligent white man stayed away from the polls, and kept away also as many ignorant whites and negroes as he could, partly by false information, partly by intimidation, and partly by whisky. The correspondent of the *Commercial* mentions one conservative who "paired off" with fifteen different Radical voters. He confirms the opinion prevalent here, that the great hope of the malcontents at the South is, after all, in a Democratic victory in November; that for this they are waiting with confidence. It being clear that these men would sooner be disfranchised themselves than have the negro enfranchised, the question arises, what is the value of the "punishment" of disfranchisement, to the infliction of which we have all so long attached so much importance?

The latest symptoms of the growing weakness of the Western wing of the Republican party on the subject of the public credit, are Senator Sherman's consolidation bill—which threatens, by implication, that if the holders of bonds which now pay six per cent. in coin, and are worth 110 or 111 in the market, do not convert them at par into bonds of longer date, and paying only five per cent. interest, they will be paid off in paper—and General Logan's resolutions providing for the taxation of United States bonds to the extent of two per cent. per annum. If either of these projects were carried into execution, of course the national credit would be ruined. A forcible reduction of interest would be equivalent, in the eyes of the world, to repudiation, and so would taxation in defiance of our express agreement not to tax. A government which reserved the power of taxing its own obligations could of course not borrow money, for it might any day tax them out of existence; still less could a government which taxed them after agreeing not to tax them. We trust a little more discussion and reflection will show that the people are in this, as in other matters, at least as wise as their servants in Washington and more high-minded. Repudiation in any form may fairly be regarded as a surrender of the principle of nationality vindicated by the war, for it makes secession once more possible and probable. We have received since we last spoke of this subject the report of the Superintendent of Savings-Banks in this State, from which it appears that these institutions hold forty millions of United States bonds. Accurate returns from other States would probably show the amount of the savings of the poor invested in this way through the banks to be little, if any, short of two hundred millions.

The New York *Times* had a singular article on Monday, apropos of General Logan's resolutions looking to the taxation of the Government bonds. It did not deny that the public faith was pledged, when the loan was contracted, that the bonds should not be taxed, but declared that the people were determined not to endure their exemption any longer, and coolly informs the bondholders that "they will not be wise in attempting any resistance." The fact that exemption from taxation was one of the conditions on which the bonds were taken would be "sufficient," the writer says, "to close all abstract argument on the point. But government and politics are not conducted strictly according to abstract principles." We do not well know what is meant here by "abstract principles," but we do know that both politics and government have to be conducted, in order to succeed, on principles of common sense and common honesty. There is nothing "abstract" whatever

about the nation's engagements with its creditors, nor will there be anything "abstract" about the swindle, if it swindles them. The whole affair is an ordinary promise to pay an ordinary debt. We trust, too, that the bondholder will not be bamboozled into taking a metaphysical view of his case, or of the people's behavior. Every bondholder, if he is either bullied by Senator Sherman's bill into exchanging his six per cent. for a five per cent. bond, or by General Logan's resolutions into submitting to taxation, will owe it to the great interests of morality, to the national honor and welfare, to cry out against the iniquity, to remind the world that a swindle committed by a million is as much a swindle as a swindle committed by one, that the moral law cannot be altered by a popular vote, and that either of the transactions which are now proposed, by way of lightening the public burdens, would sink the national credit below that of Greece, Spain, or Turkey, because those countries are poor, while the United States is rich. The assertion of the *Times*, by-the-by, that "the compulsory reduction of the interest is in accordance with the practice of England," is not only a very mischievous assertion, but has no foundation in fact. This story was concocted by that ingenious financier, General Butler, when he first introduced his little greenback scheme to public notice.

A curious theory of the law of commercial crises has just been propounded in England, at a meeting of the Manchester Statistical Association, by Mr. John Mills, a banker of great experience, and which takes these phenomena out of the domain of political economy, properly so-called, and places them in that of psychology. He says that commercial panics occur now every ten years, with almost perfect regularity, under all systems of currency and banking—for instance, both in England and America, in 1825–6, 1836–7, 1857, 1867—and, he believes, through the working of a law of the mind. He divides the commercial cycle into the post-panic period—one of great depression and timidity; the middle period—one of revived activity and renewed hope, though marked by caution; and the highly speculative period—when the whole machine is working at high pressure. He thinks the change which takes place in the *personnel* of most firms in the course of ten years, and the steady influx of young men into business, prevent the experience of one crisis being of much use in preventing others. The fact that in times of speculation able and experienced business men use their experience and sagacity rather in getting out themselves and getting their friends out before the crash comes, than in not going in at all or in repressing it, is also worth consideration.

We wish sincerely our leading agitators for the legislative interference between capital and labor had in their hands the French *Almanach de Coöpération* for the year 1868, which has just been published, and which contains in a series of able articles the experience of the large body of French working-men who, after long and bitter experience of various devices for bettering their condition, are now successfully engaged in co-operative industry. Their most striking feature is the supremacy they assign, in all efforts to raise the working-man in the social scale, to individual thrift, intelligence, and industry. They repudiate all state aid and state interference as a curse, and treat strikes as simply a clumsy and ineffective expedient for mitigating the hardships of a position which, whether wages be high or be low, is one of helplessness and dependence. We are glad to say the co-operative movement is making rapid strides in France, and the Schultze-Delitzsch co-operative banks have been introduced with eminent success. If our working-man pamphleteers and orators who are now clamoring so loudly for more wages and legalized short hours would lay down their pens, and go to work with their friends and neighbors to make their own wages and fix their own hours, they would do more for their own class and for society at large than they will ever do by political spouting.

The *Globe*, a new paper started in Paris, in telling the story of Train's arrest in Cork, mentions that he has claimed $500,000 damages of the British Government, but holds that he has erred in asking so much, inasmuch as the English law only allows him ten dollars for the first and twenty dollars for every succeeding hour of his detention in prison, and says the British Government is ready to pay him $1,500 as his lawful due under this tariff. We hope the great man will listen to the advice of a disinterested and well-informed neutral, and compromise with the unfortunate Derby, who, though he may err in judgment, can hardly be accused of malice.

The statement of the French Minister of Finance, M. Magne, has been laid before the world, and it is not a very hopeful document. The floating debt (unprovided for) amounts to $187,000,000. The revenue of 1867 shows a deficit of nearly $6,000,000, and added to this there is the expense of the expedition to Rome, and an extraordinary credit voted by the legislature in 1867, amounting in all to $69,000,000, for which funds have to be secured. Over and above all this there are the extraordinary military and naval expenses of the two coming years, caused by the increase in the army and the change in the weapons. So the minister proposes a new "popular loan" of $88,000,000, to be taken in twenty instalments extending over twenty months. The delay has been supposed by some to be a guarantee that there would be no war till the loan had been all paid up; but once a man begins to take the loan he is not likely to stop and forfeit his paid-up subscriptions because of an outbreak of hostilities. Moreover, a loan was issued on similar terms only four months before the Crimean war, and a fresh one was issued before all the instalments had been paid in. The loan will probably be offered on very low terms, which in other countries usually excites suspicion and makes bidders shy, but the effect on the French peasantry, who are large takers, is said to be very different. The easy terms they look on as a proof of the Emperor's "kind-heartedness." The financial future of France grows more and more cloudy.

The army bill has passed the French Senate, M. Michel Chevalier, the economist, enjoying the honor of voting against it in a minority of *one*. He made a powerful speech in opposition, setting forth what may be called the Cobden view of standing armies and international relations, and warning France that while the four great powers of Western Europe were wasting their resources and bringing on premature decline by their prodigious armaments, two great empires were rising in the East and West—Russia and the United States—which bid fair before many years to hold them all at their mercy. The bill is, however, very unpopular in the country districts. The private advices are unanimous on that point. The *certainty* of having to serve is a crushing blow to the young men.

Paris, on the other hand, as the seat of French thought, is rent and torn by the new Press bill, which bids fair to reduce newspapers to imbecility. M. Thiers, Pelletan, and Emile Ollivier have made eloquent speeches in opposition, but evidently to one of the least impressible audiences ever assembled in a great capital. The way in which business is conducted in the Corps Législatif may be guessed from the fact which has just transpired, that mistakes constantly occur in counting the vote in the divisions, which are never rectified and are treated by the president as of no consequence. The votes of members not present are put down frequently, and cases have occurred in which members, who did not wish to be disturbed when reading in the library, have requested friends in the Chamber to vote for them against "the order of the day." The effect of the press law is aggravated by the recent press prosecutions, which have resulted in ten convictions, the penalty being fines of two hundred dollars each. It may help to give an idea of the condition of the press in France to say that the court ruled that the papers, in commenting on the parliamentary debates, must not lay before their readers a chronological summary of the order of the debates, and must not mention "the impression produced on the Chambers by the speeches," or say that a particular speech "produced a considerable sensation and ultimately induced M. Rouher to break silence," or "give a picture of the physiognomy of a sitting," or say that "the debate was animated," or "reproduce textually" two extracts from a speech, or "analyze a speech," or "describe the impression produced on the Chamber" by certain speeches. The articles printed by the Fenian papers in Dublin are curious reading beside the reports of this trial in Paris.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE RECONSTRUCTION PROCESS.

We believe the result of the late vote on the new constitution in Alabama is not yet accurately known, but it appears to be all but certain that the constitution has been rejected, not because the majority of the registered votes were cast against it, but because they were not cast for it. In other words, it appears that the Southern plan of registering and then staying away from the polls has been in a measure successful. This contingency was foreseen before Christmas, and Mr. Stevens introduced a bill providing that a majority of all votes *cast* should be sufficient for the adoption of the new constitutions, and it passed the House; but, like so many other measures conceived in that body, it was laid aside in the Senate, and now reposes there. The Senate was probably influenced in letting it drop by some very obvious reflections as to the effect on public sentiment of the adoption of a constitution by a small fraction of the legal votes of a State, and determined, whether wisely or unwisely remains to be seen, to stand by the original measure.

The situation now is, in plain terms, simply this: The execution of the plan of reconstruction on which Congress settled after two years of discussion and experiment has, after a full trial, in spite of all the encouragement it could receive from military commanders and Northern political organizations, been arrested by a cunning device of the Southern whites—of whites, too, whom it has not been possible to disfranchise for a share in the rebellion. One of the unfortunate results of the state of political feeling at the South is that the white population is nearly a unit. The disfranchising a large portion of it has not resulted in dividing it into two parties. On the contrary, it seems to have cemented it together more closely than ever. Those whom we have permitted to retain the franchise have used it to carry out the wishes and ideas of those from whom we have taken it away, and we have now proof of what all intelligent men have so long suspected, that the negro, even with the United States Government at his back, and his enemy's hands tied, is no match for him in the game of politics. If the white cannot influence him, he can intimidate him; and between influence and intimidation the white man, or, as it is the fashion to call him, "the unrepentant rebel," has even now, with all the restrictions which Congress has thought proper to impose on men of his class, with the United States troops keeping watch and ward over him, been able to have things his own way.

The question what is to be done is, therefore, fairly before the country as well as before Congress, and has to be answered at once. The majority in Congress have been for some time writhing under the delay in reconstruction from the consciousness that the party was suffering from it, and that if it were protracted much longer it would endanger the Presidential election. For this reason great exertions have been made to push it on in Alabama, so as to get one State in at least, and show that the thing could be done before the New Hampshire election. The present check is therefore a great disappointment from a party, as well as from a national, point of view. The Congressional leaders have therefore almost lost patience, and seem indisposed any longer to stick at trifles. The law under which the Alabama vote has just been taken prescribed distinctly who were to vote and who were to be excluded from voting, and ordained that unless a majority of the qualified voters whose names stood on the registry list voted for the constitutions which the conventions were to draw up, such constitutions would not be put in force or recognized by the United States Government. We dare say the intention of the framers of the Reconstruction bill and their expectation also were that all registered voters should vote, and that the decision should rest with the majority. The wording of the statute, however, makes refraining from voting altogether serve the same purpose as voting no, and the malcontents prefer it, as it enables them not only to defeat the constitutions, but to bring additional discredit on them by showing the world that only a very small proportion of the population takes any interest in them whatever, even enough to induce it to go to the polls. The intention of the framers of the bill is therefore defeated, and their expectation disappointed, and by the aid of instruments furnished by themselves. It is now proposed to disregard the provisions of the Reconstruction Act altogether, and to pass another which will bring in Alabama at once as she stands. The argument by which the New York *Tribune*—from which we always get more of the theory of Congressional doings than we ever get from Congress itself—justifies this proposal is substantially this: That the end and aim of the reconstruction process is, of course, first, the restoration of the Union and the protection of the loyal men of the South; now, those who vote against the new constitutions, and those who refrain from voting at all, are equally disloyal; those who vote for them are sure to be loyal, and these are and ought to be the first care of Congress. These, be they few or be they many, are the real "people" of the State. Therefore, though they be only "ten" in a State, when they bring us a constitution which complies with Congressional requirements, and ask us for admission to the Union, we are bound to recognize them as the State, and let them come in.

There are, however, two serious objections to it. A bill of the character now proposed, whatever else it might do, would not disguise or color the fact that Reconstruction Act No. 1, which we have all been defending so strenuously for the last year, had been abandoned by its authors as a failure. If this would not furnish a triumph to the "unrepentant rebels" and to the Northern Democrats, and would not do much to dishearten and disgust weak-kneed Republicans, they must be either more or less than human. The original Reconstruction Act, under which the election has just been held, defined the people of a Southern State to be all that portion of the population who should satisfy certain officials as to their qualifications and procure the inscription of their names on a certain register, and engaged that the State should be admitted to the Union under any constitution which a majority of these voters so registered formally approved of. The bill which it is now proposed to pass, however, would furnish an entirely new and contradictory definition of "the people"—making it that portion of the registered voters, be it large or small, which approved of a certain constitution. There is no way of making the last bill appear supplemental merely to the first one. It contradicts and supplants it. Whoever supports the one admits that the other was of no value. Therefore, we hold that the change, whether necessary or not, is a confession of failure, and will injure the party in a way which the failure without the confession could not have injured it.

But perhaps, even if it be a confession of failure, it is the best way out of the difficulty, and, although it may injure the party, it will serve the cause. To this, we regret to say, we cannot assent either. Reconstruction Act No. 1 was based on certain principles which we hold to be good not for one, but for all cases, and which must govern any plan of reconstruction that is to be sure and lasting; and first and foremost, on the principle that the constitution of a State ought to be the work of the majority of its people—meaning by people male inhabitants; that it is for them, both on grounds of usage and of reason, to make it; and after they have made it, it is for Congress to say whether they, the State, can come into the Union under it or not. We took this ground in February, 1866, when there was still some uncertainty as to the course Congress ought to pursue after ousting Mr. Johnson from his share in the work of reconstruction; we hold to it still. Congress was doubtless justified in excluding from the registry certain persons whose acts had raised a presumption of their hostility to the Government and reserving the task of drawing up a constitution to the remainder; but we know of no argument and no state of things which will justify Congress in committing this task to any infinitessimal minority of the population whom it may select by an *ex post facto* law or who may choose to call themselves friends of the Union. If there are only "ten men" in a State willing to come into the Union under a certain constitution, tha is a reason for rejecting the constitution and holding the State under military rule. It can never be a reason for "making believe" that the

few ought to govern the many—that a fraction of a population constitute "the people." An oligarchy is an oligarchy, and has all the vices of an oligarchy, whether based on "loyalty," on birth, or on money. Its defect does not lie in the principle on which it rests, but in its very constitution. Moreover, the acceptance by Congress from the hands of a small body of persons of a constitution of which nobody else approved would be tantamount to the imposition of a constitution by Congress on the majority—a thing new in American political history and most dangerous as a precedent.

It is said that we should in this way put an end to military government. But this is another "make-believe." If we admit States into the Union on the demand of little knots of loyalists, on terms obnoxious to the rest of the people, we shall have to leave troops behind to protect the "loyalists" against their subjects. Who would obey their decrees? What regard would the masses pay to their legislatures or their sheriffs, and what chance would "the powers that be" have in the conflicts which would be sure to arise every time an attempt was made to levy a tax or execute a writ?

It is high time we all came down and looked the cold, hard, stern facts in the face. The "guilt of the rebellion" or the "moral right" of Congress has really very little to do with this matter. The problem before us is to pacify the South, and to secure the freedmen against legalized degradation and oppression. To effect this there must be a great deal of wrath smothered, a great many prospects of vengeance and retribution given up. But the way out of the present dilemma, the path of safety as well as of honor for the Republican party, we hold to be the retention of the South under the present military régime until the whites have got rid of whatever delusions as to the possibility of defeating the Congressional policy Mr. Johnson may have inspired them with. In the meantime, military rule is doing no harm. It is the best and most civilizing rule to which the South has ever been subjected, and certainly the one best suited to the crisis through which she has just been passing.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY TO CHRISTENDOM.

The intelligence recently received from China that the Chinese Government had appointed Mr. Burlingame, the late American minister at Pekin, to be its ambassador to Washington and the courts of Europe, was startling even to the foreign residents at the treaty ports of China, and was received here with some surprise and incredulity. We are in possession of information from China, however, which shows that this is only a logical step in the ladder of progress which the Chinese have been steadily mounting for several years past.

The old policy of exclusion was religiously adhered to by the Pekin cabinet till the English and French armies thundered at their gates, and enforced the ratification of the new treaties. Even then the leaders of the old school carried off their debauchee of an Emperor to Tartary, and proposed to continue their flight to the boundaries of the empire sooner than yield to the foreigner. But, on the death of the Emperor, his brother Prince Kung and Wensiang, two men who appreciated and accepted the new situation, gained control of the regency by a brilliant *coup d'état*, and inaugurated a progressive policy. Its first-fruits were an acquiescence in the residence of foreign ministers at Pekin, and a willingness to profit by their advice so far as the distracted condition of the empire would allow. Their attention was next forcibly drawn to the foreign inspectorate of customs at the treaty ports, on which England and France had insisted as a collateral security for the indemnity due them. This institution was at first distasteful, but as each year brought into the imperial exchequer a rapidly increasing revenue from this source, the Chinese have accepted the idea in its entirety, and have developed a revenue service which for efficiency, honesty, and convenience can compare more than favorably with our own. The navigation of the Yangtse River was also conceded, and the substantial advantages to them of the fleet of steamers now trading on that great internal highway of the empire operate in favor of still further opening of their waters to foreign commerce. In various places they have established arsenals under foreign supervision, where arms are manufactured to equip their foreign disciplined troops. They are building gunboats to police their coasts, and repress the piracy which has been their curse. They have issued wise pilot regulations, and appropriated funds for light-houses where the need is most urgent. Wheaton's "Treatise on International Law" has been translated into Chinese, and they have adopted it as their text-book—understandingly, too, as they proved when a Prussian frigate violated the neutrality of their waters in the last Danish war. In Pekin itself a college has been established for the instruction of natives in Western knowledge by the ablest professors that could be procured, and there can be no doubt of the benefit that will almost immediately flow from this substitution of positive sciences for the dead husks of the Confucian classics.

By such reforms have Prince Kung and Wensiang proved their desire for progress to the diplomats of Pekin. But the governments of the West, goaded on by the incessant cry of commerce for wider expansion, have been too prone to disparage the importance of what is already accomplished, too willing to doubt the sincerity of Chinese professions, and too unmindful of the incubus of native superstition and crass ignorance against which the Pekin cabinet must struggle in its efforts to bring the empire into the comity of nations. Nor could the Chinese hope to combat these prejudices, or prove that they are really anxious to reap the advantages and assume the responsibilities of intercourse with civilized peoples, so long as they refused to use their privilege of being represented at the courts of treaty powers. To send such an embassy was to abandon for ever their old pretension that China had nothing to ask from the outside world, the nations of which were mere tributaries of their Emperor. Bold as was the move, however, it was, as we have seen, the next step in the rational development of progress at which these statesmen have aimed, and they have decided to brave the ancient traditions of their country. There is no reason to assume, as has been done by a clever contributor to one of the Shanghae papers, that this embassy was planned in Washington two years ago. The idea originated with the Chinese themselves, and the mission has therefore a deep political significance, while on any other supposition it would have been as futile a plot as the Lay-Osborn flotilla scheme.

The facts are, briefly, that when Mr. Burlingame called at the Foreign Office to take his congé as American minister, this mission was offered to him by Wensiang, after many expressions of gratitude for the fairness which had characterized his diplomacy, and of their desire to be represented by him in those countries whither he was going, and where they had few friends who understood them. Mr. Burlingame, after careful consideration, accepted their offer, and a few days afterwards received in due form the Imperial decree nominating him ambassador to all the countries having treaties with China, viz., United States, England, France, Russia, Prussia, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and the Netherlands. The diplomatic corps at Pekin were informed without delay of the new mission, which they seem one and all to have welcomed. Indeed, whatever soreness or irritation any of them may have felt, it is hard to see how they could have done otherwise, inasmuch as the Chinese have only exercised an undoubted right, to which no objection can be urged except as a shield for interested or sinister motives.

Looking at Mr. Burlingame's nomination from the Chinese standpoint, it seems as astute on national grounds as it is personally natural and appropriate. In the first place, the men who had foresight enough to see the advantages of the embassy saw also that to send a Chinese would be to place themselves in the hands of the foreign employees whom it would be necessary to attach to their envoy, ignorant as he would be of Western languages and untrained in European diplomacy, It remained, therefore, to select some foreigner who should possess, together with their confidence, a perfect knowledge of their foreign relations, with an insight into their internal condition and practicable policy. Of all the great powers who have had treaties with them America stands alone as their constant friend and adviser, without territorial aspirations, without schemes of self-aggrandizement—the unpretending but firm advocate of peace and justice. It therefore seemed safest to entrust their interests to the citizen of a country which had persistently avoided aggression, and which they knew was not hampered or committed by any alliances with the powers they had

most to fear. Besides, they had seen enough in Pekin and learned enough of current history to know how hopelessly entangled are the various nations of Europe. To have appointed an Englishman would have irritated the French; a Frenchman or German would have been distasteful to England; a Russian would have been a slight to the other three; so that the choice of an American seemed, as the event has proved, the only means of reconciling their own wishes with the conflicting interests of other nations.

On the other hand, apart from his nationality, there seems a special fitness in the selection of Mr. Burlingame. He was the dean of the diplomatic corps at Pekin, and, as such, better and longer known to them than any other high foreign officer there. They have had good reason to thank him, above all others, for initiating what is termed the "co-operative policy," by which the great powers have guaranteed the territorial integrity of China, binding themselves to act in concert on all questions of common interest, and pledging themselves to use fair diplomacy in place of the old cut-throat, bayonet-point policy which assumed that China had no rights which foreigners were bound to respect. England and France had come to look on China as a great preserve for their own use, over which they should exercise a virtual protectorate and despoil as occasion might offer. But with the increasing interests of other nations in China this policy would have led to constant complications, and, for the common peace, must have been sooner or later abandoned. It is due to Sir Frederic Bruce and M. Berthamy, the British and French ministers, to say that they united cordially with Mr. Burlingame in inaugurating a juster and more sensible policy, and that they yielded with a good grace the preponderating influence at Pekin which their countrymen cannot yet see has of necessity become lost to them. More or less of a veil of mystery hides most Pekin diplomacy, still it is well known that Mr. Burlingame has been the incessant adviser and mediator between the conflicting interests at the court. His good offices, for instance, relieved the Chinese from the burden of the "Lay-Osborn flotilla," a filibustering scheme by which two English gentlemen, with more or less of their Government's concurrence, hoped to convert China into a satrapy of England. And when the French became embroiled in the Corea through their missionaries, and threatened to levy a war of propagandism in China, Mr. Burlingame, in like manner, calmed the troubled waters and saved France from the stigma of doing a great wrong.

There is, therefore, no one whom the Chinese can so confidently trust to state to Western nations their wrongs, difficulties, and aspirations as the man who has so long proved himself their disinterested friend. And it is understood that this confidence has been fully and implicitly bestowed, so that on arriving in Europe he will find himself unfettered by instructions and free to act as to him may seem fit. Those who fear that the embassy bodes no good to foreign interests need only refer to Mr. Burlingame's political record to be satisfied that he will not lend himself to any retrograde policy. We are all too apt to complain of the slow movement of the Chinese in the direction of progress; but the most far-seeing policy, after all, consists in the slow, gradual, but steady development of powers which centuries of stagnation have paralyzed. No one understands this better than the new ambassador from China to the outer world.

THE USE OF THE SUPREME COURT TO THE UNION.

Why the advocates of absolute or of limited State sovereignty should have been in the past, or should be now, openly or covertly the opponents of the Supreme Court, is easy to understand; why those who assert the essential nationality of the United States should join in the same opposition is utterly inexplicable. That court is the one department of the General Government which has uniformly been ranged on the side of the sovereign people, one and indivisible; the executive and the legislative have occasionally wavered, this never. Without its aid there would now have been no national party, simply because there would have been no nation. For those, therefore, who uphold the principles of government which emerged victorious from the agony of the late war; who lead the party of the Union and shape its administrative measures; who are laboring to define and exalt the nature of American citizenship, and to protect the American citizen from all the effects of local hostilities—for them to weaken the authority of the court by directly abridging its jurisdiction, or by destroying its moral influence and the popular confidence in its judgment, is more than an act of folly, it is an act of suicide. The history of the court establishes beyond a doubt the correctness of these statements.

It is well known that in the Convention of 1787 the opposing forces of nationality and of State independence and sovereignty were nearly equal, and although the former triumphed in the general plan of the Constitution, their victory was not won without many concessions and compromises. The conflict immediately recommenced upon the organization of the new government, continued without intermission, received an accession of bitterness and violence from the added element of slavery, and finally culminated in the rebellion. Into this contest the court at once threw itself, and dealt most vigorous blows. Called upon to decide cases arising under the Constitution, it could not evade the summons, and answered the call with no uncertain response. In its first great judgment involving an interpretation of the organic law (Chisholm *v.* Georgia, 1793) it proclaimed the absolute nationality and paramount supremacy of the one people with a clearness, force, and emphasis which leave nothing to be supplied, and thereby opened the way for far-reaching results which we are just beginning to apprehend. From the position then assumed it has never departed. For the first fifty years of its existence it was constantly engaged in sustaining the authority of the General Government against the encroachments of the States. A deliberate attempt was made by many State legislatures, and persevered in with an unpatriotic determination, to restrain Congress within the narrowest limits, and to reduce it to the condition of its confederate predecessor. State laws were passed creating local regulations of commerce, interdicting free navigation, imposing duties upon vessels and goods, demanding licenses from importers. State taxes were laid upon the stock of the United States, upon its bank, and upon the salaries of its officers. Had these incipient and somewhat tentative measures been successful, they would speedily have been followed by others yet more aggressive, and the final result would not have been doubtful nor far distant. That they were not successful, and that the threatened result was made for ever impossible, was due alone to the Supreme Court. In a series of masterly judgments, called forth by these State laws, the functions of Congress were examined, and the two great fundamental principles were established, that within the range of subjects committed to it its powers are as absolute as those of the British Parliament, and the supremacy of its legislation as perfect, and that while acting within this range of subjects its choice of particular measures is unlimited. The attempt of the States to reclaim the practical independence which they had enjoyed during the confederation was thus frustrated, and they were reduced to the position of subordination which the Constitution assigned them. The importance of this judicial action, and of the high national principles thus made a part of the fundamental law, may be appreciated when we reflect that every extraordinary statute of the present and of the late Congress must be sustained by a reference to these doctrines. It is a very remarkable fact that, with the three exceptions soon to be mentioned, the only United States laws which have ever been declared invalid were one or two conferring jurisdiction upon the Supreme Court itself or upon the inferior tribunals. On the other hand, many most important enactments have been upheld, the prohibitions of the Constitution, whether contained in express provisions or involved in the national supremacy, have been sternly enforced against the States, and Congress has been secured in its position as an imperial legislature. The three additional instances in which the court has pronounced against the validity of United States statutes are the Dred Scott case, the Test Oath case, and the case of Milligan. However much we may object to and repudiate at least one of these decisions, it must be said that they do not impair the nationality of the people and the supremacy of the Government, but profess to be based entirely upon prohibitory clauses of the Constitution, which expressly forbid the legislation under review.

Mr. Parton has recently said that the life-work of Daniel Webster was the education of the North in respect to the nature and value of the Union. The same may be said, with even more truth and emphasis,

of the Supreme Court. Its solemn judgments have given an authority to the claims of the nation as against those of local sovereignty; the States have been compelled to yield, and their judiciary, though sometimes reluctantly, have adopted the doctrines of the higher tribunal, and thus these doctrines have finally become the settled convictions of the people. Without this education and these convictions, the war for the suppression of the rebellion could not have been prosecuted; indeed, it would never have been commenced. The opponents of the court have hitherto been found among the partisans of State sovereignty. This was natural. These men sought its complete overthrow, or at least the destruction of its semi-political function, because they saw in it an obstacle to the success of their disorganizing efforts. They might hope to obtain control of Congress and the Executive, but to move the judiciary from its position they knew to be impossible. It is more than strange, it is pitiable, to find the national men of the present day repeating the stale arguments so often used by their adversaries, and quoting with approval the sneers of Jefferson and Jackson. Do they reflect that they cannot afford to lose the aid of the Supreme Court? To remove the legislation of Congress from the reach of all judicial action is simply impossible. If the judges of the nation are silenced, those of the States will be left entirely uncontrolled. The laws of the General Government must operate within States, and the officers of the General Government must act within the jurisdiction of State tribunals. Remove the supervisory function of the national judiciary, and these laws will become the sport of local partisanship; upheld in one commonwealth, they will be overthrown in another, and all compulsive character will be lost.

We might be content with the simple fact established by its history, that the Supreme Court has been an invariable supporter of our nationality, but there is an evident reason why this should continue to be so. The judges are in great measure withdrawn from local influences; they are the permanent branch of the Government; the precedents for their action are all in favor of upholding the national authority; their habit of mind is opposed to any violent change. To restrict their jurisdiction and weaken their moral power is, therefore, to sacrifice in a most unnecessary manner that department of the Government which, more than any other, will make national ideas triumphant, not only in the legislation of to-day, but in the permanent convictions of the people.

AUTHORS VERSUS READERS.

MR. HENRY C. CAREY, of Philadelphia, was requested fourteen years ago, by a "Pennsylvania Senator," to put on paper his ideas as to the nature of the property which authors held, or were entitled to hold, in their books, apropos of the copyright discussion which was then raging. He did so in a series of letters, of which a second edition has just been published, with the addition of a long preface, as a reply to Mr. Parton's recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. This article, Mr. Carey says, he has read carefully, and "he finds in it nothing beyond a labored attempt at reducing the literary profession to a level with those of the grocer and tallow-chandler," and he concludes that most of the "eminent persons" whose cases Mr. Parton cites as illustrations must have read his plea with "profound disgust."

We do not propose to enter into the merits of Mr. Carey's case against Mr. Parton, however, nor into Mr. Carey's standard of good taste, or even of expediency. What we are going to say is about Mr. Carey's own theory of the nature of literary property, which we shall endeavor, as far as our space will allow, to give in his own words:

"The facts or ideas contained in a book constitute its body. The language in which they are conveyed to the reader constitutes the clothing of the body. For the first no copyright is allowed. Humboldt spent many years of his life in collecting facts relative to the southern portion of this continent; yet so soon as he gave them to the light they ceased to be his, and became the common property of all mankind. Captain Wilkes and his companions spent several years in exploring the Southern Ocean, and brought from there a vast amount of new facts, all of which became at once common property. Sir John Franklin made numerous expeditions to the North, during which he collected many facts of high importance, for which he had no copyright. So with Park, Burkhard, and others, who lost their lives in the exploration of Africa. Captain McClure has just accomplished the Northwest Passage, yet has he no exclusive right to the publication of the fact. So has it ever been. For thousands of years men like these—working men, abroad and at home—have been engaged in the collection of facts; and thus there has been accumulated a vast body of them, all of which have become common property, while even the names of most of the men by whom they were collected have passed away. Next to these come the men who have been engaged in the arrangement of facts and in their comparison, with a view to deduce therefrom the laws by which the world is governed, and which constitute science. Copernicus devoted his life to the study of numerous facts, by aid of which he was at length enabled to give to the world a knowledge of the great fact that the earth revolved around the sun; but he had therein, from the moment of its publication, no more property than had the most violent of his opponents. The discovery of other laws occupied the life of Kepler, but he had no property in them. Newton spent many years of his life in the composition of his 'Principia,' yet in that he had no copyright, except in the mere clothing in which his ideas were placed before the world. The body was common property. So, too, with Bacon and Locke, Leibnitz and Descartes, Franklin, Priestley, and Davy, Quesnay, Turgot, and Adam Smith, Lamarck and Cuvier, and all other men who have aided in carrying science to the point at which it has now arrived. They have had no property in their ideas. If they labored, it was because they had a thirst for knowledge."

For the real producers of the ideas by which the race is elevated and carried forward, and its stock of knowledge increased, therefore, according to Mr. Carey, no property in these ideas is claimed or can be created.

"For what, then, is copyright given? For the clothing in which the body is produced to the world. Examine Mr. Macaulay's 'History of England' and you will find that the body is composed of what is common property. Not only have the facts been recorded by others, but the ideas, too, are derived from the works of men who have labored for the world without receiving, and frequently without the expectation of receiving, any pecuniary compensation for their labors. Mr. Macaulay has read much and carefully, and he has thus been enabled to acquire great skill in arranging and clothing his facts; but the reader of his books will find in them no contribution to positive knowledge. The works of men who make contributions of that kind are necessarily controversial and distasteful to the reader; for which reason they find few readers, and never pay their authors."

He cites in illustration, also, Webster, Prescott, Bancroft, Pitt and Fox, Sir Robert Peel, and Kent—all of whom, he says, were mere collectors and arrangers of facts and ideas produced by other men, and of which "the world at large is the owner." But here again we must quote Mr. Carey himself. The slightest deviation from his own statement would interfere with our purpose:

"The world at large is the owner of all the facts that have been collected, and of all the ideas that have been deduced from them, *and its right in them is precisely the same* that the planter has in a bale of cotton that has been raised on his plantation, and the course of proceeding *has thus far been precisely similar; whence I am induced to infer* that in both cases right has been done. When the planter hands his cotton to the spinner and weaver, he does not say, 'Take this and convert it into cloth, and keep the cloth;' but he does say, 'Spin and weave this cloth, and for so doing you shall have such an interest in the cloth as will give you a fair compensation for your labor and skill, but when that shall have been paid the cloth will be mine.' This latter is precisely what society, the owner of facts and ideas, says to the author. 'Take these raw materials that have been collected, and clothe and put them together, and clothe them after your own fashion, and for a given time we will agree that nobody else shall present them in the same dress. During that time you may exhibit them for your own profit, but at the end of that period the clothing will become common property, as the body now is. It is to the contributions of your predecessors to our common stock that you are indebted for the power to make your book, and we require you, in your turn, to contribute towards the augmentation of the stock that is to be used by your successors.' This is justice, and to grant more than this would be injustice."

We do not know who the Pennsylvania senator to whom the foregoing was addressed may have been; but if he ever received any decent drilling in the art of seeing distinctions, it must have set his teeth on edge. The reader, doubtless, imagines that even if Mr. Carey denies the character and rights of producers to historians, orators, and legal commentators, he will at least concede them to great novelists. Nothing of the kind. They, too, are mere collectors and arrangers:

"Let us turn now, for a moment, to the producers of works of fiction. Sir Walter Scott had carefully studied Scottish and Border history and thus had filled his mind with facts preserved and ideas produced by others, which he reproduced in a different form. He made no contribution to knowledge. So, too, with our own very successful Washington Irving. He drew largely upon the common stock of ideas, and dressed them up in a new and what has proved to be a most attractive form. So, again, with Mr. Dickens. Read his 'Bleak House,' and you will find that he has been a most careful observer of men and things, and has thereby been enabled to collect a great number of facts that he has dressed up in different forms; but that is all he has done. He is in the condition of a man who had entered a large garden and collected a variety of the most beautiful flowers growing therein, of which he had made a fine bouquet. The owner of the garden would naturally say to him, 'The flowers are mine, but the arrangement is yours. You cannot keep the bouquet, but you may smell it or show it for your own profit for an hour or two, but then it must come to me. If you prefer it, I am willing to pay you for your services, giving you a fair compensation for your time and taste.' This is exactly what society says to Mr. Dickens, who makes such beautiful literary bouquets. What is right in the individual cannot be wrong in the mass of individuals of which society is composed.

Nevertheless, the author objects to this, insisting that he is owner of the bouquet himself, although he has paid no wages to the man who raised the flowers."

Mr. Carey's having himself supplied the illustrations of his arguments saves those who think him mistaken a good deal of trouble, because they furnish the materials for refuting him. More than this: they furnish full justification for saying that a man of Mr. Carey's powers is inexcusable in bringing such loose thinking as we have in the pamphlet before us to bear on a question which so deeply affects the national morality as well as the national culture. We shall, to make assurance doubly sure, cite one more of them:

"The man who makes a book uses the common property of mankind, and all he furnishes is the workmanship. Society permits him to use its property, but it is on condition that, after a certain time, the whole shall become part of the common stock. To find a parallel case, let it be supposed that liberal men should, out of their earnings, place at the disposal of the people of your town stone, bricks, and lumber in quantity sufficient to find accommodation for hundreds of people that were unable to provide for themselves; next suppose that in this state of things your authorities should say to any man, or men, 'Take these materials, and procure lime in quantity sufficient to build a house; employ carpenters, bricklayers, and architects, and then, in consideration of having found the lime and the workmanship, you shall have a right to charge your own price to every person who may, for all times, desire to occupy a room in it;' would this be doing justice to the men who had given the raw materials for public use? Would it be doing justice to the community by which they had been given? Would it not, on the contrary, be the height of injustice? Unquestionably it would, and it would raise a storm that would speedily displace the men who had thus abused their trust. Their successors would then say: 'Messrs. ———, our predecessors, did what they had no right to do. These materials are common property. They were given without fee or reward, with a view to benefit the whole people of our town, many of whom are badly accommodated, while others are heavily taxed for helping those who are unable to help themselves. To carry out the views of the benevolent men to whom we are indebted for all these stone, bricks, and lumber, they must remain common property. You may, if you will, convert them into a house, and, in consideration of the labor and skill required for so doing, we will grant you, during a certain time, the privilege of letting the rooms at your own price to those who desire to occupy them; but at the close of that time the building must become common property, to be disposed of as we please.' This is exactly what the community says to the gentlemen who employ themselves in converting its common property into books, and to say more would be doing great injustice."

This is the whole argument. Now, the case of society dealing with the author is not only *not* "precisely similar" to the case of the planter dealing with the manufacturer, but it is totally unlike it. The reason, and the only reason, why the planter retains a share in the cloth—or, in other words, why the manufacturer's property in the cloth is limited—is that the planter's supply of cotton is limited, and when he parts with a bale he has a bale the less in his store, and the manufacturer has a bale the more in his. When society furnishes facts and ideas, however, to book-makers, it parts with nothing. The author takes and uses, but society does not lose. As many facts and ideas remain in its possession after he has written as before he began to write. Nobody can get up and say to Macaulay or Prescott or Bancroft: "In consequence of your having drawn on the general stock of facts and ideas for your history, a number of valuable facts and ideas which before you wrote were accessible to me, are accessible no longer unless I buy your book." If any one were foolish enough to address a historian in this way, the reply would of course be: "I drew from the common stock, it is true; but in drawing I did not diminish it. As many ideas and facts remain in it as ever. They are exactly as much within your reach as ever. You can go and get them yourself, as I did, without buying my book. If you would rather not do so, or have not the skill or industry or patience to do so, you must pay me for my labor in collecting and arranging and making them comprehensible to you." We need only suggest to the reader how much more forcibly even the novelist might reply. What a stinging rebuke Mr. Dickens might give "society," if society had the impudence to justify its refusal to pay him for his bouquets by laying claim to the flowers of which it was made.

Mr. Carey's house illustration makes the case against him still stronger. When the noble-minded persons furnish the builder with bricks and lumber, they diminish perceptibly the town stock of these articles. They prevent somebody else from building a similar house. They can put on paper in dollars and cents the value of their contribution to his enterprise, or, in other words, the extent of their loss in case he refuses to share his profits with them or surrender the building to them; but to base a refusal to acknowledge the author's absolute property in his works on this or similar ground is simply absurd. It is like refusing protection to a fortune accumulated by extracting salt from sea-water by evaporation, on the ground that the ocean is the property of the human race.

Moreover, Mr. Carey, if he proves anything, proves too much. If his argument be sound, the men whom he mentions as real producers of "facts and ideas" are as much indebted to society as the mere bookmaker. Newton and Bacon and Leibnitz and Descartes were all immeasurably indebted to society. They were indebted for everything they had learnt from books or teachers, for the social training which inclined them to science, for the security and comfort in which they pursued their investigations, for the civilized sympathy and encouragement by which their labors were cheered. Hayes went to the Polar Sea, it is true, but where did he get the art of navigation, the ship he sailed in, the intelligence which executed his orders, and the hope of honor which consoled and sustained him under his hardships? What right has he to say that he, and he only, produced a "fact?" Who has brought to market any "idea" to the production of which the labors of the race have contributed nothing?

Speculations like these of Mr. Carey's, which try to refine away property in what he calls "the clothing of ideas," would, if successful, destroy all right of property in civilized society, at least for more than a limited period, the length of which would have to be fixed with reference to the danger of putting an end to production altogether. When a man makes a fortune in trade, it is hard to say in what proportions he and society have contributed to the result. He furnishes the sagacity and the foresight and the industry and the self-denial, but society furnished him with the training which fostered and developed these qualities, furnished him with security, with transportation, with the post-office, with certainty as to the future, and so on. What would be thought if it were to step in and say that in consideration of all this he must at the end of forty years surrender his wealth to found an almshouse or establish a public library? And yet this is substantially what society says to the author.

What makes literary property so obfuscating in its effects on many minds is not any peculiarity in it, but in the means by which society has to provide for its protection. No property can be said to be absolute. Society has and exercises the right of prescribing the conditions on which it will protect any property whatever, and these conditions are usually framed with reference not simply to the immediate but to the remote good of the community at large. But all property, except literary property and inventions, can be and is protected by simply affording the owner security. Literary property, on the contrary, requires for its protection that society shall bestow a monopoly on the author. The proprietor of lands, houses, or diamonds has all he requires if he has police placed round one or two fences, or, if worst comes to the worst, he can assemble his friends, arm them, and hold his possessions with the strong hand. But the writer of books is utterly helpless unless the government guarantees that within its jurisdiction nobody but he shall for a definite or indefinite period have the right of selling a certain article. This peculiarity of his position naturally causes a harder bargain to be driven with him than with other proprietors. Literary property differs from other property not, as Mr. Carey and Mr. Merriam suppose, in its nature, but in the demand it makes on the community. There is nothing, we affirm without hesitation, in its nature to justify the present practice of taking it away from the owner at the end of forty years, and distributing it amongst the public—which is what is really done when a "copyright expires"—any more than there is anything in the nature of real estate or in bank stocks to justify their seizure at the death of the owner, and appropriation to the endowment of a college or almshouse.

When one remembers that it was only in Lord Mansfield's day that the usages of trade and commerce began to be recognized by the courts and incorporated in the common law, one cannot help believing that we shall see even in our time a similar revolution, not simply in the feelings and opinions of society, but in the legislation of all civilized communities with regard to the vast and novel species of property which the diffusion of education and the improvement in the art of printing and in the means of communication have been creating within the last fifty years. The practice of refusing to protect authors and inventors in the products of their labor for more than a brief period will disappear before the growth of sounder and more enlightened juristic ideas, and society will come to see that when it takes away a copyright for public use, it ought not to take it, any more than houses or lands, "without just compensation."

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 30, 1868.

THIS season of the year is favorable to the discussion of questions which will before long occupy the attention of our legislators. We resolve ourselves, as it were, into a committee of the whole nation, and indulge in a very rambling series of controversies. The particular topic which at pre-

sent looms the largest is that of education. Behind it, and in many respects closely connected with it, lies the even more difficult problem of pauperism. An excellent London clergyman—Mr. Rogers—wrote to the *Times* the other day to declare that the only way of stemming the advancing tide of pauperism was by thoroughly educating the people. On the other hand, the Bishop of Oxford, in one of his flippant humors, has just made a speech pointing out the obvious fact that pauperism is the great difficulty in the way of education. The meeting of reformers at Manchester proposed that education should be compulsory, and the expenses paid by local rates. Excellent! says the bishop; but how are you to force an agricultural laborer with a family of half a dozen children and ten shillings a week to send his eldest boy to school instead of sending him to pick up a shilling or two by field-work to eke out the family finances? And how are you to squeeze rates enough for school-building out of a parish when half the rate-payers are on the brink of pauperism? These are practical difficulties which demand, and, I doubt not, will receive an answer; for I am somehow persuaded that, when a bishop declares a thing to be impracticable or impious, it is generally on the verge of accomplishment, and we are not yet so poor but that we can manage to build schools and pay for schoolmasters, however the charge is to be distributed.

I only mention this, however, to point the obvious moral of the connection between ignorance and poverty. There is the fatal circle, that when people are on the brink of starvation they have no spare energy to give to learning, and that when they are grossly ignorant they have not the foresight and intelligence to rise out of their slough of misery. The same truth is receiving a rather different application at the East End of London. The accounts of the miserable position of the laboring population at Poplar and the Isle of Dogs, and other amphibious districts below the port of London, have been something heart-rending. As a natural consequence, a vast stream of charitable contributions has been poured into the district. Unluckily, the money has been distributed amongst a number of associations, with no particular guarantee for its judicious application. Some of the funds are distributed with an eye to doing a little religious conversion. A man gets his loaf or his shilling if he attends a lecture on the evils of Popery. And there has till the present moment been no proper attempt at establishing a mutual understanding amongst the administrators of the different funds, or between them and the poor-law officers. I hope that things are now being put on a rational footing. Meanwhile, the evil has resulted that the most independent amongst the poor have been left to starve, whilst the idle and profligate have gone round to the different charitable funds and obtained better pay than they could earn by labor. The report of a delightful district, where the fountains of charity were running with unusual freedom, has spread amongst the begging classes generally. They have naturally gravitated towards the East End to put in a claim for the good things that were going. Thus around the nucleus of honest men who were starving there has grown up a mass of chronic pauperism pressing upon the poor-rates, and hiding the genuine distress from public notice. To deal with this is difficult enough; but the real sufferers are not altogether free from another imputation. A great meeting of artisans was held the other day to consider the difficulties of their position. The primary cause of the distress seems to be that the ship-building trade has deserted the port of London for other districts where labor and materials are cheaper. For example, it has been improving on the Clyde whilst falling into decay on the Thames. Meanwhile, between the workmen and their masters there rages one of those disputes of which an outsider can never come at the truth. The masters declare that they are ready to begin ship-building to-morrow if only the laborers would accept lower wages. The shipwrights, they say, consider it a law of nature that they should receive 7s. a day; sooner than put up with 6s. 6d., they will starve or live upon charity. It was said at the meeting that the destitution of the men should induce them to accept a lower rate of wages. "No," exclaimed a workman of defective logical powers, "if we are poor, that 's the more reason our wages should be 'rose!'" It is obvious that these men, who have been in the receipt of excellent wages when in employment, have not found time to study some of the first principles of political economy. It is right to say that there is, I believe, another side to the question, and that the men have at least some substantial grievances to complain of. Meanwhile, there is an obvious difficulty about helping men who will not recognize the fact that it is better to take sixpence a day less wages than to come upon the parish. In other words, want of intelligence would seem in this case to have a very direct influence in favoring pauperism.

The efforts that were made last session towards removing one of the evils to which paupers are liable have not hitherto borne much fruit. In the intervals of the Reform battles, Mr. Hardy succeeded in carrying a bill for establishing decent hospitals in place of the sick wards at workhouses, whose gross mismanagement had been exposed in the newspapers. The bill was one of those patchwork bits of legislation to which we are only too well accustomed, especially in the midst of exciting party struggles upon other matters. The plan which was carried, and for which Mr. Hardy received great credit even from his political opponents, was at best a mere instalment of reform. It was a more vital defect that it depended for efficiency upon the co-operation of the parochial authorities. In some parts of London they have simply taken up an attitude of dogged resistance. The rates, they say, are quite high enough already. They won't raise any more money to build hospitals or for any other purpose. If they increase the taxation, they will only drive more people over the brink of pauperism, and, in short, be cutting off one end of the blanket to mend the other. They will probably agitate for equalizing the metropolitan rates. If all the rich people live at one end of London and all the poor at the other, it is hardly fair that each district should keep its own pauperism. The metropolis forms one organic whole, and taxation should be equally distributed throughout. But when this question is thoroughly opened it will be but one step towards overhauling the whole theory and system of the poor-laws But I need not anticipate a discussion which will probably come up before long on a larger scale.

A discussion very directly connected with this topic has lately taken place in the newspapers. Mr. Fawcett, the blind member for Brighton, and professor of political economy in the University of Cambridge, made a speech advocating a change in the law of real property. He proposed that in cases of intestacy landed estates should be equally divided amongst the children, instead of going to the eldest son. He admitted that the direct influence of the change would be trifling, as of course a landed estate is very seldom, if ever, left to the disposal of the law. He maintained, however, that it might gradually influence public opinion, as the onus of an unequal distribution would be left to individual proprietors. All the orthodox opened fire upon him with dire indignation. They plunged into the intricacies of the law of entail and settlement to prove that, as a matter of fact, the English law did not favor the accumulation of landed property nor prevent an estate from being broken up. I cannot follow them into the technical difficulties, but can only say *credat Judæus!* There can be little doubt that in practice the landholders who have made our laws have favored the unequal distribution, which suits their prejudices, although it is also true that there is much popular exaggeration as to the stringency of the laws in this direction. Secondly, Mr. Fawcett's opponents declared that the accumulation of land was a natural and inevitable result of civilization—rather a bold assertion in the face of Prussia and France, to say nothing of the more exceptional circumstances of the United States. They declared that the utmost possible facilities for the sale of landed property would only give greater facilities for this accumulation, instead of tending to establish a class of small proprietors. This is a question which can only be answered by experience, and there is no doubt that the accumulation is a result of certain social prejudices and customs which could not be uprooted by any simple act of legislation. We are far removed from any period at which small proprietors will be anything but a rare exception in England, and a great change must take place in public sentiment before any serious attempt is made to realize such a state of things. But the change may be approaching more quickly than is generally supposed.

A curious instance of a rapid change of opinion is afforded by the condition of the female franchise question. Two members of Parliament addressed their constituents in favor of female voting a short time ago. The possibility of a speedy alteration of the law is increased by an odd accident. The other day a woman was accidentally put upon the register at Manchester, and recorded her vote in favor of Mr. Jacob Bright (Mr. John Bright's brother). If an attempt should be made to strike her name off, the question of law will be argued. The Reform bill, it is true, gives the right of voting to men only; but there is an act of Parliament declaring in the most positive terms that "man" shall be taken in all cases, where the contrary is not expressly enacted, to include women. Mr. Denman made this remark on the occasion of Mr. Mill's motion last session, and was ridiculed by his hearers. Further consideration, however, has convinced many lawyers that he was in the right. It is, of course, possible that an act may be introduced this session to declare the exclusion of women, but it is doubtful whether it would pass; it is much more difficult to turn women out of doors than to prevent them from entering; and it is not improbable that this accidental circumstance will enable them to acquire the franchise at once. Of course, the effect of the measure would be limited; for it would only apply to women who are householders. Mr. Disraeli, as I have been told on good authority, has declared that he will never vote for the exclu-

sion of women; and before the division of last session he walked out of the House.

I ought to notice a discussion which has taken place in the *Times* and elsewhere with regard to the termination of Mr. Seward's correspondence with Lord Stanley. I will not express any opinion upon the matter myself, for I am quite incompetent to do so. I think it right, however, to tell you what is at present the prevailing opinion. Most Englishmen believe, rightly or wrongly, that Lord Stanley has gone as far as is possible, and that it would be utterly impossible to submit to arbitration the question of whether we were or were not justified in recognizing the belligerency of the Southern States. They hold further that Mr. Seward was not really seeking for a settlement of the question; but that, whatever concessions we had made, he would have found some pretext for keeping it open. There is, of course, a minority in favor of the concession demanded, but the present impression is undoubtedly that which I have described. I am, of course, quite unable to guess what it may be six months hence.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has published a book called "Spiritual Wives," which is a kind of appendix to "New America." I have only glanced at it, but the general opinion is that it is marked by the same faults of flippancy and bookmaking as his former production, and has, in addition, the worse defect of being grossly and wantonly indecent. It will, therefore, probably command a large sale.

Correspondence.

THE SUPREME COURT AND CONGRESS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The articles in the *Nation* on the Supreme Court bill seem to me to fail to meet the true point. It seems to me that the relation of the bill to reconstruction, and cases to arise out of reconstruction, is the *sole view* in which the worth and propriety of the measure are considered by you. The question, to my mind, would present the same aspect if every State were reconstructed and in the Union which it now does. It is this: Is there not a sound and just reason why cases the decision of which, in favor of one party or the other, involves a decision that an act of Congress is unconstitutional, should require a greater preponderance of the judicial opinion of the court than where mere questions involving private right alone are concerned? I believe that they should, and the reason seems very obvious. Ordinary cases involve only the matter in controversy between the respective parties to the suit; but a decision which determines a law to be unconstitutional involves all others whose rights are based under the same act. Take, for instance, the act to authorize sales of land for taxes in Southern States. A suit in which that law should be adjudged unconstitutional would avoid every title held under the law, and render it worthless in the market.

A decision by the Supreme Court which pronounces any act of Congress unconstitutional is widespread in its consequences. It affects values and interests not before the court, and affects them directly and immediately.

It seems to me that decisions so important as these, and of so extended an influence, and having the effect to nullify an act of the legislature, may well be required to be supported by something more than the bare majority of the court, and it would be a just and right provision to require for such decisions that they should receive a vote of at least two-thirds of the court.

Ordinary cases decide nothing but the bare point in issue between the parties; and even where principles reaching beyond the case are uttered, they are, in fact, mere *obiter dicta*, and not binding on the subordinate district courts; but a decision by the Supreme Court in any case that any act of Congress was unconstitutional, would have the effect *instanter* to render the law a nullity all over the land. Under these circumstances, it seems to me that the soundest reason and most judicious policy would dictate that the difference in the number of votes required by the act, where an act of Congress is to be affected by the decision, should be established.

Your obedient servant,
E. C. L.

Chicago, Feb. 8, 1868.

[The case put by our correspondent and many others like it *might* arise; but in legislating on matters of this sort probabilities rather than possibilities have to be considered. Taking into consideration the nature of the two bodies, we believe Congress is far more likely to legislate improperly than the Supreme Court to decide improperly. The history of the Government, as we have endeavored to show elsewhere, proves that it is. We venture to assert that Congress, legislating without the control of the Constitution, would unsettle more titles, impair the obligation of more contracts, and diffuse more alarm amongst property-holders in twenty years than the Supreme Court in a century. The best way of ensuring the solemn and mature consideration of important questions, such as the constitutionality of legislation, is, it seems to us, the way in which most of the questions of English law have been settled for centuries—by repeated arguments before the whole court. For whatever we cannot secure in this way, we must trust to the character of the judges. If nine men cannot be selected from the whole bar of the United States for seats on the bench of the court, whose character can be so trusted on the whole, and making due allowance for human infirmities, then not only the American Government but American society is a failure. We have, however, not reached this conclusion, and, until we do, shall oppose the subjection of the court to the majority of either Senate or House of Representatives.—Ed. Nation.]

MR. BAGEHOT'S VIEW OF THE EXECUTIVE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In the instructive article upon the Executive in the *Nation* for Jan. 25, Mr. Bagehot's view is said to be "absolutely novel in this country." It may not be amiss to say that this subject was discussed from almost precisely his point of view in an article on "The American Executive" in the *Christian Examiner* for March, 1866. The ground there taken is that, if our system suffers from rigidity and routine, the English system is quite as defective by reason of its lack of regularity; and the *Trent* case is adduced, as by your correspondent, to illustrate precisely the point he does—the advantage we may have on occasion in the impossibility of changing the Executive suddenly. It is maintained, however, that on the whole our system would be improved by some infusion of the elasticity of the English form of government; and it is suggested that this might be attained by giving up the method of electing the President for definite terms—let the House of Representatives, or Congress, by joint resolution, once a year, and no oftener, have the power to order an election. If the House should be in harmony with the Executive, this right would not be exercised; if the election should be ordered, the country might sustain the President. At any rate, we should change our Executive just when we wished, which at present we have no power of doing; and the degree of irregularity and elasticity thus obtained would not, it is thought, take away from the workings of our institutions any but that excessive regularity in procedure which, it is easy to see, degenerates in practice into an absurd formality and rigidity.

Marcel.

THE LATE PETER FORCE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In the number of the *Nation* just received, you characterize the late Peter Force as "a book collector" who "once—in John Quincy Adams's administration—published a political paper, and, before that time, 'The National Calendar,' a serial statistical work."

The phrase "book collector" is incomplete and therefore inaccurate when applied to one who collected books as implements for the prosecution of his studies.

If it was not worth while to name his minor historical publications, at least it would not have been out of place to mention the chief labor of his life—the "American Archives"—a work referred to with grateful acknowledgments by every recent writer upon American history.

You would hardly give a fit account of Mr. Bancroft if you should define him as "a book collector who once taught school at Round Hill."

Very respectfully,
M. F. Force.

Cincinnati, February 8, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. have succeeded in persuading Mr Robert Bonner to allow the publication, in book form, of Mr. H. W. Beecher's novel of "Norwood." We do not know that Mr. Bonner has ever before broken his rule of having no part of the *Ledger* republished.——Mr. James Miller has in preparation a new edition of Beckford's "Vathek." It was a happy thought to add the "sublime tale" to the little library so well

begun with "Undine" and "Sintram and his Companions."——The National Publishing Company of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Richmond, and Atlanta will publish, in two volumes, Alexander H. Stephens's politico-philosophico-historical book. Its title is as follows: "A Constitutional View of the Late War between the States; its Causes, Character, Conduct, and Results. Presented in a series of Colloquies, at Liberty Hall."

—Mr. Stephens's book, the title of which we have just given in full, will no doubt be interesting. From the few pages of it that we have seen we conclude that it may very likely become the political bible of all that class of American politicians who think that the war made by the late Slave States upon the Free States was made on account of a difference of opinion as regards the sovereignty of States in the Union, and that slavery was but *the question* on which two opposing principles, consolidation and federation, came into collision on the battle-field. That it will be a clear and valuable statement of the State Rights doctrine appears also to be evident from the few pages that we have seen. It seems a pity that the author should needlessly make a true doctrinaire's mistake at the very outset, and set his readers laughing by calmly denying that slavery was at all a cause of our late war. As if—whatever may happen in the future—anything else than slavery could at that time or previously have put dangerous life into the State Sovereignty theory. Mr. Stephens feigns that three representative men—with the pseudonyms of Judge Bynum, of Massachusetts; Professor Norton, of Connecticut; and Major Heister, of Pennsylvania—meet together at Liberty Hall, and, conversing together, make an enquiry into the nature of the Government of the United States, "or the nature of that Union which exists between the States under the Constitution" (unamended, we presume), "with the cause or conflict of principles which led to a resort to arms." Secondly, they discuss "the conduct of the war on both sides so far as it affected constitutional principles, with its final results upon the organic structure of the entire system of American democratic free institutions." Judge Bynum is the representative of the Radical wing of the Republican party, Professor Norton of the Conservative Republicans, and Major Heister is supposed to be a War Democrat. The proprietor of Liberty Hall, we suppose, represents the party of decentralization. As regards typography, the new volumes will be very good. The paper, if the pages before us are a sample of what is to be used in the completed work, will be too thin, though fine and white.

—A correspondent at Marquette, Michigan, sends us some proofs that Messrs. Clarke & Bowron, publishers in Chicago, are practising on the reading public, at our expense, a deception like that one of which the Boston *Nation* was the other day proved guilty. They send to the Chicago *Evening Journal* what purports to be an extract from a notice in this journal of two books by a Dr. Thomas Clarke. It reads as follows:

"We have seen two books written by Thomas Clarke, of Chicago, namely, 'The Two Angels' and 'Sir Copp,' and we must say that they are extremely good, and we shall look with interest for the other works promised by the same author, as we wish to see literature advanced and fostered in the great West."—*N. Y. Nation.*

We do wish to see literature advanced and fostered in the great West, though we never made that patronizing remark. But Messrs. Clarke & Bowron are not doing anything in the way of advancing or fostering it. And the cause of virtue and religion, which the *Advance* thinks subserved by Dr. Clarke's poems, certainly owes as little to his advertisements as the cause of literature owes to his books. This is what we really said of the two specimens of his work which we had seen:

Messrs. Clark & Bowron, of Chicago, announce that they will publish in quick succession twelve volumes—or what we take to be twelve volumes—in prose and verse, from the pen of Thomas Clarke. Dr. Clarke is a British gentleman who woos the muse in Chicago. Some of his poems are already in their sixth edition. The publishers say that all the works of Professor Clarke, which they are going to publish in the fall, "are of the deepest interest and the highest order of merit." These are their titles: "The Battle, and Other Poems, Patriotic and Humorous;" "Demetrius; or, The Conspirators: A Tragedy in five acts;" "The Aminta: A Sylvan Drama, translated from the Italian of Torquato Tasso;" "Miscellaneous Poems," "A Pastoral, and Other Poems" (reprinted from the London edition); "Donna Rosa and the Silent Village" (reprinted); "A Day in May" (reprinted). All these are in verse; we have seen none of them, but we take the risk of saying that they are not extremely good. Two poems of Mr. Clarke's we have seen, namely, "The Two Angels" and "Sir Copp," which means "Sir Copperhead." As we have passed what may seem an unfavorable judgment on these works, it is fair to say that the publishers have information that "no book since the days of Hudibras has produced so great a sensation as 'Sir Copp.'" The forthcoming prose works by the same author are "Philip Thornton; or, The Adventurers;" "Life in the West," "The New Sentimental Journey," "Lectures and Essays," and "Miscellaneous Pieces."

—Mr. Laughton Osborn, who has recently published two tragedies and two comedies, and who is commonly thought to be a new American author, is, in fact, an author who was pretty well known twenty years ago and more. He wrote "The Vision of Rubeta," which Poe called the best of all satires then published in America. But Poe's criticisms one cannot depend upon. He was able to see "the thing as it is," and he certainly was not wanting in acuteness and courage; also he had more knowledge than almost anybody who in his day professed to be a critic. But although an intellectually truthful man he was morally untruthful, and in his critical writings habitually gratified his personal animosities and indulged his whims instead of expressing with candor and calmness the opinions which he really entertained. It is altogether probable that he knew very well how much Mr. Lowell's "Fable for Critics" was superior to "The Vision of Rubeta." The two works just mentioned and Halleck's trivial "Croaker" and Trumbull's "McFingal" were then almost our only satirical works in verse. Since then all these have been cast into shadow by Lowell's "Biglow Papers," and, in fact, only Lowell's "Biglow Papers" and "Fable for Critics" can now be said to exist as American satirical poetry. Still, as a part of the literature of the country, it is necessary to take account of Trumbull's "McFingal," if not of Mr. Osborn's book. It is, therefore, not uninteresting to learn the origin of "McFingal:" A descendant of the poet, the Honorable J. Hammond Trumbull, of the Connecticut Historical Society, has discovered that the germ of the poem is to be found in a burlesque, in verse, of that proclamation of General Gage's, issued on the 12th of June, 1775, in which he proscribed Hancock and Samuel Adams, and extended a free pardon to all infatuated Massachusetts men except the two great leaders and their abettors and adherents. The burlesque, which at once became popular, was published in the Hartford *Courant* on the 7th and again on the 14th of August, 1775. The Honorable Mr. Trumbull now first makes it known that his ancestor wrote the squib in question, and that fifty of its two hundred and sixteen lines were transferred by the author to his later poem of "McFingal." The fact has hitherto escaped the notice of all gleaners of Revolutionary newspapers, and has never been observed by editors of "McFingal." As not very many people now undertake the perusal of our earliest satire, we give a sample of its force. We give also the corresponding lines of the burlesque and the original of both:

"By Thomas Gage, whom British frenzy
Stiled Honourable and Excellency,
O'er Massachusetts sent to stand here
Vice Admiral and Chief Commander,
Whose Power Gubernatorial still
Extends as far as Bunker-Hill,
Whose Admiralty reaches clever
Full half a mile up Mystick River.
Let ev'ry Clime and ev'ry Nation
Attend once more
A PROCLAMATION."

McFingal says:

"Tho' Gage, whom proclamations call
Your Gov'nor and Vice Admiral,
Whose power gubernatorial still
Extends as far as Bunker's Hill,
Whose admiralty reaches clever
Near half a mile up Mystic River," etc.

McFingal.—*Canto* 2.

Gage was at that time shut up in Boston though, and was governor and admiral of little or nothing. His proclamation is thus prefaced:

By his Excellency the Honourable Thomas Gage, *Esquire, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of* Massachusetts Bay, *and Vice-Admiral of the same.*

The Honorable Mr. Trumbull very well makes out his case.

—The earliest of the satirists of whom we have been speaking was truly what is called a phenomenon of precocious intellectual development. From a manuscript authority his descendant—whose article may be found in the *Historical Magazine* of last month—has made some additions to his ancestor's biography, from which we take these facts: At the age of two years, that is in 1752, he began his primer; in six months he had learned to read. Before that he knew by heart all the primer verses and Watts's "Children's Hymns." Before he was four years old he had read all the Bible, and it is related of him that at this same period, having begun to make verses, he cried because he feared he never should be able to write poetry as good as Dr. Watts. At five years of age he made attempts to write down, in print, his own poems—"large hugeous letters," says President Stiles, for he had not learned copyhand. At six he began without his father's knowledge to learn Latin, and at seven years and six months old he was admitted on examination to Yale College. He then knew the four Gospels in Greek and in Latin, had read Corderius, twelve of Cicero's orations, and the eclogues and "Æneid" of Virgil—a "fit" in the classics which would take a young man into most American colleges of the present day. His father was, however,

judicious enough to take the boy home again, and he was not a matriculated student at Yale till he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age. At twenty-one he was a tutor there. "McFingal" was finished when he was thirty-two years old, he having previously—at the age of twenty-three—been admitted to the bar in Connecticut; studied one year—a part of his twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth—in the office of John Adams, in Boston, and written many articles in the newspapers, none of them without some small cleverness, but none of them nearly so good as his Hudibrastic "McFingal," some few lines of which, having gone into the books of familiar quotations, will keep his name alive, and be attributed, when quoted, to Butler.

—Not impossibly, not improbably even, when Mr. Matthew Arnold's desired chair of Celtic literature is set up in Oxford or Cambridge, some future O'Curry may discover in the mass of Welsh and Irish manuscripts some valuable information now unknown in regard to probable voyages, made no one knows how long before Columbus, between the British Islands and the shores of this continent. Then the Prince Madoc ap Owen Gwinneth and his Floridian expedition may perhaps be rescued wholly from the realm of fable. Humboldt seriously entertained such a hope, and after what has lately been made current information in regard to the extent of Celtic literary remains it seems a hope not unreasonable. Of knowledge already gathered together in regard to pre-Columbian voyages to America we suppose Professor Rafn's "Antiquitates Americanæ" to be the best repository. Referring to it in the last *Historical Magazine*, Mr. J. Carson Brevoort, of the Long Island Historical Society, quotes from it two passages, of which, as it seems to him, Professor Rafn had not perceived the full significance as bearing on earliest American history. To Mr. Brevoort they seem to give not proof but certainly some ground for supposing that traders from Europe had visited this continent before even the first Scandinavian voyager of whom we have accounts. One of the passages referred to is from the Heimskringla (Rafn, p. 191). It relates how Leif, the bishop, was sent by King Olaf to Greenland, and that he went also to Vineland (*Vinlandia Bona*), "which is generally conceded to be New England," Mr. Brevoort asserts. Somewhere in his journey, but the Heimskringla does not say where, whether near Vineland or east of Greenland, the bishop found men in the open sea floating on the planks of their wrecked vessel. In the other of the two passages (Rafn, pp. 290–3) we have a fragment of a manuscript which is conjectured to have been written about two hundred years after the date of the Heimskringla. It speaks of Leif's rescue of the shipwrecked men. "Leifus," it says, "fortunatus dictus, primus Vinlandiam invenit, in quo etiam itinere *mercatores* oceani periculis vexatos, reperit." The mariners are here called merchants, and Leif is said to have picked them up while making the voyage in which he discovered Vineland. So, if we could be surer about the age of this manuscript, and knew whether Leif found the shipwrecked men in the early or latter part of his voyage, and whether or not an easterly storm blew them to the place where he found them; and were more certain that Vinlandia was New England, and knew whether the writer of the manuscript was talking carefully or inaccurately—making, by conjecture, the *homines* of the Heimskringla into *mercatores*—we might hazard the guess that before the year 1000 European merchants visited the shores of this continent. As Mr. Brevoort says, it would as yet be rash to do more than make the guess.

BADEAU'S GRANT.*

The official Army Register for 1867, bearing date the 1st of August, 1867, shows that Adam Badeau was at that date a first lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment of infantry, and an aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel. He holds his staff rank under the act of July 25, 1866, which provides that the General of the Armies of the United States may select from the line of the army, for service upon his staff, such number of aids, not exceeding six, as he may judge proper, who, during the term of such staff service, shall each have the rank, pay, and emoluments of a colonel of cavalry. The difference between the rank, pay, and emoluments of a lieutenant of infantry and those of a colonel of cavalry is very great, and the difference in the general beatitude of the two positions of subaltern in a marching regiment and officer at general headquarters can hardly be less. The world knows very little of the *vie intime* of General Grant's military family; but it has long been evident that the General had a strong partiality for Colonel Badeau, or set a high estimate upon his capacity. The publication of this history furnishes another proof of the General's sagacity in the choice of men. He proved long ago that he knew how to select soldiers able to win whatever game of strategy or perform whatever feat of arms the occasion might require. It now appears that he is equally fortunate in his selection of a person to render him service with the pen.

Colonel Badeau's book is very much such a one as General Grant, from the little we know of him, may be supposed to be best pleased to have written about him. A good deal has long been known about him as a soldier, and this book tells more than was known before; but, as a man, he is seen hardly more distinctly than a mist-wrapped god on the plains before windy Troy. Who shall say whether he wishes to be President, whether he is ambitious, whether he is elated by his successes, whether he traces them altogether to his own merit or thinks that he has owed much to fortune? Who has been able to say with confidence more than that, with Grant for our leader, we saw a great and terrible struggle brought to a triumphant close? The interest of the book before us is to be found mainly in the light which it throws on the unsettled question of Grant's soldierly ability, the question how far his brilliant successes were traceable directly to his personal influence, the qualities of his mind and character. It is not an interesting book, in the popular sense of the term. It is written in good, plain English, but not with the finish of the practised writer, or any positive charm of style. It is a plain, unvarnished tale, and one who reads for amusement mainly will do far better to turn to the storied page of Swinton. It depends for its interest and its value upon its supply of authentic information, and the supply is so abundant, and so much of the information is original, that it has a great deal of both. The author has had access to the telegraphic and written correspondence of the armies, and to all papers under the control of the War Department, including the original reports made by the rebel generals of every battle but two which he describes, and the original rebel field returns. He has also had the advantage of examining Grant's correspondence, both private and official, and of daily conversation, for three years and more, with the General and the officers who accompanied him in his earlier campaigns. From such material he has made up this volume, which brings the narrative down to the 9th of March, 1864, when Grant was made Lieutenant-General, and assumed command of all the armies of the United States. He says in his preface: "I have not meant to state one fact unless it came under my own personal observation, or has been told me by the General of the army, or one of his important officers, or unless I know it from official papers."

With excellent good taste, the author passes rapidly over so much of Grant's life as preceded the fall of Fort Sumter and his entry into the military service of the United States, finding a couple of pages sufficient for telling the whole. The five hundred and fifty or more pages which follow, and make up the main portion of the book, contain the story of the battle of Belmont, the fall of Fort Henry, the capture of Fort Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, the campaign and siege of Vicksburg, including the various attempts to approach the city by means of canals and bayous, the running of the batteries, the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, and Black River Bridge, the final opening of the Mississippi River, and a full account of the manner in which the siege of Chattanooga was raised, and the brilliant victory gained over the army of Bragg. The last hundred pages of the book are made up of letters, despatches, orders, and reports, and are of great interest and value.

As a military history of the first three years of the war, so far as Grant was connected with it, this book is very satisfactory. It follows the chronological order of events, and it is a good, plain, intelligible, straightforward account. Its effect, as a whole, upon thinking men can hardly be other than to raise their estimate of Grant's ability as a soldier. His energy and pertinacity are universally acknowledged already, but this book shows him a thoughtful, painstaking, provident commander, making his preparations with the utmost care, and reducing the influence of chance to the lowest possible point. It also shows—particularly in the account of the siege of Fort Donelson and the battle of Shiloh—that he possesses higher qualities as a fighter of battles than those who know him mainly from the campaign of 1866 have been disposed to accord to him. It seems to prove that he was among the first to grasp the true idea of the war of the rebellion—that the Southern armies were the real objective points. It claims for Grant that he was the original projector of Sherman's great movements in the last year of the war; but there is much to be said in opposition to this claim, and it should be admitted, if at all, only after a careful scrutiny of the evidence on each side of the question.

The attention of the reader is not kept alive to any great extent by picturesque description, but some interesting anecdotes are introduced, and not only is the book far from dull, but it is creditably free from bathos and ex-

* "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant, from April, 1861, to April, 1865. By Adam Badeau, Colonel and Aide-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief, Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Army. Vol. I." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

travagance. It is true, however, that the author permits himself to declare (p. 551) that, at Knoxville, "many of the troops stood in line with only a blanket to cover their nakedness;" and once, in the space of three lines, the Southern armies appear as "the rebel lion," and "the snake, if scotched, not killed." But the newspaper-correspondent asserts himself most singularly in the statement, impossible to prove, but equally impossible to disprove, that at Missionary Ridge, "fierce jets of flame, like those once seen on Sinai, seemed to issue from the mountain side." It is difficult also to conjecture for what class of readers the information contained in the following note was considered necessary. The text is, "At the outbreak of the rebellion Grant was not an abolitionist." The note is, "Those in favor of the abolition of slavery had long been known as abolitionists." But though such opportunities for criticism occasionally present themselves, the defects of the author's style are not numerous or serious.

The close personal relations which Colonel Badeau has long sustained to General Grant give a peculiar significance to the judgments which he pronounces upon the character and capacity of the prominent soldiers of the late war. It is true that he says in his preface that his opinions have not been submitted to General Grant, and that for them he alone is responsible. Whether he here refers to his opinions upon both events and on men, or on events alone, is not clear; but, supposing the statement to apply as much to the one as to the other, it is difficult to believe that the opinions of the favored aid of the General of the Armies of the United States about other general officers can be far different from those entertained by the General himself. Such difference as there might be would probably be in the direction of exaggeration, for the inferior is not likely to have the complete knowledge of the superior, nor the magnanimity which, in Grant's case, seems to attend his profound skill in judging of men, and the enthusiasm of the follower for his great chief may lead him too far. For this tendency allowance should be made in deciding how far to take the judgments of men which Colonel Badeau expresses for those which the General holds.

The subject of the present volume does not lead to the frequent mention of the campaigns and commanders of the Army of the Potomac, but the author seems to know but little of the former and to think but little of the latter, of all of whom his mention is either slight or slighting. He speaks of Antietam as a positive victory with only negative results, a description which is as nearly as possible exactly wrong. Regarded by itself, it came very close to being a drawn battle. Its military importance lay mainly in the facts that it gave a complete check to a series of brilliant offensive movements made by Lee, and that any result to an engagement short of victory is tantamount to a defeat to an invading army. Strange as the statement may appear, the author speaks of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville as if he thought they were victories for the Union armies. In his brief mention of the battle of Gettysburg, he loses sight at once of the facts and of the great principle of the war that he has before praised Grant for discerning and adopting, namely, that only when the rebel armies were either subdued or annihilated would the rebellion end. He says that in the January succeeding Gettysburg "the rebel chief, *with undiminished legions* and audacity, still lay closer to the national capital than to Richmond." We believe, on the other hand, that the magnificent army which Lee commanded from the moment when Johnston was struck down under the persimmon tree near Seven Pines till the surrender of Appomattox Court House was never the same after he pitched his tents on Seminary Ridge. In those "three long summer days" near Gettysburg Lee lost near thirty thousand men, a number said to exceed the aggregate of the losses of his army in the whole series of battles which Grant delivered from the Rapidan to the James River, and, considering the quality of the "matchless infantry," who did and suffered the most on the Southern side, the loss was irreparable. It was Grant's good fortune to capture Vicksburg and Richmond, to cause vast bodies of troops to lay down their arms, to open the Mississippi River, and to end the war, but he never inflicted a defeat upon the enemy in the field which even approached in severity the heaviness of the blow dealt by the Army of the Potomac and General Meade to the Army of Northern Virginia and General Lee at Gettysburg.

The incapacity of General Halleck, whether as a general commanding an army in the field or directing operation from headquarters is now generally admitted, but the doubters and the curious will find in this book much to enable them to make up their minds and to satisfy their curiosity. The most extraordinary piece of new information which we notice is the statement that when Halleck was made General-in-Chief, in July, 1862, he offered the command of the Army of the Tennessee not to Grant, his second in command, who had already taken Fort Donelson and fought the battle of Shiloh, but to a quartermaster named Allen. Colonel Badeau admits, however, with entire frankness, that the unpleasantnesses, interferences, and reprimands which characterized Halleck's treatment of Grant to a very considerable extent in the first two years of the war entirely disappeared afterwards, and that Halleck proved himself a zealous co-operator with the rising soldier, and a candid admirer of his successes.

The story of the rise and fall of the military fortunes of McClernand is fully told in this volume, and it furnishes an interesting and instructive exposition of some of the peculiar difficulties which attend the carrying on of war in republican countries, where the politician becomes a general because he is a politician and without ceasing to be a politician. No candid man, who reads this book, will be likely to pay much attention to any political opposition which McClernand may hereafter make to Grant.

The author finds no kind word to say of Buell, and he seldom mentions Rosecrans except to blame him, or to call him inactive, obstinate, or insubordinate. In fact, the author's indisposition to make cordial mention of officers outside what may be called the family party, composed of Grant, Sherman, McPherson, and Sheridan, is an unsatisfactory feature of the book. His favorable attention is concentrated upon Grant and his especial lieutenants, and all others, especially those who may be regarded as in the very slightest degree candidates for popular favor independently of their connection with him, are pretty sure to be mentioned disparagingly or not at all.

The maps procured by Colonel Badeau are sufficiently numerous, they are very good, and they are of very convenient size and conveniently placed. The general execution of the author's task thus far is good enough to make us look forward with impatience to the appearance of the second volume, which will treat of matters as to which there is much greater difference of opinion than there is as to the subjects of the present volume.

AGASSIZ IN BRAZIL.*

THE novelty of this work consists almost wholly in its scientific details. The reader must not look in it for exciting adventures, wild explorations, unusual hardships, or—speaking only of the narrative—other than twice-told tales of travellers. The romance of an expedition munificently sustained by a private citizen of Boston, and surrounded with Imperial favor throughout its progress in Brazil, is lost in the very ease with which it was conducted at every stage. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons will read of Brazil for the first time in these pages, and to such it is enough to say that Mrs. Agassiz has reported very faithfully the general aspect of the country. It was not practicable for her to excite an interest apart from the main object of the journey; but there is much in her diary, when she is not the mouthpiece of the professor, to instruct and gratify those who are indifferent to the glacial theory and the Darwinian controversy. Chapter thirteen, on the physical history of the Amazons, is from Mr. Agassiz's own pen, and has already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, so that the public are pretty familiar with his theories as to the ice era and area in South America. They may be briefly summed up as follows: That there was a time when the glaciers from the Andes and the mountains of Guiana covered all the great plain between these limits and the Atlantic to the east and south, depositing a vast moraine which effectually walled out the sea, and formed a purely fresh-water basin, in which no marine shells or fossils have been found, and in which, through long epochs, the present alternate sandstone and clay strata were laid, surmounted by the customary glacial drift interspersed with erratic boulders, which may be traced from Rio to the borders of Peru, both by way of the coast and across the country; that, in time, from some cause, internal or external, the terminal barrier was destroyed, and that in the prodigious flow of waters which ensued an unparalleled erosion of the soil occurred, of which the hills of Almeyrim—as the highest remains of the original bottom—are a gauge; that the mouth of the Amazons was then many hundreds of miles to the east of its present one, and the great river counted among its tributaries the Paranahyba and all the streams west of it to the Tocantins. These surmises are abundantly established by the character of the strata and of the boulders, the uniformity and extent of the drift, and its distinguishableness from decomposed rock *in situ*—marked in the coffee districts by the more prosperous plantations, and in practice among the farmers, when selecting coffee land, by the boulders scattered through it; by the proved encroachment of the sea upon the Amazons and the northern shore of the continent, which is still going on at a calculable rate; and finally by remains of the lateral moraine among the serras of Ceará, where Mr. Agassiz, with scientific prescience, had announced it would be found. The only objection to this sufficient and

* "A Journey in Brazil. By Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz." Second Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868. Pp. 540.

otherwise conclusive theory is, that the usual glacial scratches are wholly wanting even in the mountainous environs of Rio; but "there is not," as the professor explains, "a natural surface of rock, unless recently broken, to be found anywhere."

Whether Mr. Agassiz has been as triumphantly successful in refuting Mr. Darwin as in flooding the tropics with ice, we shall not presume to decide. In this branch of his researches he works perhaps rather more as a partisan than as a philosopher, but we know that his pupils are not trained to be *doctrinaires* (witness his admirable instructions on board the *Colorado*), and that his associates in the expedition corroborate beyond question the fact upon which he mainly relies to show "that the transmutation theory is wholly without foundation"—viz., the distribution of species in the Amazons and its tributaries (both actual and ancient). No one can feel at liberty to doubt that these rivers are divided into numerous well-defined habitats of fishes and groups of fishes that do not roam at large; and if this proves that "any given fauna is distinct and has originated where it now exists," and that the gradation uniting all animals is intellectual and not material, then, we suppose, we must abandon the claim of having monkeys for our forefathers, which Mr. Agassiz persists in thinking impious as well as unphilosophical. It would be unfair, however, to pass over his investigation of the human species also, for further arguments against Mr. Darwin. Such a mixture of races as is to be met with in Portuguese America exists in no other part of the world, and it is sincerely to be desired that Mr. Agassiz, who made there a complete series of photographs—front, profile, and back—of Indians, negroes, half-breeds, and the thousand and one shades of indiscriminate amalgamation, may speedily publish them, and deduce from them, if he can, the stability of types and the limited range and instability of varieties. We are bound to observe that in his present reasoning on this head he is guilty of some omissions which seriously impair the strength of his position. Undoubtedly it would greatly discomfit Mr. Darwin to prove that the mixture of bloods produces only deterioration and "a mongrel nondescript type, deficient in physical and mental energy;" but it is well to remember the circumstances under which this mixture has taken place—the contact of a superior with an inferior civilization in a state of slavery, the most effective instrument of amalgamation—as well as to allow for human development some of those periods which the naturalist allows to geology, and even the stock-raiser to the animal which he wishes to acclimate in a strange country. Had he done this, Mr. Agassiz would hardly have ventured, travelling somewhat beyond his record, to advise in the reconstruction of Southern society as confidently as in the reconstruction of a fossil or an extinct species from a single bone. He is no friend of slavery, and yet he considers that to yield the negro the crown of independence and self-protection is to break down, "from a mistaken philanthropy," all barriers between blacks and whites, and ensure the debasement of both. He adds:

"At a time when the new social status of the negro is a subject of vital importance in our statesmanship, we should profit by the experience of a country where, though slavery exists, there is far more liberality towards the free negro than he has ever enjoyed in the United States. Let us learn the double lesson: open all the advantages of education to the negro, and give him every chance of success which culture gives to the man who knows how to use it; but respect the laws of nature, and let all our dealings with the black man tend to preserve, as far as possible, the distinctness of his national characteristics, and the integrity of our own."

In chapter sixteen Mr. Agassiz gives his general impressions of Brazil. Compared with those of other travellers, they show that he was neither blind nor disposed to extenuate, as a guest of both Emperor and people, the well-known national defects. He found the Brazilians indolent and licentious; fond of fireworks and of superstitious observances; ignorant of the interior of their country, and taking no steps to connect it with the capital and the coast by interfluvial highways; importing vegetables and fruit that could be raised by themselves almost without effort; keeping cows, but using little milk and importing their cheese; on the Amazons, with its 2,000 species of fish, importing salt cod, and suffering periodically from a dearth of food amid the most luxuriant vegetation in the world. He found them, on the other hand, amiable and courteous; wherever he went, assisting him in making his collections, and imitating the example of the Emperor evidently out of their obliging disposition rather than in obedience to orders. He praises the tenacity with which, in the face of all discouragements, they have pursued the cultivation of coffee and cotton, and is full of hope of their steady progress in material prosperity. They have opened the Amazons to the free commerce of all nations, and it only remains for the Government to withdraw the patronage which it now extends to certain companies to the general disadvantage. Of the Brazilian women both Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz speak deploringly, especially of those of the North. Like the ladies of Quito—

"Many a Brazilian lady passes day after day without stirring beyond her four walls, scarcely ever showing herself at the door or window, for she is always in a slovenly dishabille unless she expects company. It is sad to see these stifled existences; without any contact with the world outside, without any charm of domestic life, without books or culture of any kind, the Brazilian Senhora in this part of the country either sinks contentedly into a vapid, empty, aimless life, or frets against her chains, and is as discontented as she is useless."

"Among my own sex," continues Mrs. Agassiz, p. 481, "I have never seen such sad lives as became known to me there,—lives deprived of healthy, invigorating happiness, and intolerably monotonous—a negative suffering, having its source, it is true, in the absence of enjoyment rather than in the presence of positive evils, but all the more to be deplored because so stagnant and inactive."

And Mr. Agassiz, speaking to the same point, says, p. 502:

"I cannot close what I have to say of instruction in Brazil without adding that, in a country where only half the nation is educated, there can be no complete intellectual progress. Where the difference of education makes an intelligent sympathy between men and women almost impossible, so that their relation is necessarily limited to that of the domestic affections, never raised, except in some very exceptional cases, to that of cultivated companionship, the development of the people as a whole must remain imperfect and partial."

We quote the remark because it seems to us to have a wider application than to Brazil alone. Mr. Agassiz's anticipations of a "rapid reform" in this direction seem justified by the innovation which even his short stay in Rio introduced—that of public lectures, attended by both sexes.

In keeping with the beautiful typography of this volume are the illustrations, mostly from photographs, drawn upon wood by Mr. Fenn with a fidelity that leaves little to be desired. It is rare that the tropical vegetation in particular is so conscientiously represented. We think the professor would have done well to prepare a sketch map for the reader who wants to know where he went and for the reader who wants to know what he discovered.

Recent Republications.—Mr. T. W. Higginson, we believe, prepared this work* for the juvenile public. He gives us, in Dickens's language, views of "Little Nell," "The Marchioness," "Paul and Florence," "The Fat Boy," "Tiny Tim," "Smike," and "Oliver Twist." These all, good and bad, are "child-pictures" which seem to us meant for the eyes of adults. Its author says, in his half-deprecatory prefatory note, that the chapters contained in the book are "especially associated with children." They talk about children. But for juvenile readers they are as little adapted as almost any chapters that could have been selected from all of Mr. Dickens's works. Where they are absolutely good they are humorous delineations of grown people or children, and, unless we are entirely mistaken, humor is almost entirely thrown away on people under fourteen years of age. When they are not humorous delineations of old folks and young they are pretty badly sentimentally pathetic, and therefore not very good mental pabulum for children any more than for other people. "This Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, folding his arms, "is a very extraordinary person, surrounded by mysteries, ignorant of the taste of beer," and so on—all of which is wasted on small boys and girls. Mr. Swiveller is meat for men. A chapter on Barnaby Rudge and his raven would have been absolutely nothing like so good, and relatively a thousand times better. Mr. Wardle's fat boy, too, whenever he is not a mere farcical lay figure, is a person that children do not appreciate. They laugh when he goes asleep, to be sure, and they would laugh a great deal more if he would go asleep a great deal quicker in much odder positions and places, and breathe a great deal more stertorously when he does drop off. But when he is really good or nearly good, he is out of sight of the children. The chapter entitled "Oliver Twist" seems to us much the best chosen. It has more straightforward story-telling than the others, and has not much else. At any rate, the story-telling is more unalloyed by other things too good and too bad for the audience whom the compiler addresses. Still, the book will do something towards leading young readers into Dickens. It will not perform that work so well as if the compiler had not, apparently, been misled by the notion that a book for children ought to be a book about children, but it will to some extent perform it. Of Mr. Eytinge's new illustrations of Dickens we have more than once spoken. There are none worse. Wherever Mr. Dickens's sentimentality is most disagreeably weakly we find in Mr. Eytinge a sympathetic illustrator; wherever Mr. Dickens is really strong Mr. Eytinge is as far as possible from understanding him.

Every one who has read the book will be glad that Mrs. Dall's latest and best contribution to social reform has reached a second edition, though

* "Child-Pictures from Dickens." With illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

we hope no one will infer that the author is "making a good thing" by the sale.* The mechanical portion of a work so elegantly printed as this is scarcely paid for by the disposal of a thousand copies, more or less; and ten thousand sold would do far more to prosper the cause of woman than to enrich Mrs. Dall or the publishers. This new edition has rendered additional outlay necessary for an index, for corrections of sundry errors in the plates, and for the supplementary preface, in which Mrs. Dall neatly controverts Dr. Todd—or what was left of him after the application of a "counter-irritant"—on the question of inventive genius in woman. So the book is worthier than ever to go where Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony will never get a hearing; and where Gail Hamilton has entered as a "skirmisher," Mrs. Dall ought to follow as a hoplite to hold the field.

Except in being cheaper and a little squarer in shape, the new "Father Tom"† is like the edition which we noticed a few weeks ago, and which sold very readily. The text of each, in fact, has several inaccuracies which are pointed out in the present edition, and we think we have noticed several that still stand uncorrected in the table of errata as well as in the text. One of the corrections must be a mistake. Why, when the Pope is speaking good Latin, should "excommunicabo" be changed to "excommunicæbo"?

The plates of this edition of Cary's "Dante"‡ are not new, but the print is legible, and the book is prettily and conveniently bound in the "Globe" style. A life of Dante and chronological view of the age in which he lived precede the poem; and an index of proper names is added.

Dr. Smith's school histories of Rome, Greece, and England§ are very well known, and are known favorably as being in the main candid in tone, accurate in matters of fact, well up to the most approved recent opinion, and reasonably good in point of style. His "History of England" may be said to be a "middle-class" book. It presents the same view of those periods in English history which have divided English opinion as that taken by Protestants as distinguished from Catholics, and by rather advanced Liberals as distinguished from Tories and from English republicans. Milton would have been far better pleased with it than Laud, and Macaulay would have liked it better than either. Americans will smile when they read that "they are now (1862) suffering severely from the disruption of the Union just eighty years after its recognition;" but, on the whole, they have no reason to find fault with the tone of the book or, as patriotic persons, to be otherwise than quite willing to use Dr. Smith's volume as a manual of history so far as regards England's connection with America, or as regards the strife on English soil between the principles in which Americans believe and those whose defeat we hope for and await. The book is very far from our ideal of what a school history should be; but it is as good a one on the subject of which it treats as any that we know, and better than most. It undertakes to do too much. So it does too much in one way and too little in another. Ingenuous youths will learn from it that Mr. Vansittart was afterwards Lord Bexley, and will learn several hundred, perhaps several thousand, facts of equal importance; but the space at command of a school historian being limited, they will learn less than one would like them to learn of better things. It seems a thing almost unnecessary to be said, that it is of less consequence to teach boys, English or American, that So-and-so was a member of the Rockingham administration than to teach him, for example, how England became a constitutional monarchy while its freer neighbors submitted to a sort of absolutism. Yet readers familiar with school histories know that it is a thing very necessary to be said to almost every writer of school histories. There are books worse than Dr. Smith's as regards this defect, which is the worst defect of Dr. Smith's history. A good school history of England has yet to be written, and the same remark is to be made of other countries so far as we know school histories of other countries. In almost all school-houses of which we have knowledge history is "an old almanac." We praise the book before us as relatively good, not as absolutely better than bad. In this edition the work is a cheap one, the binding and paper are quite good enough for school-boys' handling, the type will not try young eyes, and the wood-cuts are a help to the text, and better executed by much than those of the last volume of this series which passed under our hands—the author's abridgment, reprinted, of Strickland's "Queens of England."

We have spoken of the work as Dr. Smith's. It was drawn up by Mr. Philip Smith, under Dr. Smith's superintendence and direction, and Dr. Smith is responsible for it. Its table of contents is well prepared, and will serve teachers of a certain sort as a set of questions to be used in recitation. At the end are tables showing the genealogies of the royal houses who have ruled England.

The Voice in Singing. Translated from the German of Emma Seiler, by a member of the American Philosophical Society. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—We extend to this little work a hearty welcome. It is a scientific yet clear and practical discussion of a subject which certainly stands in need of far more intelligent consideration than it has been accustomed to receive.

The necessity for further light upon the proper treatment of the voice is sufficiently shown by the fact that there are nearly as many theories concerning it as there are teachers of singing. The author of this work does not overstate the truth in the following description:

"No one who has not made the art of singing a special study can form any idea of the obscure and conflicting views in regard to the transitions of the registers which prevail among singing teachers and artists. Almost every teacher has a peculiar theory of his own in regard to the formation of the voice, every one has his own views, sometimes extremely fanciful, of the formation of tones, and of the registers—views to which he tenaciously adheres, summarily rejecting all others."

Such being the case, it is of much interest to know whether this new guide is all that it professes to be. We think it is. Its author is a German lady who has spent years in a most thorough and patient examination of the actual operations of the vocal organs in the process of producing tones. By the aid of the laryngoscope (an ingenious instrument of English invention which enables a person to examine his own or another's throat almost as minutely as he can examine his hand) she has for several years carried on a series of experiments with all kinds and qualities of voices, till the manner in which tones are produced in all the different registers and the method of transition from one register to another have become entirely clear to her mind. The spirit in which these investigations have been conducted of course counts for much. Mme. Seiler seems to have been entirely free from such pre-established notions as would have tended to disturb the soundness of her conclusions. In fact, one valuable feature of her discussions is that she does not seem too eager to thrust her own views forward, but in describing her experiments is usually content to state the facts themselves, leaving it for others to draw inferences and build up theories.

There is a vein of practical common sense running through the book which argues well for its usefulness. For example, while reading the chapters which describe so minutely the action of the ligaments and cartilages which determine the human voice, the fear suggested itself to our mind more than once that some undiscerning teachers might be led to regard a philosophical treatise as a method of instruction, and endeavor to teach singing by similar anatomical descriptions; which would be about as sensible as for a dancing-master to undertake to give instructions in his art by a series of lectures on the muscles of the leg. But our apprehensions were soon relieved by finding the reader particularly cautioned against this fallacy. While insisting that the teacher should thoroughly understand the physiological laws and occult operations of the vocal apparatus, the author shows clearly that right instruction in singing is almost wholly a matter of example and imitation. Scientific knowledge of the subject may be desirable for the pupil just as any other knowledge is desirable, but in acquiring the right method of using the voice, familiarity with physiological law will be of very little service to him.

Madame Seiler presents with great force the decadence of the art of singing under the present system—or systems—of instruction, and points, with a regret that every musical reader will share, to the old Italian schools such as the one under Porpora, where poor voices learned to become sweet, and where fine voices grew to be world-wonders. Then the children learned to sing, and began softly, sweetly, naturally. Now girls must wait till they are young ladies, for in less than a half-dozen lessons they will be expected to "swell" their poor throats to their utmost power, and stretch them until the highest and lowest possible compass is reached. Then there was ease and purity and freshness of tone. Now there is huskiness and straining and white-of-egg and pickles and honey, until a transient smoothness is attained, only to relapse into worse huskiness when the excitement is over. We have even heard the monstrous proposition that a coarse, rough voice in talking was a *sign* of a good voice for singing. Then durability was an object; the good voice was preserved from childhood almost to old age. Now the young ladies—and young gentlemen too—scream their voices quite away before they reach the prime of life.

* "The College, the Market, and the Court; or, Woman's Relation to Education, Labor, and Law. By Caroline H. Dall." Second edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.

† "Father Tom and the Pope; or, A Night in the Vatican." New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond. 1868.

‡ "The Vision; or, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Rev. H. F. Cary, A.M." Flaxman's illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

§ "A Smaller History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Year 1862. Edited by Wm. Smith, LL.D." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.

Other topics are discussed in this work—as, for instance, "The Æsthetic View of the Art of Singing;" but we have preferred to dwell upon what we regard as by far the most important points. The translator has done his work carefully and well. He can rest assured that he has rendered the musical world a service by bringing this treatise within the reach of English readers.

History of the Microscope, etc. By Jabez Hogg. Sixth edition. (New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.)—One of the best of the numerous English works on popular science is this of Mr. Hogg's, of which the present edition purports to have been partly rewritten, and is profusely illustrated. As a treatise on microscopical science and art the book cannot vie with Frey, Carpenter, or Quickett, but it has, nevertheless, fulfilled the author's object, which seems to have been to excite, outside of scientific circles, a widespread desire to investigate the wonderful microcosm which the compound achromatic microscope has revealed. The chapter on the history of the instrument is written in a rather British spirit—nothing being said of Spencer and Tolles, Americans, who first made high powers with great angles of aperture. Almost nothing is said of the development of the principle of immersion as applied to objectives by Amici. The chapters on botany and zoölogy abound in information which will furnish the amateur microscopist with materials wherewith most agreeably to entertain his friends on a spare evening, and which may be made to serve as a basis for more detailed and systematic study. The section on human histology is particularly imperfect, many utterly wrong statements being made, and the wood engravings being copied from books by no means the most recent or reliable. The colored plates added to this edition are very handsome, and generally correct. On the whole, the book is one to be recommended to persons of both sexes who can afford to purchase an instrument, and who desire a recreation healthful to mind and body, and a source of unending pleasure and surprise. A tendency to the cultivation of this amateur science seems to be showing itself in various parts of the country, and would be fostered by the issue of cheap editions of such works as this of Mr. Hogg, and by the manufacture of solid, working microscopes, at a price corresponding with that of the "educational" instrument in England.

The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship. Selected and arranged by John Williamson Palmer. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.)—This is a very satisfactory collection of the poetry described in the title-page. The "courtship" is happy, to be sure; the darker side of love affairs is not presented; there is no sighing that is much more than chin deep, and no shed of blood or unmelodious tears. Still, the collection is to be called satisfactorily complete. For it is only one of five parts which are to be prepared and published by Dr. Palmer, and which together will constitute a great body of poetry which may be called the Poetry of the Family. Its companions will complete it. There is, for the first part, this volume before us—219 beautifully printed duodecimo pages. It begins, as the compiler points out, with a gay, amorous, gallant little extravagance—Burns's "Green Grow the Rashes O!"—and it ends with a marriage. Next is to come the "Poetry of Marriage and Offspring;" how beginning and how ending we are not informed. Third in the series is the "Poetry of Home and Friends;" fourth, the "Poetry of Meeting, Parting, and Separation;" and, finally, the "Poetry of Bereavement, Condolement, and Consolation." The poetry of the family will, then, begin with the birth of the great passion in a youthful heart, and will end, in the fifth part, with the death of the beloved. Every part will fit into every other, and the whole will be symmetrical. The life of the family, to quote the compiler again, will be traced from its founding to its breaking up, through all its fortunes, happy or sad; all its ties of kindred or friendship, in selections of appropriate verse. The "Poetry of Compliment and Courtship" takes us only to the threshold of the family; we fancy that many poems of the volumes forthcoming will take us over the threshold again into the world at large. No scheme, even one so happily thought of as this of Dr. Palmer's, is perfectly carried out; but it is certain that if the other four volumes of the whole work—each volume, by the way, is complete in itself and independent of the others—are prepared with as much taste and knowledge as Dr. Palmer has displayed in this volume, we shall have from him the best general collection of the best poems that has ever at any time been made in this country or Great Britain, and, doubtless, we shall have mingled with the good ones a few bad ones. That is hardly to be helped; still, in the case of compilers of such books, a little easiness of taste—an easiness that admits something not truly excellent—may readily be forgiven; it ought not to be more than a little easiness; but it is fortunate if, instead of merely a too great facility of being pleased, we do not find in selecters of poems that utter failure in delicacy of perception which makes them stupidly reject the good. This Dr. Palmer has not done. He has printed some poems that we certainly would not have printed. But we believe he has left out none that we should have chosen, and we, as he seems to promise us, expect to see in some of the future volumes those pieces that we miss in this one. The whole work may, perhaps, have an index of authors; the part before us is deficient in that respect.

Time and Tide, by Weare and Tyne. Letters on the Laws of Work. By John Ruskin, LL.D. (New York: John Wiley & Son.)—The distinguished author announces that this book, with one other which is to follow and complete it, is his last political testament. It ought to be. It has about as obvious a relation to the world we live in as its title has to its contents. It is the fantasy of a pessimist who, if he does not ignore the irresistible tendency of modern society, sees in it only ruin and darkness—increasing prevalence of "mob violence," increased chances of "insane wars founded on popular passion." Mr. Ruskin detests liberty (we use his own words), and denies the possibility of equality, and he accordingly builds up a system of artificial restraints in which anything may be done to the recalcitrant except to sell them, and a class system in which place is found, among other things, for an ornamental aristocracy supported at the expense of the state. We are bound to acknowledge that he advocates compulsory education for every citizen, and that he believes in education as the only preventive of crime. It is also, we may remark, the only preventive of narrowness and prejudice like his when he says, "If I had to choose, I would tenfold rather see the tyranny of old Austria triumphant in the Old and New Worlds, and trust to the chance (or rather the distant certainty) of some day seeing a true emperor born to its throne, than, with every privilege of thought and act, run the most distant risk of seeing the thoughts of the people of Germany and England become like the thoughts of the people of America." And the highest education, which brings with it, as he himself points out, an humble perception of "the smallness of one's own powers and knowledge, as compared with the attainments of others," would have prevented Mr. Ruskin from including under the term "mob" "all our [English] popular economists and educators," for whom he cannot express the "contempt" he feels; from describing Mr. J. S. Mill as "foaming at the mouth" over the Jamaica atrocities; and from brutally charging him with a wilful *suppressio veri* in one of his politico-economical discussions, "for fear of fostering political agitation." Education ought also to have rendered difficult such a perversion of moral judgment as Mr. Ruskin showed (he reports the facts himself and in connection) when he gave twenty pounds to the widow and family of a deceased artist—whom he chides for having more children than he could support—and with the other hand bestowed a hundred in defence of Governor Eyre, who made widows by murdering the innocent.

It is, however—we may even say, happily—too clear that Mr. Ruskin is in a morbid state of mind which equally forbids either argument or censure. After asserting "the inevitable power and infectiousness of all evil, and the easy and utter extinguishableness of good," he says: "While, in summing up the observation of past life, not unwatchfully spent, I can truly say that I have a thousand times seen patience disappointed of her hope, and wisdom of her aim, I have never yet seen folly fruitless of mischief, nor vice conclude but in calamity." The failure to see that this is no real but a false antithesis; that patience would not be patience if it were always rewarded, nor vice vice if it ever concluded in aught but disaster; that if wisdom were infallible it would be incapable of growth, and there would be no room for humility, which now accompanies the highest human wisdom, while we should all be fools unless folly fruited in mischief;—the same failure, in short, to comprehend the development of the moral as of the political world, is evidence not only of a defective philosophy but of a mind almost diseased. He, too, had been observant who said, in the Scriptures, "I have been young and now am old; yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

These letters to a cork-cutter have the merit of not being rigidly devoted to the subject which occasioned them. Mr. Ruskin is easily led aside by paragraphs in the newspapers—which he reads with commendable assiduity, even if he turns them to the account of his pessimism—and in the consequent episodes he says a great deal which is worth pondering, and most of which is undeniably just. Such are his remarks on the theatre, on Doré as an illustrator of the Bible fresh from the "Contes Drolatiques," on Mozart's prostitution of his art and genius in *Don Giovanni* and the *Magic Flute;* the passages on honesty, p. 38, and on time, p. 93, etc., etc. One even feels the ground firmer under his feet after experience of Mr. Ruski's vagaries, and we would warn nobody against reading him "unto this last."

Gemma: A Novel. By T. A. Trollope. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.)—The chief fault of Mr. Trollope's new novel is its length. It is a story of Italian life, of a period dating some thirty years back, which, though it gives us a glimpse of convent life as led by the pupils in those establishments, and contains, besides its apparently accurate descriptions of Italian scenery and manners, a suicide and an attempted murder, might very well have been condensed into a magazine story of fifty or sixty pages. But when a man is cursed—or blessed, according as one looks at the matter from the reader's or the writer's point of view—with such a fatal facility for making "copy," it is probably difficult for him to stay his hand. As the now almost-forgotten "Country Parson" said once, after filling two pages of the *Atlantic* with a succession of mild platitudes which would perhaps have possessed some slight force had they been stated in three or four sentences—"the experienced critic will see that I have here comprised in two pages what might with ease have been spread over ten or fifteen"—and he seemed to feel a certain pity for both himself and his readers that the inexorable limits of the space assigned him condemned him to such painful brevity. As novels go, Mr. Trollope's is a very fair novel; but it would have been better—might even have been good—had it been only half as long.

Even in that supposititious case, however, its merits would not have been of a very lofty order. It is one of those books whose interest depends mainly upon their story—and in this case the story, although Mr. Trollope assures us of its literal truth, and its incidents are of the most orthodox sensational nature, fails to excite a very lively interest. The fault is Mr. Trollope's, who attempts to combine sensational matter with a cool, business-like, unimpassioned manner, and produces rather an odd mixture. He deals with sufficiently interesting passions—with love, hopeless and successful, leading in the one case to the most desirable of marriages, and in the other to despair and jealousy, suicide and murder. His heroines, for he has two—the book deriving its title from the more unimportant of the two—are young Italian girls, bred together in a convent, who both love the same man. Between Count Gino Donati and Dianora Orsini a sort of tacit engagement has existed from their infancy; but as the time for their marriage draws near, he happens to see Gemma Venturi, falls hopelessly in love with her, and has the good luck to inspire her with a like passion. Dianora, becoming aware of his defection through the instrumentality of Dr. Carlo Parenti, a lodger in the house of Gemma's father, conceives the project of murdering her rival by some means which will slowly destroy her beauty, and, before her death, render her loathsome to her lover. She applies for assistance to the most convenient of witches, who cherishes at once an hereditary attachment to the house of Orsini and a long hatred to that of Venturi. The requisite poison—antimony in small doses—being obtained, Dianora finds an instrument for its administration at her hand, in the person of Dr. Parenti, whose love for her is the motive which induces him to assist her. The plot is, of course, arrested in due season. Dianora dies by her own hand, and her accomplice leaves the country; while Gemma recovers her health and her beauty, and is in due course married.

The interest of the story increases as it approaches its termination, and Mr. Trollope manages his incidents skilfully, and writes with a trained and practised hand. Nevertheless, we do not recommend his novel as very exhilarating reading.

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The Week.

THE most exciting week that Congress has seen since the beginning of the late rebellion opened quietly enough. On Wednesday, the 19th, Mr. Wilson, in the Senate, introduced a bill admitting Alabama, despite the defeated constitution, whenever the Legislature shall ratify the pending constitutional amendment. The House, on the same day, requested the President to send in his correspondence with Sherman relative to the brevet generalship and the new Department of the Atlantic. Correspondents declare that Mr. Johnson tells them that Sherman was some time since in the secret of the new arrangement, and that he, like Grant, has played fast and loose with the President. Mr. Thomas, by a vote of 28 to 21, was refused a seat as Senator from Maryland. On Thursday, Mr. Trumbull, in the Senate, defended the Senate, and particularly himself, against a newspaper charge of being responsible for that provision of the Reconstruction bill which demanded more than a majority of votes for the ratification of the constitution. On Friday the excitement commenced which is not yet allayed. An international copyright bill, prepared by Mr. Baldwin, was offered in the House, a letter was read from Postmaster Randall, who desires an investigation of his official conduct, and denies charges of fraud that have been more or less vaguely brought against him, and then the Speaker presented a communication from the Secretary of War enclosing the President's order of removal. Mr. Covode at once offered a resolution impeaching the President, which was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction. The Senate behaved very quietly, as if senators expected soon to sit as judges. On Saturday the House received and debated the Reconstruction Committee's report that the President should be impeached. The debate was in no respect strong; on Monday, however, it was better, the real point being then touched by several speakers. The vote on presenting articles of impeachment was a party one—the Republicans, except two, voting aye—and stood 126 to 42. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Bingham were made messengers to the Senate, and Mr. Boutwell was put at the head of the committee to prepare the charges. On Tuesday the Senate was duly notified.

The effect of the impeachment on business appears on the whole likely to be slight. The small amount of support Mr. Johnson seems to receive from any quarter, and the plainness of the case against him, deprive the situation of most of its financial horrors, although the sensationists are doing their best to increase the excitement by strong writing and the free use of epithets, and by examining Mr. Johnson's case politically, morally, physically, and psychologically. He has been, on the whole, perhaps the weakest man who ever attempted to resist a legislature; but, according to the newspapers, one must search the records of Asiatic tyranny and treachery to find a match for him. He has outdone all the despots and traitors of the Western world. His resemblance to Philip II. and the Duke of Alva we have not seen discussed, but it certainly opens up an interesting field of enquiry.

Mr. Johnson has sent in a message to the Senate defending himself against the charge of illegal conduct in appointing General Thomas to the Secretaryship of War. He shows in it a good deal of nervousness and anxiety—pleads that his only object in all he had done was to bring the question of the constitutionality of the law before the courts—and defends his removal of Mr. Stanton on grounds which, if not new, are, we think, at least new to the public. He says that the obvious meaning of the act is, that he may not without the advice and consent of the Senate remove any officer appointed by himself. Mr. Stanton, however, was not appointed by himself, therefore his removal of Mr. Stanton was not a breach of the law. This, perhaps, foreshadows his line of defence before the Senate.

The Washington Correspondent may safely be said to have just passed through the happiest week of his life. In the early part of the war, and, in fact, all through the war, his mind was distracted and his usefulness impaired by the fact that he had to collect rumors from all parts of the country. On the present occasion, all the interest and excitement and incidents are concentrated in Washington itself, and what all the world wants to hear about is passing in his immediate view and presence. Accordingly, he has outdone himself. Nothing in the whole field of newspaper literature can equal for minuteness, magniloquence, and acuteness his despatches about the impeachment proceeding and the attempt to oust Mr. Stanton. He has kept his eye on every man of note in the capital, and has recorded his doings, during the whole twenty-four hours—what corners he turned, with whom he turned them, where and how he passed the night, what he said, and what was said to him, on what occasions he smiled, and why. Such incidents as the bringing in of Mr. Stanton's breakfast to the War Office, and the feebly jocose remark of the deferential bystander, whom we think we see, "that this was an odd place to breakfast in," and Mr. Sumner's note to the Secretary requesting that gentleman "to stick," are all set down with a just appreciation of their historic importance. The debate on Saturday was somewhat declamatory and abusive, the impeachers apparently not being as yet aware of their strength. On Monday the truth had dawned upon them and somewhat sobered them, and on that day the speaking was, on the whole, strong and moderate. General Butler ran amuck like a Malay, and in a wild speech he placed Johnson far higher in the rank of tyrants and usurpers than George III. or James II. or Charles I. Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Stevens were the principal speakers, but Mr. Boutwell declaimed on the general subject of Mr. Johnson's iniquities, while Mr. Stevens—whose speech, we are sorry to see, had to be read by the clerk—addressed himself to the exact point on which the impeachment is to be based.

The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent is the only one who has risen to the full height of the occasion, and he is clearly too eloquent

and allusive for any merely human periodical. According to him, in the debate on Monday, "Copperhead Phelps of Maryland" was so exceedingly absurd as "to fling himself into the impeachment torrent with a speech which hinged on a rotten sophism." How he got on in the torrent with this article on his shoulder the correspondent does not say, but we presume badly. "Kelley, the orator of patriotism and humanity," arraigned "Andrew Johnson with power and beauty"—which was also a novel feat; but it was outdone by the same orator, "running a historical parallel, with thrilling effect," between Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* and Johnson's attempt to overthrow our Government, and between "the murderous energy of Marshal St. Armand" and the "pliancy and sympathy of Lorenzo Thomas." The attempt of Mr. Holman of Indiana to have Washington's Farewell Address read was "a pig-headed scuffle." On Sunday, in Washington, "a current of religious life ran mechanically under superior passions and engrossing interests," and the Copperheads "stayed in their holes," "bit, hissed, and writhed," and "inflamed each other with each other's venom." The Republicans, on the contrary, went to bed with their heads cleared about impeachment, and if they woke up in the night "thanked God for His abounding goodness in giving the Republic even one year of administration by Old Ben." "Ben. Butler," who spoke on Monday, is, it appears, "the Apostle John of the salvation by impeachment." If the *Tribune* allows this gentleman to describe the impeachment trial itself, we fear his eloquence will consume it off the face of the earth. Would it not pay for such a journal to send some one to do the work who knows how to write the English of ordinary life, and how to describe the events of this sublunary sphere in terms adapted to the feeble understanding of mortal men?

In the matter of the Alabama election the path of wisdom does not seem to become a whit clearer to anybody than it was before. The advice given Congress in certain quarters to seize this opportunity of backing out of its reconstruction policy altogether, and trying something totally new which it ought to have tried two years ago, is valuable for its simplicity, but for nothing else. Congress cannot go back. Parties can never retrace their steps without totally losing public confidence. They can no more afford to be modest or contrite than newspapers can, for the public will forgive them for anything sooner than for doubting their own infallibility. The probabilities are, we fear, that Alabama will be admitted just as she stands, without regard to the result of the election. We say "we fear," because this, if done, will certainly make the elections in the other States a mere farce. "Tails I win, heads you lose" is not an interesting or exciting game, and if Alabama is admitted in disregard of the law under which the election was held, of course the voters in other States will not feel that the result depends on them, even if the supplemental bill making a majority of votes cast, and not a majority of votes registered, sufficient to secure the adoption of the constitution is enacted. To be sure, the States would be brought back into the Union in this way; but then we fear the constitutions under which they would come back would not command the respect or confidence of the body of the people, and could not be said to emanate from them, and would probably be upset at the first convenient opportunity. We still cannot help thinking that the safest course will be to order a fresh vote in Alabama under the new bill, requiring simply a majority of the votes cast to secure the adoption of the constitution. It may be defeated under this rule, and if it is, the remedy is to wait till the majority are clothed in their right mind, which will be, we suspect, very soon after the November election.

Mr. Thomas's case was disposed of last week by his being denied admission to the Senate, the vote being a mixed one, Messrs. Trumbull and Fessenden and some other Republicans voting in his favor. It did not appear by the evidence that Mr. Thomas had ever expressed even sympathy with the rebellion; the worst thing brought out against him on this point was, that he had kept up amicable relations with old friends who turned out secessionists, and that he had given $100 to a son who persisted in going off to join the rebel army. In fact, this last act seemed to be the main charge against him. We believe, however, that for just the same reasons that we did not during the war hang all rebels taken in arms, we must now, if there is ever to be an end to the quarrel between North and South, overlook the political weaknesses of a great many men from the border States. Something must be forgiven even to Marylanders and Kentuckians, on the simple ground that they are *men*. We confess, too, that we do not consider the case of Aulus Fulvius, the Roman senator, who killed his son for joining Catiline, cited from Sallust by Mr. Sumner, to be at all conclusive either as to what Mr. Thomas ought to have done to his son or the Senate ought to do to Mr. Thomas. We say this without meaning the slightest disrespect either to Aulus Fulvius or Mr. Sumner.

We have nowhere seen a better argument against inflation, and that form of repudiation known as payment of the five-twenty bonds in greenbacks, than is to be found in the majority report of the Committee of Finance of the Chicago Common Council, presented to that body last week. The report was called forth by a resolution of Alderman Wicker in favor of inflation and repudiation, and he himself presented a minority report in which he laid it down that money was scarce, and the amount in circulation "inadequate to the wants of the nation;" that greenbacks having been declared by Congress to be "money," it was perfectly proper and just to pay off the public debt in them, and that the omission of the word "coin" in an act was a perfect answer to the claims of anybody who lent money under it, and who was deluded by the speeches and letters of Government officers into the belief that the omission was of no consequence. The majority report took substantially the same ground that we took two weeks ago with regard to the scarcity of money, that it was absurd to talk of its being scarce when it has for the last year been a drug in the market—nobody wanting it, or being able to use it, at any but the lowest rates of interest. The report pointed out, moreover, that every legal tender issued is *pro tanto* a forced loan—a measure which no nation should resort to except in the last extremity; that the arguments against payment of the bonds in coin are "miserable technicalities," and are an attempt to repudiate the "mutual understanding" on which, no matter what the act may say, the loan was raised, and on which the lenders gave not what the Government was screwed down into taking by a hard bargain, but all that the Government asked. It quotes as bearing on this point a passage from the speech of "a former chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means," "spoken publicly on the floor of the House *at the time of contracting the debt*." The orator is now in favor of payment in greenbacks. The report does not name him, and neither shall we, as both we and our readers have some shame left:

"A dollar in a miser's safe, unproductive, is a sore disturbance. Where could they invest it? In United States loans at six per cent., *redeemable in gold in twenty years*—the best and most valuable permanent investment that could be desired." "But widows and orphans are interested, and in tears lest their estates should be badly invested. I pity no one who has money invested in United States bonds, *payable in gold in twenty years*, with interest semi-annually."

We were all the better pleased to read the Chicago report because, besides being sensible and sound and high-minded, it may prove a valuable corrective of the folly of the Republican State Convention of Indiana, which seems to have committed the drawing up of its platform to a wag, and a very mischievous one. The following plank, if it were not likely to prove mischievous, would be very amusing. The italics are ours:

"*Fourth*—The public debt, made necessary by the rebellion, should *be honestly paid*, and all bonds issued therefor should be paid in legal tenders, commonly called greenbacks, except where by their express terms they provide otherwise, and paid in such quantities as will make the circulation *commensurate with the commercial wants of the country*, and so as to avoid *too great an inflation of the currency*, and *an increase in the price of gold*."

He seems to have been encouraged by the success of this joke to perpetrate another, and, on the whole, better—in which he condemns the late contraction of the currency on the ground, amongst others, that it had "the sanction of the Democratic party in both Houses of Congress." This reminds us of the reproach addressed by the drunken pugilist to his delicate wife, after he had smashed all their furniture—"Why did you let me do it, hang you?" There can be no question, and there is no question, that any party which advocates any policy which is likely to impair or destroy the borrowing power of the Gov-

ernment, is as distinctly disunionist as if it passed an "ordinance of secession," and anybody who votes for any candidate who supports such a policy, no matter how much he may try to deceive himself by maunderings about "the burden of taxation" and "the people's will," paves the way for a fresh rebellion. This is the fact of the matter, and there is no use any longer in mincing one's words about it.

The *Sun* last week called attention, in much milder terms than the occasion merited, to the fact that, while the New York Constitutional Convention is giving the finishing touches to the constitution which it has drafted, Mr. Horace Greeley, one of the delegates at large, and a very prominent and a very useful member of the body, is delighting large audiences in the West with lectures on divers subjects. What makes the matter worthy of remark is, that Mr. Greeley acquired honorable distinction, during the first six months, by his denunciations in the *Tribune* of his brother members for their lax attendance, and thereby did much to bring the body into contempt and endanger the adoption of the constitution.

A striking illustration of the extent to which pure, unadulterated good nature "rules the court, the camp, the grove" amongst us has just been afforded in California. Congress conveyed the Yo Semite Valley—a piece of land fifteen miles long, half a mile wide, lying between the most tremendous precipices in the world, and presenting a series of views of unrivalled grandeur, beauty, and singularity—to the State, on the sole condition that it should be reserved for a public pleasure-ground. The gift was a splendid one, the object noble, and a proper appreciation of it on the part of the Californians, and a very small outlay of money, would have converted the valley into such a public park as no community ever possessed, and such as Frenchmen, Swiss, or Germans would be almost willing to encounter a bloody war for. But there were two squatters in it, with a tavern each, and a piece of ground in possession, but without a shadow of right. They ought to have been bought out and sent elsewhere, but they petitioned the State legislature for three hundred acres of the valley, and the legislature, thinking of their bygone bears and cold nights and long journeys, have given them twice as much land as they asked for, and done nothing about the park. If Congress should sanction the grant, the valley will be spoiled. It will be gradually cut up amongst tavern-keepers, and be devoted to "mixed drinks," billiards, nine-pins, and other modern improvements. There must surely be enough taste and enough regard for posterity in California to prevent this desecration.

The Irish question continues to be vigorously agitated in England, and the tide of opinion continues to set against the Irish Church more strongly than ever. Nearly all the more influential portion of the English press, daily, weekly, and monthly, has gone over to the enemy, and the Church party in Ireland seem to be at last seriously alarmed and have begun to hold meetings and issue "pastorals." A great Protestant gathering has been held in Dublin, in which the old doctrines of "Protestant ascendancy" were asserted in a tolerably rank form, and the revenues of the Church defended on the antiquated ground that they were "property." One of the Irish bishops defends the Establishment on the ground that it is the Church first established by the apostles in Ireland, and that the Catholics are interlopers and are entitled to nothing more than toleration. The Catholic clergy, on the other hand, are not idle, and call for a repeal of the union, or, if they cannot have that, at least a separate educational endowment. Between the two, the few Irish reformers who are worth listening to have not much chance for a hearing. Lord Oranmore, at the Protestant meeting, pointed out very sensibly that the Catholic clergy claimed in Ireland more than any Catholic government at the present moment accords them anywhere, and other defenders of the landlord class argue, with much plausibility, that if the landed aristocracy and the Protestant Church were got out of the way, the result would be that politics would pass entirely into the hands of the priests. The fear, however, judging from what we see of Fenianism, would seem to be groundless. The great difficulty in the way of Irish reform really appears to be now that Irishmen themselves are not agreed upon anything in sufficient force to make a respectable impression on English opinion. Mr. Bright has been renewing with amplification and emendation his proposal to have the Government buy up the estates of the absentee landlords and sell them at a fair valuation to the tenants, the price to be paid in instalments. The idea seems to gain ground.

All England is occupied with the question of education, or at least is giving it all the attention it can spare from Fenianism. One most interesting fact has come to light with regard to the results of the efforts which have been made to promote the higher education of women, by the establishment at Cambridge University of examinations for girls, certificates being awarded to all who pass satisfactorily. The plan has now been long enough in operation to furnish some aid in estimating the ability of women to master the studies hitherto usually reserved to boys. The examinations are conducted in London by married fellows of the University; and besides furnishing girls with an excellent means of testing their own capacity, they are gradually creating a standard to which women seeking employment as governesses or teachers will have to come up, as the candidates furnished with certificates naturally secure a preference. But now for the fact which gives the movement its strongest claim to attention. The examiners report that they discover little difference in capacity between sisters and brothers examined on the same papers—the advantage, if any, being on the side of the sisters. Moreover—and the effect of this is really stunning—the girls decidedly beat the boys in mathematics, seldom making blunders "in the essentials of a demonstration," while the boys make them in all parts of the process with equal facility. A more portentous fact than this for the noble army of male blockheads has never, we venture to say, been brought to light.

It will gratify all friends of national progress to know that the experiment commenced in England three years ago by the Messrs. Briggs, the owners of one of the largest collieries, of converting their concern into a joint-stock establishment, giving shares to the workmen, and dividing amongst them all profits over ten per cent., has proved a splendid success, the aggregate profits last year having been 12 per cent., and that order, industry, and content have succeeded strikes, bitterness, and contention. A similar result has attended a similar experiment made by the Messrs. Crossley in a large woollen manufactory, beginning about the same time as the Briggs colliery, and now paying dividends of 20 per cent. Such facts as these are very awkward for those political economists who insist upon it that the plan of paying for labor in fixed weekly wages is part of the order of the universe.

The new French press bill, which releases journalists from arbitrary punishment at the hands of the minister, and from the necessity of procuring permission to establish papers, but subjects them for all violations of the law to the jurisdiction of the "correctional police"—that is, of the lowest and least respectable branches of the French judiciary—without the intervention of a jury, is a great advance on the old régime, and is the fulfilment of the promise so unexpectedly made by the Emperor a year ago. It meets, however, with violent opposition from the inner circle of his following, the original Imperialist adventurers, to whom change and progress are for obvious reasons terrible, and there are rumors in Paris of agitating "scenes" at the Tuileries, in which these gentlemen tried to save their master from himself and were generally more devoted than was agreeable. Foremost among the opponents of the bill is Granier de Cassagnac—the editor of the *Pays*—who, by dint of sticking at nothing, and using his journal as a soldier of fortune uses his sword, has got into the Senate and is a great man.

In spite of the extreme depression of Russia on the subject of the condition of the Turkish Christians, and the mysterious running to and fro of General Ignatieff, the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, and the preparation of breech-loaders for the army, all fear as well as all danger of war in the East seems to be passing away. The fact is, that Russia is suffering from serious financial embarrassment and cannot conceal it. She has been working hard amongst the Austrian and Turkish Slaves, and with considerable success, but seems unable to follow it up. The expenses of the Crimean war still hang about her in the shape of an ugly floating debt, and her paper goes on depreciating every day.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE CRISIS AT WASHINGTON.

MR. JOHNSON, after a series of blunders, to use a very mild word, such as few if any statesmen have had to show, has at last committed the crowning one. After having promised and failed to play the part of Moses for the colored people, he has played it for the impeachers. They have been trying for more than a year to get up a case against him, and, partly through their own natural deficiencies, partly through the oddity of his conduct, which made it almost impossible to patch up his follies into a decent resemblance to a "high crime or misdemeanor," but most of all owing to the popular unwillingness to have the country disturbed and the public attention diverted from reconstruction and the finances, they were never able to accomplish anything. Mr. Johnson, however, seems to have determined that they should not be foiled, and has at last, with truly wonderful fatuity, furnished them with a good case against him, and a case which can probably be tried in a few days. He has the satisfaction of knowing that he has now nobody to say a word for him, and that there is not a man left in the country who does not think him either a fool or a knave. Those who have never admitted his wickedness are at present willing to have him impeached and deposed as an incorrigible dunce. The scene that one witnesses at Washington would be wholly tragic if it were not for his appearance in it, but the satisfaction with which he looks on his work takes a great deal of the seriousness out of it. So, also, does the exceeding solemnity of the language in which some of the more uproarious of his enemies are denouncing him. When one sees "the usurper in the White House" revealing his mighty plans and expectations, his deep-laid schemes and hellish plots, to the correspondent of the New York *Herald* with all the artless candor of a Kentucky belle, one cannot help feeling that the task of "hurling him from the chair he has disgraced" is not such awful work after all.

The precise reason for now bringing the "tyrant" to justice is, that he has for the first time committed a distinct and palpable breach of the law, though we confess we do not think his last offence by any means the worst in a moral point of view. It has, however, the great legal beauty of being capable of proof in five minutes, and of needing no "construction" or piecework. It is full and complete and simple. The question of the constitutionality or expediency of the Tenure-of-office Act need not come up in the trial of it at all. Many good Republicans deny both one and the other; but Mr. Johnson has so managed matters that no differences of opinion on these points in the ranks of the party will be of any use to him. Whether the law be constitutional or not, or wise or not, there is a legal presumption of which every man is bound to take notice, that it is constitutional till the courts have decided otherwise. The necessity and value of this presumption were fully discussed and affirmed by the Court of Appeals in this State in the police cases in 1857. Without it a written constitution would breed anarchy, because if everybody—and, above all, every officer of the Government—could take upon himself to decide, as soon as a law was passed, whether it accorded with the Constitution or not, no law would ever be executed for months or years after its passage. If he resists it, he must do so at his peril; and the doctrine which the New York *Times* seems to hold, that its being afterwards declared unconstitutional may have the effect of retroactive justification, has no foundation either in precedent or reason. If every court in the country next month pronounced the Tenure-of-office Act unconstitutional, it would not in the least improve Mr. Johnson's position. What he is about to be tried for is not only his disobedience to the law, for of this a decision that the law was unconstitutional—that is, null and void—*might* absolve him, but his taking upon himself the functions of the judiciary, and deciding for himself that it was unconstitutional, and acting in his official capacity under his own ruling. If he may do this, all the other officials, civil and military, may do it, and the legislature might as well be dissolved, for its acts would be all nullities. Nobody would ever obey one which he had the least motive for disobeying; in other words, all that portion of the community which an act of Congress was intended to direct or restrain would be exempted from its operation for an indefinite period after its passage. If this were the effect of a written constitution, no nation would live under one for six months; and, to provide against this, the presumption has been firmly established as binding on everybody, that all acts are constitutional till a court of competent jurisdiction has, in a *bonâ fide* case, pronounced them otherwise. It may be said that this presumption bears hard on officers, because the Constitution furnishes them with no protection against the legal consequences of the execution of an unconstitutional act. This is no doubt true. The Constitution ought to provide that those who act on the presumption shall be held harmless. But officers, even as matters stand, have their remedy. The risk they run is a well-known risk of their position; if they do not like it, they can resign.

It would have been a stupid thing for Mr. Johnson to have disobeyed the law when he suspended Mr. Stanton. But to have done so then would not, it seems, have been stupid enough for his taste, for he obeyed it by suspending him and giving his reasons for suspending him to the Senate—thus logically, though perhaps not legally, estopping himself from afterwards denying its constitutionality. This performance seems only to have been the ground-work of absurdity, which he lays broad and deep, for so many of his official acts. Finding that his acknowledgment of the validity of the law does not help him, he sets about having it tested by the courts, and does this by flatly disobeying it—by doing the very thing which the act forbade him to do, under heavy penalties. We hear in various quarters the question asked, In what other way could he bring it before the courts? He himself evidently looks on the despatch of General Thomas to the War Office and that discreet officer's arrest as a most ingenious device, which nobody who had not "filled every office in the gift of the people" would have thought of, for bringing the dispute between him and Congress to the test of a legal decision.

There is, and has been time out of memory, a very simple process for trying titles to offices. It has been a process of the common law from the earliest ages; it is in use every year in every State in the Union, and is as familiar to all lawyers as their alphabet; and is, in fact, the only direct mode of testing the validity of any official's claim to his place. We mean, of course, the writ of *quo warranto*. The proper person to sue it out is the Attorney-General; and had Mr. Stanbery obtained it from a United States court under Mr. Johnson's direction it would have brought Mr. Stanton into court to show by what authority he held his place, and this would, of course, have at once raised the question of the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-office Act, and have secured a judicial decision upon it. It could not have been pleaded that this was a political question, on which the courts were not competent to pass, or, at all events, could not have been pleaded without an absurdity which neither Mr. Stanton nor the majority in Congress would have ventured to face. Had the court decided against him, he would have gained rather than lost in public estimation by his appeal to them. Had they decided in his favor, he would have had some solid support in his subsequent resistance to Congress, if he determined to resist.

It must be admitted, however, that the terms of the law are such that the unfortunate man was unable to test its constitutionality before the courts without exposing himself to impeachment. He could not get a *quo warranto* without removing Mr. Stanton, and he could not remove Mr. Stanton even formally without being impeached, so that, practically, he was deprived of the power of testing its constitutionality at all except before the very body which passed it, and with the penalty of political ruin hanging over him in case of failure. This would certainly be a very embarrassing position for a moderate and conscientious man. But then, if Mr. Johnson had been moderate, and there was any general belief that he was honest, he would not be in this position. If he were anybody else, we have very little doubt he might have removed Stanton, and then, on the Senate's restoring him, have tried the title to the office on a *quo warranto*, without exposing himself to impeachment. The consequence—and it seems to us the just consequence

—of the bad reputation he has acquired for himself is, that he will not be allowed to test the validity of any law which imposes a duty on him. He has by his course forfeited all claim to Congressional indulgence, and he has no popular support to take its place. What Congress says to him is, in effect, that his character is so bad that they will not allow him to question their acts even by legal process, and if his case be a hard one, we do not see that he has anybody but himself to blame.

His disappearance from the scene now will be a heartfelt relief to nearly everybody. He has been a sore trial to the nation for the last three years, and in nothing more than in creating a constant danger that the wilder members of the House would be tempted into creating a most dangerous precedent by prosecuting him for being foolish and foul-mouthed. Had he been impeached on the strength of the testimony collected by the committee last summer, it would have proved a most perilous precedent; his impeachment for flat disobedience to an act of Congress cannot but prove a useful one. It will delight the "sons of thunder" who for so long have been clamoring for his overthrow; but, as we have never taken any pleasure in these gentlemen's misery, and have all along, in opposing them, desired simply that they should have good and not bad reasons for being happy, this will not, as far as we are concerned, in any way mar the occasion.

One thing, however, we cannot help saying before we close. It is a delicate thing to say, but, if said at all, it must be said now. Mr. Johnson's troubles to himself and the nation have resulted mainly from the fact that he has owed all his political successes to his zeal and courage. In everything else he has been wanting. He is ignorant, hot-headed, impetuous, indiscreet, loose-tongued. He has no tact, no perception, is no judge of character. Had he been the reverse of all this, his differences with Congress on the matter of reconstruction would not have brought him to his present position. He might have secured a large amount of popular support, and certainly would have retained the popular respect, and would have quitted the office at the end of his term without the reputation of having degraded it. If the Senate now gives judgment against him, and deposes him, he will be succeeded by a gentleman who is, we admit, a better man in all sorts of ways, but whose mental constitution and political and social training are very like Mr. Johnson's, and who has been selected for the office mainly because he is plucky and impetuous. We confess the prospect does not fill us with enthusiasm. When we consider the delicacy of the duties which will devolve on the President during the coming year, how much there is before us for a rough and untaught hand to mar, and remember the enthusiasm with which four years ago the very men who are now looking forward with most delight to "glorious Ben Wade's" accession to the Presidency talked and wrote of "Andy Johnson, of Tennessee"—then,also, the man of the people, the foe of the slaveholding aristocrats, the friend of the Union—it is impossible to avoid expressing the hope that Mr. Wade will exhibit in his new office other qualities than those which, valuable though they may be, have thus far made his reputation.

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

The proposed substitution of General McClellan for Mr. Adams in the American embassy in London is another striking illustration of the necessity for such a reform in the civil service as will make training, experience, and ability of some value in it. We do not, of course, expect that it will strike Congress in this light, or that the Senate, if it rejects General McClellan, will reject him altogether on the ground of unfitness for this particular duty. The proximate cause of his rejection will be, and rightly enough, his political antecedents. As far as character goes, we think he is as unobjectionable a man, to say the least, as Mr. Johnson is at all likely to nominate for the place; but as regards experience and training he is singularly, in fact, fatally, unfit for it, considering the delicacy of the relations of this country with England, and the number and variety of the fresh complications which may any day arise. General McClellan, during his short public career, gave evidence of a great many good qualities, but judgment and acumen and tact and clear-headedness and a proper sense of the limits of his own powers were not amongst the number. The political opinions which he produced during his commandership-in-chief were unquestionably not of his own manufacture. Whether good or bad, they were probably supplied by the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Information," or rather by the gentlemen who afterwards organized that illustrious body, and it would probably be difficult to find in any public man's history a more striking proof of incapacity for diplomatic functions than the Harrison's Landing letter. Whatever may be thought of the political doctrines propounded in that letter, few will deny that the writing of it by a general, on the morrow of a bloody repulse, to the political chief of the government he served, proved a degree of obtuseness on the part of the author for which there are few if any parallels to be found in military history. The real value of the performance as an indication of character was concealed from the public by the excitement of the time, and by the noisy efforts which the Democrats were then making to use the general against the Government. But if we imagine Sir John Moore to have survived Corunna, and passed the evening of the battle while his troops were stealing on board ship in writing a long letter to the Prince Regent, giving him advice on the Catholic question and parliamentary reform, we shall have a clearer notion of the bearing which the letter has on General McClellan's claims to be entrusted with high diplomatic functions.

We know very well that there is a popular notion that the real use of an ambassador, and especially of an American ambassador, is to transmit messages from his own Government to that to which he is accredited; these messages containing not the secretly formed opinions of a man or a clique, but the expression of the national will formed by the press and the platform, and carrying its motives on its face, and needing nothing in the transmission but clear statement and prompt delivery. In this theory of ambassadorial functions character and mind of course count for very little, and the part played by the minister in society is treated as purely ornamental—of no service to anybody but rich people who want to see the best foreign circles, but who would be much better at home keeping a store or raising cranberries. This view has been long held by what we may call the "Old War-Horse" school of politicians, and it is a view which naturally recommends itself strongly to the popular mind, particularly in the West, where social life and social influences play a comparatively small part in the shaping of men's opinions or the regulation of their conduct. It is not surprising, therefore, that this school should be opposed to our having any diplomatic service at all, believing the post-office and the telegraph to furnish all the needful facilities for such communications as we need to make to the governments of foreign nations, or, if we must have one, should consider the various posts in it as simply a useful means of rewarding party services at home, to be bestowed without the least reference to the special fitness of the appointee for the place he was to fill. Of course, from this point of view McCracken would fill the Viennese mission as well as if not better than Motley, as he would have nothing to do but watch the machinations of the Austrian aristocracy against American liberty and carry Mr. Seward's despatches round to the Austrian foreign office. If you talk to an Old War-Horse of the personal influence of an ambassador, of what he may do by his personal demeanor, by his character, his culture, and his private conversation to make his country respected and to carry out the foreign policy of his Government, he thinks either that you are a fool or that you take him for one. The only means of exerting influence that he knows of are the "editorial" and the speech or lyceum lecture. And when you tell him that in Europe great wars are often avoided and great alliances cemented, and the sum of human happiness increased, by mere talking over a dinner or tea-table, by an ambassador's merely inspiring those with whom he comes in contact with confidence in his sincerity, his integrity, his learning, in his broad-mindedness and acuteness, he thinks you are a besotted votary of "fashion."

We have had, however, during the past few years, at least two signal illustrations of the erroneousness of the War-Horse view of diplomacy. The tremendous strain to which the Government was subjected at the outbreak of the war, and the pressing necessity which everybody saw for conciliating European powers, caused a better batch of diplomatists to be sent out than perhaps any administration had sent out since the arly days of the Republic. There was hardly one of the ministers to the great courts who could be said to owe his appointment to his political claims. They were all, or nearly all, representatives of what is best in American society, of that element in it which gives it its strong

est claim to the gratitude and respect of the civilized world. Unfortunately, there is less distinction always to be gained by prevention than by cure; and the task which was imposed on our representatives abroad during the war being that of averting trouble and maintaining American respectability, their services, to a careless observer, do not seem brilliant. But they *were* brilliant. We doubt if any country was ever so well served as this country was by them. No diplomatic representatives ever had such difficulties to contend with, for we believe there never has been a case in history in which a nation or its representatives had to encounter abroad the same amount of social hostility—hostility amounting in England, at least, during the years 1862–3–4, to positive execration. To face what Mr. Adams had to face during those three years; to face it as he faced it, not with pluck only but with cheerful front, with perfect temper and perfect fortitude, and to uphold the dignity of his country when every man and woman he met was disposed to deny it even the ability to die decently, was an ordeal such as no other public servant, we venture to say, has ever passed through. But he not only passed through it with credit, but he kept the peace between the two countries; and kept it not by dint of despatches, but by tact and judgment and self-restraint. Nothing is more certain than that had we been at that time dependent on War-Horse diplomacy, and had the London mission been filled by an average politician, acting either as a mechanical medium for the transmission of Mr. Seward's despatches, or as a vent for the discharge of bunkum over the heads of the British public, we should have been at war with Great Britain long before the war with the Confederacy was over.

The appointment of Mr. Burlingame as Chinese ambassador, and the remarkable state of relations between this country and that great empire which we now witness, are due also to the personal qualities of the minister—qualities, we may add, of which Mr. Burlingame's previous career gave little indication. We do not think anybody at home is to be complimented on his perspicacity with regard to the appointment; but it has turned out well, and proved that all that Mr. Burlingame needed to distinguish himself was an opportunity. He has won from the Chinese Government an amount of confidence in himself such as it has never before accorded to a foreigner—and such, in fact, as no government has ever accorded to a foreigner—and has won with it its deep and cordial respect for his own country; and he has won it without giving the slightest umbrage to the representatives of other powers, and while retaining in the highest degree their confidence in his loyalty, integrity, and judgment. No despatches, no display of military or of naval power, no array of statistics, could have accomplished such a result as this. The opening of China to the outside world after thirty centuries of seclusion is an event of which the importance, no matter from what point of view we consider it, can hardly be overrated. It is in some respects equivalent to the discovery of a new continent; and that the empire should, on its entry into the family of civilized nations, adopt the United States as its friend and protector, is perhaps as high a compliment as any country has ever received. But whatever glory we have won by it, whatever profit we may gain from it, we owe to individual character, to the moral force that lies in the walk and conversation of a single public servant. The Chinese know nothing of Banks's speeches or "reports" or bills; they have seen no American fleets or armies; our hog returns and corn returns and population returns make little or no impression on them. In the contest of magnitudes, of numbers, and of bulk, we can produce nothing with which their eyes or imagination is not familiar. We have triumphed mainly because we were represented by an able and honest man.

The lesson is a very striking one, and we trust will not be forgotten. The value—we mean the commercial value—of good public servants was never better illustrated than in the two cases we have cited. We might make both of them stronger by going into greater detail, but greater detail is not necessary. The worse things go at home, the more the Secretary of State becomes a party leader, and the more carefully his despatches are prepared for home consumption, the more necessary will it be that our representatives abroad should have within themselves whatever resources are needful to save the national dignity and clothe the expression of the national will with grace and effect. The dream of the Old War-Horses, that some day or other we shall suspend intercourse with all but the barbarous races of the world, cease to place any value on civilized communion, and, shut up within our own territory, feed our minds with the newspapers and our bodies with the fat of the land, without caring about what other people are doing or thinking, is a dream which is every day further and further from being realized. Nothing can ever now prevent us from playing a great part in the future of modern society, in influencing both its manners and ideas; and the larger the part we play, the more important will our diplomacy become.

LITERATURE OF THE SANCTUM.

ADDISON tells us he had observed that people seldom peruse a book with pleasure till they have learned certain particulars about its author, as whether he is married or a bachelor, of a fair or dark complexion, of a mild or choleric disposition, and so on. It is therefore that Mr. Spectator introduces himself to the public by giving it a brief description of his personal appearance, some account of his education and habits and social position, and an estimate of his character. Evidently he is laughing—if one can say that Addison laughs—at this weakness in the gentle reader, although it is altogether probable that Miranda and Narcissa and Lydia and the other ladies of quality were innocent of the joke. And they were somewhat excusable; they would have been even if a sense of humor were not one of the distinctions of sex. For the desire to know not merely what is taught us by our teachers, but also all about our teachers themselves, is but doubtfully a weakness, and if it be one, is one which is shared by all mankind. It was our young ladies, to be sure, who, fifteen years ago, grew fonder of "Prue and I" after Mr. Putnam had published an engraving on steel of Mr. Curtis; but then again it was not our young ladies but Mr. Carlyle who declared that this too were, in its way, a satisfactory thing, a thing not to be disregarded by the wiser Students of the Infinite—to know what manner of stockings were worn by the man Diderot, philosophe, on the legs of him; and also how the said Denis—"most cyclopædic head that ever existed"—made shift to procure, for the not uncyclopædic stomach of him, dinners. Doubtless Mr. Carlyle, as pictorial writer and student of humanity, has better reasons for his curiosity than any the young ladies can muster; still, he also and such as he are influenced to some extent by the same feeling as that which dominates the boarding-school. But few of us, it has been said, are the rational animals we all ought to be; sympathy is what most of us crave rather than wisdom or knowledge; and men in general, hearing about their instructors and prophets and heroes, are eager to hear not only their instruction and prophecy and the story of their great actions, but those things which show them to be members of the human family. So, whether or not he perceived the causes of the feeling which he gratified, Mr. Spectator was no doubt wise in telling his readers about his bashfulness, the shortness of his face, the gravity of his demeanor, and his other bodily and mental traits, and, while he laughed at it, enlisting in his favor the universal desire to know personally, if possible, those who advise and teach us.

Ever since his time his example has been closely followed; in his own country, to some extent, in ours to an extent perhaps as great. There was none of the "Guardians" and "Idlers" and "Connoisseurs" and "Ramblers" which did not take some steps in the path first marked out—first on English ground, at any rate—by Mr. Spectator and his friends Sir Roger, Sir Andrew, Will Honeycomb, and the rest of them. And a century later the example had not lost its force, for then occurred the most shining and successful instance of this imitation—Wilson invented the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," with Christopher North, at the head of the dining-table, ruling over long Mr. Tickler, O'Doherty Signifer, the semi-apocryphal Shepherd, Buller of Brazenose, the Opium Eater, and many more—a company not much surpassed, as we think, by the very best that periodical literature has created; indeed equal, rather than inferior, to Mr. Spectator's own club.

But, so far as we remember, there has been since Wilson's time almost nothing of the same sort in really respectable English periodical literature. We are never nowadays invited by English magazines of a good class to make the acquaintance of Tom So-and-so, who is a sad wag; or to chat awhile with the editor's old-time friend, the eccentric, frosty but kindly, humorist, Slowboye; or to drop in during the fortunate call of the fair correspondent—"whose name, reader, we are not going to reveal"—who is very apt to remind the editor—"beighho, we too were young"—of other blue eyes—"or were they gray? this editor, 'pon honor,

could never tell"—once bright and dancing, now, alas! etc.; or, to make one at those so enchanting assemblies when all the correspondents—fair, cynical, poetical, and waggish—old Slowboye and Pennyroyal and Dreigh Saulter and Alcie Biades and the rest—meet together in the editor's apartments, while the snow falls thick without, and lounge about in every attitude of ease, lightly tossing the joke from one to another, saying the most sparkling things, and basking in the ruddy glow of that remarkable coal-fire. "Do you remember," Alcie usually says on these occasions,—"do you remember what poor John Keats says about the small quivering flames plying through the thick-laid coal? And he died so young!" Slowboye does not know Keats. "Who's Keats?" he says. "Give me a good chestnut or hickory-wood fire." Then the editor says, "*Pax*, old grumbler. Shall the world stand still for thee? This 'solid core of heat,'" he says, for he knows the poets,—"this 'solid core of heat,' what is it, thou materialist, but thy hickory and thy chestnut glorified? Yes, my Slowboye, thy forests are buried, and is it not as anthracite that they reappear in resurrection? But thou art dull for divine poesy." Then probably Slowboye surreptitiously wipes away a tear and silently grasps the editor's hand, for he has sentimental soft spots in his heart, but outwardly he preserves his ordinary grumness of countenance, and says, "Hang me, though, if I do n't see more of 'the divine sparks' on my own hearth." Then they all laugh, and the editor goes on: "Yes, poor John Keats," etc. At the end he does n't mind whispering "into your ear, reader," that there were "cakes and ale," and that at the close of the evening they discovered they had been for half an hour smoking their havanas in dead silence, even Pennyroyal and Slowboye having been gazing pensively into the fire.

On this side of the water we once had great quantities of this anthracite literature. Much of it was directly in imitation of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ;" much of it was directly in imitation of the great founders of the school; much of it indirectly in imitation of them, and directly copied after the very mild humor of the New York gentlemen who, when the century was young, were modelling themselves upon Addison and Steele and Goldsmith. We still have some of it left. There is no doubt that we are seeing the last of it, but it does yet linger among us. Both of the new magazines, for example, have an ominous tinge of it, and it is to be found, not so often as once, in some of the older ones. Perhaps in the first number of *Putnam's*, in the correspondence between Mr. Curtis and "Harry Franco," it may be seen when at its best, and in the first number of *Lippincott's* a little taste of it when not at its best may be got. In the *Northern Monthly* one is sure to find it in profusion and with all its peculiarities in a state of high development, as, for example, this specimen, no older, we regret to say, than the present month:

"*The apartment in ——— street, heretofore described. At the library-table is seated the Editor, rapidly examining the loose slips of a little heap of manuscripts piled up on his left. Alcie Biades and Rhadie Manthus are each leaning, quite at their ease, against the carved black-walnut mantelpiece, the fragrant whirls of smoke, from their fresh-lighted havanas, half clouding them from view. A. L. B. (who has been pacing the floor slowly, his eyes fastened on a newly-purchased painting adorning the remoter wall), suddenly pauses at the back of the editorial easy-chair.*

"A. L. B. (*To the Editor.*) Do you notice the sunlight on that hill? Never did a warmer sun play on the hillside of a New England landscape.

"The Editor. Exquisite! a composition?"

After much following talk, of a kind that may be imagined, the sitting is thus closed:

"The Editor. (*Opening the missive.*) Albie has relief at last. Here is word up that there is no room for a line more copy.

"(*Immense and immediate applause, followed by excited congratulations, and a general lighting of fresh cigars. The room presently disappears in a cloud of tobacco smoke.*)"

Clubs were not flourishing in New York when the anthracite school arose and waxed, and for that reason alone, even if the set of contributors who met at Ambrose's had not been at the time more in harmony with popular taste and ideas than Captain Sentry and Will Honeycomb, and the other gentlemen of Sir Roger's club, the imitators of Wilson would easily have got the better of their opponents. At any rate, they did do so, and created for us that ideal sanctum with its "black-walnut mantelpiece," its "fragrant whirls of smoke," its "radiant grate," chandeliers, ottomans, easy-chairs, vases for manuscripts, and other signs and tokens of the more than Oriental magnificence amid which the editor's happy hours are charmed away amid melodious converse with his aids—being severally of light, airy dispositions, on whom life sits lightly, who carelessly and jauntily stroll through an admiring world. Their names usually typify this fortunate temper. It is Harry always with them, never Henry; Fanny Fern, Frank Forrester, and the like. It is by these deceivers that young people in the country are seduced into embarking on the stormy surges of literary life. They have so often leaned gracefully against the blackest of black-walnut mantelpieces, richly carved, and so continually lighted fresh havanas, and so regularly worn out-and-out dressing-gowns, and so habitually do they while the happy hours away in golden reverie before that bed of glowing coals, or in blithesome chat with the gifted poets and essayists of "Maga," that they have completely turned the heads of many young persons of both sexes. "Have," we said; it would be better to say "had." Railroads have pretty well killed this ideal editor, and he only drags out a semi-animate existence in some of the kinder magazines—or, we may say that he is wholly dead, and that it is only his ghost, soon to be laid, which still frequents its former favorite haunts. The railroads have carried him, *in propria persona*, to the lyceum platforms of every village and town in the country. Not many living editors, we may be sure, when young May Juniper or Jennie June lays eyes on them, as they clear their throats before the lecture, impress those ladies as persons who wear rich dressing-gowns and lead a dreamy existence on the hob of the grate. When next thereafter the young poetesses send in their verses to "Maga" it is with less awe than once they felt, and with a sad doubt if there is not a dash of fiction in the delightful account of the editorial existence. Once in a very great while an editor with flashing eye and hair tossed back from his brow may get up on the platform and make an "appeal" which, for a few moments, may make May Juniper doubt if after all there may not possibly be something in the dressing-gown and anthracite story; but it is only once in a very great while. The next course of lectures at the lyceum shows her more editors without flashing eyes and unredolent of any suggestions of the magnificent sanctum, and she perforce relapses into disbelief, and may well sigh at the increase of facilities for travel.

We do not grieve with her. So far as we now know our own mind, it is not a mild, benevolent pleasure that we take in this literature of the sanctum. To confess the truth, it seems a little flat to us, even in the pages of the "Spectator;" and we may as well confess to a belief that when met with elsewhere, it is a pleasure only to some persons, and gives encouragement to rather cynical mirth on the part of people extremely wise.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN ITALY.

When in 1865 Signor Natoli, then Minister of Public Instruction, published the first volume of statistics of public and private instruction in Italy for the scholastic years of 1862–3, the world wondered and Italy hung her head in shame to learn that out of a population of 22 millions 17 millions were totally illiterate, did not know their alphabet! The press discussed the figures in all their bearings; orators in Parliament apostrophized the Government; private philanthropists set on foot private schools; the Minister of Finance proposed that three millions should be at once handed over to the Minister of Public Instruction. All too soon the efficacious panic subsided. It was found, with justice, that the figures were exaggerated, that a comparison between the *analfabeti* and the entire population was absurd, that in the 17 millions were included four millions of infants below the age of four, who are illiterate in all nations, so that the real number of *analfabeti* must be reduced to 13 millions. Putting this plaster on its pride, the public soon regained its equanimity—war against Austria for the liberation of Venice was, it must be allowed, a far more exciting affair than the setting up of elementary and secondary schools, the training of teachers, the discovery of a method for making or inducing parents whose children could turn a penny to send them to school on the chance of thus ensuring greater gains in the future. So the three millions, or the greater portion of them, went into the coffers of the Minister of War; army and people marched northwards to learn among many other bitter lessons that the triumph of the Prussian hosts was not exclusively due to needle guns nor to the strategical skill of generals, but also and above all to the superiority of her soldiers—that the Prussian "was intellectually superior to the Austrian, that hence he fought better, and better understood the necessary manœuvres." This lesson, as applicable to Italy as to Austria, has not been without its effects, and though at the present moment Italy still stands last in Europe on the educational map, below even Spain, progress is distinctly visible; we can say, with regard to public instruction, *eppur si muove*.

The second volume of statistics, published in 1866, during the time that Signor Berti was Minister of Public Instruction, shows an improvement on the preceding years. According to the law of 1859, elementary education is divided into two grades, inferior and superior, the former comprising religious teaching, reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Italian language; the latter, in addition to these branches, composition, book-keeping, ele-

mentary geography, elements of natural history and of the natural sciences—each course to occupy two years—no child under six to be inscribed as a regular pupil. Schools in which these courses can be gone through are, according to the law, to be established gratuitously in every commune. Even a village or fraction of a commune containing fifty children of either sex is bound to have at least an elementary school for the inferior course. Parents or guardians are bound to send their children to these schools or to prove that they are otherwise educated. If they fail, the commune scholastic commission is bound to reprove them, and if they continue impenitent "to affix their names on the parish registers, and cause them to be read aloud by the parish priest in the parish church on the first Sunday of every month." The law of March 2, 1865, confirms all these particulars, and renders it obligatory for the communes to provide the funds for the schools. Clearly, therefore, it is the intention of legislators that every child shall have a gratuitous elementary education. Let us see how their intentions are carried out. Taking all the existing schools—private and public, elementary of both classes—we have 31,804 (one private to four public, two female for three male). Taking the communes, 7,345 have all some sort of school, but 376 are still without any, male or female, public or private; 461 without public male schools; 1,884 without female, public or private. Taken as a whole, the number of the schools is not the most deficient part of the system. It is the attendance of the children at such schools as do exist that is so painfully disproportionate. Out of a population of 4,893,373 children but 1,307,217, or 27 per 100, attend the schools. To the advocates of wholesale administrative unification the following table may be dedicated. Taking the total number of schools in proportion to the whole population and entire superficies, we have one school on every eight kilometres and for every 667 inhabitants; but if we would ascertain the respective culture or ignorance of the provinces we must read thus:

PROVINCE.	SCHOOL PER INHABITANTS.	ATTENDANCE.
Piedmont,	One per 384	78 per cent.
Lombardy,	" 426	70 "
Liguria,	" 476	45 "
Tuscany and Marches,	" 667	27 "
Emilia,	" 715	31 "
Umbria and Sardinia,	" 833	24 "
Abruzzi, Calabria, Molise,	" 1,000	20 "
Puglie,	" 1,100	19 "
Basilicata Sicilia,	" 1,660	12 "

Clearly, some different system must be pursued to force the communes to establish schools in Sicily, Sardinia, and the Puglie and Abruzzi, and to induce parents to send their children, than is needed in Piedmont, Lombardy, or even Liguria, where, if the facilities offered and accepted for instruction are not perfect, they are at least equal to most other countries.

The increase on '63 is: for city schools, 27 per cent.; for rural schools, 3 per cent.; the attendance on the latter in summer is zero, and even in city schools is much diminished. Of infant schools we have 2,720, attended by 107,512 out of 1,665,136 infants between two and five years old; but they are chiefly sent to be "got out of the way," and instruction is never expected and rarely given. Besides these there are 4,556 schools for adults, open either on Sundays or of an evening, attended by 164,570 adult pupils, and here the instruction is given and received *con amore*. Visiting some of the schools instituted by the Working-men's Association, I have been surprised at the eagerness of the pupils, the patient intelligence of the teachers, many of them professors and men of talent, who give their services to their illiterate townsmen gratuitously. But anything dreadier than the routine of the elementary schools can hardly be imagined—certainly could not be tolerated an hour in America, whence I brought away a vivid impression of the "black-board system," the "object system," the singing classes, gymnastic exercises, the honest emulation between child and child, and the cordial feelings between pupil and teacher, which seemed to make both their lives a pleasure. Here, instead, all that the girls seem to get out of school is a knowledge of the catechism and needle-work. The boys seem to learn nothing but mischief; they have books out of which they learn by rote, and understand nothing; "caligraphy" seems the master's forte—certainly not orthography, as I have seen letters from boys who have passed their examination in the second class of the superior course with almost a mistake in each word. The worst of it is, that one and all hate the schools; the poor children play truant as much as possible; the children of the richer classes, who must get an examination certificate in order to pass on to the lyceums and gymnasiums, generally get tutors at home to cram them at the last hour—a system bad enough in colleges and universities, far worse when adopted for the rudiments. But even here efforts are being made. The much-lamented Natoli, who lost his life in tending his countrymen attacked by cholera, rendered great services in promoting normal schools, of which there are 135, attended by 7,083 pupils, of which we are glad to see that 4,365 are females, as they make, by universal consent, the best teachers. Other ministers have proposed, and Parliament has voted, medals and prizes for such teachers as distinguish themselves in bringing forward their pupils and in increasing their numbers. Good-will exists, but system is wanting.

The minister of public instruction, a Mancini, a Matteucci, a Natoli, toils for a couple of years, let us say, to rescue the children from the hands of the priests, shut up the seminaries, and restrict their office to the instruction of children destined for the priesthood; then succeeds a Berti, who reopens the seminaries and allows the teachers of those that remain closed to populate the lay schools. Or Matteucci proposes the system of inspectors—an admirable system when their independence can be ensured—and succeeds partially in introducing it. His successor abolishes it, and so on to the end of the chapter. The abolition of a minister of public instruction in Italy has been already mooted. As soon as the Parliament can condescend to ordinary work, a new law on public instruction is to be proposed and this question raised. On the issue will depend much of the educational future of the Italians.

Of the secondary instruction of lyceums, colleges, and universities we may speak in another article. Senator Matteucci has just published in two volumes all his articles on the subject. When we are told that many of the pupils admitted to the university examinations with diplomas from the lyceums as often as not "speak bad grammar," one can but feel that the elementary and secondary instruction is, after all, the most important subject for present consideration in Italy.

W. M.

Correspondence.

COPYRIGHT AND PATENT RIGHT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

The article "Authors *versus* Readers," in the *Nation* of Feb. 20, seems to confuse two very different things—viz., patent and copyright. Mr. Carey considered both from the point of view appropriate only to the patent; his critic places both on the basis of the copyright.

The considerations which justify patent laws are as follows: An idea may be patented, but there can be no copyright in it. It ceases to be the peculiar property of its author the moment it is communicated to others, and the conferring of a patent is virtually the purchase of an idea by society. For example, suppose a community in the habit of collecting fruit by climbing the trees or by shaking them; the former is troublesome, the latter injures the fruit. Brown invents a combination of bag and scissors on the end of a pole, by which the fruit can be readily plucked without bruising it. He makes a machine, others see it, the idea is communicated to them, it is no longer his alone, and they have a right to use it. But suppose that, instead of showing his machine, he tells his neighbors what it will accomplish, and offers to show it for five dollars. They may pay the money, and so purchase the invention, or they may say: "We do n't know what your invention is worth, but we will pay you in such a way that the utility of the idea will regulate the price. For fifteen years we will give you twenty-five cents for every such machine we use." The bargain is completed; Brown shows his model, and the idea ceases to be his at that moment; society pays him in instalments. There you have a patent.

Now for the copyright. When an author writes a book, he incorporates in it his labor in finding ideas and giving them form, and the product is as much his own as any other product is the property of the producer. If several men carry water from a pond to a city, they incorporate their labor into the water transported, and no one denies that that water is theirs. They may keep it during their lives and pass it down to their heirs, or they may sell it. The water may be pure and good to drink so that people will buy it, or it may be impure and worthless so that no service is rendered to society, and no one will buy the water; but, pure or impure, the water belongs to the carrier who brought it. The case of the author is parallel. The form of expression which represents his labor is his property; it is his by right for ever, unless he chooses to sell it. To take it from him is a theft. The book may be worthless to society, so that no one will read it; but, worthless or not, it is the author's own property. The only distinction between the two products is that the labor of the water-carrier is incorporated with the material, so that he must own the material if he owns anything. In the case of the author, however, the material may be separated from that which represents his labor. The form

is the author's; the ideas are not. Euclid had a right to his book on geometry, but no more right than has Professor Loomis to his geometry, though the former invented new ideas, and the latter did not.

Now, if any one says that a thinker should be paid for the truths he discovers, we need not dispute that. Euclid might have refused to communicate his ideas except for a compensation. So long as they were known only to him, they were his alone. Society might have paid him down a sum of money for them, or might have paid him a royalty for fifteen years on every book which made use of the ideas. There would be no injustice in a patent law which should pay for inventions in science as well as in the arts. The reason why we have no such patent law is that society, like any other purchaser, does not care to pay for what people are willing to give freely.

The distinction, then, between patent and copyright is this: A patent is the price paid by society for a service rendered. Copyright is the natural right of an author to the product of his labor. A copyright law should not be regarded as conferring compensation on an author for a service rendered to society, but as a penal law, prohibiting others from stealing what is the author's own property as much as his coat or his watch. The theft of a book should be esteemed and treated like any other theft.

It is needless to add that this right in a book never expires; that a law which allows others to copy the book after ten, forty, or any number of years, is unjust; and, finally, that the law should forbid the stealing of foreign books as well as those of native authors; for, if it fails to do this, it winks at piracy.

A. E. W.

[The distinction made by "A. E. W." is a just one, though whether it be universally so will depend on the nature of any given patent. The article "Authors *versus* Readers" was, however, intended to apply to copyright alone, and in so far as copyright was confounded with patent right the confusion was unintentional.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

It is announced that Messrs. Lee & Shepard will receive subscriptions for a pamphlet, to be published if a sufficient number of subscriptions are received, containing seven articles by Mrs. C. H. Dall on "Bunsen's Egypt." They are the articles which have already been published in the *Friend*, the *Radical*, and other periodicals.——Roberts Brothers will issue a new book by Jean Ingelow, "A Sister's Bye-Hours."——Fitzpatrick & Hunter, of this city, announce "The Architect's and Builder's Guide," by John D. Kennion. It will describe a great number of buildings recently erected in New York and other cities.——The Historical Society of Pennsylvania will issue "The Correspondence of William Penn and Family with James Logan—1700–1750." The work will comprise two volumes, and will be edited by Edward Armstrong, Esquire.——The Catholic Publication Society announce "Problems of the Age," a series of papers which the Rev. Mr. A. F. Hewit wrote for the *Catholic World*.——J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, will publish a reprint of Arthur Helps's "Life of Las Casas" and Dyer's "History of the Kings of Rome," the latter being a book creditable to English scholarship. The same house will soon have ready Dixon's "Spiritual Wives."——G. W. Carleton & Co. intend issuing a new novel by John Esten Cooke.——H. Longstreth, of Philadelphia, finds it necessary to publish a new edition of Maria Webb's "Penns and Penningtons," and will also issue another edition of "The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall," a novel by the same author.——Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, announce as ready Doctor Howard Malcolm's "Theological Index; or, Reference to the Principal Works in all Departments in Religious Literature." The work embraces nearly seventy thousand citations, alphabetically arranged under two thousand heads, and has occupied nearly all of its author's life. It is intended for the working clergy, and adds one to the number of books that a man must have on peril of having an incomplete library.

—Magazines printed in phonography are not uncommon in England and not unknown in the United States, the two countries where the newspaper press is most flourishing and enterprising. It is some years, however, we are informed, since any periodical of this class has been published in America. Presumably there is need of something of the sort, and Mr. James E. Munson, of this city, undertakes to supply the want with the *Monthly Phonographic Magazine*. The first number is before us, and is a little pamphlet of sixteen pages. The title, table of contents, advertisements, and so forth, on the covers, are printed in alphabetical characters in the ordinary way, but the body of the magazine will surprise the uninitiated reader who takes it up. Mr. Munson's promise that it will not be made "a medium for promulgating isms" strikes one as comical and easy to keep; it is wholly printed in phonographic signs, except the titles of the articles, which are in script. So far as concerns these latter we can answer for the editor's abstinence from peculiar theories in religion and morals. "David Copperfield learning Short-hand" is one of them; "Historical Sketch of Short-hand" is another, and the rest are, "The School the Hope of Phonography," "Phonographic Reading in England," "Dumb Men's Speech," and "Colton's Journal of Geography." They are all printed on stout white paper by the photo-lithographic process, and the page is a very pretty one. The magazine is, of course, meant for persons who have already made some advancement in phonography, and to such learners it must be an aid of very considerable value. It is like a collection of easy reading to one who is studying a foreign language, and the youths throughout the country whom Mr. Parton has filled with the inappeasable desire of becoming Horace Greeley and has driven to the study of the "Complete Phonographer," will no doubt be helped on their way by the new magazine.

—Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, reports for the Library Committee of the House "a bill for securing to authors in certain cases the benefit of international copyright, advancing the development of American literature, and promoting the interests of publishers and book-buyers in the United States." A part of the committee's report consists of an argument in favor of the principle of international copyright. It is forcible, though no new facts are used and nothing of its force is derived from anything felicitous in the manner of its presentation. But next to nothing is to be said on the other side. Then comes the bill, the substance of which we lay before our readers, with the hope that it may evoke whatever discussion of its provisions is necessary. It is to be feared that there will be quite time enough before it passes the House and the Senate for a deal of argumentation for it and against it, and for the consideration of numerous amendments. It is provided—1st, That any foreigner who shall be author of any book, map, chart, dramatic work, or musical composition that may be published abroad after the act goes into operation, or who shall invent, design, engrave, make or cause to be made from his own design any print or engraving, and the executors, etc., of such foreigner, shall have the same rights as regards the multiplication and sale of his works as now are, or hereafter may be, granted to authors and artists who are citizens of the United States. Provided, of course, that the foreign country grants the same rights to authors and artists of this country. 2d, The privileges above granted are conditional on the fact that all the editions of the work republished in this country be manufactured here and issued by publishers who are American citizens. Section third relates to translations. If the work of the foreigner is first published abroad, and he reserves the right of translation, he may have the benefit of the act on these conditions: that he register his work in the clerk's office of some of our district courts, and deposit a copy in the Library of Congress within four months after the publication of the original; that he announce in the title-page of the original his reservation of the right of translation; that within six months after such registration he offer his book to some American publisher, and the whole or a part of it be published here; that every edition of it be wholly manufactured here and published by an American house. Some of these provisions as regards translations seem unnecessarily strict; especially the third one. Section four lays down regulations for the author of books published abroad and republished here without translation. He must deposit a copy in the Library of Congress, and it must be a copy of the best foreign edition of the work; he must register it here within three months after its publication abroad, and also within three months after arrangements have been made *bonâ fide* with some American publisher; if his book is issued in parts, the same formalities are necessary in the case of each part. The bill is somewhat loosely worded, and as it is highly probable that a good deal of litigation will take place under any international copyright law that we may have, and as the property that will be in question is of a nature that rather easily eludes the ordinary juryman's comprehension, it might be well if persons interested in the bill were to aid the committee with some sound advice.

—The official literature of the city of New York, from messages and speeches by the mayor down to the "Corporation Manual," is not as a rule triumphantly good, nor is that of the Metropolitan Police District, and the Annual Report of the Board for the year 1867 is no exception to the general law. It is ill-arranged and in every way inelegant; it is almost oblivious of the science of statistics, and may properly be criticised harshly as being unworthy of the city, and inferior to documents of the same class published elsewhere. Still it seems to be honestly prepared—Commissioner T. C.

Acton had the management of the matter—and it contains a deal of information interesting to New Yorkers, and much, of course, that is valuable to sociologists. We learn from it this among other things, that during the year ending on the 31st of October last the number of Americans, whites and colored persons, arrested within the limits of the District was 27,156; of English people, 2,764; of Scotch, 970; of Germans, 9,460; of Irish, more than any of these, and nearly as many as all of them put together—namely, 38,128. Of the Americans arrested, rather less than one-third were women, and the same thing is true of the Scotch. Among the English and the people of the British Provinces the women were not quite half as numerous as the men; among the Irish there were more than one-half as many women as men. It is true, too, that among colored Americans the proportion of women to men among criminals is greater than in the case of their white countrymen and women. It is about the same as among our resident English, and not so high as it is among the Irish. The total number of arrests made by the police within the year was 80,532, an average of 46 for each officer, or not quite one a week. Some of the other duties which the department is called on to perform make an odd figure in the report. For example, it has caused the removal of 6,198 dead dogs and cats, of 4,417 dead horses, of 5 deer, of 189 goats, of 423 "boba," whatever they are—calves, we believe—of 21,500 unsound eggs, and of 256,370 pounds of bad meat, fish, and poultry. The officers during the year have found open and unprotected no less than 5,907 buildings. In the seven years from 1861 to 1867, the citizens gave to burglars 31,170 opportunities for entering stores and dwelling-houses; and this carelessness appears to be increasing; there were more than twice as many cases last year as there were in 1861. Commissioner Acton defends the excise law by statistical tables of arrests made on Sundays and on Tuesdays in eleven months of last year. In November there were four Sundays and four Tuesdays, the arrests on those days respectively numbered 186 and 401, and the case was the same throughout the year. In the thirteen months during which the law has been in operation the arrests on Tuesdays number 6,021; those made on Sundays number 2,514. Before the enactment of the law the Sunday arrests always exceeded those of Tuesday. Very many other points of the report might well be noticed. We make room for some figures from the sub-report on the ferries. Mr. Coffee says that the whole number of passengers who have come into and gone out of New York on ferry-boats during the year is 79,925,000. His figures look suspicious, and are evidently "estimated," by whom we do not know—the companies, perhaps. The five Brooklyn ferries consolidated by the Union Ferry Company are set down as carrying half of this eighty millions of passengers; next comes the Jersey City Ferry Company, whose boats, connecting with the railroads of the West and South, carry 13,000,000; and next the Hoboken Ferry Company, which carries 5,300,000. "The death rate," says Mr. Coffee, "is less on the New York ferries than in any place in the known world where so great a number are on the move. They are safer than stages, railroads, steamships, or any other conveyance in my knowledge." This may be true enough, but Mr. Coffee evidently does not know of all the accidents that occurred on ferry-boats last year, for he leaves some out of his report. We must quote from him an observation which seems to us as remarkable an instance of liberality in the official mind as we have heard of recently. "Several of the ferries," he says, "have adopted the system of closed gates to prevent passengers in egress or ingress meeting on the boat or bridge. This I believe to be of doubtful benefit to passengers, the annoyance being greater than the risk of personal safety, which risk I believe every one entitled to take for themselves."

—Among English books issued or to be issued we notice these: In the "Bayard Series" of Low, Son & Marston—a very pretty and, even in this country, very cheap little set of very good books—the publishers intend to include Beckford's "Vathek." Other volumes to follow will be Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," Coleridge's "Lyrical Poems," "The Cavalier Ballads of England," and "Table-Talk of Napoleon." It seems a pity that the publishers intend to stray into poetry, as thus it cannot but happen that their series will have an incompleteness which might have been in a great measure avoided.——The new edition of Lamb's works has been entrusted, Mr. Welford says in the *Book-Buyer*, to some person so devoid of the sense of literary congruity that if the critics do not influence the publishers to stop him he is going to let George Augustus Sala write the "Introductory Essay."——Mr. Richard Henry Major, head of the Geographical Department in the British Museum Library, has just published a book which condenses the labor of a lifetime of research. Its title is as follows: "The Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator; and its Results, comprising the Discovery, within One Century, of Half the World, with new facts in the Discovery of the Atlantic Islands; a Refutation of French Claims to Priority in Discovery; Portuguese Knowledge (subsequently lost) of the Nile Lakes, and the History of the Naming of America, from Authentic Contemporary Documents; Illustrated with Portraits, Maps, etc.," including a beautiful illumination of Prince Henry, from a unique original MS. Mr. Welford tells us as an instance of the services rendered to literature by the poor, despised book-collector, that Mr. Major searched long in vain to find a book which Hakluyt, three centuries ago, strove in vain for twelve years to find. It was Antonio Galvão's "Treatise on the Discoverer of the World" (Lisbon, 1555). Mr. Major was fortunate enough to meet at last with a copy of the work, and he found it not in the great libraries of Europe, but in the library of Mr. John Carter Brown, of Providence, a collector of books illustrative of American history.——Mr. Kinglake's third and fourth volumes of the "Crimean War" are now passing through the press. Murray, Mr. Welford says, when the book was offered to him, proposed to print but a thousand copies of it. This, though the author of "Eothen" had a name. The actual publishers, Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, have already sold between eleven and twelve thousand volumes of the book, in its expensive octavo form, and in this country also its sale, though probably less, and doubtless less profitable, has been large.——It is unlikely that the state of Count Montalembert's health will permit of the completion of his "Monks of the West" on the scale which he at first had in mind. Mrs. Oliphant's translations of the fourth and fifth volumes have appeared, and the work stands finished. They include the Christianization of England.——Apropos of the promise of a four-volume standard edition of Tennyson's complete works, which is to be revised by the author, and to contain notable additions, the *Book-Buyer* tells us that *Good Words* has agreed to give the Laureate two thousand pounds for twelve poems, to be furnished monthly during the current year. For "The Victim," then, we are to suppose that he got over eleven hundred dollars in greenbacks. As Mr. Tennyson had a poem in the January *Once a Week*, and another in the February *Macmillan*, it looks as if he were becoming a regular writer for the periodical press. Among the rest of the current gossip about the poet is the report that he gets all his publishing done for a commission of fifteen per cent., which to a good man of business like him must have its satisfactions.

MOTLEY'S NETHERLANDS.*

The Netherlands are obliged to Mr. Motley, and he to the Netherlands. No other subject, so little worn, promised more to an admirer of stubborn heroism who is fearless of hard work. And, on the other hand, no country was in sharper need of a foreign historian. It has lost the leading place it had conquered for itself. Its comparatively unknown language and vernacular literature have failed to redeem its geographical littleness and to check its descent from distinction to respectability. Something more than two hundred years ago quaint old Fuller advised his countrymen, if they would see much in a little, to "travel the Low Countries. Holland is all Europe, in an Amsterdam print, for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury; learning war, and traffic." Something less than one hundred years ago Mr. John Adams, in Holland on public duty, described the country as the most curious, the peoplé as the most incomprehensible, and the constitution of government as the most singular in the world. And now Mr. Grant Duff tells us of a person of some position in London who asked a Dutch gentleman the name of the "present stadtholder." Such a country may be grateful to a writer who translates its fame into more current speech, and holds up its early honors to the admiration of his fellow-citizens.

In the two volumes now before us, Mr. Motley closes his history where Grotius closed his: with the making of that truce for twelve years which virtually owned, though it did not seal, the independence of the United Provinces. The period covered by these volumes extends from 1590 to 1609. It boasts of no hero of the stature of William the Silent; and no Invincible Armada is there "to come, see, and perish." But the essential elements of the history survive, and some new actors cross the stage. The last exploits of the Prince of Parma, the sudden but ripe generalship of Prince Maurice, and the outburst of Spinola's martial renown give free play to the author's descriptive powers. Barneveldt's strong hand is still on the helm, and Philip, living and dead, comes up for reiterated doom. The crown of England passes from Tudor to Stuart, and that of France has just passed from Valois to Bourbon.

The moral dimensions of the strife between the United Provinces and Spain were out of all proportion to the diminutive area in which for the

* "History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609. By J. L. Motley." In four volumes. Vols. III and IV. Portraits. 8vo, pp. vii., 633. New York: Harper and Brothers.

most part it was carried on. The struggle was so far a test, on which was staked the success of Philip's grasping and grinding policy, that failure to subdue the Netherlands was fatal to the vision of universal empire. Emancipation of the Low Countries was, more or less, emancipation of Europe. This fact is the key-note of Mr. Motley's theme. It gives a central character to the outlying flat, not twice as large as Massachusetts, which a war of forty years could not conquer, and it justifies the writer in bringing within the frame of his map a considerable tract of adjoining history. The sovereigns of England and France, in the attitude of anxious observers, keen calculators, or cautious auxiliaries, form a background to the civic aristocrats of the young republic.

Mr. Motley's merits are too well and too popularly known to need or to warrant formal eulogy. His capital quality is the sustained interest he takes in the men and the deeds he describes. Even where he dislikes, he does not allow himself to grow weary. This interest of his own he imparts to his readers; and when he throws himself into a campaign, he enlists them to fight it through. While many a chapter gives proof of hard reading in unpublished manuscripts and in rare or little used books in all the main languages of Europe, he never claims an audience till he has shaken off the dust. The reader, when he lays down one of his volumes, is sure that he has been with real men and in the heat of real action. The account of Maurice's surprising victory at Nieuport, of the three years' siege of Ostend, of the heroic voyage of Barendz, or even (in spite of its disagreeable details) of Philip's sickness and death, are striking instances of narrative power. Mr. Motley has a passion for freedom, and exerts himself to kindle a like enthusiasm in others.

The mere selection of a subject emphasizes that subject, and nearness seems to magnify men and events. And there are portions of history in which an epic flavor is inherent. Mr. Motley is not insensible to this. He is generous to his own; but he would not, therefore, be niggardly to others. He would give all their due; though possibly, here and there, his Dutchman (as he ought to do) turns the better penny. We get, for instance, at sufficient length, Sully's special strictures on the English character; but Mr. Motley unconsciously overlooks the paragraph in which the Frenchman's sharp eye takes the measure of Dutch, English, and other *esprits du Nord* alike. So, too, when, in introducing the very interesting narrative of the voyages of the Dutch in quest of a North-eastern passage, he says that "the expedition [in 1594] set forth towards those unknown Arctic seas which no keel of Christendom had ever ploughed," he appears to claim for his hardy friends a chronological precedence to which they are not altogether entitled. In a later voyage we learn that Barendz, in lat. 73°, deemed himself to be near Sir Hugh Willoughby's land. That brave man had perished forty years before in a similar enterprise.

Mr. Motley says (rather hyperbolically, considering the extent and diversity of Philip's dominions) that his theme down to 1598 has been the reign of Philip II. But French and English history come in for a large share of his labors; and, on the whole, having to take note of scenes and events of such range and variety, the author has held the threads of his narrative with no little skill. Out of the Low Countries the prominent figures are Philip II. and Henry IV., gloomy and gladsome. Philip's ghost knew well what to expect from his judge. No false hopes had been held out; and here we have the sentence: "If there are vices—as possibly there are—from which he was exempt, it is because it is not permitted to human nature to attain perfection in evil." And elsewhere he says that, if Philip had been living when Spinola was winning victories for him, "he would have felt it his duty to make immediate arrangements for poisoning him." Certainly, in this case, a potential indictment is quite superfluous. The dying bigot asked for little favor; but even Mr. Motley, as man, if not as judge, is touched by "the perfect gentleness" to others and perfect resignation in himself which he showed in the agonies of fearful pain. In how "great degree" this was to be ascribed to an "internal conviction of general righteousness" may be doubtful; so far as it goes it may pass for one sign of grace. Of Henry IV. the judgment is less stern, but it is hardly more favorable. No attempt is made to draw a complete portrait of him. In truth, it is all but impossible. The pencil is baffled by the artless and artful changes of the features. Such a paradox appears the man himself that it would almost seem as if only paradoxes could expound him. In a few sagacious sentences Burke has struck off a rapid sketch of his public character; and a recent French writer (not alone of that mind, even in France) suggests that the one thing he wanted was "cette exquise faculté, qu'on appelle la conscience." Mr. Motley meets him from time to time, and seldom lets him go without adding a stroke to the canvas. The strokes are often happy, though here and there, it may be, somewhat too full. Thus we read: "He would have cut off the head of D'Aubigné or Duplessis Mornay to gain an object." Another potential crime, which makes Henry a monster He was hardly that. Our author is not blinded to Henry's genius by his faults and vices, nor does he accept the genius in absolution of the faults and vices. Nowhere, indeed, so far as we are aware, does he trifle with moral responsibility.

In these volumes the rights of historical students are not forgotten. Mr. Motley conscientiously lays down his authorities, thus subjecting himself to a test of his fidelity and ability, and smoothing the way to independent investigation. He uses them, so far as we are able to judge, very honorably. Perhaps, at times, too much of involuntary inference enters the text with the testimony, but not, we believe, in an unfair or sophistical spirit. Sully's "Mémoires" being an easily accessible book, we have compared the original with Mr. Motley's account of that famous man's mission to England. We find here the summaries and reductions excellent in the main, though some slight liberties have been taken. In both volumes the copious "Relations of the Venetian Ambassadors," now recognized as a fertile source of information, have been freely and profitably used. Mr. Motley has not neglected such statistics as could be drawn from these and other observers, though we think that, in one or two cases, unreconciled discrepancies are not explained.

Mr. Motley's best style is singularly animated and energetic. He conducts a siege or fights a battle as if he were there. Many of his portraits are thrown off with great spirit; and he can hold and exhibit with success a course of affairs. He transfers his readers from topic to topic, from region to region, and from land to sea, by natural and well varied transitions. He is never at a loss for words, and his words are very often pithy and nervous. But he does not keep his style faithfully up to its best. His taste is strangely capricious and intermittent. Without flagging for an instant he goes through the three years' siege at Ostend, and then dismisses it with a picture that is simply provoking. He can descend to fine, to smart, and to flat writing. Often his wit is not terse, his satire not forcible, and he too seldom practises that economy of expression which suggests a reserve of thought, and is the best compliment to the reader's intelligence. Some of his sentences are incredibly below his capacity and his reputation. It needs no purist to wonder at such words as these: "Aged counsellors justified themselves in a solemn consumption of time such as might have exasperated Jared or Methuselah in his boyhood," "Subterranean regions where the effluvia of falsehood becomes (!) almost too foul for ordinary human organization," and "What if it were found out that we were all fellow-worms together, and that those which had crawled highest were not necessarily the least slimy." Some of these defects are more apparent as he approaches the confines of historical philosophy. His style often lacks the sure balance and firm texture suited to a vehicle of solid and steady thought. Nor is it backed, at least in the regions of reflection, by powerful imagination There is too much of exaggeration and declamation. This is the more to be regretted, because it takes from the fair effect of the generous and manly principles which run through his work. What, for instance, is gained to the cause of peace, of which the author is a staunch friend, or for science, which he is celebrating in a highly elaborate paragraph, by saying that "the most enlightened of peoples are now broken up into warring tribes of internecine savages"? And in an interesting sketch of Barneveldt, how much light is thrown on him or on anything by the statement that "his perceptions as to eternal necessity in all healthy governments taught him that comprehensible relations between the state and the population were needful to the very existence of a free commonwealth"? We venture to dwell a little on these blemishes, because they set an example of the very sort most likely to be followed, especially in this country, by writers without a tithe of Mr. Motley's knowledge, sense, or power.

One word more. In dealing with opinion the historian has a double duty; he has to maintain, as it were, a double consciousness; he must think in the present, and he must think as in the past. Mr. Motley often summons the past to the bar of the present—a perfectly fair proceeding. But we are not sure that he sufficiently admits in mitigation of sentence the plea that the past was once the present. He tells us of "the long, hideous, senseless massacres, called the wars of religion." Too true, in a modern sense; but one might ask, as it has been asked, what could the Huguenots do but fight?

No one who has ever read the proof-sheets of a book is ignorant of the extreme difficulty of avoiding errors of detail. And he who writes a book must be painfully sensible of the difficulty. We may, without captious criticism, point out a few errata. It was not the Duke of Lorraine, but the Duke of Bavaria, who won the Battle of Prague in 1620. The year 1600 was not the first year of the seventeenth century. The Turks are not pagans. Aldebaran is in the Bull, not out of it. Egotism, in the sense of the

French *égoisme*, is not yet naturalized. And the "odoriferous pistil," that was "the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate wars," was a flower-bud, and it was not "the growth of a particular gillyflower." The clove is not the clove-gillyflower.

Mr. Motley informs us that he is now engaged on the history of the Thirty Years' War. He has somewhere called it a "war of demons." The task will be long and arduous. We could have wished that he might give us the century of Dutch history between the Twelve Years' Truce and the Peace of Utrecht. But now we can only hope that he may find all the years in store for him that he will need to bring him to the goal. In the Dutch section of his new history he will be hurried at once into the tempest of political and theological hate that brought Barnevelt to the scaffold. But the name of Grotius will lead a line of distinguished natives and sojourners, and we may look for greater detail in the biography of men of letters and science than was possible while the stormy struggle for national existence was the engrossing theme. We must beg Mr. Motley to remember that in America we have not reached the manufacture of popular historical atlases. The map of Germany has been revolutionized since the seventeenth century; his readers will need help from charts, plans, and tables. He has hitherto been too sparing of these assistances. His next history will be obscure without them; as obscure as chapters of Mr. Bancroft's last volume are to men not used to Brooklyn Heights or the Bronx Valley, and who did not know the name of Spuyten-Duyvil before it became an offence to ears polite.

THE DERVISHES.*

We know nothing of Mr. Brown except what we learn from this book and what we learned by reading some poems of his which have appeared in we forget what newspapers. In the poetry there was nothing attractive, and in the volume before us what there is that is attractive is, most of it, not to be credited to Mr. Brown. On a very taking subject he has made a book which is to be called badly made, and which, when in parts it is good, is good mainly by reason of the labors of other men. Not that he himself does not bring new facts to light; apparently he is in possession of information out of which most men of any pretensions to literary ability would have made a book which not only would have answered the requirements of a popular work, but would have had authoritative weight. Setting aside his want of ability as a thinker and the badness of his style, two faults of which are constant bad grammar and occasional ignorance of the meaning of common words, he writes so very confusedly as regards the general arrangement of his matter, is so incapable of distinguishing the important from the utterly trivial in the facts which he has gathered together, that we do not know when we have read a book more tantalizingly unsatisfactory. The obligations to other authors to which we have referred Mr. Brown acknowledges in his preface; and in the body of the work in every case where he borrows from previous investigators he gives them full credit. But the book might have been a very great deal more than he has made it—namely, a bad compilation, rather dry and useless, made with considerable honesty to be sure, to which is joined in a very unworkmanlike manner some little information got at first-hand. Still, whatever it may be relatively to what it might have been, it is nevertheless a work of some value and interest, a book which to almost all general readers of good books will be neither uninstructive nor unpleasing. For it contains, quoted from M. D'Ohsson, a good historical account of Dervishism as it exists in the Ottoman Empire; a description, quoted from Mr. Lane, of those performances whereby the Egyptian Dervishes obtain most popular applause and most strike the attention of the mere traveller; a very clear account, quoted from Ubicini, of the Dervish faith, particularly as it differs from that of the Mohammedan; some translations of Dervish writings made by Mr. Brown himself, and a good deal of miscellaneous information, also from Mr. Brown, on the modes of initiation into the various orders, the Dervish costume and its meaning, the traditions of some of the orders, and so on. Mr. Brown's part of the book may be found valuable by future writers; to the present reader the part of it from which he will learn most and which he will like best is the large part written by the writers above-mentioned, and, beside these, by Sir William Jones, Malcolm, the historian of Persia, and other travellers and orientalists of real ability and real acquirements.

A few words about the Dervishes may not be unacceptable to our readers. It seems that there are twelve principal orders, and that the lesser orders are much more numerous, some writers reckoning them at sixty, some at a hundred. They are spread over all Mohammedan countries, most being gathered into tekkiehs or monasteries—to each of which belong as affiliated members many persons who live in their own dwellings and pursue their regular callings—a few wandering from city to city without fixed abode. The germ of all these societies is found in that association of forty-five citizens of Mecca who, in the first year of the Hegira, joined themselves with an equal number of citizens of Medina, and formed a fraternity having for its principal points of doctrine community of property, strict allegiance to the Prophet, and the daily observance of certain religious ceremonies. Soofees they called themselves. Of course the idea of such fraternities is older than Islamism, and so consonant is it with the peculiar character of the Eastern people that, though Mohammed said in a famous sentence, "No monkery in Islamism," it was not long before Islam was overspread by communities of Mussulman monks. Even Ali and Abu Bekir, relatives and contemporaries of the Prophet himself, each established one of them. The vast majority of all the orders trace their descent from the congregation of Ali. To give anything like an account of the distinctive character of the various orders, their different ceremonies, the dress peculiar to each, with the symbolical meaning of its parts, would be a work of great difficulty and little profit. Mr. Brown, we should say, has done this better, has given fuller details of the history of each sect, than any other author.

Of the doctrines held by the Dervishes it may be said in general that, as seen from the outside, they consist in an excellent system of morality, in the inculcation of religious practices entirely in harmony with the teachings of the Koran, and of exercises—dancing, howling, sword-swallowing, eating of live coals, musical performances, and so on—which were once held to be infractions of the law of the Prophet, but which are now everywhere accepted. But there is another view to be taken of their belief—a view not obtained from the outside nor even by all Dervishes. There seems to be taught by some, at any rate, if not by all, of the sheikhs—and to some, if not to all, of their followers—a secret as well as a public system of belief. According to the latter, the description of the true Dervish is this:

"When it is asked what Dervish means, the reply is, 'One who asks nothing of any creature; and to be as submissive as the earth which is trodden upon by the feet; to serve others before yourself; to be contented with little; to do neither good nor evil; to abandon all desires; to divorce even his wife; to submit hourly to all occurrences of misfortune and accident; not to drink wine nor to lie; not to commit fornication; not to touch what does not belong to you; to know the true and the false, and to restrain the tongue and speak little.'"

But when the novice has been proved, has practised the virtues above enjoined, has by austerities and mystical contemplation annihilated his individuality and purged his spiritual eyes, then, it is said, he is taught to dispense with the Koran, and to reduce his belief to mysticism, to believe that ecstatic communication with God is something within his own power, and to think of morality as a thing indifferent. "Purity, impurity, slowness, precipitation—all these distinctions are beneath Me," one of the sheikhs makes God say to Moses; and the Sheikh Bayazid cried out in the midst of his disciples, "Glory to me; I am above all things"—a form of words which, in the mouths of the Orientals, is applied to God alone. "O my master!" a disciple said to Jelâl ed Deen er Roomee, the founder of the "Dancing Dervishes,"—"O my master! you have completed my doctrine by teaching me that you are God, and that all is God." Many such passages might be quoted showing how different from the Mohammedanism of the Ulema is the faith of the Dervish. Pantheism, identification of God with the individual mystic, the exemption of the perfect from the chains of morality—which are only for the imperfect—the denial of submission to any authority except that of the Sheikh, the emptiness of positive religions and the allegorical character of all their dogmas—these are the tenets which seem to be held by the Dervish sects. Their identity with those of Indian mysticism and much modern quietism and transcendentalism is apparent. Metempsychosis also they believe in, and, as may be supposed, they are consistent fatalists.

Reading which most readers will find fresher and more interesting than to learn that the esoteric teachings of the Dervishes are Brahminical in character, are some of the stories which Mr. Brown's book tells us about the thaumaturgy of the Dervishes and their performance of feats similar to those with which the Convulsionists of Saint Medard once astonished France. And more interesting than that are his details in regard to the exercise by the Sheikhs of powers quite the same, apparently, as those exercised by our mesmerists, clairvoyants, and natural healers, and the same as some of those exercised by spiritual mediums. But the second title of the book, "Oriental Spiritualism," is a misnomer. For one of the least wonderful

* "The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism. By John P. Brown, Secretary and Dragoman of the Legation of the United States of America at Constantinople." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

and best authenticated of these tales we make room here. It was related to Mr. Brown by a Dervish, of whom he seemingly thinks very well—a friend of his, he calls him:

"When I was at *Kerkoot*, in the province of Shehrazor, near to Mosul, I visited a *Tekkieh* of the Kâdiree Order, for the purpose of seeing a Sheikh of much repute and great spiritual powers. The Sheikh presided over the *Tekkieh* in question.

"When I reached the *Tekkieh*, a large number of *Mureeds*, or neophytes (disciples) were present, all appearing to be much excited by the power or the spell of the Sheikh; so much so as to rise and dance, sing or cry out involuntarily. On entering the hall where they were assembled in the presence of the Sheikh, I was also much affected by the spectacle, and, retiring to a corner, sat down and closed my eyes in devout meditation, mentally praying to the Sheikh to send away those persons, and to permit me to enjoy, alone, his society. The Sheikh was several paces distant from me, and, as I did not speak, could only have known what was passing in my mind by means of his wonderful spiritual powers, by which expression I mean the faculty which one spirit has of communing with another, and the power which a superior spirit has over the will of another spirit.

"On opening my eyes, I was amazed to hear the Sheikh address me in the following words—'In a few minutes' time your prayer, young man, will be granted, and you will commune with me alone.' To my surprise, in a few minutes the Sheikh, without speaking a word to any one present, had dismissed all his disciples from the hall, and so I remained with him alone. One by one each had ceased to be affected by his spell, and withdrew. I then experienced an impulse beyond my power of refusal to arise and approach him, which I did. I threw myself helpless at his feet, and kissed the hand which he extended to me. We next sat down together, and I had a long and most instructive conversation with him."

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

THE two new magazines grow better, we think, with each number, and are nearly equally good. *Lippincott's* has a very much better novel than the extremely weak story entitled "Too True" which is running through *Putnam's*, and the "Table-Talk" of *Putnam's* seems trivial enough beside the bibliographical and literary knowledge of the "Monthly Gossip" of *Lippincott's*; as regards the reviews of books the one is about as good, or bad, as the other, such superiority as there is resting with the Philadelphia magazine; and *Lippincott's* has this advantage, that there is less in it which one is unwilling to read than there is in *Putnam's*. It is an advantage due, perhaps, to the fact that *Putnam's* contains the greater number of pages, for we should not say that *Lippincott's* gives greater evidence than its rival of being in extremely good editorial hands. We do wrong, perhaps, to speak of the two magazines as rivals. They came into the world at the same time, however, and address the same class of readers. Neither is so popular in character as *Harper's*, and neither addresses an audience so cultivated as the subscribers to the *Atlantic*. This comparative method of criticism we do not apologize for, little profitable as such criticism is apt to be; for it is well to try to fix the place of new candidates for public favor, and this is best done by comparing them with a standard whose value is well known to every reader.

Mrs. Harding Davis, as was conjectured, turns out to be the author of the novel in *Lippincott's*. It was an easy guess, for that matter; nobody who had read her acknowledged works could fail to find the family likeness in "Dallas Galbraith." It has the same painful intensity as the others; one as surely says "morbid anatomy" when he ends a chapter of this story as when he ends a chapter in "Waiting for the Verdict" or in "Margret Howth." We were not ourselves born in New England—and, as Mr. Howells says, we cheerfully beg pardon for the youthful inadvertence—but we should not blame a native of that region if he were to smile a little at Mrs. Davis's estimate of the relative merits, mental and physical, of the Yankee and the man who is born and dies and raises wheat on the slopes of the Blue Ridge. Still, it is doubtless useful, except to the one who does it, to oppose bigotry to bigotry; when narrowness is set against narrowness, there is breadth for whoever can see them both. "Dallas Galbraith" we find a not uninteresting story. The one good character seems to have permanently disappeared from the scene; but two women are left who promise something. Messrs. Lippincott's proof-reader, let us remark, or Mrs. Davis, ought not to make the verb "to plead" irregular.

Louis Blanc's letter this month is a good one. He rejoices in what he considers Napoleon's enforced surrender to the clerical party, and gives a very intelligible account, and what we take to be a true one, of the Emperor's relations with the Liberals and the Catholics. His article, and the novel of which we have been speaking, and an article by Mr. Charles Astor Bristed on "Two Alsatian Novelists," and a clearly written, very sensible article by Amasa Walker, entitled "An Elastic Currency," seem to be the best worth reading of all the essays that this month's number contains. Mr. Bristed is not a critic for whose judgment or taste we entertain extraordinary respect; and the habit of writing for various sporting papers has given him a style that strikes one as odd when it is discovered in soberer periodical literature; but he has vastly more knowledge than most American critics, and he seldom writes many pages together without saying something somewhat worth hearing. Erckmann and Chatrian are the two Alsatian novelists of whom he talks in the paper before us—novelists little known to American readers. Of many other people, too, he talks, and sometimes in a way that will be found quite amusing. Here is one of his marginal notes: "The dictionaries write *idyl*; Tennyson and Stedman *idyll*. One Carl Benson, of whom the reader has probably never heard, did so before either of them. You may spell it which way you please, my dear little reader: you pays your money and you has your choice."

Putnam's opens with Dr. Bushnell's "Science and Religion." Next comes Phœbe Cary, who writes "The Three Wrens," and who is pigeon-livered and lacks gall for satire. The third article is by Professor Schele de Vere; "Pearls" he writes about, giving information old and new, and making a tolerably readable article. An article more readable, very lively indeed, is entitled "Mr. Thom. White's Little Sermon"—the extravagance of modern American women is the pregnant text, and Mr. White is apparently a bachelor of little faith. It is, we suspect, to a very fashionable congregation that he habitually preaches, and, after all, the majority of worshippers are not members of such. Most women do not spend more money than they have; most women are less extravagant than most men. "American Traits, as seen from Abroad," is another light article which will be found readable; and "City Postal Service in the United States," without being at all light, is also readable, and worth reading. It shows very plainly by its figures the wretched postal service which the people of this city and Brooklyn are compelled to accept at the hands of the Post-office officials, local and general, and makes it clear that we might without difficulty be as well off in the matter of mails as London, where, throughout the vast city, "a well-sealed and clearly-directed penny-post letter is the best messenger." However, the postal service here and elsewhere is a branch of the civil service, and as the tree is, so are the branches.

The best article in *Putnam's* for March is by some anonymous lover of old books, who begins a series of papers with the title "Out-of-the-way Books and Authors." The Rev. Thomas Adams, an English clergyman of the time of James the First, is his theme this month, and he gives copious extracts which seem to show that South and Fuller would have welcomed this learned and witty preacher as a kindred spirit. The passages quoted make one wish it possible that in the edition of old English sermonizers which Hurd & Houghton some time ago promised Adams's works might find a place. The writer of the article has apparently forgotten his "Troilus and Cressida," or he would not have mentioned as one of Adams's "strong original proverbs" a saying which, in that play, forms a part of one of the best speeches of Shakespeare's Ulysses. We hope the series may be a very long one.

More articles like Mr. Croly's on the question "What a Newspaper Should Be" we do not know that we wish for. It is in good part identical with Mr. Parton's *North American Review* essay on "James Gordon Bennett and the New York Herald," and it would have been well if the editorial scissors had been applied to it freely. Of the remainder, a portion is practically valuable for instruction of persons intending to establish newspapers, and a portion is not valuable to anybody. One of the writer's leading propositions, that a newspaper should merely reflect public opinion, seems to us to be dissented from entirely. But we shall not see the day, nor will our children, when the comments of exceptionally able men on current events will cease to be influential on the minds of other men, and it is hardly worth while to combat the writer's notion. As a matter of fact, we know that to-day ninety-nine men in a hundred in the most enlightened countries in the world might have presented to them fresh every morning the news of all the world, or let us say of Washington, and would be altogether incapable of forming without help a politically valuable opinion upon it. It is true that no paper can live which sets itself in perpetual, obstinate opposition to all public opinion, and it is true that no paper prospers which does not conciliate the good-will of a tolerably large public. These things are so; but that they are so is not at all a reason for believing that servile reflection of popular opinion is necessary or practicable or desirable. Newspapers are not omnipotent, but they are powerful. They are powerful because editors work on the passions of men and inform men's minds. This latter work they do to some extent by printing telegrams, and to some extent by publishing thoughts for people who can adopt thoughts which they could not have originated. The editorial is man talking to men, as Mr. Parton says, and the news is God talking to men. Everything is God talking to men; God, however, is, in no case, his own interpreter.

Except Mr. Dickens, none of the contributors to the March *Atlantic* are owners of distinguished names. It must be a bad number, then, if we reason after what seems the fashion of publishers. And it is not, in fact, a very good one. "George Silverman's Explanation" is apparently brought to an end at the end of the third part; but we do not certainly know. The depicting of a morbidly self-distrustful, unnaturally guileless, very self-sacrificing man—a sort of a Tom Pinch—seems to be the author's object; and that excessively familiar figure is to be seen at full length in these eight chapters as well, and as much to the reader's satisfaction, as if the canvas had been larger. Dr. Palmer writes like an "emancipated" doctor in his entertaining "John Chinaman, M.D."—an article which, with Dr. W. T. Helmuth's chat about "Some of the Wonders of Modern Surgery," we recommend for perusal. One cannot read the latter without a feeling of thankfulness; it is of a kind to stagger a pessimist. Other articles are: "Cretan Days," by Mr. Stillman; "A Conversation on the Stage," by Miss Kate Field; "Byways of Europe," by Mr. Taylor; "Free Missouri," by Mr. A. D. Richardson; "The Old Philadelphia Library," by J. M. Read, Jr., and two or three stories, or parts of stories. There are also three pieces of poetry. "A New Contributor" writes one of them, very commonplace indeed; one is by Celia Thaxter, and one, perhaps rather better than Celia Thaxter's, is anonymous. None is to be called good.

The March *Galaxy* has, for its most interesting matter, a very circumstantial account of Louis Napoleon's secret purchase, and a Mr. Petty's management, of the London *Morning Chronicle*. The disgraceful story we take to be a true one; at any rate, it has every appearance of truthfulness, and is well worth looking at as what may probably be a bit of the secret history of the Second Empire. "How Lamirande was Caught" and "John Bright at Home"—the one by Gaston Fay, the other by R. J. Hinton—are also readable papers of the kind in which the *Galaxy* has been noticeably successful—the subject not perhaps at all important, yet unhackneyed, and the treatment appropriately light. It is to be said, too, that of subjects quite sufficiently hackneyed the *Galaxy* treats often enough; light padding as distinguished from the heavy sort has always made rather too large a part of it, and every little while it prints a piece almost unaccountably bad, as, for instance, "The Ballad of Sir Ball" in the number in hand.

Of the heavier sort of padding *Hours at Home* furnishes a good sample in its article called "Insanity and Usefulness." In fact, it is of the heaviest sort. With perfect gravity Mr. Butterworth relates anecdotes worn threadbare, and accompanies them with comments marvellous for inanity. However, we do not mention him on that account. He has occasion to say that some men have thought insanity preferable to enduring the pangs of a guilty conscience—a statement not to be doubted—but next he falls into this wicked mixture of platitude and calumny: "In this view of the case, many who have figured in the most polished courts are more to be pitied than admired, and Garrick, Hood, and Hook lived no enviable lives." In any view of any case Mr. Rae Wilson lived no enviable life, as Mr. Butterworth will discover if he will turn to Hood's ode to that gentleman, and where Mr. Butterworth learned that Hood was anything but a very good man we are curious to know.

The rest of *Hours at Home* contains good reading. The moral uses of winter are Doctor Bushnell's theme, and he makes out a strong case—a case so strong that we almost fear he would have trouble to justify the ways of God to such men as inhabit countries that are hot. The Rev. Mr. Bacon will, we fear, be charged with indulging in unseemly levity in his "Sunday-school Muse;" but what he says is substantially sensible. Nothing more surely tends to immorality of character than the relaxing of children's minds by soaking them in the slop of twaddling songs, and surely it is high time that Sunday-school superintendents and teachers were warned of the iniquity of the "Minstrels" and "Bells" of various kinds, and "Choral Songsters," which fill so large a place in the instruction of scholars in both Sunday-schools and secular schools. Doctor Schaff translates with much felicity a fine piece of religious verse by Frederick Reickert; Professor W. S. Tyler treats of Constantinople, ancient and modern; Mary L. Booth gives three chapters of a translation of Madame de Gasparin's "Camille;" Motley's "Netherlands" is copiously quoted from; "The Chaplet of Pearls" is continued; Mr. Towle talks of the people and customs of Brittany; there is some very bad verse by the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," and some very fair verse by Miss Josephine Pollard; and so the magazine is filled.

The *Catholic World* contains a learned review of Mr. Arthur Helps's biography of Las Casas—a review of a far higher character than is common in American periodical literature. Apparently the writer is using a language not his own, and his translations are particularly clumsy, but he seems to be, much more than Mr. Helps, master of the subject. Another review is a highly rhetorical essay on Doctor John Lord's "Old Roman World," which is treated with harshness. We have to commend, too, the *Catholic World's* lesser notices of books, which are vigorously written. It is true of them generally—that is, it has lately become true of them—that they give greater evidence of honest preparation on the part of the writers than is shown in the reviews published by any other monthly magazine except the *Atlantic*. Besides the long articles already mentioned, the magazine has an exposure, not in every instance made with perfect, unpartisan candor, of some of the stock falsehoods against the Romanists which have been current—more widely current once than now—among Protestant believers. "Canada Thistles" is the title of it. Then, on the other hand, there is an abusive, vicious attack on Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, and the Italians in general for their bad behavior as regards the Roman question. Garibaldi is a filibuster, the writer thinks; the King and General Menabrea have lied recklessly, and a certain number of the European journals are following their illustrious example; every act of moderation and conciliation of the last eight years has come from the side of the Holy Father, and every provocation has come from "Piedmont"; Cavour was "the modern Machiavelli, the man of impromptu and chicane," and so on. It is quite a relief to turn from this sort of thing to the pleasant little story of Gluck, or the calm argumentation of "The Church and Her Attributes," or to Aubrey de Vere's "Abscondita," albeit that poem, with its absurdly Roman Catholic bird and its Virgin whose breath sweetened a world, and a world blind to perfumes, is a very long way from being one of the poet's best. It has, however, several verses that are pretty, and this pair characteristically subtle and forcible:

> "Of Him—Death's Conqueror—that from death
> Alone would take the crown decreed."

LIGHT AND HEALTH.*

Business and sunlight in our large cities are fast becoming alienated from one another, and, as there is not room for both, the latter must yield to the ever-increasing demands of the former. We build up our stores and offices as high as the strength of materials will allow of, and, when checked in this direction, we spread out horizontally and cover the space which those who lived before us thought indispensable to healthful existence. The result of this solidifying process is that the sunlight comes to us through deep and narrow fissures called streets, and possibly down a slender, chimney-like space called a court. In this way this life-giving principle visits, almost exhausted, thousands and thousands of not poor, half-starved, and half-clad human beings, but men of at least some means and a liberal endowment of common sense. We set brain and body at work under the influence of a light which has lost most of its health-sustaining power by innumerable reflections, and then, when the sun sinks below the horizon, issue forth to seek recreation and refreshment by gas-light. Because of this constantly increasing evil, every serious effort made to impress upon the public the necessity of sunlight for health of body and mind is welcome.

The work before us is divided into four parts. In the first, which treats of the solar beam, the healthful and the morbid effects of light upon the animal and vegetable kingdoms are considered. Where it is not permitted to enter, there are disease and bodily deformities. The health-giving and beneficent influence of the sun's rays is evidenced by the ruddy faces and well developed bodies of those who live in the country and work in the open air; and the effects of their exclusion are to be seen not only in the faces of the miserable denizens of narrow streets and crowded alleys, but in the blanched, shrivelled countenances and stooping attitude, and more or less uncertain gait, of many of our business men who, judging by their years, are still in the prime of life.

Dr. Winslow refers to the experiments of Dr. W. F. Edwards on the influence of light on the structure and growth of the lower animals. Two portions of frogs' spawn were placed, one in the direct sunlight, the other in the dark. The former in due time developed, the latter not. Further, the change from the tadpole to the frog state was retarded for many days by the exclusion of light. The fact that the *Proteus anguinus* is found only in the grotto of the Madalena, many hundred feet below the surface of the ground, can hardly warrant the assumption that it remains in its half-reptile and half-fish condition simply because it lives in the dark, for there are many fish-like reptiles in the streams and lakes of the world which are ever open to the sun's rays; but the supposition that the blindness of this interesting animal, as well as that of the fishes of the Tyrol and Kentucky caves, arises from an arrest of development of the eyes as a result of a con-

* "Light: Its Influence on Life and Health. By Forbes Winslow, M.D." New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond. 1868.

stant deprivation of light, will, with certain limitations, be accepted by all who advocate the Darwinian theory, though at present no animals nearly approaching these in structure are to be found in the surface waters of the above regions from which they may have been derived.

The author has some interesting remarks on the effect of the exclusion of light from animals and plants in deep-sea water, though we would remind the reader that the great depths which many navigators have reached, which far exceed the height of the highest mountains, must be accepted with considerable allowance. Professor W. P. Trowbridge, who was appointed by Professor Bache, of the United States Coast Survey, to make an investigation of the laws of motion of the sounding-weight and line, and used for his purpose the full reports made of the experiments conducted by Commanders Berryman and Dayman, who surveyed the route for the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, asserts that more or less uncertainty is connected with all the soundings at the depth of two thousand fathoms, and that those at still greater depths must be set down as very questionable, for it is impossible to tell when the lead strikes the bottom with such a length of line out. The authority of Professor Forbes is cited for the statement that animal life is not found in the sea below three hundred fathoms, and that plants reach to a far less depth; but, since the death of this eminent naturalist, Dr. Wallich brought up from a depth of 7,560 feet, in the North Atlantic, as many as thirteen living star-fishes, and also from a still greater depth a great variety of foraminifera (the calcareous shells of which compose chalk) in a perfectly fresh condition. This was in the summer of 1860, and about the same time some Swedish naturalists obtained, off the coast of Spitzbergen, from a depth of from 6,000 to 8,400 feet, many living worms, crustaceans, and mollusks. In the proceedings of the Academy of Science of France for the year 1861, Professor Milne-Edwards gives an account of several species of corals, worms, and mollusks which had attached themselves, at a depth of 6,000 feet or more, to the Mediterranean telegraph cable extending from Bône to Cagliari. As to plants flourishing at a greater depth than three hundred fathoms, Mr. Stimpson examined some diatoms at the time of their being dredged up by Lieutenant Brooke, at a depth of 2,700 fathoms, in the Sea of Kamtchatka, and found them living.

In this connection, the depth to which solar light is believed to penetrate the ocean is stated to be about seven hundred feet, but we cannot help but think that either it finds its way open to a much greater depth, for we know that the sea water varies in its transparency, or else the color of marine animals is in no way connected with it, for not only do many brightly-colored corals flourish far below the depth to which it is said the smallest amount of light penetrates, but the Swedish naturalists dredged crustaceans from a depth of 6,000 feet, of "brilliant colors"; and not far from the coast of Greenland mollusks of "bright red colors" have been obtained from a depth of 1,800 feet. There has been no evidence that, as Mr. Hunt declares, "everlasting darkness and eternal death" reign in the great depths of the ocean.

The second part, which is devoted to the lunar ray, begins with a reference to the opinions of the ancients respecting the influence of the moon. This luminary was believed to exercise a specific effect in the production and modification of bodily and mental diseases, and to play an important part in determining the character and destinies of people and nations. Animals and plants as well as men were also under her influence. Lord Bacon adopted the notion of the ancients so far as that the phenomena of organic life are subject to planetary control. The application of astrology to medicine originated in "actual observations of the connection between certain bodily affections and certain times and seasons." Dr. Winslow gives a long list of distinguished names in support of the doctrine of planetary influence, and states that the disposition so prevalent to discountenance this view is because of the difficulty of explaining lunar effects.

It is well known that there is a periodicity associated with the origin, progress, and type of many diseases, and the advocates of sol-lunar influence believe that this arises, directly or indirectly, from the action of the sun or moon, or of both combined, on the air. The author illustrates this part of his subject by drawing freely on the writings of Dr. Mead, who was a friend of Pope, Newton, and Halley, and of Dr. Balfour, who was a physician at Calcutta during the latter part of the last century. Dr. Mead's idea is that the heavenly bodies act on the air by increasing or diminishing its weight in the same way that the tides are produced, and so increase or decrease its value for respiration, consequently the phases of the moon are connected with certain states of disease. Many cases of hemorrhage of various kinds are cited which are believed to have been caused by changes in the specific gravity of the air through the moon's influence.

Dr. Balfour adopts Dr. Mead's views, and is convinced "that every type of fever prevalent in India is in a remarkable manner affected by the revolutions of the moon." We have not room to do justice to either of these writers; but, from the array of facts presented, we are willing to admit that the heavenly bodies do seem at times to influence disease, especially when their action on the atmosphere is so marked as to affect the barometer; yet we must make great allowance for the inhabitants of India and other countries, where all are *taught* from infancy to believe in lunar influence.

The third part is devoted to the question of "The Alleged Action of the Moon on the Insane;" and the fourth to the "Hygiene of Light." Exclusion from the sun, as it increases the white and diminishes the red blood-cells, produces a sickly, flabby, pale, anæmic condition of the face, enfeebles the nervous energy and vital strength, and induces organic changes in the various organs of the body. In this connection Dr. Winslow alludes to the condition of the poor in the large cities of Europe and America; to the changes for the better made in the past few years, and advocates the use of what the ancients termed *solaria*, or solar air-baths for children. The inestimable value of light, as an element in the treatment of disease, also receives attention.

We have thus been obliged to run rapidly over this work, which, however inconclusive it may be in some of its arguments, presents the subject in a clear and interesting manner, and will certainly have its influence in carrying on the reforms which have begun in improving the sanitary condition of all classes in large cities. We wish that the author had a better acquaintance with natural history, for then we should have from him a more correct use of its terms and a fuller illustration of his subject from this department of science; and also that he had taken a little more pains to render his book fully as suitable for the general reader as for the physician.

Recent Republications.—While "Men of the Time"* is fairly synonymous with "A Dictionary of Contemporaries," it is undoubtedly more flattering to humble but aspiring talent to be known as a man of the time than as a contemporary. We do not know the principles of selection by which the editor has been guided, except that he has not catalogued himself; but Mr. John Hollingshead, we remember, in that article on dramatic critics, in the *Broadway*, which occasioned so much irritation, hinted that to be placed among "Men of the Time" was the ambition and striving of certain fourth-rate intellects whom he either named or described. We have not searched for these gentlemen, but they can doubtless defend their claims to admittance along with Theodorus of Abyssinia, whose biography is given with all respectfulness as a reigning monarch. We have, of course, scanned chiefly the American names, which are generally borrowed more or less copiously and literally from the "New American Cyclopædia," though some are omitted which the latter contains, and *vice versa*. General Banks loses one *s* from his middle name, Prentiss; Mr. Bancroft, whose ninth volume of United States history is not mentioned, "is said to be one of the leading writers in the *North American Review*," which is scarcely true of late; General Butler's government of New Orleans is alluded to, and it is stated that "his name is in consequence held in abhorrence;" he is also "one of the bitterest opponents of President Johnson," who is said to have "prosecuted the war to a successful issue"—though it was virtually at an end before Mr. Lincoln's death—and since to have "manifested every desire to treat the conquered States with clemency." In this he is opposed by the Radicals, "whose object appears to be to crush the South." Thaddeus Stevens is "notorious for his bitter hostility to the South," *in consequence of the rebel raid which burnt his forge;* but his hostility to the President is not mentioned, nor is his *confrère* Mr. Boutwell a recognized man of the time. The English partiality to the "lost cause" appears on every occasion. General Grant is repulsed by Lee in three separate battles and baffled in strategy, and is forced to copy the peninsular campaign of General McClellan. Stonewall Jackson is the "lamented," etc. General Howard's services as head of the Freedmen's Bureau are not alluded to. Mr. Phillips "of late has become prominent as an orator and is an abolitionist." Mr. Whittier's poetical activity since 1847 is unacknowledged. Bennett's success with the *Herald* is noted without any judgment upon its morality. Frederick Douglass is allowed the *alias* of "Bailey," which will be new to most people, and is said to have established at Rochester *L'Abeille* (qu. A' Bailey?) *du Nord*, meaning probably the *North Star*, which afterwards became *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. Philadelphians will be glad to find the name of Mr. Rothermel (spelt Rothermal) among the artists; New Yorkers will miss Mr. Church. The Hon. George P. Marsh is not a man of the time; neither is Mr. Parton, but his wife is, with a duplicate *alias*, "Farmington."

* "Men of the Time: A Dictionary of Contemporaries, containing biographical notices of eminent characters of both sexes." Seventh edition, revised and brought down to the present time. London and New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1868.

Mr. Grant White is overlooked. So, returning to England, are James Greenwood, the "Lambeth Casual," and Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Mr. Edward Dicey is named, but not his distinguished brother-in-law, M. Auguste Laugel. M. Henri Taine is omitted. The Hon. Mr. Stansfeld's ability and the public esteem for him irrespective of party would never be guessed from the paragraph devoted to him.

But we would not deny all value to this dictionary. With due reserves as to its accuracy and impartiality, it is certain to be useful for reference, and we dare say improves with each fresh edition.

We have already expressed our liking for the edition represented by the volume before us.* It is an edition of Bulwer, complete as regards the works included in it, cheap in price, handsome enough, so far as concerns binding, for any one who is satisfied with books bound in cloth, printed in large type, and, as we have said before, combining the qualities of portability, legibility, cheapness, and beauty, better by far than any other of the numerous editions of popular authors which are now so much in fashion. So much in praise. In dispraise it is necessary to say that the paper is a little too thin, and that there seems to be a fault in the ink, which, for some reason or other, is not perfectly absorbed by the paper, but, while the books are new at any rate, can be made, by a little rubbing, to soil the page. Still, we are able to say that the "Globe Edition" is the best Bulwer, at the price, of which we have any knowledge, and that nine novel-reading book-buyers in ten will buy half a dozen worse made American books before they will buy one better or two as good.

The American Beaver and his Works. By Lewis H. Morgan, author of "The League of the Iroquois." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.—Any one who looks into the literature of zoölogy cannot but be struck with the fact that so much of it pertains to technical descriptions and classification, and so little to the study of the habits of animals. This seems all the more strange, since the former are uninteresting and tiresome to the last degree except to professed naturalists, and we cannot but think they must often be so even to them, while the latter have a charm which the very dullest cannot resist. If we would study the relations of animals to each other and to man, we certainly ought to take into consideration their physiological and psychical phenomena, as well as their exterior form and structure. Up to the present time, however, it has been one of the leading faults of naturalists to overlook the former. As one reads Mr. Morgan's book, he cannot withhold his astonishment that, since the days of Hearne in the last century, to whom we are indebted for nearly all that was known of the beaver, no one has appeared to make a full and careful study of the modes of life of this most remarkable animal. Mr. Morgan, with a zeal and patience worthy of Reaumer, the Hubers, or of Darwin, has re-examined the whole subject and largely increased our knowledge. The scene of his labors was chiefly in the immense tracts of forests on the southerly side of Lake Superior, where the beaver still exists in large numbers and constructs his peculiar works on a very extended scale. The subjects treated of—their anatomical structure, their dams, lodges, mode of cutting wood and of laying up supplies for the winter, their wary nature, their gradual extension over immense areas by migration along the rivers, their mode of reproduction, the method of trapping, etc.—can only be mentioned. We must, however, say a few words about dams and canals. The descriptions of the first are especially complete and are based on the actual surveys of more than fifty, extending over an area of as many square miles, and all carefully mapped. Finding every attempt to represent them by drawings unsatisfactory, the author had recourse to photography, and, after great labor in clearing away trees and other obstructions, has been able to present to us exact figures of these wonderful works. We can form an idea of the magnitude of some of them from the fact that a dam in one of the tributaries of the Carp River is four hundred and eighty feet long, and backs up water which covers an area of twenty-five acres. On one of the small streams flowing into the Esconnauba are three dams, one of which measures three hundred and eighty-five, and another five hundred and eighty-one feet in length. A dam at Grass Lake, on a transverse section, shows a height of little more than six feet, a base of eighteen feet, a water face of seven, and lower face of thirteen feet. The materials are pieces of wood from one to three inches in diameter, and from three to ten feet long; the interstices on the water side are filled with mud so as to form a solid structure, but the upper portion allows of percolation. In some cases, however, a "solid-bank dam" is made by filling in with mud on both sides; but as the flow of water over the crest would soon wash out the earth on the lower face, a sluice-way is left in the middle of sufficient size to discharge all the surplus. Contrary to the usual assertion, a fallen tree very rarely enters into the composition of a dam. Out of fifty-one, Mr. Morgan found only a single instance in which such was the case, and in that the tree had fallen from its own decay, and not before the teeth of the beaver. In that case, too, the sticks were all deposited below and not above the tree, a mode of construction which looks as if the engineering were unskilful. In connection with this we might advert to another assertion, often much insisted upon, viz.: that the beaver builds his dam with a convexity against the current, thereby increasing its strength; though frequent, this is by no means always the case. In a series of thirteen dams on the Carp River, all had their convexity downwards, while in others elsewhere the middle part was convex upwards, and the lateral portions were reversed; consequently had not the forms giving the greatest strength. Those who believe in the infallibility of instinct will do well to consider these facts. The most novel of Mr. Morgan's observations relate to the system of canals. We have not seen these noticed by previous writers, though the Indians and trappers, according to Mr. Morgan, have recognized their true nature. The former call them *o-de-na-o-nane*—literally, "made channel to travel in." They are excavations, the earth of which is often thrown out on the sides, and all the roots encountered give the usual signs of having been gnawed off by the beaver. On one of the plates is the plan of a canal four hundred and fifty feet long and from three to four wide, and on another that of a main canal one hundred and fifty feet long, with two branches, one measuring one hundred and the other one hundred and fifteen feet. These are just what their names indicate, and are used as passage-ways between the ponds and their wood-lots, along which they float the sticks of yellow birch, willow, poplar, etc., which have been cut for food or for the construction of their dams and lodges. In the concluding chapter, on "animal psychology," Mr. Morgan claims a wider range for the intelligence of animals than the metaphysicians are wont to allow. These last have taken far more pains to establish differences than to detect resemblances between the psychical phenomena of man and the lower order of beings. It certainly seems more philosophical to adopt the opposite method, and consider the acts of animals resembling those of intelligence as the results of intelligent action until they can be proved otherwise. Mr. Morgan, in accordance with this mode of viewing them, and with no fear of detracting from the "dignity of human nature," admits for brutes—or, as he more considerately calls them, mutes—the endowments of will, memory, and judgment, and that by the exercise of these faculties the beaver is enabled to construct his canals, his dams, and his lodges. In fact, it is only by adopting such a view that it becomes possible to explain the adaptation of their acts to varying circumstances, so that in some cases they construct partially submerged houses, while in others, where the conditions are different, they substitute for them burrows in the banks of the rivers; or for thoroughfares construct canals in the low and swampy lands of the regions of Lake Superior, but substitute for these, on the dry and abrupt banks of the Upper Missouri, their well-known "slides." When comparative psychology shall have made equal progress with comparative anatomy and physiology, the true limitations of instinct and intelligence will no doubt be reached, and we cannot but believe that the domain of the latter will be largely extended over that now assigned to the former. Mr. Morgan presents his subject in simple language, free from technicality, and in a manner which can hardly fail to attract all classes of readers. He writes cautiously, with an earnest desire to elicit truth and eliminate error, and has stated nothing which has not been verified by personal observation or the testimony of trustworthy witnesses. He has made himself acquainted with the habits of the beaver not only in the vast areas of trackless forests on the borders of Lake Superior, but on the upper waters of the Missouri, and in the equally inhospitable regions of Hudson's Bay Territory. He is justly entitled to an honorable place in the higher ranks of original observers.

A Manual of Inorganic Chemistry. By Charles W. Eliot and Frank H. Storer. Second Edition. (New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1868.)—We are not surprised that this work has so soon reached its second edition, for it is so vastly superior to all American text-books on chemistry that teachers cannot hesitate about using it. It is, we are glad to say, what it pretends to be, a manual of inorganic chemistry, and not an attempt to furnish information in regard to all the natural sciences, with a few pages on chemistry as a supplement. Each subject is clearly presented with a sufficiency of details and experiments, and the recent changes in chemical formulæ are explained and adopted. The type and paper do credit to the publishers.

* "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. "Globe Edition."

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The Week.

IMPEACHMENT and the subject of appropriations have occupied most of the attention of Congress this week. On the 26th of February, the Select Committee of seven Senators reported a resolution, at once adopted, to the effect that the Senate would take order in the matter. Then Mr. Saulsbury read his speech on reconstruction. In the House on the same day, the Senate substitute for the House Supplementary Reconstruction bill was passed and goes to the President, who will have an opportunity to veto it before his trial begins. The House authorized the Secretary of War to give the Lincoln Monument Association enough captured ordnance to cast the proposed statue, but first the association must raise $100,000 for the monument. On Thursday the Senate did nothing of general interest. The Speaker of the House surprised all the members, and frightened several of them, and surprised the country in general, by reading a letter, meant not to be publicly read, in which Police Superintendent Kennedy stated that five cans of nitro-glycerine had been fraudulently procured in this city and could not be traced, and hinting that they might be intended for use against Congress. The House took no action on the letter. On Friday, in the Senate, Mr. Howard, of the Select Committee on Impeachment, reported a set of rules for the government of the Senate during the trial. Fitz-John Porter's case was discussed. The West Point Academy was abused; but the bill making appropriations for it was of course passed. In the House, Mr. Schenck, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported verbally what progress had been made in the revision of the tax law. The committee, he said, would favor the removal of the special tax on all manufactures but five or six; as regards the income tax, they had come to no decision. Saturday, in the Senate, Mr. Garret Davis, in a long speech, advised the Senate to confess, through the Select Committee on Impeachment, that it was a fractional Senate only and incompetent to try a President—"elected by the whole country," Mr. Davis did not add. The Senate declined to accede to Mr. Davis's motion, and proceeded to consider separately its various rules for governing the trial. The House discussed its articles of impeachment. On Monday the debate continued. Mr. Butler tried to add an article charging the President with the gist of his "swinging round the circle" speeches. The House refused. He tried again on Tuesday, and succeeded. Mr. Stevens wanted an amendment, charging Mr. Johnson with *intent* to violate the Tenure of Office Act, and supported it in a speech of a kind which the House once regarded more than it now does; the amendment was shelved, for the House at four o'clock in the afternoon rose as Committee of the Whole, cutting off amendments not acted on, and as a House voted on the articles, adopting them by a party vote—General Cary, of Ohio, and Mr. Stewart, of this State, who voted No, being hardly Republicans. On Tuesday Mr. Bingham got a new article added. It alleges those disrespectful speeches of the President's which were made later than those brought up by Mr. Butler.

It cannot be said, as far as our observation extends, that impeachment has grown in favor with the public during the past week. In fact, the attitude of the public all along has been one of resignation rather than eagerness. The enthusiasm about it has been confined very much to the "original impeachers" in Congress and to those newspapers whose normal condition is one of enthusiasm; even these, however, have not been as excited as they have seemed. Owing to their habits of never keeping any emotion in reserve, they are obliged to go through extraordinary contortions in order to attract any notice on occasions which they really mean to be solemn. The prevailing feeling now, we think, is, it is safe to say, one of willingness to have Mr. Johnson got out of the way, by means of a fair and impartial trial, but of equal willingness to consign the Republican party to destruction in case the attempt to convict fails. That the Senate will not be at all influenced by policy, it is, of course, impossible to expect, because it is primarily a legislative body, and is composed of men; but that the trial will be as fair as it is possible for such a trial to be, under all the circumstances, we have not the least doubt. There are at least two good lawyers and cool heads amongst the managers, Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, and Mr. Bingham. We say this of the latter in spite of his rhetoric, which seems to be rather a functional than an organic disease.

The articles of impeachment have been adopted by the House substantially as they have been published. The retention of the charge of trying to induce General Emory to violate the law will, we think, be regretted by everybody who desires the proceedings to have moral as well as legal effect. General Butler has also succeeded in adding an article covering Mr. Johnson's bad language. The most remarkable feature in the debate on the articles was Mr. Stevens's speech, which he read from the clerk's desk. Nothing can be finer than the old man's pluck, and none can admire it more than we do; but that does not prevent his speeches being painful reading to those who believe that speeches on such occasions as this ought to be truthful and reasonable. It *ought* not to make much difference what a gentleman says who tells us, in his old age, that "*never* was a great malefactor so gently treated as Andrew Johnson;" that "his corruption of the voters of the nation, by seducing them with offers of office and intimidating them by threats of expulsion," was "a crime more heinous than that which brought many ancients to the block," and to which "he was prompted by the same motives which made the angels fall." If this were not rant it would excite indignation, when one considers that the gentleman who thus denounces the use of patronage to secure votes is an old Pennsylvania politician, who has witnessed in every election for the last forty years this very exercise of power which so shocks him in Andrew Johnson, and who is speaking for a party which, thus far, has shown no disposi-

tion to seize the opportunity now offered it of putting an end to these scandals by reforming the civil service. How many of those who are so sickened by Mr. Johnson's abuse of the appointing power, and are affected by the consideration that "similar behavior brought many ancients to the block," voted for Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill? There 's the rub. When we ask for reforms we get rhetoric and classical "lore." If the Republican party hold the Federal patronage at the next Presidential election, are they prepared to abstain from the use of it for party purposes, or do they only object to it when it is used against them?

The points on which Mr. Johnson is doubtless going to rely are, first, that he has not violated the law, inasmuch as the act deprives him of the power of removing only those whom he has himself appointed; and secondly, that if he has violated it, he has not done so with guilty intent. The act says:

"Provided, That the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy, and of the Interior, the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General, shall hold their offices, respectively, for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice and consent of the Senate."

Mr. Johnson's argument, based on this, is, that Mr. Stanton having been appointed by his (Mr. Johnson's) "immediate predecessor," the act does not cover his case. The point, we presume, might and will be raised, whether Mr. Lincoln was Mr. Johnson's immediate predecessor in a legal sense, or whether Mr. Johnson is not rather Mr. Lincoln's substitute, filling not a fresh term, but the term Mr. Lincoln was to have filled. But there is no question that the point is a strong one and makes a good deal of impression, at least on laymen.

The debate in the Senate on the rules of procedure was concluded in the best possible spirit—was calm, considerate, and contained abundant evidence of a desire to do justice. The rules give the defendant every needful advantage. In the choice of managers in the House, Mr. Stevens received fewer, and Mr. Bingham more, votes than anybody. What Mr. Stevens will supply except hatred of the President it is hard to see, as his peculiar style of thought and oratory is not of much use before a court of law. General Butler—"the apostle John of salvation by impeachment," as the New York *Tribune* elegantly calls him—has been added to the list for the sake of his sharpness and experience as a criminal lawyer, but we venture to say that this is a mistake. The object of impeachment, as far as the Republican party is concerned, is not simply to convict, but to secure public respect for the conviction; and we take the liberty of doubting whether General Butler's share in the proceedings will increase the moral weight of the result should it be adverse to the President.

The new State Constitution of New York has at last been presented to the people by the Convention. Its most striking peculiarity is that it takes a step backward, and will, we believe, be the first attempt to stem the democratic tide which began to flow so strongly thirty years ago, and has since swept away so many ancient landmarks. The principle on which most of the constitutions of that period were drawn up was, that "whatever *is* is wrong," and they made such a thorough upturning that it seems as if it was only by accident they omitted to impose on horses the obligation of keeping their tails in their mangers. In the late Convention the *à priori* plan was to a great extent thrown overboard, and human experience called into service, and the result has been considerable improvement. The changes made are not great—much smaller, both in number and magnitude, than, we have reason to believe, the best men of the Convention would have desired—but they are as great and as numerous as the existing condition of the public mind will permit. The judiciary system is somewhat improved, and provision made for much greater improvement in it, five years hence, by popular vote. The State retains possession of the city of New York, which some of the new lights wanted to erect into an independent Alsatia. Many minor changes for the better are made, and the whole, which we hope to discuss more fully next week, shows that expediency and reason have still some influence on politics, even in New York.

The Florida Convention has at last composed its differences and adopted a constitution. The Louisiana constitution is also engrossed and signed, and those two States, with North Carolina and Arkansas, will very soon be voting on the ratification. North Carolina appears to be in a more healthy frame of mind than any of the other States lately in rebellion, and it will not be surprising if she is first into the Union. W. W. Holden, it is almost certain, will be elected as the next governor, though a stronger candidate might, no doubt, have been found. He will make the canvass as "a member of the Republican party." It is said that Mr. J. H. Harris, a colored man, was offered a Congressional nomination, but declined it, alleging the injudiciousness of sending up any but white representatives. Mr. Harris—a conscientious, clever, and modest man, possessing the political sense, too—may very likely have thus declined office, but, as a matter of fact, under the Constitution no colored man can go to Congress for some years. Georgia and Virginia are still in the full tide of debate. Georgia has changed her capital from Milledgeville to Atlanta, and gets on with reconstruction rather more slowly than any other State. South Carolina has just ordained a school system modelled after that of New England, which New Englanders have been, for six or seven years, assiduously teaching to South Carolinians. Mississippi has got as far as finishing her Bill of Rights. From Texas, we hear that the election for a convention has taken place, and that the vote is probably favorable.

The whirligig of time brings round its revenges in Wall Street as well as in other more favored localities. A few years ago the New York Gold Exchange was almost universally spoken of as the "Coal Hole." Gold brokers and the dealers in gold were stigmatized as "Jew moneychangers," "rebels," and "foreign traitors;" and every fluctuation in the price—especially if upward—was attributed to the machinations of these heartless speculators in the nation's misfortunes. No term of abuse was sufficiently expressive of the contempt and disgust with which these vile creatures were regarded by the community at large; and Congress—staid, sober, gentle Congress—stepped aside from less important duties to prohibit by terrible penalties all dealings in gold, thinking to stay the tide of human nature by its threats. That was but a few years ago. Yet during the week just passed no less than four of the leading journals of this city, and Congressmen and Senators of various degrees, have referred to the gold market as that "never-failing barometer of public opinion," and have been striving, with more or less success, to prove that the course of the gold premium is an endorsement of their particular views. The anti-impeachers point to the rise of gold from 141 to 144 as proving how unpopular impeachment is. Those in favor of impeachment point to the fall of gold from 144 to 141 to prove that impeachment, once decided upon, is looked upon as a measure of peace. Just now it is said that, so soon as the President is actually brought to trial, gold will fall five per cent.; and again, that if he is brought to trial it will rise.

We have spoken several times of the movement commenced in France by the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Duruy, for the higher education of women, and of the opposition offered to it by M. Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, who is also in favor of the higher education of women as he understands it, but holds that it ought to be conducted or superintended by priests. The storm the affair has raised has been so great that it has reached Rome, and the Pope has intervened. He has discharged an epistle at the heads of the innovators, which certainly ought to bring them to reason. Our readers already know how Pius IX. lights up any subject he touches, and they will therefore be interested to hear what he thinks of the practice on the part of young ladies of attending college to hear lectures. He says that "these writers" (*i. e.*, all writers who do not write under ecclesiastical supervision) "have hitherto confined themselves to corrupting education, insidious alterations of history, exciting wicked passions," and carrying on "all the manœuvres of a shameless impiety" amongst

the young men. It appears, however, that the rascals have become disgusted with the slowness with which they approach the end they have in view, which, we are sorry to hear from such good authority as the Pope, is nothing less than "the ruin of religion and authority." In order to hasten their impious work they have now turned their attention to "females," and are seeking, by courses of lectures, and other "manœuvres of a shameless impiety," "to deprive her of her native modesty, to exhibit her in public, to turn her aside from domestic life and its duties, and to puff her up with false and vain knowledge." His Holiness says, moreover, that "if she was properly and religiously brought up, she would be like a pure and brilliant light in the house, the glory of her husband, and the edification of her family;" but that now, under the new system, "she will be full of pride and arrogance, she will disdain the cares and duties that are proper for women, will be a germ of division in the household, and will pervert her children," and what he thinks "profoundly deplorable" is that "those who are entrusted with public duties (M. Duruy) favor the schemes of impiety by strange and unheard-of projects." The friends of the "higher education of women" being thus found out and exposed, their powers of mischief will no doubt be considerably diminished. Take him for all in all, there is nobody like the Pope for laying bare the real designs of bad people. We wish he could be employed at the impeachment trial to deal with Andrew Johnson's case.

The French press bill has been steadily debated during the last two or three weeks in the French Corps Législatif, and the debate has been most interesting. The Government insists upon it that the bill is a liberal measure, and a real carrying out of the promises made by the Emperor a year ago, inasmuch as it abolishes the arbitrary power of the Executive in matters pertaining to the newspapers. It enables anybody who chooses to establish a newspaper, without having, as heretofore, to secure the permission of the minister—permission which, in practice, was never granted to any but Government favorites. It abolishes also the power of suspension after three warnings, and makes all press offences triable and punishable by the courts only—the very thing for which the Liberals have been clamoring for the last fifteen years. To which the Liberals reply: It is true you transfer press offences to the courts, but you do it in such a way as to make your concession a mere sham. You do not accord a trial by jury, as in England or America; and you do not even make press offences triable by the judges of the higher courts, though even to this Englishmen and Americans would never submit. You hand them over to the jurisdiction of the "correctional police," the judges of which are young men, the lowest in the judicial hierarchy, poorly paid, without learning or experience, and dependent on Government favor for promotion to higher posts, and who are never known to acquit a writer accused of a breach of the law. Moreover, you give them the power of inflicting fines which, in nine cases out of ten, would be ruinous; and, worse than all, you give them the power, in addition to the fine, of depriving persons convicted by them of all civil and political rights for five years after sentence. To this last penalty, which was made more monstrous by the fact that the Government reserves also the right of prosecution any time within three years after the commission of the alleged offence, the Liberals, led by Jules Favre, offered a vigorous resistance, alleging, and doubtless with truth, that it would be constantly used to drive opposition candidates at elections out of the field, by fishing out, just before election, old articles written by them, and giving the judges a hint to convict. Jules Favre's eloquence brought the opposition vote up to 59, the highest figure it has ever reached, but it was, of course, in vain; the majority was 158. Another section of the law which produced very general indignation was one aimed specially at the Orleans princes, forbidding "exiles" to print or publish in France. It was met by some unpleasant extracts from the works of his present Majesty, depicting the horrors of exile, and by recalling the fact that when he was himself a political prisoner his book on artillery was published in Paris under the patronage and responsibility of the Orleans princes themselves. A more effective retort still was drawn from a conversation which Napoleon I. had with Benjamin Constant during the Hundred Days, when, being in a very penitential mood, he expressed considerable admiration for liberty in general, and for the liberty of the press in particular.

The discussion of the bill has, of course, led to a good deal of discussion of the condition of the French judiciary also, which it seems to be generally agreed is rather low, much inferior, at all events, to that of the bar. The judges are not chosen, as in this country and in England, from amongst the practising lawyers. Judging is a profession in itself, into the lower grades of which a man enters when young, with just such knowledge of law as he gets in college, and rises step by step, the rapidity of his promotion, of course, depending on the satisfaction he gives the Government; so that he cannot be said to be independent till he reaches the highest rank, but by that time the habit of subserviency is apt to have grown too strong to be shaken off. The great traditions of the French forum are, however, faithfully upheld by the bar, which in refinement, in honor, in culture, in *esprit de corps*, and professional pride perhaps now stands higher than that of any other country. The English bar has fallen far below it, and in most of our States the idea that the bar is a profession in the high sense of word, and in fact anything but one of the many means of making money amongst which young men have to choose on entering on life, is rapidly declining. The elective judiciary bids fair to destroy it utterly before long.

The threatened or promised French loan has not yet been submitted to the Legislature, and the cause of the delay has not been fully explained. In the meantime, some astounding facts are being brought to light—the exact nature of the financial status which the Empire has created, and consequently of the magnitude of the trouble unseen by the world at large, with which M. Fould, in the latter years of his career, had such a hard struggle. The revelations on this point are something positively alarming. During the last sixteen years, the departments, cities, and communes, the latter answering to our towns, have borrowed and spent $403,300,000. Besides this, the Government has borrowed, for war and peace purposes, about $1,000,000,000 during the same period, and this does not include various scattering debts, contracted for special works of improvement. During the Empire, therefore, about $1,500,000,000 have been added to the public debt of France, although the population has not increased; and, at the very moment when these facts are becoming plain, another large loan for war purposes is about to be put on the market, and heavy drafts, heavier than ever before since the wars of the Empire, are about to be made on the labor of the country for military purposes. There can be no question that France is receiving a good political education, but it is costing frightfully.

General Menabrea is having a troublous time at the head of the Italian ministry, in the discussion of the budget of 1868. The opposition are too strong for him, but are not prevented by their inability to form a ministry that would take his place from incessantly harassing him. Count Cambray Digny, who has hitherto had little reputation except that of a fine gentleman, is, however, turning out a better financier than was expected, and finances are looking better, he confesses, than he himself expected. The opposition are making a strong effort to have the abolition of the legal-tender paper—or, rather, the withdrawal of the legal-tender character from the paper money—made part of his policy. The Italians, strange as it may seem to Western men, are disgusted with this kind of currency, and want no more of it, and want to get rid of what they have got and go back to a gold basis by a short cut. There are rumors, too, that the opposition want to cut down the interest on the public debt from five to three per cent.; but the ablest men in its ranks, Ratazzi included, are opposed to anything like a breach of faith with the public creditors, one of their reasons being that they do not want to see Italy reduced to the same level as Spain. If they wait a while, perhaps they may have the United States to keep them company in their degradation. We presume, however, that if the Italians cheat their creditors, they will have the decency not to prate about "the people's will," or call their unfortunate creditors usurers, or endeavor to find excuse for their cheating in "the letter of the law."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

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THE IMPEACHMENT PROSPECT.

THE articles of impeachment have been adopted by the House of Representatives in the shape in which the public has seen them in the newspapers. The charges are, stripped of legal verbiage, that Mr. Johnson has been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor in attempting to remove Mr. Stanton from the War Department and appointing General Thomas to take his place as Secretary *ad interim*, and in attempting "to induce General Emory, in his official capacity as commander of the Department of Washington, to violate the provision of the Act of March 2, 1867," which directs that all military orders of the President and Secretary of War shall pass through the General of the army. It is but right to say that there is not in General Emory's evidence telling what passed between him and the President a particle of foundation for this allegation. So far as appears from the conversation between them, Mr. Johnson's object in sending for General Emory was to ascertain from him what, if any, changes had been made in the disposition of the troops belonging to the Department of Washington. General Emory told him there had been no recent changes; that if there had been, he would, under the provisions of the Act of March 2, be sure to have known of them. Mr. Johnson then asked for an explanation on this point, about which he did not seem to be very clear, received it, expressed his opinion that the statute was unconstitutional, and that "its object was very evident," and General Emory then took his leave. The general denied, before the committee, in answer to a direct question, that, "to the best of his recollection, one word had been said," by way of enquiry, whether "he would obey an order if it was sent to him without going through the headquarters of the General of the army." Under these circumstances, the object of drawing up the article containing the charge does not appear very clear, and only makes more apparent, what has been long apparent enough, that the leading impeachers are blessed with more zeal than discretion.

We must not be told, when we say this, that we are "injuring the cause." "The cause" has in no way received so much damage as from attempts to serve it without rhyme or reason. If the public were utterly stupid or ignorant, the course in which some of the impeachers most delight would be very successful; but it is neither one nor the other. It is an exceedingly intelligent and acute public, and has never been in the least degree lifted off its feet by this matter of impeachment. We have not the slightest doubt that if testimony could be taken on the subject, it would be found that the enthusiasm about Mr. Johnson's trial, and the accession of "glorious Ben Wade" to the Presidential chair, is confined very much to the Reconstruction Committee and the Washington correspondents of the newspapers. All attempts to create any excitement about it, and a good many have been made, have failed utterly. The attitude of the great body of the people at this moment is, we venture to assert, one of calm, and perhaps somewhat critical, observation. They are perfectly willing that Mr. Johnson should be tried, and, if a good case can be made out against him, that he should be removed; and nine-tenths of them, we think, will be heartily glad if he is removed. But then they are not enamored of the process. They do not expect impeachment "to open up a new era," or regenerate the nation, or anything of that sort. Therefore it is highly desirable that the impeachers should proceed very carefully, and should show in all their doings that they have their wits about them. It is all the more desirable because the country had not, before these proceedings commenced, very much confidence in them. They have spent a year collecting testimony against Mr. Johnson already, and kept assuring the world, in the most solemn way, all the while, that they were bringing to light the most horrible facts about him, which for the time it would not do to make public, we presume, lest he should run away. We waited patiently, holding our breath as well as we could, while General Butler and Mr. Boutwell threw out dark hints about assassination, adultery, peculation, and what not; and the country can hardly be blamed if it was not exactly impressed with the wisdom—we shall say nothing about the integrity—of these gentlemen, when it turned out that they had no legal proof for their charges at all; and that their dark hints were simply clumsy rhetorical devices, intended to give a little spice to discourses that would otherwise have been flat, stale, and unprofitable.

We were in hope that this experience would not have been thrown away on them, and that when they approached impeachment again they would approach it carefully and with caution. We were a good deal surprised, therefore, that the Emory charge was not struck out in the House. The mere insertion of it on such evidence tends to shake public confidence in those who have charge of the prosecution, leads people to doubt their judgment, doubt their wisdom, and doubt even their honesty. As Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, on one occasion, during the journey in the Hebrides, when the latter had been guilty simply of a harmless display of zeal, the great reason why things of this sort are objectionable is, that one can never tell what those who do them will do next.

The charges arising out of the violation of the Tenure of Office Act will doubtless be met by a denial of criminal intent, as well as of any breach of the law whatever. In other words, Mr. Johnson will say that, under the statute, he has the power to remove Mr. Stanton, and that, whether he has or not, his only object in removing him was simply to test the constitutionality of the law. The first of these points will be decided by strict legal rules of construction; in the decision of the second, of course, the question of character will come up. Mr. Johnson's previous relations with Congress, and his language and demeanor towards it, must be taken into account in forming an opinion as to his object in resisting one of its acts. A President whose antecedents were even fair, and whose honesty and sagacity were not generally doubted, would never be impeached for disobeying a law simply for the purpose of bringing it before the courts, because, as we have endeavored to show elsewhere, the validity of many laws, and this Tenure of Office Act in particular, would never be tested at all unless the President violated them. A President who commanded even an ordinary amount of public respect would undoubtedly be permitted to violate a law for this purpose, if he took care that the public service did not suffer by his action. But his claim to immunity on this ground could not rest on his assertion alone. His character and history would have to be taken into account before any conclusion could be reached about it.

The position of the Senate is undoubtedly an exceedingly difficult one; the most difficult one, perhaps, that ever fell to the lot of a legislative body. In the first place, impeachment is a party question. It is by a party vote that the President has been arraigned, and it will be by a party vote that he will be convicted, if he is convicted. The two-thirds who condemn him will be the two-thirds who have been fighting him for two years in the political arena; and the offence for which he is to be tried was committed in defence of doctrines which, whether they be bad or good, are held by a very large proportion of the Northern people. It will, therefore, be impossible to give the proceedings the air of a criminal trial, and the Senate, in acting as a court, will not enjoy the advantage which courts usually do, of having its fairness and impartiality presumed. On the contrary, the circumstances of the case raise a presumption of partiality, which it will have to upset by its manner of conducting the case. The appeals and warnings and expressions of confidence addressed to it, with which the newspapers are filled, are in reality indications of misgiving, and addressed to any other court would be almost insulting.

We, for our part, are fully satisfied that in all matters of law the Senate will follow the lead of its best lawyers, and in all matters of principle the lead of its best men. But, then, it would be more than human if it discharged its duty satisfactorily; and in this fact—the fact that, do what you will, you cannot give the proceeding much moral effect—lies the strongest objection to impeachment. We confess we look for none from it. We shall be heartily glad to see Mr. Johnson relegated to private life if he should be convicted, but that his fate will furnish either a warning or an example to his successors we do not in the least believe. To say the Senate will treat Mr. Johnson's case purely as one of law, and will in no degree allow policy to

influence their decision, is what few will believe. In the first place, the Senate is composed of *men*, and most of them have for two years been Mr. Johnson's political enemies. In the next place, they are not all agreed by any means as to the nature of impeachment. Some think it a purely judicial proceeding, which should only be instituted for the punishment of indictable offences. Others, again—and we believe the larger number—are of the opinion that it is an allowable means of getting rid of an executive officer whose administration the majority believe to be injurious to the public welfare. As long as there is a division of opinion on such a vital point as this, of course there is little chance that policy will in no degree affect the decision. There is one other consideration, too, more powerful than any, and that is, that Mr. Johnson's acquittal will be the death of the Republican party. Why it will be so, it would be easy to explain; but that it will be so, very few will deny. The fear of this has, in fact, always been the strongest motive with some of the ablest and most intelligent members of the party for fighting against the process. The consequences of the complete and final downfall of the party would, of course, be so tremendous, so disastrous from the Republican point of view, to all good causes, that it is impossible to expect senators to be entirely indifferent to them. We doubt if even Aulus Fulvius himself would find it easy to say "not guilty" with such a prospect before him.

THE DUTY OF THE BONDHOLDERS.

Mr. Sherman's now pending bill, in support of which he has just made an elaborate speech in the Senate, is substantially the issue of a new five per cent. loan, into which the holders of five-twenty bonds are to be at liberty to convert the bonds they now hold, and which pay them six per cent.; that is to say, the privilege is offered them of taking one per cent. less interest than they now receive on precisely the same kind of security. Now, why should any holder of a five-twenty bond accept this offer? Would he in this way get any better guarantee for the final payment of the principal in coin than he now holds? Not at all; his present security is the national sense of honor; the proposed substitute would be just the same thing. Would the insertion of the words "payable principal and interest in coin" in the new bonds make them any better than the old ones, which do not contain these words? Not in the least. There is no court in which the United States can be sued on its promises to pay; and those who now deny that the five-twenties are payable in coin do not deny that it was generally meant and understood that they would be paid in coin at the time they were issued, and do not assert that mention of coin was omitted in certain bonds in order to protect the Government against liability to pay in coin. What they say is, that it is inconvenient for the debtors to pay. They do not dispute the moral force of the bargain, and do not assert that a bargain between a nation and its creditors has, or can have, any other than moral force. They simply say that, right or wrong, they won't stick to the bargain. Now, when dealing with people who test the validity of their agreements not by what they said or understood when making them, but by the convenience or inconvenience of fulfilling them, the wording of the agreement, in the absence of a tribunal to which the construction of the instrument can be referred, and which has power to enforce its decrees, is of no sort of consequence. A ten-forty bond, with the word "coin" emanating from such a source, is worth exactly the same amount as a five-twenty bond which makes no mention of coin. The argument *ab inconvenienti*, which is the only argument our repudiators use, is just as applicable to one species of security as the other. We hope, therefore, nobody will be deluded by the idea that, by exchanging his present bonds for Mr. Sherman's new bonds, he gains anything in security. Against the doctrines which have prompted this conversion no pledge is of any value. If the bondholders are forced into making it, they will have no guarantee whatever against the introduction of a bill next year making their interest or principal, or both, payable in currency, and issuing fresh currency for the purpose. The same excuse which is now offered for the crusade against the public creditors can be supplied just as readily then. The taxes will be nearly as heavy under ten-forty five per cent. bonds as under five-twenty six per cent. bonds; the holders will seem to have made almost as good a bargain with the Government when they made the loan; money will be just as "scarce" at the West; there will probably be droughts in various parts of the country and heavy rains in others, and there will, we may rely on it, be plenty of unscrupulous politicians ready to bring up and support any scheme, however detestable, which promises to secure them the support of the ignorant and unscrupulous or unreflecting.

Senator Sherman says that his bill is not a "threat." We can very well believe it, coming from him. We have no doubt it is an honest attempt to save the bondholders from total loss. He says, in substance: "Here is something which is not what was promised you, but which is nearly as good, and which we, the chiefs of the Republican party, advise you to accept, inasmuch as we may be compelled, by the growing feeling of hostility to you in the West, to sacrifice you altogether unless you make some compromise at once." This advice would, doubtless, be worth attending to if what he offered were really a compromise. But it is not. To compromise in cases of this kind means "to settle by mutual concession." But here the concessions are not mutual. The public creditors are asked to concede a good deal; the Government offers to concede nothing whatever. It does not undertake to put the bondholders out of the reach of those who are now assailing them; they would continue exposed to their attacks under the new arrangements. It does not offer any better security, and it does offer a lower rate of interest. Where, then, is the "compromise?" What he really asks, and what the New York *Times*, we are sorry to see, represents as a reasonable request, is that the bondholders shall quietly submit to be plundered, and pretend to think it a fair and proper commercial operation, by which both sides gain something. We, on the other hand, earnestly urge them to cry out lustily, to let slip no opportunity of presenting the transaction to the world in its true light, and to refuse to be a party to it except under compulsion. They must not connive at it, or seem to connive at it, or allow their approbation to be used to cover up its real nature. We advise this because, in the first place, as we have been endeavoring to show, they will gain nothing by submission. If assailed by a robber, with every reason to believe that though you surrender your watch and money he will cut your throat all the same, none but the veriest craven or imbecile would propose surrendering without fighting. Under such circumstances, the most romantic sense of honor and the lowest worldly prudence unite in counselling you to put your back to the wall and sell everything, your life included, at the dearest rate. Courage *may* save you; cowardly submission cannot.

We advise it, in the next place, in the interest of public morality. To the growth and maintenance of this every man and woman in the country owes all he or she can contribute. It is not enough that a nation be free and strong; it must be honest to be really great. If the bond which binds it together be merely a community of material interest, it is not worth the name of a nation. If it be simply a machine for enabling men to get rich faster and enjoy more immunity from police meddling than elsewhere, it is not worth fighting for or saving. Every nation that has a great place in the world, or will have a great place in history, is held together by some stronger tie than this—some sentiment or ideal or tradition by which it is ennobled and glorified and made worth dying for in the eyes of those who belong to it. No people in which each individual does not feel the national obligations to be his own, the national honor to be his own, the national character to be his own, can be fairly animated by this sentiment. A perfect nation would be one in which this feeling animated all its members; and the less of this feeling there is in any given nation, the weaker is the feeling of nationality in its highest sense. The most distressing feature about this repudiation cry is the indifference it indicates to what the nation promised or is pledged to, and the perfect equanimity with which Western politicians propose that the whole community shall be guilty of a piece of baseness which no individual dare be guilty of, or, at all events, avow openly his intention of committing. To the removal of this moral weakness everybody can contribute something by simply and invariably talking of and thinking of public policy as he talks and thinks of his own conduct and that of his neighbors. The curse of the human race thus far has been the almost total separation in practice of public and private morality. If the United States have a mission in the world, it is, in our opinion, to put an end to this separation, and to

exhibit the spectacle of legislation based on the moral law. If it does not succeed in doing this, it is useless to claim greatness on the credit of corn and hog returns and population. The man who did in private life what the Western politicians propose to have done in public life would be a scoundrel. Let everybody say so who feels it, and the bondholders amongst the foremost, and, if we cannot stop the swindle, we can at least expose it, and, by exposing it, strengthen the moral fibre of the honest and high-minded portion of the community. The "people's will," about which we hear so much as an excuse for repudiating politicians, has no more effect in making wrong right than a monarch's will; and dirty and dishonest work done in obedience to 20,000,000 is just as dirty and dishonest as if done in obedience to his Majesty Napoleon III.—no more so, but no less. We do not venture to suggest what a politician should do at this crisis, because it is quite certain no politician would heed what we say. But it is safe to say that it is the duty of every newspaper, party as well as independent, to speak out plainly about it. The repudiators are now publishing an organ of their own in the West; but probably few, if any, have reached such a pitch of impudence as to "stop their paper" because it advocated the honest fulfilment of the national bargains.

Another reason for crying out is, that the repudiation scheme in all its forms, whether conversion, bond-taxing, paying in greenbacks, or not paying at all, is a secessionist scheme. The proper name for Senator Sherman's bill is "A Bill to Impair the Public Credit and Facilitate Secession." The strongest political bond which holds the Union together is the borrowing power of the Government. Whatever weakens it paves the way to dissolution. The arguments in favor of this doctrine are so familiar that we shall not repeat them. Their force was universally acknowledged during the war by both rebels and Unionists. The result of the war was a splendid illustration of their soundness; the present disregard of them we cannot but regard as a species of national dementia. If we had to face another attempt like the last to break up the Union, with our credit in the condition which the repudiators propose to leave it, the end would, in our opinion, not be doubtful. All the valor and patriotism and numbers of the North would be, or would have been, powerless without money. The Western repudiators and their Eastern abettors are, therefore, playing into the hands of the enemies of the Government, present and future. There is something very absurd in the elaborate precautions the Senate and House are taking to keep out persons like Mr. Thomas, of Maryland, who are even suspected of feeling kindly towards secessionists or of having breathed suspicion on the public credit in 1861, when bills like this of Mr. Sherman's are before them, and when loyal Republicans are advocating on the stump and on party platforms schemes which, if another war broke out, would make the difficulties of the Treasury in 1861 seem trifling indeed. Straining at gnats and swallowing camels may sometimes be convenient; but it is a repulsive spectacle, and ought to be done privately.

Finally, that great consolation of politicians who are advocating measures which seem doubtful in point of honesty or expediency—that "England has done the same thing"—is in this case denied them. We say nothing of the meanness of resting content with being no better than England or any other nation—above all with regard to money matters, considering our wealth and resources. We simply say that the statement made by General Butler last fall in Boston and—if the newspaper report be correct—endorsed by Senator Sherman, and which the New York *Times* a few days ago repeated, that England has done to her creditors what it is now proposed to do to ours—forcing them to submit to a reduction of interest, is totally untrue. It is true that England has at various times reduced the interest on her public debt. It was done three or four times in the last century and at least once in this; but it was done because the general rate of interest had fallen below that which the Government was paying, and not because the people had proclaimed its unwillingness to pay it. It is true, also, that it was, as far as the public creditors were concerned, a compulsory process; but with what were they threatened in case of refusal? Payment in printed promissory notes—Micawber fashion? Special taxation of their securities? Total repudiation? No; with none of these things. What they were threatened with was *being paid off in coin*, and the threat was effectual in every case. If Senator Sherman were to menace our creditors with a similar penalty in case of refusal to accept his proposal, we should not have a word to say. To be sure, it would be a breach of faith to pay them off even in coin before the money was due; but no nation's credit was ever injured by this kind of perfidy. If the country adopts his present plan, he need not flatter himself that American securities will rank with those of any first-class power. Our companions in disgrace in the money markets of the world will not be England or France or Prussia or Austria or Holland, or even Russia, but Turkey, Spain, and Greece; in other words, the dregs of European monarchies; nations in whom centuries of ignorance and oppression and misfortune and poverty have extinguished the sense of shame as well as the sense of honor, and who owe their very existence to the pity or mutual jealousy of their neighbors.

HOW MAY THE PRESIDENT TEST THE VALIDITY OF A LAW?

As a general rule, the President may not exercise an independent judgment, and determine whether a statute regularly passed by Congress is valid before he proceeds to execute it, or to take care that it be faithfully executed. This opinion has certainly been maintained by most American statesmen and publicists, although its correctness has been denied by political writers of no small reputation and ability. The arguments in support of the negative are substantially two. It is said that the President must only execute the *laws*, and not those legislative acts which have a legal semblance merely, but are void; that an unconstitutional statute is no more a law than if it had never received the assent of the legislature; and that no power is given to execute this nullity. It is also said that the oath taken by the President imposes upon him a personal and most weighty responsibility; that he is bound by it to be guided by his own judgment, by his own conviction of what is lawful, and not by the convictions and judgments of others.

These arguments either prove too much or they beg the question. All important officers, State and national, are required to take an oath to support the Constitution. The President's oath is but an amplification of this. The solemn promise in detail to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution" does not imply more than the equally solemn promise to "support" it; the conscience is bound by the one no more than by the other. If, then, the President obtains from his oath any authority to judge of the validity of a statute, the same is shared with him by every legislative, judicial, and executive officer of the States and of the nation. Reduce such a principle to practice, and absolute anarchy would be the immediate result. And when it is said that the President is only bound to execute laws and not void statutes, this is assuming the very point in dispute. The whole question is, Are certain laws valid or void? and giving him power to decide is to make him the sole dispenser of statutes, to clothe him with an absolute veto after his qualified negative has been overruled, to place him above Congress and the courts. The whole theory and plan of the Government demand, therefore, the adoption and strict observance of the general doctrine stated at the outset, and the ready acquiescence in it by all officers of the executive department from the lowest subordinate up to the chief magistrate.

Are there any exceptions to this general rule? To answer this enquiry we must examine the nature of the President's powers as a whole, and ascertain whether there are certain classes to which the rule plainly applies, and whether there are other classes which cannot be brought within its operation. The obscurity which rests upon this whole subject seems to result in great measure from a treatment of the executive functions as though they were all of the same grade and character, from a failure to recognize the essential differences among them—differences so great that no rule can apply to all. We have much of this confusion at the present day. Thus, Mr. Boutwell at one blow demolishes the President as an independent department, and reduces him into a position of complete subordination, by denying to him the power to execute laws at all, and by asserting that his sole duty is to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. If we arrange and classify the various functions and attributes conferred upon the President, we shall find that they fall into three separate groups, so distinguished from each other that there is no interference or over-

lapping. The first group contains those attributes and functions which have no necessary connection with proper legislation; which are completely conferred by the Constitution; which do not depend upon any prior statutes for the opportunities and occasions of their exercise, nor for their number and scope; which would still exist and might still be carried into operation if Congress should blot out all its laws, or should attempt to limit and restrain the President from calling them into action. By far the most important function of this class is that which relates to the management of foreign affairs, including the power to make treaties with the consent of the Senate, and the power to hold communication with other governments. Of less moment are the powers to furnish information to Congress, to recommend measures, and to convene either or both Houses.

The second group contains those attributes and functions which depend upon some statute of Congress for the opportunities and occasions of their exercise. The constitutional grants to the President are sufficiently affirmative and express, but they relate to such a class of acts that Congress must furnish the subject-matter upon which the power is to be exerted. But when the legislature has thus provided the occasion or opportunity, its authority is exhausted. In this group are plainly to be ranged the functions belonging to the commander-in-chief, the pardoning power, and the appointing power. The President's capacity as commander-in-chief remains dormant until Congress has raised an army or navy; his pardoning power awaits the action of Congress in defining crimes and apportioning punishments; his appointing power cannot be exercised until Congress has created the offices to be filled. Here also we must place his power of removal from office, if it belongs to him at all.

The third group contains those executive functions and attributes which entirely depend upon prior laws of Congress, not only for the opportunities and occasions of their exercise, but for their number, character, and scope. Over this class the legislature has a complete control. It passes laws which must be executed; it may leave a large discretion to the President; it may take from him all discretion; it may, and generally it does, entrust the actual execution to subordinate officers, with instructions plain and positive, so that the only duty of the President is to "take care that the laws shall be faithfully executed."

The general rule stated at the outset certainly applies to the exercise by the President of the functions and attributes embraced in this third division. All his power to act is based upon the statute which creates and defines his whole duty; in respect to that law the only constitutional utterance directed to him is to take care that it be faithfully executed. But we may go further. Not only has the President no authority to exercise an independent judgment upon the validity of statutes which set in motion his attributes of this class, and to refuse to execute them, but he has no authority to test that validity in any manner. The means of testing must come from another source. The law is to be executed by himself or by some subordinate. In either case it must be executed. By this official act private individual rights will be affected, and the persons thus interested are the only parties who can thereupon resort to a "case arising under the Constitution" by which the law can be judicially reviewed.

The general principle under consideration to this extent furnishes a rule of conduct for the President; it cannot be applied to those of his functions and attributes which are embraced in the first and second of the foregoing divisions and to the laws which affect those attributes, for if it were so applied many infractions of the Constitution by the legislature, however plain, would be absolutely remediless. An illustration or two will exhibit the truth of this proposition. If Congress should pass a law declaring that the President shall grant no pardon without the consent of the Senate, or shall grant no pardon until after trial and conviction, and pronouncing every pardon conferred contrary to the law void, and the person who issued it, the one who placed the seal upon it, and the one who received it, guilty of a high misdemeanor and liable to fine and imprisonment, the President himself must violate such statute or it would remain unassailable. As long as he acquiesced in it its validity could not be questioned. No criminal has a legal right to demand a pardon; no criminal could therefore claim that his private and personal rights had been invaded by this legislation. But still further: the only possible way for the President to test the law would be to violate it, to issue a pardon in opposition to its provisions, and thus to create a private right in some person who could afterwards become a party litigant in a "case arising under the Constitution." No *quo warranto* or *mandamus* could aid the President in sustaining his independent authority, because until some person had been clothed with a right in opposition to the law, the only party against whom any proceeding could possibly be taken would be Congress, and it is certainly not amenable to the courts. The same would be true of any attempt to restrain the President in the exercise of his functions as commander-in-chief. Thus, the statute which forbids him to communicate orders to any portion of the army except through the General, and which forbids him to assign the General to any place other than at Washington, although more than doubts exist as to its validity, must remain for ever effective until the President voluntarily disregards it. These illustrations might be extended to all the other executive functions included within the first and second groups before described.

This result cannot be avoided by saying that the cases assumed are extreme ones. The principle applies as well to those executive functions of the two classes named which are implied in the Constitution as to those which are expressed in positive terms, for, in fact, such implied attributes, if they exist at all, are as efficient as those which are plainly set forth in unmistakable language; there may be a dispute as to whether they exist, but if this point be established they carry no badge of inferiority to any others. Thus, it is a mooted question whether the Constitution confers upon the President the power to remove from office. If the power belongs to him at all, it belongs to him as independently and as absolutely as that to grant pardons, and cannot be restrained or limited by direct legislation. The Tenure of Office Act interferes with this power, and the only method by which the law can be tested is for the President to violate it and remove without consulting the Senate. As long as he acquiesces no question can be raised; the person removed according to its provisions cannot complain, for by either theory of interpretation he has been properly removed. No one would have any legal right invaded but the President, and if he remains passive the law must stand. Nor can the President bring the question to a judicial determination by any legal proceeding alone instituted for that purpose. No doubt the Attorney-General may apply for a writ of *quo warranto;* but if the officer have been left undisturbed by the President he will have a complete answer to the writ; he will show a perfect warrant for the exercise of his official functions, by proving his original appointment and the fact that he has not been removed. If, then, the President should resort to a *quo warranto*, he must, as the preliminary step, remove the officer, and thus in every event take the initiative by violating the statute. Unless, therefore, we are willing to admit that the power of Congress over these highest and most independent executive functions is absolute, and that its decision upon the Constitution is final, we cannot escape the conclusion that in these and similar instances the President must, to bring the validity of a statute to a test, intentionally disre ard its commands. But of course he does so at his own risk, and the action of Congress against him in case he does so is a question of policy, or of abstract justice, rather than of positive law.

INFLATION AND THE WEST.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In the last number of the *Nation* there appeared an article entitled "Inflation in its Relation to the Money Market." While agreeing with the conclusions at which the writer of that article arrives, permit me to call attention to the premises from which he derives them. He says, "Money is abundant, and can scarcely be loaned at four per cent." However true that may be in the *Eastern* cities, it is certainly far from the case here. It is *extremely difficult* in this part of the West to obtain money at *ten per cent.* Is it not on account of this scarcity that the West is so strenuous in its demands for more money, and does not the argument, where that is the case, wholly fail?

G. L. B.

Madison, Wis., February 19, 1868.

Money is, indeed, fully worth ten per cent. throughout the West, and in many places is difficult to obtain even at that figure. But does it necessarily follow that the scarcity and high price of *money* at the

West are due to any deficiency in the supply of *currency*, of legal tenders, or could be remedied by printing an additional fifty or one hundred millions? As far as Wisconsin is concerned, the scarcity of money certainly is not due to any scarcity of greenbacks, for, unless the figures of the bank statement lie, the banks of that State had not lent more than fifty-five per cent. of the amounts they were by law entitled to lend in view of the reserve of greenbacks which they held on hand. The total circulation and deposits of all the Wisconsin banks on January 6, 1868, was a trifle over eight millions. Against this amount of indebtedness they were by law bound to hold one million four hundred thousand dollars of greenback currency, but no more. They did hold not only the amount required of them by law, but also one million *more* than the law required. Against this surplus million of greenbacks they could have lawfully lent nearly four millions of dollars more than they had lent, they could have increased their loans and discounts from four millions and a quarter to eight millions and a quarter, or nearly doubled the amount of money which they could place at the disposal of the mercantile community of Wisconsin. The banks had it in their power to actually double the amount of money on the market, which would certainly have made money easy enough, but they did not do it. The question is, Why not? Certainly not because there were no applicants for it, for we know that the demand was active. Certainly not because the rate of interest was insufficient, for, as "G. L. B." states, ten per cent. could readily have been obtained for it. Why, then, did the Wisconsin banks—and in the same way the banks of almost all other States—refuse to lend at a handsome rate of interest the money which was so urgently demanded, and which they were by law fully authorized to lend? The reason is as follows:

As we explained in the article referred to by our correspondent, "G. L. B.," a bank does not lend money; it simply lends its credit by authorizing the borrower to draw his check upon it for the amount loaned. As long as the money thus borrowed is wanted by the borrower only to carry on his home business, the check will pass into the hands of some neighbor who will deposit it in a neighboring bank. The lending bank will then not be called upon to pay it in money, but will pair off in its daily settlement with its neighbor, as we explained at length, and there will then be no change in the bank's ability to continue lending to the full extent allowed by law. But if the money is not borrowed for the purpose of carrying on the ordinary home business of the borrower; if it is, on the contrary, borrowed to be sent to New York to pay debts there, or to buy goods, or to speculate in stocks and gold, or to "carry" wool and flour and wheat, then, instead of depositing the check in some neighboring bank, the borrower presents it to the lending bank *for payment in money*, so as to get the greenbacks, which are the only money which he can send to New York. Now, if the law requires the bank to hold one dollar in greenbacks for every four dollars that it lends, it is evident that for every *one* dollar that it pays out in greenbacks its ability to lend is reduced *four* dollars. In other words, a bank agreeing to lend one dollar, which the borrower calls for in greenbacks, in reality lends five dollars and only gets interest on one. It does not actually lend five, but it is deprived of the ability to do so which before it had. If the one dollar had not been taken from it in a greenback, the bank could have lent four other dollars to four other borrowers, and made interest on all. By paying out the greenback dollar it not only loses the power to accommodate four other customers, but it loses the interest which it would have legitimately earned if it could have accommodated them all. For this reason, so soon as a bank sees the money which it lends taken away in greenbacks, it immediately stops lending entirely or else raises its rate of interest—wherever the law allows that—so as to check the demand for loans, and at the same time partially remunerate itself for its loss of business.

Of course, no prudent bank ever lends to the full amount allowed by law, nor delays contracting its loans until its greenback reserve is reduced to the lowest point. On the contrary, so soon as a bank notices a steady drain upon its legal-tender reserve it immediately curtails its loans, because it cannot possibly tell how far the drain may go. From the beginning of winter until a week or two ago, exchange in almost all the Western cities was in favor of this city—in other words, all the Western cities had payments to make in New York in excess of any moneys they had to their credit here. This excess had to be remitted here in greenbacks—a process which has continued all winter, and which has raised the greenback reserve in our banks in less than two months from 52 millions to 67 millions, and has swelled the deposits from 175 millions to the extraordinary figure of 217 millions. The greenbacks brought here had, of course, all to be drawn from the banks out West. The banks, as soon as they saw their greenback reserve infringed upon, not knowing how far the drain might go, immediately began to curtail their loans, and they have continued to do so ever since. Thus we see in Wisconsin and elsewhere high rates of interest and money scarce and extremely difficult to obtain, *although the greenback reserves of the banks in that State not only are far from exhausted, but indeed are sixty per cent. above the requirements of the law.* For *home use* the banks of Wisconsin could to-day lend four millions of dollars, but they find that whatever they lend is taken from them in greenbacks to be sent East, thus destroying their ability to lend further, and compelling them to stop lending entirely. It must be clear to every thinking mind that the scarcity of money at the West is thus not due to any actual scarcity of currency, but simply to the fact that the currency is being carried out of the State where it rightfully belongs, and where it is absolutely needed for home traffic.

In thus showing that the direct cause of the scarcity of money at the West is the drain of currency to the East, we should, however, be only half answering our correspondent's strictures if we did not further attempt to show what causes this drain of currency to the Atlantic cities. The currency is sent here either to pay debts, to buy goods, or to speculate. That the latter has been done to a large extent is undoubtedly true. It is notorious that Western men are among the heaviest speculators in Wall Street. Not only Western railroad stocks, but Eastern as well; not only Pacific Mail and other steamship and trashy land and speculative coal companies' shares, but gold and Government securities, and even cotton, in this market and Liverpool, have been within the last three months put up and down by Western speculators. The "margins" on which these immense operations have been carried on have been brought from the West. Whether they will return thither is another question; but in the meantime they have no doubt been a potent factor in the drain of currency towards this city, and have helped to heap fuel on the feverish fire of speculation that has burned in Wall Street all winter through. This speculation is, of course, injurious to everybody, and really beneficial to no one. Of all parts of the country the West suffers most from it. The principal temptation to it are the enormous fluctuations resulting from an unsettled currency. The mere thought of inflation fans it into tenfold activity. The first serious proposition looking to inflation would increase the temptation tenfold, would drain the West of every greenback that their banks could be induced to part with, all to be invested in Erie or Northwest "for a rise." Then money would indeed be difficult to obtain in the West, and not ten but twenty per cent. would be the common rate of interest. A great part of the scarcity of money at the West is due to Western speculation here. Inflation, or the printing of more currency, can only intensify that speculation. Is inflation, then, likely to make money easier at the West?

That not much money is brought here at present to buy goods is certain. Nobody is selling many goods, and what are being sold are rarely paid for in cash. The only reason, then, for money coming here, besides speculation, must be that the West owes it. But how is it possible that the great West, after the liberal crops of last year, has to bring money East to pay its debts? Can it be that its magnificent harvest was a delusion? Can it be that there is no demand for its hog products, its meats, its lumber, flour, and grain? Is it true that the West has nothing but money to pay its debts? Impossible! But if the West has wool and breadstuffs and other products wherewith to pay its debts, how is it that it sends money to the East to pay them—money which out West is so precious, and here a drug?

The fact is this: While no section of the country fought and suffered more heroically during our great civil war than the West, no section was pecuniarily as much benefited by it. The enormous advance in the price of all farm products enriched the West greatly, and helped to pay off many old mortgages and other debts. Unfortunately, throughout the West—and, indeed, for that matter throughout the

East as well—this advance in prices has always been attributed to the currency inflation. The currency is still inflated; the real inflation of money, made by bank loans and discounts, larger than all the currency put together, is larger now than at any time during the war, but prices are not as high as they were; business generally is dull and unprofitable, and the West, which sprang into unaccustomed prosperity during the early times of inflation, attributes all its present deficiencies to currency contraction, and is, as "G. L. B." well states, strenuous in its demands for more money; not because money is scarce and interest stands at ten per cent., for that is about the average rate, but because prices for Western produce are not as high as producers would like to see them.

The West unquestionably has large supplies of produce stored on farms and in warehouses and along the railroads, more than ample to pay all it owes. But the West is not willing to sell. The whole West believes that, as in 1863 and 1864, more money would make higher prices for their breadstuffs and provisions, and they are holding back their products for inflation prices. No one is willing to sell as long as he can borrow to pay his debts. The debts are mostly due to the East; whoever borrows to pay his debts takes greenbacks from the Western banks to be sent here, and every dollar of greenbacks sent here deprives the West of five dollars of money, and makes money still scarcer and higher and more difficult to obtain. Of course the banks have no means of ascertaining beforehand what will be done with the money that they lend; once lent, it passes from under their control, and thus they are compelled to refuse accommodation to those who need money for legitimate home purposes as well as to all others, and thus the regular merchant suffers by the action of the speculator, and is gradually drawn over into the belief that the West is suffering from want of currency and that the printing-press could bring relief.

We are obliged to our correspondent, "G. L. B.," for the opportunity afforded us of bringing this question once more squarely before our readers, especially in those sections where the demand for "more money" is most strenuous. "G. L. B." admits the correctness of our conclusions that there is no good sense in printing more currency to make money cheap, because we can borrow any quantity of money from the banks at a very low rate of interest. He only says that at the West money cannot be borrowed from the banks at low rates. He admits the correctness of the argument as applied to the East, but denies its applicability to the West. We have pointed out wherein the position of the West differs from that of the East, but for a better appreciation of the whole question we propose to show the precise practical working of inflation as affecting the West.

Suppose Congress to-morrow authorizes the issuing of five hundred millions additional currency. They must consist either of national bank currency or greenbacks. If national bank currency, they can only be issued against deposits of United States bonds. These bonds must be purchased in the market, requiring a large amount of money. Suppose the whole new capital to be equally apportioned among the States, the West would have to send its proportion of bonds to Washington as well as the other States. Where can these bonds be purchased? Nowhere but in New York. The West would have to send more money East than ever before in order to buy the bonds upon which to get the new currency. That money sent East would all be greenbacks. We have just seen what effect is produced upon the Western money market by sending greenbacks East, and know, therefore, that this first step towards getting fresh national bank currency would scarcely help to relieve the money market. If we are told that the West has bonds enough without coming to New York for them, we will not deny the assertion, but will simply ask, How was it that they were not more generally used to borrow money on in New York at four per cent., as could have been easily done, making it very profitable to reloan the money at ten on good security? But suppose the West has the bonds, and does not have to buy a dollar's worth of them in New York, nor pay out a dollar for them at home; suppose that the total amount of bonds required is on hand, and the banks all organized and in possession of their newly printed currency, they *cannot* issue one dollar of it until they hold in their vaults a proportionate amount of greenbacks. These they can only obtain from other existing banks. The existing banks are already troubled at the loss of their greenbacks, and are curtailing their loans to prevent still further loss. Would the additional demand from new banks increase the supply of greenbacks? Would not, on the contrary, the existing banks be compelled to curtail their loans still further so as to meet the demand? And would the new banks be able to lend more than the old, or would they not be subject to the same drain to the East that the old banks are laboring under? Would not, as we have said, the mere prospect of inflation, with its consequent price fluctuations, cause more Western "margins" to be sent to New York, and the Western banks drained more dry than ever of their greenbacks? And would not money—the money of commerce, bank credits—be higher and more scarce than before the fresh addition to the currency? Inflation is very easily talked about, and is a very pleasant thing to look forward to for a thoughtless holder of large amounts of produce, but when you come to look at it closely, it does not seem as though inflation—at least by means of fresh national bank currency—was going to make money much easier at the West.

But suppose the new currency issue is made in the form of greenbacks. These are printed at the Treasury in Washington; how do they get into the hands of the people? The Treasury cannot *give* them away. They can only leave the Government vaults in payment of what the Government owes. As long as the revenues of the country do not fall off, as long as all taxes and duties are not abolished, the Treasury receives funds enough from these sources to pay all it owes. Unless, therefore, the new issue of greenbacks is given away, it can only leave the Treasury vaults and reach the hands of the people by being paid out in redemption of a part of the national debt. The only part of the national debt which the Government has the legal right to redeem is the issue of six per cent. bonds known as the five-twenties of 1862. Leaving aside the consideration that to pay off these bonds by a fresh issue of greenbacks would be downright flagrant repudiation, which even the most reckless inflationists scarcely dare to recommend, what would be the practical effect of such a step? These bonds are now selling in the market at about ten per cent. *above* par, but the Government in redeeming them would, of course, only take them *at* par; hence the first serious threat to redeem these bonds would suddenly depreciate the total issue—and not only the issue of 1862, but all other issues as well—producing a loss of fifty to one hundred millions of dollars to the holders, causing large amounts of bonds to be thrown upon the New York market for immediate sale, and precipitating a money panic here of the most terrible character, which would rapidly extend all over the country. The first effect of all monetary disturbances is to cause all lenders of money to withhold their loans. The banks of the United States are lenders to the extent of over six hundred millions of dollars. A panic among the banks of the country would withdraw more money from circulation in a week than all the Treasury presses can print in six months, and how would that make money easy?

But supposing instead of redeeming five-twenty bonds the Treasury uses the new currency only to pay off the maturing seven-thirty notes. The holders of these notes, who are now daily selling them to the Treasury, as soon as they receive greenbacks in payment invest them in some other security, generally in the new five-twenty bonds which the Government is now issuing. If the seven-thirties were paid off in greenbacks there would, of course, be no new bonds issued, and the holders of the greenbacks would have to invest them in something else. Now, the theory of Western men generally is, that these holders of unemployed greenbacks would immediately take their money out West and lend it to the farmers and merchants and speculators at seven or eight per cent. per annum, or else would rush into the markets to buy flour and grain and pork and wool, and would thus enable Western holders to sell out at inflation prices, and bring back the glorious days of 1863 to 1865. We showed in our former article that there were untold millions of unemployed money in New York two months ago—so much unemployed money that it could with difficulty be lent at four per cent. Yet holders did not rush to buy Western products, which are to-day, in spite of the advance in gold and the winter season and the unusual demand from abroad, scarcely as high as three months ago. Nor, although money was superabundant here and scarce at the West, did people rush to send their money there; on the contrary, out of the very scantiness of the Western supply a steady stream of money

was setting this way. Now, what earthly reason is there for supposing that a great abundance of money, brought about by issuing fresh greenbacks, would produce any different effect from that produced by a great abundance of money brought about by any other cause? None whatever.

The whole inflation theory is a mischievous delusion, based upon popular ignorance of the true nature of money and the true principles of banking. Let the West—our brave, sturdy, self-reliant West—cast aside such vain chimeras; let it recognize the truth, now somewhat veiled from the popular sight, that the only honest and profitable course is to sell its produce at the market price, to pay its debts as soon as possible, and to stop all gambling speculation. We shall then hear no more about tight times, money will be easy again, honest labor will be at a premium, and financiering demagogues will be at a discount.

WHY IS SINGLE LIFE BECOMING MORE GENERAL?

The increasing infrequency of marriage at the present day is fast getting into the category of topics of universal discussion. It has long been a subject of family and social comment—the secret murmur of daughters and the loud complaint of mothers. It has been seized upon by the brilliant essayists, skilfully exaggerated and elaborated, and epigrammatically analyzed, satirized, philosophized, and moralized upon. It has become a subject of investigation for the political economist and the statistician—a theme for reports and papers in Social Science Conventions. It has been preached about from the pulpit, and has even found its way into governors' messages.

That marriage has become less frequent among the middle classes of France, England, and New England is not to be denied. It is a fact, established by abundant statistical proof, that a largely increased and increasing proportion of the population remain single. In France it is no new phenomenon. In England, the disinclination to the assumption of marriage relations is growing with a rapidity which the journalists characterize as alarming; and New England is fast following in the steps of her mother.

Such a phenomenon simultaneously appearing in the seats of our highest civilization is, indeed, a matter of serious interest. Its causes most certainly demand to be searched out. There has been no lack of a supply. It has had as many sources assigned to it as the Nile. The decrease in marriage in France is said to be owing to the drafting of the young men into the army, and their retention in it in enforced bachelorhood during the years when nature most urges to matrimony; also to the expense and trouble attending the ceremony; to the social usage which makes marriage a business arrangement, an affair *de convenance*, in which the affections of the heart cannot be gratified; and, finally, to the increased number and attractions of the *demi-monde*.

In English society the root of all the evil is "those hateful clubs," as Miss Araminta indignantly calls them. "It's so *deuced* expensive, you know, to have an establishment nowadays," according to the young milords. It is "the vacuity trimmed with lace," "the poverty proud of its purple clothing"—the frivolity, inanity, mental inferiority of the other sex, declare the clever men who do the social philosophizing for the English weeklies. In New England the reason is, that the young ladies are so extravagant in dress that they are unwilling to do their own housework and sewing, and what is more—don't know how, if they were willing; that they want to commence housekeeping where their fathers and mothers left off instead of where they began; that they will not marry any man unless he is rich. Then, too, the young men all go off West to seek their fortunes and leave at home an excess of women, who must necessarily remain single because there are no men to match them. The woman's rights advocates charge the decrease in marriage to the inequitable constitution of the marriage relation, to the discriminations of the law against the property and individuality of the wife, to her treatment by her husband as either a plaything and pet or a mere upper servant without wages, independent rights, or surcease of work and duty.

The rear of the lengthening line of reasons is brought up for the nonce by the counter-charge of one of our contemporaries, that the decline in the frequency of marriage is only one of the advancing ripples of the woman's rights movement. It is an effect, it is alleged, of the effort of woman to make herself independent of man and put herself on an equality with him. The champions of woman's rights, it is said, openly deny the man's claim to submission and obedience from the woman, and the whole class of young women at the present day, although but a small part belong to the woman's rights party, exhibit a growing self-assertion, masculinity, independence, which make men more and more wary of the matrimonial noose. Man cannot be expected, it is said, to assume the protection and support of a wife if he is not likely to receive obedience from her in return; he cannot be expected to tie himself up in a life-long union, if he cannot have supreme authority therein.

As long as the Nile had a dozen different sources assigned to it, it was pretty plain that the real fountain-head had not yet been discovered. These numerous reasons fail to afford a sufficient explanation. Part just invert the relation of cause and effect; part are only similar products of the same root; others contribute to the result, but are local, special, inadequate.

The prevalence of clubs, the greater number and greater influence of the *demi-monde*, and the greater frequency of illicit connections, instead of being *causes* of the decrease of legitimate connections, are plainly effects. So in regard to the woman's rights movement. It is equally plain that it is not because women are becoming masculine, independent, and desirous of equal rights that so many of them are left unmarried; but because so many women are left unmarried that they are forced to be independent, that they are made masculine, that they naturally wish for an equal chance with men in the struggle for a livelihood. They are not left unmarried because they seek to enter professions; but since they fail of getting occupation for hand and heart in a husband's house, they naturally seek for a career and an object of ambition in the callings and public posts of the world, and as naturally think it right that they should have equal rewards with their masculine competitors for work and success in them. The submissive and patient Griseldas are left single equally with the moral Camillas and the social Amazons. The masculine English girl is no more fought shy of than the convent-educated, unsophisticated French *jeune fille*. The fact is that there has been a real disarrangement of the old relations of the two sexes, and that they must be readjusted in some new order.

If the loss of rights which women must suffer in the marital relation makes them unwilling to accept it, yet this evil is much less instead of greater at the present day than formerly. In New England there is neither army service nor clubs nor the rivalry of a numerous *demi-monde*, nor governmental expense and trouble attending the marriage ceremony; the young women as a class are neither "fast" nor "masculine" nor frivolous, nor inferior in education and culture to the young men; the young people are left in complete freedom to follow their own hearts and tastes in choosing their companions—yet the same phenomenon of an increased proportion of single men and women is exhibited. Nor is it the excess of the women over the men left by the Western emigration. The excess of about forty thousand women in the State of Massachusetts, which has been made so much of, would only account for the unmarried state of about one-fifth of the single women. Nor is it altogether the young woman's extravagance and unwillingness to work. She can triumphantly repulse the attack with home-hitting shots: is she not about as economical as masculine Young America; if *she* were willing to, would *he* be satisfied to see her dress plainly and to live without hired servants; does he give her a chance to show whether she will marry a poor man and commence housekeeping humbly; is *he* willing to marry a poor girl who will not better either his purse or his social position; how is it, if he *can't* afford a wife, that he can afford cigars and velvet coats, champagne suppers and summer tours, that he has money to spare for billiards and theatres and horses?

This cause, if we mistake not, is nothing less than the higher development of civilization and the new form which modern progress has given to modern life. The decrease in the frequency of marriage is exhibited in the countries—France, England, and the United States—which have advanced the most in the path of modern civilization. The decrease is proportioned to the respective height of social development in each. By the general diffusion of education and culture, by the new inventions and discoveries of the age, by the increase of commerce and intercourse and wealth, the tastes of men and women have become widened, their desires multiplied, new gratifications and pleasures have been supplied to them. By this increase of the gratifications of existence the relative share of them which married life affords has become just so much less. The domestic circle does not fill so large a place in life as formerly. It is really less important to either man or woman. Married life has lost in some measure its advantage over a single life. There are so many more pleasures, now, that can be enjoyed as well or even better in celibacy. The distinctive sexual impulse, besides, is less powerful not only relatively, because of more numerous rivals, but absolutely, as a necessary attendant upon the development of the mental and higher faculties according to the laws of the conservation of force. While a less proportion of the enjoyments of life at the present day are to be sought in matrimonial life, the cost of it has come to be much greater. Not that its absolute cost is more; not that the necessaries of life for a family are greater in *price* than formerly—they are probably less—but

that they are greater in *number*. Matrimonial life costs more than formerly because there are so many other gratifications, bodily, mental, and æsthetic, which demand satisfaction as well as the affectional impulses, and because so many more of these must be sacrificed by one of moderate means on entering matrimonial life. Commerce, labor-saving machines, the discovery of new sources of wealth, have made the world wealthier, have made luxuries before rare cheap, and gratifications before unknown common. Increase in wealth increases desires still faster. The more they are gratified, the further they are from being satisfied. Each new gratification brought within reach becomes not only a daily necessity but creates a taste for a dozen out of reach. He who rises a little in the social scale desires to rise still higher. The railroad, that great revolutionizer of the modern world, has been a potent forwarder of this tendency. By means of the railroad the bulk of population has been drawn from its distribution in small towns and cities, and has been collected in large cities. In cities, people are exposed more constantly to public view. They are brought more often in contact with wealth and luxury. They see more show. Every change of fashion is displayed before them. The new luxuries solicit them everywhere. The modern improvements force themselves upon every one's notice. One must do what others do, and have what others have. One must keep up with the times or get laughed at and lose position. Rivalry is excited, ambition sharpened; emulation whets emulation.

The city is the habitat of the single. The country town or even the small city is an uncongenial clime for the species. The single must have public amusements and public resorts, and these only flourish in great cities. In the country they can be only infrequent and of poor order. In cities they are constant, abundant, and varied, and invested with every attraction which ingenuity can devise and money procure. In cities, too, vice can find haunts in which to supply secretly the cheaper substitute for marital relations.

There, for example, was Jonathan in the little town of Tyanius fifty years ago, with an education comprising the three Rs—no daily paper, few books to be had, even if his taste for literature were less; not even a Sunday-school library in town; no theatre or concert hall; billiard-tables not yet known in the land, and the cigar and meerschaum comparatively unknown; public amusements limited to a weekly lyceum and an occasional circus or political meeting; about his only means of enjoyment in his leisure evenings outside of the home and feminine society was to lounge at the tavern or to go off on a spree to the next town. Mary Jane, sans piano, studio, sensation novels, and picture galleries, sans German and Italian, was still worse off for single enjoyments.

When people have no other amusement, it has been cynically said, they always imagine themselves in love. It may commence in mere imagination, but it generally ends in reality. The dictum that nature abhors a vacuum has been exploded as a law of matter, but it remains a law of the heart and mind. The natural result of such a condition of things was a plentiful crop of engagements. And the engagements had not to be protracted for five or ten years before marriage could be thought of. There were few things to prevent their speedy consummation. Mary Jane, brought up at home by her mother instead of in a fashionable boarding-school, knew all the mysteries of housekeeping and required the aid of no Bridget to make either bed or bread. Mary Jane, in fact, saved Jonathan having to hire help to carry on his dairy. A frame house of four or five rooms, with plain furniture and sanded floors, answered to begin housekeeping in. The children, also, as soon as they got to be ten or twelve years old, became helps instead of burdens. The girls assisted in the housework, the boys worked in the field or garden or at a trade. Going little in public, they needed little for dress.

The city young bachelor and young miss of to-day, on the contrary, have a surfeit of independent resources. With such a multiplicity of occupations and entertainments outside, neither John nor Jennie feels much need of each other's society and of domestic life. The larger part of all these accustomed gratifications they must drop if they will have the latter. To commence housekeeping at the present day is no light affair. Let the young couple be willing to start modestly and live economically, yet they must have the *necessaries* and the *decencies* of life. They must have furnace and range, hot and cold water, marble mantelpieces and wash-basins, sofas and carpets, silver table-service and pictures on the wall. They must have servants to cook and do the housework, for in the costly course of study in which Jennie has passed her life hitherto no instruction nor practice in these branches was given. Then the children must not grow up in ignorance. They must have a good education. They must remain in school the whole year round or be put down in their classes. The sons must be sent to college and the daughters go to a seminary or private school till twenty "to be finished." Their children must be dressed well, so as not to be put to shame among their schoolmates. The need of married life so much less, the burdens attendant on it so much heavier, so many more things to be crowded out by it—here is ample explanation of the increasing number of men and women who are disinclined to try its risks.

The widening and heightening of men's and women's tastes have acted in another way to increase the number of those who remain single. As in the process of civilization man's desires grow faster than his productive power, so it is the action of education to develop the sensibility and the critical faculty more than character or executive ability. By the diffusion of a finer culture throughout the community, men and women can less easily find any one whom they are willing to take as a partner for life; their requirements are more exacting; their standards of excellence higher; they are less able to find any who can satisfy their own ideal and less able to satisfy anybody else's ideal. Men and women have, too, a livelier sense of the serious and sacred character of the marriage union, and of the high motives from which alone it should be formed. They are less willing to contract it from any lower motives. These tendencies have been intensified and exaggerated by the universal novel. Little Jennie must have in her John the piercing intellect, the dauntless courage, and the noble soul of Estracourt. If John does n't possess them, he cannot satisfy the wants of Jennie's heart. If John does not grow pale with throes of passion and gush his love in tides of broken rhetoric, he cannot feel *real love* for her; and if she herself does not thrill in John's presence and pine in his absence and experience all the ecstasies of emotion which Lilian Holme does for her beloved, John cannot be her destined soul-half; and so, though Jennie likes John much better than any other of the fellows, she tells him, with a little sigh, "We must be only friends, you know."

Is this decrease in the frequency of marriage a thing that should excite alarm and lamentation? We think not. Nor do we think it calls, either, for strenuous preaching up of matrimony to our young folks. Is not this prudent hesitation more to be praised than the precipitancy with which thoughtless, ignorant, inexperienced, poverty-stricken children rush into the sacred responsibilities of parents? It is not the number but the character of its people that determines the worth of a country. It is not by increasing the quantity but the quality of its inhabitants that the world is benefited. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Why? Simply because fifty Europeans are worth more than a thousand Cathayans; because it is better to have in a country fifty educated, accomplished, and cultured people than a thousand ignorant, brutish, and vicious.

There is another advantage attendant upon the decrease in marriage. This decrease is found chiefly in the middle and upper classes. It does not reach the poor, for its causes, as we have seen, are advanced culture, refinement, and style of living. Room is thus made in the upper ranks of society to be filled by the rising into it of the best members of the lower ranks, instead of there being an overplus among the upper and middle classes, which would be necessarily crowded down among the poor. The social current is thus made an ascending instead of a descending current.

When some one rises from poverty to wealth, though he have the spending, during his life, of no more money and traverse exactly the same pathway and steps of fortune as one who descends from the upper ranks of society to the lower, we yet reap ten times as much gratification from his course. That which gives this upward direction to the general course of life contributes vastly to the happiness of mankind.

The social philosophers are now perturbed at the loss of population caused by the infrequency of marriage. But it is only about fifty years ago when they were all terribly frightened because marriage was so frequent, and population was increasing so fast that the means of subsistence could not keep pace with it. The new comer into the world, they feared, would soon find no place for him at Nature's board, and room would have to be cleared by the small-pox, the cholera, or some other ravaging epidemic. The poor were told that they were committing a wrong against society in marrying as they did and bringing into the world mouths for which there was no provision, and that if they would not reform they were rightly punished by hardship and starvation. The present tendency to single life is the corrective that is preventing any such catastrophe. It is the easy and gentle check of Nature that is always at hand, and spontaneously interposes whenever an overplus of population commences to be felt. As the alarm of too much marrying and of overpopulation was groundless, as Nature found an easy and gentle remedy for that tendency before it became excessive, so with this alarm and this tendency. We may trust the planets to be in the proper path of their orbit, however they may seem to veer this way and that, and we may trust Nature herself to know her right course and be always in it.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, February 14, 1868.

PARLIAMENT has just met. For the next few months the debates of that august assembly will push on one side all the remaining contents of our newspapers, and will furnish the texts upon which half the remainder turns. Whatever else may be said for or against the House of Commons, it is unrivalled as a machine for talking and making talk. If in some other assemblies there is as much discussion, there is certainly no assembly whose discussions range over so wide a field, and are watched with so much interest by every class and interest throughout the whole nation. Before I am forced by other imperious demands of parliamentary contests to devote my space to their subject-matter, allow me to touch upon one or two little points which will pass out of sight when the session has fairly begun.

All London society has been in a state of intense excitement for the last two or three weeks about the mysterious disappearance of a clergyman. Mr. Speke, a brother of the African traveller (who, as you remember, was killed by a shooting accident), came up to London to attend the marriage of a friend about five weeks ago. He went into a hatter's in Pimlico, bought a hat about 5:30, and expressed his intention of going to dine with a friend at 6:30. Meanwhile he walked off towards Westminster, and has never since been heard of. His hat was found in Birdcage Walk, opposite the railings of a garden belonging to a married sister. These are about all the facts of the case, and all London has gone wild about it. It is hard to say why certain murders or disappearances have, so to speak, a success which is denied to others of equal merit. This incident has undoubtedly, in theatrical language, made a decided hit—if you will excuse a phrase which is not intended to be heartless. Neither the Mar murders described by De Quincey, nor the Palmer murders, nor the Waterloo Bridge mystery (when a mangled body was found in a carpet-bag) produced greater excitement. The *Times* is deluged with correspondence. The weekly newspapers write elaborate articles, after the fashion of Poe's murders in the Rue Morgue, spinning the most refined theories out of the very narrow set of facts. Parallel cases are hunted up in every direction. One man tells us how he was asked to get into a cab, where, had he not fortunately refused the invitation, he would certainly have been robbed and murdered. Another has been taken into a shop on pretence of buying cigars, and it is quite clear that, if he had not come out safely, he would have been plundered after being first rendered senseless by chloroform. Other persons spread divers rumors about Mr. Speke's habits, to prove *à priori* that he must have committed suicide, or that he must have been enticed into some den of thieves, or must have simply run away for no particular reason and been ashamed to come back. Another class of agitated persons recommends the use of revolvers or life-preservers, and invents as many rules for walking London streets in safety as for travelling through the centre of Africa. Meanwhile the police say with due solemnity that they are in possession of a clue which may in due time lead to further discoveries—or may not. From all which I am content to infer that nobody knows anything about the matter except those who have a very intelligible dislike to publicity; and further, that it is a curious thing to watch the spread of excitement, by a kind of moral contagion, through a vast mass of human beings as eager as ever were the people of Athens to be hearing and telling some new thing.

The great topic at all dinner-parties which has disputed the pre-eminence with poor Mr. Speke's disappearance is the new movement for the consumption of horseflesh. In this we are only imitators of the Parisians; but the apostles of the movement have taken it up with a zeal and energy which bid fair to bring the later converts to a level with the originators of the movement. I say, deliberately, apostles, for the zeal displayed in the cause reminds one rather of the propagators of a new religion than of a simple question about an addition to our dinner-tables. I had the honor of attending a great horse-dinner at the Langham Hotel, and sitting opposite to one of the most earnest supporters of the movement. I ventured to make one of those small jokes which are perhaps pardonable, by way of starting talk at a dinner-table. Had I indulged in a sarcasm about eating pork at a dinner of rabbis, or made playful allusions to roast-beef in a meeting of high-caste Brahmins, I could not have shocked my hosts more unmistakably. I was immediately treated to a glowing burst of eloquence proving that the great hope of elevating the toiling masses of Europe lay in popularizing the consumption of horseflesh. I was to eat the dishes set before me in no trifling spirit, nor to make them the occasion of any unseasonable levity. I was performing a sacred act, as though I had been attending the feast of some ancient idol; and when a "baron of horse" was brought in in solemn procession, preceded by a beef-eater blowing a triumphant strain upon the cornet, and the whole company rose to their feet in a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm, I felt for a moment equal to my lofty duty, and could have vowed to eat horse as unflinchingly as the British soldier should advance in the face of hostile bayonets. Next morning, when the virtuous glow had faded from my bosom, I confess that I suffered tortures, over which I will draw a veil. It is enough to say that a medical friend who happened to be called in declared that the symptoms were in no way due to any specific action of horse, but that they were such as not unfrequently follow a very crowded, hot, and noisy banquet in an atmosphere thickened after dinner with the smoke of many cigars, and followed by a due allowance of liquors. This humiliating confession will, at least, prove that I speak frankly in declaring that to my mind horseflesh is like moderate beef, that I should be perfectly willing to partake of it again, but that, on the whole, I had rather that it should become a popular article of consumption with the poor. It is, of course, a gain that so much meat should be put to human use which was formerly wasted or thrown away upon dogs. I do not think it will be a great addition to the tables of epicures, and I will add that the taste appeared to me to be perfectly familiar, as I think it would to any one who has ever partaken of *filet de bœuf* at a rather inferior French café.

The hippophagous sect is only carrying out in one direction what appears to be at the present moment a predominant desire in the breast of the British public. We have suddenly come to the conclusion that we are an extravagant people, and that we ought to reduce our bills. The plan of economy is to eat our horses which were formerly thrown away. Another is to attack our tradesmen. A war is at present being waged between the grocers and the public of London. So long as it was confined to indignant letters from "paterfamilias" to the *Times* the grocers could afford to laugh. A far more efficient mode of warfare has been discovered in the co-operative societies. The benefits which they promise to confer are worth notice; as I dare say that even in America, unless that part of the world presents a complete exception to the rest of the civilized community, housekeepers have grievances as to tea and sugar and other family necessaries. The extraordinary success of the co-operative stores at Rochdale seems to have first suggested the idea to some members of the Civil Service. They started a co-operative store for the supply of all the usual articles of household consumption. The main principles were that all payments were made in ready money; the best articles were obtained from the wholesale merchants, and the price charged was only that which was necessary to pay the expenses of superintendence. The customers fetched their own articles, or a separate charge was made in case they were forwarded by the store. The society thus established flourished moderately for some time. At last the British public was seized with one of its usual fits of excitement about the tradesmen, and it suddenly occurred to the agitators that by joining the Civil Service store they would be able to set their enemy at defiance. The society decided to admit persons who were not members of the Civil Service, on payment of a small fee. A rush of eager applicants for admission immediately set in. The society had soon to desert its old premises and set up a large house in the Haymarket. When I went there the other day the place was crowded, the clerks had more work on their hands than they could well perform, and a whole row of carriages was blocking up the street. In short, the concern has suddenly obtained a gigantic success. The grocers are trembling. Some of them are endeavoring to combine and refuse to deal with the wholesale merchants who supply the Civil Service store. Others have lowered their terms, and offer to supply the same articles at the same price as the Civil Service store on condition of ready-money payment. In short, paterfamilias is for once triumphant, and has, for the time at least, got the better of his ancient oppressor. One gentleman writes to the *Times* to say that he has saved enough money by joining the society to give his family a trip to Switzerland in the summer.

The limits wherein the plan is likely to prove of permanent advantage seem to be clearly marked. It is simply a plan for securing a simpler mode of distribution, and for not allowing a series of middlemen to make a profit by unnecessary intervention between the consumer and the producer. The ultimate difference is the difference between the profit of the tradesmen and the amount which it is necessary to pay to secure an effective superintendence of the store. In such commodities as tea and sugar and others where there is no great advantage in giving to the distributor a personal interest in suiting the taste of his customers, the plan may probably be successful. All that is wanted is the simplest possible device for handing over the article in question to the consumer. In such articles as, for example, female dress, the case is entirely different. Where it is necessary to take a deal of trouble in consulting individual tastes, the superintendent with a fixed salary is not so efficient as the tradesman who has a direct interest in his sales. It will be impossible, therefore, for the co-operative store to compete effectively with shops where the proprietor has far stronger

motives for taking an interest in each particular sale. In short, the co-operative principle will be efficient in proportion as the transactions which take place are merely a mechanical transfer of goods of tolerably uniform quality. Where individual caprice and variation of choice come into play it will be beaten by the old system. A lady does not like a milliner's where her complaints would be expended upon an official board instead of a responsible tradesman.

There is another way in which it may be useful, namely, by the substitution of ready-money payments for the old plan of long credits; and, by the force of competition, the old-fashioned tradesmen are encouraging this mode of dealing. The advantages are made evident to the simplest capacity by the success of the co-operative system. The wastefulness of English management in private as well as in public affairs is one of our most conspicuous faults, and I think I am not mistaken in fancying that some share in this weakness has been inherited by our descendants in other quarters of the globe. Anything which promises to administer a decided corrective to this propensity is so far an advantage, and the attention directed to the principles of co-operation is likely in that way to have a beneficial effect. It is curious, I may add, that in this case the example was first set in the working-classes, and has spread from them upwards to those who are more intelligent, but who certainly have less reason for applying their intelligence to the details of domestic economy.

Correspondence.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIAL.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The paragraph in your last editorial, page 164—"The Crisis at Washington"—beginning with "It must be admitted," etc., to the end, is so horrible to my sense of justice, and so damaging, *if true*, to the Republican party, that I beg of you to explain it.

Do you *really mean to say* that Congress will dare to say to the meanest and most wretched criminal on earth that his "character is so bad that it will not allow him to question their acts, even by legal process?"

If so—*if* the Republican party says this, then the sooner that party "goes to the devil," the better for *all* men.

I was a Liberty Party man, and have grown up a Republican, and I believe you are mistaken. Pray look at the words and answer me, and, I doubt not, others. ——.

Boston, March 2, 1868.

EXTRACTS FROM OTHER LETTERS.

"Of course it is not for us to dictate its course to the *Nation*, but you may be willing to listen to the criticism of friends. We had hoped at this time that, in the discussion of principles, the *Nation* would prove to be a calm, judicious, and able exponent of the young and educated ability of the country—of those who try to detect sophism even amid excitement. The writer of your leader of the 27th takes the ground that Congress may make it an impeachable misdemeanor on the part of the President if he shall refuse, at their bidding, to flagrantly violate the Constitution, or even if he shall attempt to get a judicial construction of a law in flagrant violation. For instance, Congress passes a law conferring a patent of nobility over the veto, and directs the President to issue the patent within thirty days, and makes his failure to do so a misdemeanor. As I read the *Nation's* law, the President must issue the patent, and his neglect to do so not only renders him liable to impeachment, but he cannot even plead any prior, contemporary, or subsequent judicial construction before the Senate as a court of impeachment. Congress can cut him off from the Constitution by law, and we cease to be a constitutional government, as Congress is supreme. Many of us cannot consider this good law."

Boston, March 2, 1868.

"I do not know anything which has grieved me more of late, or surprised me so much, as the deflection of the *Nation* of the 27th from its usual high tone of morality in its editorial on 'The Crisis at Washington.' After pointing out that the remedy by a writ of *quo warranto* is the true and time-honored remedy to be taken by the President in such a case, it goes on to say that this method is denied him by the terms of the law, and then actually justifies this denial of justice by saying that it is a 'general belief' that the President is not an honest man. Anybody else could have had his legal rights, but this man cannot, because 'of the *bad reputation* (*sic*) he has acquired for himself.' 'His character is so bad that they (Congress) will not allow him to question their acts, even by legal process.' I do not see any difference between this and any justification of tyranny or mob law. The man who wrote that article would deny the right of a fair trial to a man generally suspected of having committed a murder. There is no enormity which this reasoning would not justify and excuse. The writer believes in the old English rule about trials for high treason, where the accused was denied counsel because of the heinousness of the crime with which he was charged.

"I don't so much mind the *Nation* taking different views of the matter from myself, though I should think that the delay of a week might have saved the editor from falling into the popular error of supposing that the President disobeyed the law because he thought it unconstitutional, when the fact was that he gave to it one of two equally doubtful and equally permissible constructions—that one, doubtless, which was approved by his constitutional legal adviser, the Attorney-General. But I do grieve to see the *Nation*, which has tried to be, and has succeeded thus far in being, impartial, and in preserving a real genuine *moral* judgment about political affairs, now telling the American people that it is all right to deprive the popular victim, the man of bad 'reputation,' of a fair trial of his case by the laws of the land. I am a Republican, but I am a gentleman, and I believe in the laws, and in fair play."

Boston, February 29, 1868.

[We usually say what we mean—at all events, we try to do so. In this instance we do not seem to have succeeded. Our position is that the President is not entitled *stricti juris* to such delay as will enable him to test the constitutionality of a law in the courts before he executes it. Congress is not *bound* to allow him to suspend the operation of an act or to refuse obedience to it because he has doubts in his own mind as to its validity. Such a rule would produce anarchy. But under ordinary circumstances, and in dealing with an ordinary President enjoying a fair amount of public confidence, Congress would unquestionably allow him, in a case admitting of any doubt, to satisfy his scruples by an appeal to the courts without inflicting on him the penalty which they *may* inflict in all cases of disobedience whatever; for to the Senate it undoubtedly belongs to decide what is a crime or misdemeanor in office, and *for the purpose of impeachment* whether a law is constitutional or not; at all events, there is no appeal from its decision. Now, we are still of opinion that in a bad case—and we hold Mr. Johnson's to be a bad case—Congress may say, "We shall not grant you any indulgence. We shall not wait for you to sue out a *quo warranto*. Your past conduct has been such as to leave us no confidence in your honesty. We shall therefore use against you all the power at our disposal." This does not strike us as so very horrible a thing as our correspondents seem to think. Mr. Johnson is not bound to test the constitutionality of a law; he is not bound to execute it, for he may resign and then appeal to the people if he finds himself powerless; and he may stand impeachment and go on with his *quo warranto*. The process does not touch his life or liberty or property; it only touches his tenure of office and his reputation; and this, even, the Senate cannot damage, even if he is removed, for his reputation is in the hands of the nation at large. We had elsewhere stated, before receiving the letters from which we have quoted above, more clearly than we were able to do last week, our view of the President's position with regard to the testing of laws.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

On account of its being abusive, we do not print the whole of a letter which we have received from Mr. Thomas Clarke—writing for Clarke & Bowron, publishers, of Chicago. A part of it, however, we print. It will, perhaps, be recollected that the firm above-mentioned published some books that were spoken of unfavorably in the *Nation*. Not long afterwards there was printed in a Chicago paper, on the authority of Clarke & Bowron, a

highly commendatory critical notice of the books which purported to be taken from this journal. We called attention to what seemed rank dishonesty on the part of the publishers. This explanation of their conduct is now given, and we cheerfully accord it, as is requested, a place as prominent as that occupied by our previous statement:

"To the Editor of the Nation:

"Sir: A friend has just pointed out to us an article in your paper of the 20th inst., reflecting on us as misrepresenting your criticism on our books, 'Sir Copp' and 'The Two Angels.' We will explain: An editor residing at Washington, Indiana, whose name we can give you, wrote to us for copies of our books, at the same time sending us his paper containing a copy of your criticism, as he affirmed. Not having seen your paper, we believed him, and framed our advertisement accordingly; but on finding our mistake, we have removed the obnoxious paragraph, and it will appear no more."

—We regret to announce the decease, after less than a year's life, of the *Chronicle*, the most learned of all the English literary journals. It wanted the critical insight which is the most satisfying of the *Spectator's* many good qualities, and it was all but entirely destitute of the cleverness and brilliancy of the *Saturday Review*, the man-of-the-worldly tone of which paper probably seemed to the writers of the *Chronicle* utterly abominable. In fact, the *Chronicle* was extremely heavy. Most people who read weekly papers found it too hard reading. This was so for several reasons. In the first place, its articles, written almost always with a fulness and minuteness of knowledge elsewhere only very rarely matched, were by reason of the very qualities that made them valuable to the special student distasteful to the general reader. Then, it is true that very many of its articles were to be called clumsily written, whether considered as addressed to the reader of ordinary cultivation or to the trained student. No essayist does well to demand of his readers the ability and to impose on them the necessity of reading between the lines, not only once in a while, merely, but in the case of every pair of lines; and the essayists who desire a weekly paper to be profitable in England, or in any other country, for that matter, are still more than other writers bound to avoid this fault. Then, again, as regards religious topics, the paper had a tone peculiar to itself, which we hardly know how to describe. It was not Roman Catholic, and yet it seemed oftener to be written by Roman Catholics, supervised, perhaps, by a sympathetic Episcopalian editor, than by anybody else. Although liberal in politics, it was never other than in open hostility to what is styled "advanced thinking" in religious matters, and its learning made it a dangerous antagonist, if not to that cause, at least to almost any of the individual champions of it. And, finally, it was devoted to the sensible Irish side of the Irish question, and so pleased almost nobody; and it was addicted to the treatment of rather out-of-the-way questions of Continental politics and contemporary history, in which very few people are at all interested. There perhaps never was a journal of so much ability conducted with so entire a lack of the editorial sense; but its great merits so much overweighed its defects—which were mostly mere matters of machinery—that it is not incorrect to say that the *Chronicle* died because it was too good. Certainly it published many astonishingly good essays—one series in particular it published, that on Shakespeare's "Sonnets,' which we wish might be put into a more permanent form. They would make a book of which most readers would have to turn students before they would understand it, but they would make a book that would repay study, and for several reasons. We have some hope that they may be gathered into a volume, for the Shakespeare enthusiasts make a good-sized audience, and no Shakespearian library would be complete if it wanted this ingenious and learned explication of the sonnets.

—For a long time the better portion of the English press has had frequent occasion to condemn, with a mixture of anger and mirth in its tone, that body of country clergy which holds itself in reserve generally, but every once in a while comes up to Oxford—an irresistible array of "such as wear shovel hats"—and commits Convocation to some piece of exceeding illiberality. The action of this bucolical conservative force which attracted most attention here was the recent rejection of Mr. Gladstone as the Parliamentary representative of Oxford, and the substitution of Mr. Gathorne Hardy. Another illustration of the same spirit was given by the governing body at Cambridge when it rejected Mr. Henry Yates Thompson's offer to establish in that university an American lectureship. We called attention at the time to the remarkable literature of the controversy which then at once arose between the friends of the proposed measure and its enemies—the men of the university whose names are known outside of it and the men whose names are not. It was a record which showed pretty conclusively that ignorance of America is a part of an Englishman's education, and was excellent as an exhibition of the state of mind of which we have been speaking. And just now, at Oxford, the non-resident members of Convocation have refused to elect Mr. J. E. Thorold Rogers to the chair of political economy, which he has ably filled for the last five years. His offence consisted in holding liberal opinions in politics, and there is good authority for the statement that the friends of Mr. Bonamy Price, the successful candidate, secured his election by dishonorable methods. The election of a professor of science was turned into a political party contest—a thing not to be commended, though perhaps to have been expected. Not only, however, was this so, but amid the appeals to political and ecclesiastical prejudice there were falsehoods also, which were circulated secretly on a calculation that before they could be discovered and refuted it would be too late for a refutation to be of any effect. Mr. Price's friends—not all of them, but some of them—issued private circulars charging him with Dissenting sympathies, or want of fidelity to the Established Church, the sole foundation for the charge being his having attended a political meeting held in a Baptist meeting-house, in default of any other suitable room. The misrepresentation was exposed, but not till it had done its work. Mr. Rogers was defeated by a large majority. The expected result was obtained; so was another one, no doubt—the lowering of the character of the university by the infliction of punishment on a teacher for his political opinions, and by doing so at the expense of very mean electioneering expedients.

—Mr. Gladstone has a decided turn for literary pursuits—a weakness it may be called, considering its results. For he produces works which really might, on the whole, as well be left unproduced. In support of this assertion we should cite his book on Homer—it was in that, by the way, if we remember right, that the comparison was made between the goddess Minerva and the magneto-electric telegraph—his early book on the connection of the church with the state, which was destroyed with a great destruction by Macaulay, and a late criticism on Sir Walter Scott as poet and novelist. Very evidently Mr. Gladstone is a statesman imbued with literature, and is far enough from being a valuable literary critic or really a literary man. No one, we should say, who is familiar with his books will be surprised to hear that, in his opinion, if the great names of literature were to be mentioned in their proper order, Scott's would be third! Shakespeare's and Homer's would be above his, and except theirs no one's. Mr. Gladstone's Greek, one would have thought, ought to have prevented his committing himself to such a judgment, even if he had forgotten modern men, such as Cervantes and Molière and Dante and Goethe and the scores more of "the dead who rule the world" with a power that makes the power of Scott seem small indeed. From his praises of Scott for the moral effect of his writings there is perhaps nothing to be detracted. And just now there is need to insist that a writer of fiction ought to be a good man. For how very far indeed one fares through literature before coming upon a man with a sounder, wholesomer nature than Scott's appears—commonplace as it was in some of its elements—as it is exhibited in his novels. But one wonders a little at the almost unqualified praise which the head of the Liberal party gives Scott as a writer of historical novels. Surely Scott's novels left uncorrected would have made a statue of Cromwell bought with public money an impossibility in England. To his own question,

> "Shall we match the base Skippon, and Massey and Brown,
> With the barons of England who fight for the crown?"

every one of the novels that deal with the struggle between prerogative and the rights of all the rest of the people except the kings gives a decided answer in the negative. And it is not to be forgotten that deeper students of mediævalism than Mr. Gladstone—such students as Mr. Ruskin and Baron Bunsen—have little hesitation in condemning as rubbish to be got out of the way Scott's presentation of feudal times and men. It seems not doubtful that Scott is truly great only when he is Scotch. There is critical justness in the contemporary name for his works—"the Scotch novels"—and good reason on the side of those who praise his "Antiquary" above all the rest of his writing in prose, and good reason, too, on the side of those who put almost all his prose above almost all his poetry. In another view Mr. Gladstone's lecture before the Hawarden Literary Association is wholly pleasant, and so also, looked at in the same way, are his other books and lectures. For he then appears as one of those statesmen, hardly to be found out of England, who habitually seek in pure literature relaxation from their regular labor. Such vacation work may not do much for literature—literature also, as well as law or legislation, is a mistress to be assiduously wooed and hardly won—but of its excellent effect on the man there can be no question.

—One of the many curious customs that obtain in the great schools of England is chronicled in the latest English papers. Eton has a new head master, the Reverend Mr. Hornby; so, in accordance with a long established usage, a large birch adorned with blue ribbons was the other day presented to him with much ceremony at the beginning of eleven o'clock school. Mr. Hornby replied in what may be called a few "very appropriate words"—that is, he said he hoped he should very seldom have occasion to use the implement, and referred to the system of mutual confidence which had always existed between the late head master, Doctor Balston, and the school. It is noticeable that, whatever the reason may be, nothing of this kind ever takes place in democratic America. We have abundance of college customs, many of them puerile, almost painfully silly, and some of them commendably sensible in spirit and productive of good results. For example, we have the "mock-parts" morning of Harvard, when the more or less fierce democracy of that university devotes itself to giving and taking criticism of undergraduate character and manners as sharp and salutary as that with which members of the Oneida Community are in the habit of sweetening existence for each other. But among all our college usages of the non-serious sort there is none, we believe, in which any part is borne by the teachers. The American school or college is less than the English a community of which the instructor is a part, and in the total life of which, the play life as well as the business life, he has his share. Among us the master always "means business," and jokes are not tolerated except where both parties to them are in pupilage.

—A writer in the London *Times* writes a chapter of the history of the British postal service since the days of Sir Rowland Hill's great reformation of it, and, as writers on the postal service are easily able to do, makes a very interesting paper. He records, for instance, the curious fact that within quite recent times a genuine new popular superstition has risen and spread widely. At the Dead Letter Department letters are continually received from people who are not too ignorant to write, yet who seem to entertain the extraordinary notion that the secretary or head of the department is in actual communication with Death himself; at any rate, that there is some connection, more or less direct, between the King of Terrors and the routine business of the dead-letter branch of the service. One correspondent begs that no more letters be returned, as they bring death into the house; another complains that since a letter had been returned to her no less than twenty-four persons had died in her neighborhood; another tells the secretary that in case any more of those dead letters should come back for her he is to burn them and "never send them back to me to heare after that. Our letters get carried and offered and done I cannot tell what with," she says, in a plaintive way, "and murders is the end of it." If this letter recalls the image of Mrs. Gummidge, here is one—or, rather, the address of one—which might have been written by Sarah Gamp: "E. R——, a cook as lived tempery with a mrs. L——, or some such a name, a shoemaker in Castle street about No. — Hobern in 1851, try to make this out she is a Welch person about 5 feet 1 stoutish. Lives in service someware in London or naboured. London." Another odd address, which was guessed out by a "blind" man—that is to say, by a person expert in making out "blind" addresses—was "Mr. Owl O'Neil, at the Post-Office." Sir Rowland Hill was meant. Stranger than any of the out-of-the-way addresses is the fact that in 1865 no less than 12,000 letters were posted in Great Britain without any address at all. They contained valuables and money to the amount of £3,700. The total number of letters sent through the mails goes on increasing in a ratio far higher than the increase in population would alone warrant; in 1839 the number was about 75,000,000—that was before the reduction of postage; now, the number of articles—letters, papers, books, samples, and so on—passing through the Post-Office can hardly be less than 1,000,000,000; in 1865 it was 819,000,000. We use round numbers. It may readily be believed that for the transaction of this vast amount of business the utmost order and perfection of machinery are requisite, and it is the unvarying testimony of those who write upon the subject that there seems to be almost nothing left to desire in the way of improvement. The spirit of improvement, at any rate, seems present in full force, and there could hardly be a more striking contrast than that between the present official ideal and the ideal expressed in a recorded remark made by a British Postmaster-General of a couple of hundred years ago. He was asked by some gentlemen of Warwick not to delay their letters by sending them to Warwick by way of Coventry. "Nay," he said, "from London, through Coventry, to Warwick is more than eighty miles, so that we can charge threepence a letter going that way; whereas we could only charge twopence a letter if they went direct." Now, the English postal service is managed entirely, we may say, in the interest of the people—although, to be sure, it has a surplus revenue of about two millions sterling—and is probably the best managed department of the whole civil service of the empire.

—To find why the science of jurisprudence has been so little cultivated by English lawyers is not hard. It would not be easy to prove that in any other field of intellectual labor there have ever been at work heads much abler than those which, during the last thousand years, have been making the common law, and, after making it, have reasoned so cogently and acutely upon its applications. A good deal of the hardest work of some of the best minds of one of the ablest nations in all history has for its result the common law of England. Yet the irrationality, the arbitrariness of the premises on which is based very much of this astonishingly subtle and forcible reasoning is proverbial, and jurisprudence, which is the philosophy of laws, the application to law of right reason, the exhibition of the fundamental rules of justice and common sense that underlie, or ought to underlie, the statutes of states—this has little chance of being studied in a country where to know what has been done is, to the lawyer, knowledge of vastly more importance than to know what ought to be done. On our continent, even in that part of it occupied by British subjects, the American lawyer is better off than his brother in England. To him, too, skill in technicalities and a minute knowledge of precedents is necessary, for we, too, live under the common law. But it is the common law immensely modified by statutes. Yet there is no doubt that a man who should prepare a good treatise on jurisprudence would confer on the students and teachers of law among us, as well as upon the same classes in England, extraordinary benefit. The rising generation of lawyers has lost much in losing the accomplished John Austin, who seemed capable of supplying the want so long felt and so really to be deplored; of raising their thoughts, as Lord Stair said, "to a distinct consideration of the fountains and principles of the peculiar laws of all nations, which common reason makes intelligible to the judicious when plainly and orderly proposed." For, as the same author asserts, "no man can be a knowing lawyer in any nation who hath not well pondered and digested in his mind the common law of the world, from whence the interpretations, extensions, and limitations of all statutes and interpretations must be brought." There is not, so far as we know, any hope of our immediately getting such a work—profitable "not only for judges and lawyers, but for all persons of honor and distinction." We know of one which is partly prepared, and which ought to be a good one; but it is only partly prepared. And we now learn of another that exists as a fragment. The latter is by James Lorimer, Regius Professor of Public Law and of the Law of Nature and Nations in the University of Edinburgh. It is no larger than a small pamphlet, and is the introductory lecture of a course which Professor Lorimer would have been now delivering had he not been prevented by sickness from filling his chair. In the one lecture printed the author disposes of the ordinary definitions of the law of nature, defines natural right, and shows the value of the philosophic study of law, drawing some of his illustrations from recent American history—as, for example proving the importance of the study of jurisprudence by relating the confessed failure made by two of our statesmen in dealing with the blockade question, a failure that would not have been made, Mr. Lorimer believes, if either Mr. Seward or Mr. Lincoln had not been so anxious to follow rules that they were unable to act according to reason. "I believe, indeed," he says, "that not a few of the blunders that are committed in sudden emergencies by consuls and captains in the navy arise from a hasty and imperfect reference to Wheaton or Vattel, and would be avoided if they had neither Wheaton nor Vattel to refer to, but carried about with them in their heads some sort of rational conception of the principles of general jurisprudence"—a remark that will seem still truer if one recollects Kilpatrick and Commodore Rogers in the harbor of Valparaiso a year or two ago. The book, which is well written, is published at Edinburgh by Edmonston & Douglas, and has for its title "Reasons for the Study of Jurisprudence as a Science."

—The Austrian frigate *Novara*—the same which the other day took back Maximilian's remains from Vera Cruz to Trieste—was sent on a scientific expedition in 1857, and was gone two years, her return home having been precipitated by the outbreak of the war between France and Austria in 1859, of which the commander received news at Rio Janeiro, but which need not in reality have changed his plans, as orders had been issued by the French Government to have the ship respected wherever she might be. She was under the command of the present Austrian Minister of Commerce, and had a scientific commission on board, composed of Dr. Hochstetter as geologist, Drs. Schwartz and Jelinck as botanists, and Messrs. Frauenfeld and Zelebor as zoölogists, while Dr. Carl Von Schertzer devoted himself to eth-

nography and geography in their relations to commerce and social economy. The expedition before starting received some valuable instructions and suggestions from Humboldt, and visited in succession Rio Janeiro, Cape of Good Hope, the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam, Ceylon, Madras, the Nicobar Islands, Singapore, Batavia, Manila, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Sydney, Auckland, Tahiti, and Valparaiso. The collections it brought back have been placed in a special museum in Vienna, and the commission is hard at work preparing a report, which is to be published in splendid style at the expense of the Government, but the cost of which is to be so great that it has been delayed by the financial and political difficulties of the empire. It is to be divided into seven parts, each devoted to a special subject. M. Von Schertzer, the political economist, has in the meantime published an account of the voyage, in two volumes, which has had the enormous sale (for Germany) of 25,000 copies, and he has recently published another volume containing the statistical results of his observations, which is a most important and valuable contribution to the literature of political economy, owing to the philosophic spirit with which his investigations have been conducted, and the absolute indifference which he displays throughout to the bearing of his observations on any theory of government or society. This is a field in which the Germans, considering the bulk of their labors in others, have done comparatively little, and yet they are, perhaps, better fitted for it than any other people, owing to their remarkable power of surrounding themselves with a purely scientific atmosphere. The French or English or American economist rarely forgets that he is a politician; while the German can generally, if he pleases, manage to forget everything but the matter in hand.

With the French in Mexico. By J. F. Elton, late of the 98th Regiment, etc. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. New York: James Miller. 1867.)—Mr. Elton reached Vera Cruz in April, 1866, and left that port for home in January, 1867. He was just in time to witness the turning of the tide against the Empire as the French troops began to withdraw from the country, and he had the best opportunities for observing the process of evacuation. His narrative is to be recommended for its clearness in a military point of view, showing the last offensive operations of the French, and presenting forcibly the situation in which their retirement left the unfortunate Maximilian. Mr. Elton traversed the line from the capital to Saltillo.—the northernmost outpost of the French—but participated in only a single engagement, which perhaps is rather to be described as a pursuit, *more terræ*. One of the incidents of it was a "leva," enforced by the Mexican auxiliaries on the able-bodied men of a harmless little village, in spite of the piteous entreaties of their wives. The French refused to interfere, though the treaty of Miramar gave them supreme command of mixed troops. This was another of the customs of the country; one that Maximilian, on his advent, attempted to abolish in favor of the French method of conscription. Afterwards he felt obliged to tolerate that, as he did General Forey's contre-guerillas, the summary execution of all armed adversaries, and general retaliation—like that practised, for instance, by the Egyptians, when "they sallied forth from Tejeria to kill every man in a village hard by, where one of their comrades had been assassinated" (p. 12). It is a wonder, indeed, that the Emperor did not early perceive, from the demonstrations of his own party, the Clericals, how hopelessly incongruous were his *bon naturel* and European training and the character of the people whom he had undertaken to reconcile and govern. Mr. Elton mentions the astonishment caused by Maximilian's proposing to pay a fair indemnity to the purchasers of the confiscated church estates, the complete restoration of which was one of the first clerical demands; and the horror he excited by ordering civil registers of births, deaths, and marriages to be kept. In fact, the macadamized road to Chapultepec and the laying out of the plaza at capital are, perhaps, the most enduring traces of the Imperial régime.

The author's style is conversational and familiar, and leaves a favorable impression of his candor. His descriptions of scenery and of people are well executed and interesting. Frequently he is reminded of India—at Puebla of Lucknow, at San Luis Potosi of Delhi. The Indians seem to have attracted him—through their history chiefly—and while he does not overlook their peonage, he notes their inherited "exquisite taste and fondness for flowers," and the preference of their women for bright colors in dress. The engravings scattered through the book are well cut, and have an authentic air, and we are altogether obliged to Mr. Elton as an honest man who has not written in vain.

The Great Exhibition; with Continental Sketches, Practical and Humorous. By Howard Payson Arnold. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.)—This book had already been published once before it appeared in book form. Its contents were sent as letters to the Boston *Post*, a paper which for many years has employed foreign correspondents of much cleverness, though never any of the highest ability. Its letters from abroad have often been the perfection of gossip, and Mr. Arnold was a worthy successor of "Spiridion" in "Spiridion's" favorite walk. A newspaper might easily do worse, in fact it would be with difficulty that any American newspaper should do better, than to employ Mr. Arnold to write for its readers amusing, intelligent, rather trivial letters from abroad. But we confess ourselves unable to praise the book before us as a book. Its contents had answered their purpose before the second publication, and in laying claim to the honors of an author Mr. Arnold has courted trial by a standard the application of which he is not able to bear. The practical part of his "Continental Sketches" may be found, more practical, in the guide-books; the humorous part—why, a man consents to read it in his morning paper. This is a sample of it: "My friend was in perfect unison with the scene around, and wore lemon-colored gloves and a large bouquet, radiant as if cut from a solar spectre. 'Balm of a thousand flowers,' said I in my festivest mood, 'whither away?' He smole a smile slightly clouded with contempt, and said ——" What he said is not of importance. We do not assert that his remarks are not to some extent amusing; we do not mind confessing that we read many pages of matter not very dissimilar with some pleasure; we can safely promise anybody who is fond of such reading that he may get a good deal of it in the five hundred pages of Mr. Arnold's volume; but it seems to us proper to say that it would have been as well, on the whole, if Mr. Arnold could have contented himself with his reputation as a lively correspondent. As it is, he has made a bad enough book out of good enough letters.

A French Country Family. By Madame De Witt, *née* Guizot. Translated by Dinah Mulock Craik. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.)—This is rather an uninteresting and prosaic little story, which is, perhaps, well enough adapted to the intellectual requirements of good but unimaginative children of very tender years. The translator's preface expresses the belief that in giving it an English dress a benefit is conferred not only upon children, but on their parents also, since it will afford the latter an opportunity to correct an erroneous opinion too commonly entertained, and inform the young folks that French society is not altogether such as it is depicted in the modern French novel. For more satisfactory as well as more entertaining proof of that fact we should, however, refer the adult reader to "A Week in a French Country House," by Madame Sartoris, or to Madame Michelet's "Story of My Childhood."

Madame De Witt's book introduces us only to the society of one small Protestant family, each member of which is far too monotonously good to answer any purpose as an example, unless, indeed, he might serve to point a moral, which was probably not contemplated by the author, as to the fatally uninteresting nature of so much perfection. True, one of the children has a fault—but it is, after all, only an overgrown virtue—a desire to overrule others for their good, and assume everybody's responsibilities and cares. Becoming aware, however, at the age of twelve years, of her evil tendencies, a six weeks' visit to Paris, during which she heroically spends her time in the school-room, instead of participating in the exciting gayeties of that capital, is quite sufficient to cure her of them.

We are sorry that Mrs. Craik selected this particular story for translation. Such a choice confirms a suspicion engendered by her recent original works, that the pen which once gave us novels so good as were "John Halifax" and "The Head of the Family," is now given over to tameness and puerility.

Waverley Novels. Waverley. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.)—This edition of Scott's novels has all the merits of the popular edition of Dickens issued by the same house, and is uniform with it in size, type, and paper. If any one had wished in gold times to buy either of these series he would have found them cheap, and they are now therefore remarkably cheap. They have, of course, the disadvantage of compression, but the print is as clear as it can be made. For the library they will not compete with the Ticknor & Fields "Waverley" or large-size Dickens; in all other respects they are adapted for a circulation commensurate with the fame of their authors. They are apparently patterned after the cheap edition of Mr. Hotten, the London publisher.

Das moderne Völkerrecht der civilisirten Staaten (*The Modern Law of Nations*). Von Doctor T. C. Bluntschli. (New York: L. W. Schmidt.)—Doctor Bluntschli's work is a valuable addition to other excellent works on the same subject. It is clear, terse, and exhaustive; its numerous theses read like statutes. We have already referred (see the *Nation* of December 12, 1867) to the author's purpose in preparing this code, and the immediate occasion of his so doing. For the benefit of those who may wish to consult it, we shall briefly outline the contents of the book. In the introduction Doctor Bluntschli dwells on the importance and progress of the law of nations, gives an account of its history in all ages, of its emancipation from religious prejudices, of the measures against slavery, and of religious liberty. He then touches upon embassies and consulates, the law as to foreigners, common navigation, etc. Passing to the laws of war, he establishes the principle that the states are enemies and not the individuals. Neutrality and the right of national development and self-government form the concluding topics.

The work is divided into nine books, the first of which treats in general of the foundation, nature, and limits of the law of nations; the second, of the states and state systems; of the origin and recognition of new states, the influence of constitutional changes on the law of nations, of annexation and cession of territory, of sovereignty and legal equality; the third book treats of the heads of states, ambassadors and diplomatic bodies, agents and commissions, etc.; the fourth book speaks of territorial sovereignty, public waters, free seas, right of navigation, etc.; the fifth, of the relation of state sovereignty to the individual, the protection of personal liberty, protection of citizens in foreign lands, extradition and asylum; the sixth, of treaties, their requisites and effects, their form, of alliances; the seventh, of transgressions against the law of nations and its re-establishment, of intervention, umpire, of compulsory methods apart from war, self-defence by means of reprisal, retaliation, etc.; the eighth book treats of the law of war, the object and consequences of war, of lawful measures against the enemy's territory, against hostile and peaceful individuals in the enemy's country, of wounded, prisoners, hostages, exchange of prisoners, and release on parole, of the treatment of deserters, spies, traitors, robbers, rebels, etc., of the property of enemies and of peaceful individuals, of armistice, capitulation, and peace; the ninth and last book treats of neutrality in particular, its condition and duties, neutral commerce, contraband of war, right of search, of blockade and prizes.

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The Week.

Impeachment is still the subject of overshadowing interest in Congress, though both the Senate and House have been occupied with numerous other matters, and have got through considerable routine business. On the 4th of the month the Senate began by discussing the letter from Chief-Justice Chase, in which he took the ground that nothing can be done by the Senate in the matter of impeachment until the Senate is complete as a court, and that for its completeness as a court his presence as presiding officer is necessary. He expressed his willingness, however, to abide by the Senate's decision. Nothing came of this letter immediately, but afterwards, on Friday, the Senate practically adopted his views; by a vote of 24 to 20 it sustained his decision that on that day the Senate was not a court but a Senate, and, further, in deference to his judgment, it formally readopted the rules which it had adopted as a Senate. At one o'clock on Monday the House managers, accompanied by the House, proceeding to the Senate chamber, proclaimed themselves ready to exhibit articles of impeachment, and, silence having been commanded, the articles were read by Mr. Bingham. The trial thus opens just a year, to the day and almost the hour, before Mr. Johnson's successor is to be sworn in. On the same day, in the House, Mr. Jenckes's additional article was debated and referred to the managers. It charges the President with unlawful intent in endeavoring to assume control of the army. The House then went to the bar of the Senate, and on its return debated the case of Roderick R. Butler, member elect from Tennessee. The proposition before the House was to strike out for his benefit that part of the oath of office which makes the affiant declare that he never held office under any power hostile to the United States. On Friday the bill was passed. It establishes a precedent in accordance with which future members from Southern States will probably be admitted. Mr. Butler's disabilities were removed because his general record was good. On the same day a bill was passed which permits all persons relieved of political disabilities to take the same oath as that taken by Mr. Butler. Previously to this, on Thursday, the Senate called in the Chief-Justice, to whom Justice Nelson administered the oath required in such cases, and the Chief-Justice proceeded to administer it to the Senators. When he reached Mr. Wade the process was interrupted by Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, challenging him as counsel might a juror. This gave rise to debate which consumed the rest of the day and which occupied all of Friday. The House passed a bill making the oldest justice on the bench the successor of the Chief-Justice in case of the death or removal of the latter. On Friday, as we have said, the Senate continued the debate as to Mr. Ward's right to participate in the trial, sustained Judge Chase's views as to the incompleteness of its organization as a court, and Mr. Hendricks withdrew his objections to Mr. Wade upon discerning him in his true character as a brother senator. The court was organized, and the President summoned to appear before it to-morrow. On Saturday nothing of general interest was done in either House. On Monday, Mr. George Vickers, senator from Maryland in place of Mr. Thomas, was sworn in. It was decided that Mr. Harvey, who, it will be remembered, is our Minister to Portugal, and whose salary has been withheld for about two years because he wrote a letter finding fault with Congress and approving Mr. Johnson's action, shall hereafter be paid for his services. Mr. Logan, in the House, had a singular story to tell about the pretended destruction and real preservation of cancelled bonds amounting in value to nearly nineteen millions of dollars. The Committee on Retrenchment are to investigate. On Tuesday nothing of interest was done in Senate or House.

There has been little news of importance from Washington during the week. A slight coolness has grown up between the Senate and the Chief-Justice owing to what has seemed to the majority in the former an over particularity on his part. He, in the first place, held that he ought to have been present at the organization of the Court of Impeachment, or, as the enthusiastic impeachers love to call it, "The High Court of Impeachment;" and, in the second place, he is understood to believe in his own right to vote at the trial, which is denied by the majority. This has raised a debate on the force of the word "preside" as used in the Constitution, and Mr. Conkling, of this State, in an elaborate argument attempted to show from English precedents that the presiding officer in a Court of Impeachment did not vote except as a peer. The result is that the Chief-Justice now begins to be roughly handled by many of his former friends and admirers. We should not be at all surprised to hear that, like Henry Ward Beecher, "he had turned his back on morals and religion." We trust he will at every stage of this proceeding stand on the law, the strict law, and nothing but the law, and let the "original impeachers" speak or feel as they may.

Mr. Johnson has retained Mr. David Dudley Field, of this city, as one of his counsel, and the rumors as to the line of defence to be followed are numerous and conflicting. The latest is, that he will make a general objection to the majority of the Senate on the ground that they have expressed opinions about his case; and if this point fails, as of course it will, he will object to be tried in the absence of Senators from the Southern States, and, this failing, he will resign, and thus avoid being sentenced to incapacity to hold office, in the hope that the Democratic party will take him up. Whether he can escape in this way from the jurisdiction of the Senate, after he has been regularly impeached, is more than doubtful; but we must say we think if it were possible for a President immediately after, or immediately before, impeachment to appeal to the country, it

would furnish a very efficient, and the only efficient, preventive of the abuse of the impeaching power—that is, its employment by a hostile Congress against the President for simple difference of opinion—of which, when the public got familiarized with impeachment, there would be a great deal of danger. The question of giving Congress the power of impeaching for simple "maladministration" was discussed in the Constitutional Convention and voted down on the express ground that it would place the President at the mercy of the Senate, inasmuch as the term "maladministration" could be made to cover anything.

We have received since our last issue two or three additional letters reprobating our course in attempting to justify Congress for having, on the ground of Mr. Johnson's bad reputation, refused to give him time to get a judgment of the Supreme Court on his course before impeaching him. One of these letters, signed "K.," we should have printed had it reached us soon enough. They all, however, seem to be due to the impression on the part of the writers that impeachment is like an act of attainder, and that being impeached is the same thing as being convicted. Now, impeachment, as we understand it, is simply indictment before a proper tribunal which is judge both of the law and the facts. Therefore, the "horrible" thing which we excuse is the willingness of the House of Representatives to bring Mr. Johnson to trial before a competent court sworn to do justice. What we affirm is, that if all Presidents were permitted as a matter of course to refuse to obey any law until they had tested it on appeal in the Supreme Court, it would be in the power of any President, no matter what his character or motives, to arrest the execution of any law he pleased until its validity had been tried by a process the commencement and conduct of which would rest exclusively with him, and which he might delay for months or years. Therefore, we say that it is eminently fit and proper that the House of Representatives should, when a President declines to obey a law, satisfy themselves whether he is acting in good faith, and whether according him the delay necessary to procure a judicial ruling will or will not be injurious to the public interests. What the House has done in this instance is simply to say to Mr. Johnson: "You may be right in thinking the law unconstitutional, but we will not allow you to disobey it until you choose to get a judgment of the Supreme Court on it. Your character is such that we have no confidence in your good faith, and believe you merely seek delay in order to impede reconstruction. We shall put you on your trial at once before the Senate, and then have the whole matter reviewed there by a tribunal before which we shall be heard as well as you. If you can satisfy the Senate that you have acted in good faith, or that the law is unconstitutional, it will doubtless acquit you; but we shall not, as far as we are concerned, suffer you to go on." The fact is, the rant of "the original impeachers" about the nature and object of impeachment has caused a great many people, and our correspondents amongst the number, to forget what the process really is, to confound it with condemnation unheard, secret torture, or some other summary and inquisitorial mode of getting rid of political adversaries.

During the period of twelve years from 1856, when Fremont led the Republican party, to 1867, both years inclusive, the Republicans carried New Hampshire eleven times and the Democrats once. It would be better to say that the Democrats have never carried it, for in 1863, though the Republican candidate was not elected by the people, neither was the Democratic, and the election of a governor being thus thrown into the hands of the Legislature, that body chose Mr. Gilmore, the Republican candidate. This year, after a most animated canvass, after speeches in every school district in the State, and laborious calculations made by the committees of both parties, both anticipated victory, and fortified their hopes with elaborate estimates. There are less than eighty thousand voters in the State; there are few doubtful voters, for it is almost a proverb that every child born in New Hampshire is born a politician and always remains so, and it is true, too, that New Hampshire men adopt their political creed after thinking, are able to give a reason for the faith that is in them, and, as a rule, adhere to it with firmness; so it is not hard for the State committees to give a very near guess, if indeed it can be called a guess, as to how much of a victory the winning side is going to gain. The Democratic Committee claimed for Sinclair a majority of 2,974 in a total vote of 71,898. This, on the supposition that what the canvassers call the doubtful vote—2,506—would be equally divided between Sinclair and Harriman. The Republicans, on the other hand, expected a total vote of 76,531—a larger one than New Hampshire ever cast—and predicted for Harriman a majority of 3,234. Much of this figuring was done before the impeachment business came up, but though neither party made any change in its estimate on that account, the Democrats evidently lost faith as the election approached. On Tuesday Governor Harriman was re-elected by about the expected majority, in a total vote of at least 72,000, and certainly the largest which the State has ever cast.

The Committee on Retrenchment have made a report on the frauds in the collection of the revenue which more than confirms the statements recently made by Special Commissioner Wells. It says that out of $200,000,000 which the whiskey tax ought to bring in, not over $20,000,000 are collected; that princely fortunes have been amassed in this business by cheating the Government with the connivance of its own officials; that these officials are mostly knaves of the worst kind, and that the President, though knowing their knavery, will not remove them; that "some of the worst men secure appointments as revenue inspectors and agents;" "that some of these officers have lately graduated from the state prison, and others have been in the rebel service." It says, moreover, that the President "has encouraged their practices when the persons implicated would agree to pay money into the Democratic election fund." Now, what remedy does the committee propose for this shocking state of things? A thorough reform, the simple reader will doubtless answer, in the civil service, appointment on examination and certificates of character, tenure of office during good behavior, promotion for long and honest service; and, in fact, the removal of the whole machine from the corrupting influence of party politics. Nothing of the kind. Its remedy is simply the abolition of bonded warehouses and the reduction of the whiskey tax!

The New York *Times* on Saturday alleged, in reply to us, that the case between the bondholders and those who propose to cut down their interest is simply one of difference of opinion on the construction of the acts of Congress creating the debt, and that, therefore, it is not fair to charge the latter with dishonesty. We must, however, form our conclusions on this point by an examination of the circumstances. In this case we do not pay much attention to the claims of the repudiators to be considered simply honest dissentients; first, because the authorized agents of the Government, the authorized exponents of its meaning—its Secretary of the Treasury, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—and the loyal editors and orators went on for four mortal years assuring the world that United States bonds would be paid "principal and interest in coin," the public sending in the money freely on this understanding, and, we assert without fear, the Government well knowing that it would not have been lent on any other; but during the whole of this time not one of the present repudiators or their abettors opened his lips by way of warning, remonstrance, or explanation. Senator Sherman says, *now*, "these individual declarations of the Treasury officials had always embarrassed his mind more than any other." If so, why did he not speak out at the time? Why did he wait? How has he the courage to avow that he waited till the money was all paid in, and misrepresentation had done its work, before exposing it? Secondly, we pay no attention to this claim of honesty because "these differences of opinion," on a point affecting deeply the national credit, did not make their appearance till the opening of the Presidential campaign, and until the Democrats had first started the cry. In fact, the *Times* knows as well as we do, that the Republicans are going into this repudiation business just as they did into the Fenian business last year, and hope, by keeping abreast with the Democrats, to retain their hold on the ignorant or selfish or short-

sighted, whom the prospect of sacrificing the public creditor might attract to the shop over the way. Their discovery, at this late date, that the Government is not bound to pay its debts in good money, imposes on very few, and we feel satisfied will not help the party in the long run.

The *Times*, however, really disposes of its own claim, that the repudiators are simply honest though erroneous construers of the law, by its counsel to the bondholders to accept Mr. Sherman's proposal as a matter of wisdom and prudence, inasmuch as by assenting to his conversion they "will silence the demand for taxation of the bonds which politicians will perhaps *otherwise find irresistible*," and it admits that "such taxation would be *a clear violation of the contract*." Now, this confirms all we said on this subject last week. Senator Sherman may be quite honest himself, but he is acting in this matter as the agent of those who are not. It must surely be by way of pleasantry that the *Times* asks us to ascribe the unwillingness of the repudiators to pay in coin to an honest difference of opinion, when it confesses in the same article that these very persons, if the bondholders do not yield to them on this point, will proceed to tax the bonds, which the *Times* admits would be "a clear violation of the contract." Stronger confirmation of the advice we gave the bondholders last week, "to cry out lustily" and not to trust their assailants, we could hardly wish for. In fact, the counsel of the *Times* to them to be "prudent" and "compromise," remind us of Dogberry's instructions to the constables about the thief—"to let him go, and thank God they were rid of a knave."

There continues to be more or less talk of cheating the public creditors in some shape or other, but it produces no impression on the home market, and little on the foreign one, owing to the general belief that it is buncombe, intended for campaign purposes. The probabilities are, that from now till November the Democratic and Republican politicians will vie with each other in professions of dishonesty, and that divers bills and resolutions aimed at the bondholders will be introduced into Congress for the purpose of persuading their dupes throughout the country that, as Mr. Perker wrote to Mr. Pickwick about the Bardell case, "everything is going on as well as can be expected." The impeachment will probably serve the good purpose, however, of preventing positive legislation between now and the adjournment, and the Presidential campaign once over, we may hope that discussion will have done its work, and the sober second thought of the people will drive repudiation and its advocates out of sight.

United States Consul Cushman, at Rome, fearing that the government at home might be left in a state of painful uncertainty as to the events of the Garibaldian campaign, went into the field with the Papal Zouaves, and was present at one battle. During the fight he was rendering assistance, he says, to a wounded man, when a Garibaldian rifleman opened on him and fired at him twice. Consul Cushman, after the second shot, became convinced that the Garibaldian's intentions were hostile, and, to use his own delicate language in his report to Mr. Seward, began to fear that "unpleasant results might ensue" if the Garibaldian kept on. He therefore seized a musket, and was preparing to reply, when his assailant withdrew. But just about this time somebody seems to have recognized him and noticed his valorous behavior, for a Mr. Rothwell promptly reported to Mr. Seward that the consul had been seen fighting valiantly on the Pope's side. Mr. Rothwell's letter having been forwarded to Mr. Cushman, he replies, first, that Rothwell is old, that his habits are eccentric, and that he is an indifferent artist, and that the facts of the case were as we have recounted them. Mr. Seward was, however, not satisfied, and in spite of Mr. Rothwell's age, habits, and the poor quality of his pictures, has given Mr. Cushman a very smart scolding, which all intelligent people will read with gusto, and warns him that nothing but very good behavior will enable him to retain his place. We must not lose this opportunity, however, of saying that the way to make consuls keep their places through good behavior is to make the places worth keeping, which of course brings us once more to Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill. We have before us at this moment a short sketch, from excellent authority, of the history of half-a-dozen United States consuls in one European country, which makes one's ears tingle as one reads it, being as it is the record of the drunkenness, fraud, and gross ignorance, amounting in one case to inability to spell, of a batch of United States officials pushed by political influence into posts which are not paid well enough for an honest or respectable man to hold them, and which, in nine cases out of ten, nobody but a broken-down adventurer is willing to accept.

The event of the week in England has been a debate on the *Alabama* matter brought on by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the son of the former Speaker of the House, and who travelled in this country two years ago. The debate was very moderate in tone, Mr. Lefevre urging settlement by arbitration, and the Government saying little in opposition. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's speech was, though temperate, full of allusions to "the sad past," which must have been very galling to the Tory side of the House, particularly the passage in which he recalled the cheers with which Mr. Laird's insolent and indecent boast, that he had built the *Alabama* and was proud of it, was received by the House. The discussion cannot be said to have thrown any new light on the subject, but it showed that there is the best disposition amongst all parties in England to deal with it kindly and fairly, and to sit on the penitential stool about it to any reasonable extent.

The subject which most occupies English attention, however, is the Irish question, and the discussion of it has received a fresh impetus from the appearance of two pamphlets—one by Lord Russell and the other by John Stuart Mill. Lord Russell proposes the division of the whole of the property of the Irish Church establishment—about $100,000,000—amongst all the sects, Catholics included, in proportion to their population; that is, to endow them all, instead of endowing only one; to "introduce the practice of giving long leases," whatever that may mean; and to give the tenants a legal title to compensation for improvements. The introduction of long leases cannot, however, be effected without the very interference with "the rights of property" which Lord Russell earnestly deprecates, because landlords will not grant them unless they are forced to do so by law; and if they are forced to do so by law the very principle on which Mr. Mill bases his proposed perpetuity of tenure will be conceded. At present, leases of any length whatever have nearly disappeared in Ireland. Formerly they were common, but the rule now is tenancy at will. Lord Russell makes some confessions which are almost a justification of Fenianism; they are certainly an explanation of it. One is that he and other political leaders held twenty or thirty years ago the very opinions about some of the leading Irish grievances which they hold now, and yet that in that long interval they did nothing and attempted nothing.

Mr. Mill's scheme is, he confesses, and as every one may see, revolutionary, being nothing less than the transfer of the soil to actual occupiers in perpetuity, subject to the payment of a fixed rent to the landlord. It is, however, hardly more revolutionary than Stein's reform in Prussia, and we have not the slightest doubt it would do more for Ireland than that did for Prussia. The main objection to it is that there is no chance of carrying it at present. That it will come eventually we have no doubt. We have discussed more fully elsewhere the arguments by which Mr. Mill supports it.

There are rumors from Italy of an approaching attempt at insurrection in the southern provinces in the interest of the Pope and the King of Naples, aided, it is said, by donations of money and arms from Spain. The Italian cabinet has accordingly forwarded vigorous remonstrances to Paris against the plot-hatching which goes on at Rome, but with what result is not yet known. In the meantime the Government is making vigorous military preparations to meet the emergency. There is something wonderful in the blind stupidity with which the Papal Government continues to make its own duration impossible, by making itself every day more detestable and more contemptible.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE SENATE AND THE PEOPLE.

THE New York *Tribune*, in replying to a correspondent on Wednesday week, who had asked what would happen in case the Supreme Court or the Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment, were to decide differently on the question of the constitutionality of a law, replied, as we think correctly, that "the Constitution has vested the power of deciding upon the constitutionality of laws, in so far as may be necessary for purposes of impeachment, in the House and in the Senate sitting as a High Court of Impeachment, and not in the Supreme Court." Whether this be the true view of the matter or not is, at all events, a question which, though it may have a good deal of speculative interest, has no practical interest whatever. If the Senate decides a law to be constitutional, on the trial of the President for disobeying it, and removes him accordingly, the decision stands for the purpose of impeachment, no matter how the Supreme Court may afterwards decide, inasmuch as from the decision of the Senate there is no appeal. The sole remedy, if it decides wrongly, lies in the hands of the people, who, if they do not approve of the use Senators have made of their power, can turn them out of office on this ground on the expiration of their term. But, of course, as far as the particular case is concerned, this is no remedy at all, or only a very imperfect one. It can clear the President's fame, but it cannot restore him to office.

But the *Tribune* is not content with this. It lays down the doctrine that not only can the decision of the Senate not be interfered with by the Supreme Court, as far as regards the defendant against whom it may have been pronounced, but it is binding on the Supreme Court in all cases. Not only this, but if "the Supreme Court should construe the Constitution differently from the construction placed on it by the High Court of Impeachment," Congress "has either one of two ways to assert its constitutional supremacy, as the creator of the Supreme Court, over the thing *it has created* and as the immediate representative of the present people of the United States over the representative of the generations whose bodies moulder in the dust and whose opinions rust on the shelves of law libraries." "It can either impeach or remove the judges of the Supreme Court for construing the Constitution differently from the construction placed on it by the High Court of Impeachment, or it can reorganize the Supreme Court so as to make it consist of thirteen judges, and as many *more as may be necessary*."

According to this doctrine, the Senate and House are the sole judges of the constitutionality of the laws they themselves pass. The Supreme Court has no power to decide any law unconstitutional, and therefore no power to examine into the constitutionality of any law whatever, for the judges may be deposed and impeached should they come to a conclusion contrary to that of the majority in Congress. This, of course, amounts, in practice, to the total abolition of the Constitution, for when a legislature, as in England, may decide for itself what is constitutional or not, it is, as the British Parliament is, omnipotent. We are not going here to combat this position with regard to the powers of the Senate or its relation to the Supreme Court. The mere statement of it will be sufficient to answer our purpose with most readers of the *Nation*, and part of our purpose is to show to what heights of absurdity we are being carried by the continued supremacy, in the Republican party, of raging enthusiasts, who act and talk as if the experience of the human race and the principles of human nature were absolutely useless to persons engaged in the devising and using of political means. When a writer or speaker tells you, as Mr. Boutwell and the *Tribune* do, that the Supreme Court is "the creature of Congress," he has exactly the same advantage over you that a disputant has who denies that you have a nose on your face. You feel at once that he has got out of your reach, and that there is no use in pursuing him, because, like people in dreams, if you should press him hard he is sure to take to flying in the air, leaving you no resource except the very melancholy and insufficient one of calling him names from a distance.

We are not in the least afraid that either the Supreme Court or the Constitution will be disposed of by this last ingenious device. If the Senate ever attempted to assert any such authority as is here claimed for it, we feel right well assured the judges would do their duty and resist it, and let the Senate impeach them if it dared; and we are equally well assured that if the Senate did impeach, the sane men of the United States would be found sufficiently numerous at the next election to recall the Senate to its senses. Whenever the people get tired of the Supreme Court, they will abolish it or restrict its powers in the regular way by an amendment to the Constitution, and not by conniving at such a ridiculous farce as the interpretation in last resort of a written constitution by the very body which the instrument was framed to restrain.

But this is not all. We were curious to learn what kind of law it was which this new tribunal of the *Tribune's* was to administer, and what principles or rules of construction it was to follow in interpreting the Constitution and imposing its decisions on the Supreme Court. We accordingly turned to another organ of the same school of feelers—they would, we feel sure, resent being called "thinkers"—the *Independent*. In an article on impeachment in that journal last week, it said:

"The issue is one in which the people have an immense stake, and their relations to the Senate in this crisis are very different from those existing between themselves and an ordinary jury. The facts are well known to them; the law, in spite of all that ingenious casuists may say, is so simple as to be within their comprehension; and feeling, as they do, that the life or death of the republic may depend upon the result, they ought to, and will exercise their right not only to watch the trial at every step of its progress, but to express their convictions as to the duty of the Senate in the verdict which it must pronounce."

. . . . . .

"We hold it, therefore, to be the duty of the friends of liberty everywhere to let the Senate know that they are watching the trial with eager, anxious interest; that they desire and expect a verdict of guilty upon the evidence now before the country; and that they will sustain such a verdict with one united voice, and with all the power at their command. Senators will doubtless think much and say little; but they will recognize the right of their constituents to make known to them their feelings and convictions. Above all, they will respect the right of the people to declare their sentiments freely, and to take all proper measures to create a public opinion that shall demand and sustain a verdict in accordance with their judgment. To deny this right would be alike prudish and preposterous.

. . . . . .

"Citizens should write to their immediate representatives in the Senate, not in the language of menace or dictation, but respectfully reminding them of their duty in this momentous crisis, and assuring them of the support and gratitude of the people when that duty shall have been discharged. The mails going to Washington from every part of the country should be burdened with such letters, and the press should do all in its power to create an enlightened, wholesome, and courageous public opinion.

"It is fearful to think of the calamities that would probably ensue if the President should escape his just deserts through the weakness, the personal ambition, or the treachery of individual senators; and, on the other hand, it would be impossible to exaggerate the benefits that would result from his impeachment and removal. Impeachment would be the triumph of law over anarchy, of justice over oppression, of patriotism over treason. The defeat of the measure would put Congress under the heel of an exultant traitor, expose the emancipated bondmen to untold horrors, and fill the friends of constitutional freedom everywhere with discouragement and dismay. Christians of every denomination should offer unceasing prayer to God that such calamities may be averted, and the country saved with a great salvation."

Here we have it explained how the Senate is to form the judgment which the country is to accept as a legal decision from a "High Court of Impeachment," which is to bind the Supreme Court in all cases, and for dissenting from which trained jurists, sworn to do justice without fear or favor, are to be impeached and deposed. "Citizens" all over the country are to get "the facts" from the letters of those accurate, judicial-minded, and eminently trustworthy chroniclers, the Washington correspondents of the daily papers; they are then to make up their minds as to "the law" of the matter under the guidance of the dry and austere intellects which produce the editorials in our more "advanced" organs of political thought, with occasional assistance from the speeches of Mr. Stevens, Mr. Ashley, General Butler, and other worshippers of pure reason; and then, having made up their minds as to the judgment the Senate ought to deliver, they are to "bur-

den the mails" with letters to "their immediate representatives," telling them firmly but respectfully what they ought to do in the premises. They are, moreover, to offer "unceasing prayer to God" for a verdict of guilty, and in their prayers, of course, to think and speak of such a verdict as "a great salvation."

Of course we know very well that the Senate would be as much amused by this plan of deciding on the constitutionality of laws as all men of intelligence and education throughout the country will be when they hear of it. We comment on it not for the purpose of warning anybody against it—for we do not believe the *Nation* is read by anybody who needs such warning—but for the purpose of calling the attention of all those who believe that it is on popular training and popular tradition, even more than on written constitutions or legal enactments, that the preservation of free government depends, to the kind of education in jurisprudence and political philosophy which an immense body of the very best people (morally) that the country contains are now receiving during the present political crisis. The *Tribune* and *Independent* both enjoy an enormous circulation amongst a very excellent portion of the community, whose consciences the anti-slavery and temperance agitations have cultivated out of all proportion to their intellects, and whose opinions now exert a very powerful influence in politics, and who actually seem more and more in favor every day of making, by indirect means, a total change in the structure of the Government, simply because a man whose stupidity, wickedness, meanness, and contemptibleness they are never tired of dwelling upon has, by a deplorable accident, made his way into the Presidential chair. Nor is this all; they are basing this change on doctrines which set reason and history at naught, and on which it needs but a little knowledge of human nature to know that no permanent or valuable political fabric ever has been or can be set up. We believe in liberty, and we believe in equality, but we believe, too, that one of the ends of the Almighty in endowing men with memory and judgment was that they might use them in that most difficult of all the arts, the art of government.

We cannot help saying one word to those who propose during the next week or two to occupy themselves with "unceasing prayer to God" for Andrew Johnson's conviction, and it is this: In discussing political questions with our fellow-men, the difference between the wisest and most foolish of us is, after all, so small that we may fairly feel great confidence in our own opinions, and show our confidence in our language and demeanor. Confidence is necessary to earnestness, and earnestness, next after knowledge, occupies the highest place amongst the instruments of persuasion. But when we carry our politics into the presence of our Maker, the greatest statesman and wisest jurist is what Thaddeus Stevens would call "an impudent citizen," if he pretends that he knows anything at all, or if anything finds its way to his lips but a confession of his own ignorance and shortsightedness and feebleness. To pray, therefore, that some little device which we, who do not see one hour or one minute before us, have fixed on as the way of salvation, may be carried into execution, is to presume unwarrantably on God's pity and indulgence, to presume even more than religious newspapers or "radical reformers" are justified in presuming. The prayer for those to pray who desire the Almighty to exert an immediate influence on the result of the pending trial at Washington is not that the verdict may be this way or that way—for nobody, not even the Reconstruction Committee, knows or will ever know what verdict will best serve God's purposes—but that He may endue the Senate with grace, wisdom, and understanding, open their minds to the truth, quicken their love of justice, and strengthen their consciences to resist clamor, clap-trap, and enthusiasm.

MR. J. S. MILL ON THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

Two members of the Liberal party in England have entered the field, in advance of any movement in the House of Commons, with pamphlets on the Irish question. One is Lord Russell and the other Mr. J. S. Mill. Lord Russell's remedy may be briefly described as a proposal for the endowment of the Catholic equally with the Protestant clergy, and the concession to tenants of a legal right to compensation for their improvements. But he shows on the whole such a great ignorance of Ireland, and such a very imperfect appreciation of the nature of the difficulty with which he is dealing, that it is only the author's position which gives the pamphlet any claim to notice.

Mr. Mill's essay is, on the other hand, one of those singularly powerful and courageous attempts to bring philosophical principles within the reach of the practical politician, for which he is now famous, and which have undoubtedly contributed more than any other single cause to the extremely rapid progress of political radicalism in England within the last ten years. There have been men who took up positions as advanced as he, and who brought to the defence of them courage and mental resources just as great, but they wanted what has made him a political power, and that is the faculty of bringing his forces down on the open ground, and fighting the hosts of conservatism with their own weapons and own tactics. Bentham, for instance, bombarded English society with an arsenal far better furnished than Mill's, but from such a distance that his projectiles all sunk into the earth, and, in spite of Dumont's excavations, produced little or no direct impression. Most of the other radical chiefs have found their philosophy deprived of most of its weight by the fact that they were politicians before becoming philosophers, and were never able thoroughly to persuade the public that their philosophy was not based on their politics rather than their politics on their philosophy. Moreover, no man ever passed his prime in the political arena without infusing more or less passion either into his thought or his style. Mr. Mill has enjoyed the advantage of having formed both his mental habits and his style in the fields of abstract thought, and of having entered political life with a reputation already built up. More luckily still, his style, instead of being subtle or ornate or vivid, is a perfect match for his thinking—clear, cold, thoroughly intellectual, almost incapable of any strong display of feeling—in fact, the style of all others to cow an adversary whose education, like that of the governing classes in England, has prepared him not only to distrust rhetoric, but to treat it as a sure sign of weakness. Mr. Mill not only has enlisted under his flag, therefore, a great number of the younger men of the kind who, in the last generation, became promising Whigs like Macaulay, but he has caused Tories to turn and draw who would have gone on for many a day without heeding Mr. Bright's sonorous challenges or even Goldwin Smith's keener, bitterer, and more polished invective. He is, in fact, doing for the radicals what Cromwell did for the Roundheads, and his appearance in the field at important junctures such as the American war, and now the discussion of the Irish question, gives a turn to the fortunes of the day which, though the result may be remote, makes its character certain; and this, not through courage or impetuosity so much as through arms and discipline. There are thousands of Englishmen whose tendencies and sympathies are all radical, but who hang back, through intellectual timidity, in exciting crises, whom Mr. Mill's arrival on the ground causes to throw doubts and hesitations aside and plunge into the fray in the full assurance of victory.

His utterance on the Irish question is, therefore, exceedingly important, as it gives to the most radical of all remedies—so radical that people claiming the character of "thinkers" have hitherto only spoken of it in undertones, and that, when produced by Mr. Bright in a much milder form, it was treated as another piece of his demagogism—the rank and honors of a real specific sanctioned by reason and experience. We mean, of course, the surrender of the land to the actual occupiers. Mr. Mill is of opinion, and preaches it with his accustomed vigor and clearness, that landlordism is the curse of Ireland—that the system of land tenure which prevails there can only work well where it rests on feudal traditions firmly rooted and generally accepted, or on free contract. Where feudal traditions are still firmly rooted, as they are in England and parts of Germany, the landlord is not simply the landowner; he is a political superior, whose superiority the tenants treat as part of the natural order of society, and whom they look up to with affection as well as with reverence. In England this feeling exists to a considerable extent, and there, although the powers of the landlord are very much the same as they are in Ireland, complaints of the oppressive use of them are hardly ever heard. Whenever, too, the feudal relation has disappeared, pure contract has been substituted for it. In other words, whenever the land is not farmed by what may be

called vassals of the landlord, it is farmed by capitalists who leave him as little power to deal harshly with them as they leave any other man from whom they buy or to whom they sell.

The history of the Irish land tenures, on the other hand, is the history of one long and completely unsuccessful effort to establish the feudal relation between the owner and the tenant. The landlord has always been to the tenant a foreigner and usurper, to whom he owed no duty, from whom he neither expected nor received protection, who was a member of an alien Church imposed on the country by force, and whose position was that of a foreign garrison. In fact, the state of affairs is very much that which De Tocqueville describes as having existed in France before the Revolution, in which the noblesse, having largely lost their land and entirely lost their political influence and political use, were, as landlords, detestable in the eyes of the peasantry. There is no case on record in which the position of owner of a large quantity of land let to and tilled by other men has been accepted by the tenantry as just and reasonable, in which the landlord did not as landlord, and by being a landlord, discharge either in reality or in the tenant's imagination some important duties to the community at large. Landlords on a great scale whose sole *raison d'être* has been their own comfort and enjoyment are something to which no people submit longer than they can help. This feeling, Conservatives say, is hostile to the institution of property itself; but to this Mr. Mill replies, that whether hostile or not it is a feeling which is found everywhere and in all ages, and which therefore renders it impossible for the philosophical legislator to treat property in land as if it were precisely like other property —the fruits of a man's industry or of that of his ancestors.

In Ireland, to this failureof the landlords to fulfil the conditions required to justify their existence must be added, in the list of complications, the survival in our day of the traditions, not so much in common speech as in the popular code of morality, of the old Celtic tenure by which the clan held in common, the chief having no more property in the soil than anybody else. This feeling has resisted two centuries of the common law, has bid defiance to all the efforts of John Doe and Richard Roe to extirpate it, and makes the evicted tenant still regard the landlord who evicts him, no matter for what reason, as a "moral robber." Moreover, in Ireland, contract, in the strict sense of the term, has not been to any great extent applied, as in England, to the cultivation of the soil. There are few capitalist farmers; and, to call the arrangement by which nine-tenths of the tenants hold their farms a contract, would be an abuse of language. Mr. Mill says, therefore, that, having tried to substitute the English tenure for the Celtic one, and having utterly failed, and, through the attempt, converted Ireland into a hostile country, England must relinquish the attempt and abolish landlordism, and surrender the soil to the cultivators.

In most of the discussions which have been raging on the question for the last twelve months in England, it has been alleged, and with some show of reason, that the result of this, or even of giving anything like fixity of tenure, must be either the indefinite multiplication of holdings, and the reduction of the occupiers to the lowest state of misery, or else the utter extinction of high or scientific farming. The answer to this we take to be, that if it be thought that there is any peculiarity in the Irish character which tends to produce this result, or if, contrary to the experience of France, peasant proprietorship tends everywhere to produce it, and some check or supervision is needed, the state ought to supply it. It ought not to be left to the arbitrary will of individuals, and particularly when they are armed with the fearful power of eviction. If indefinite subdivision be improper and against public policy, it ought to be restrained and regulated by law, as entails are, and the power of bequests generally are, and not by landlords. Moreover—and this is very remarkable—those who predict indefinite subdivision as the sure consequence of peasant proprietorship, and point to France as an example, maintain in the same breath and against the same adversaries that the accumulation of land in a few hands, as in England, is due to the working of an economical law which is more or less active in every country in our day, and is not due to laws of entail or primogeniture. In this we believe they are right. In point of fact, and contrary to the generally received idea, particularly in this country, there is no such thing as a strict entail in England; land can only be settled on persons in being and their unborn issue, and such settlements are made without any reference to the law of entail, and, what is perhaps still newer to most people, you can make no settlement of real estate in England which you cannot also make of personal estate. The power of settlement possessed by the great proprietors, too, is just the same as that possessed by a working-man owning a house and lot. The law of primogeniture, only operating in cases of intestacy and in the absence of marriage settlements, has scarcely any appreciable effect either on the accumulation or transmission of landed property. The accumulation of land in England is, in fact, due mainly to the fact that the possession of land brings with it social position and political influence, and the enormous growth of capital in trade has forced it up to fancy prices which the small holders cannot or will not refuse, just as a Dutch farmer does not feel that he can afford to retain his old homestead on New York island when he can sell it for building lots at four or five hundred dollars a foot. Greater democratizing of the government would, however, destroy or greatly injure the first of these sources of appreciation in the value of land.

The tendency of land to accumulate in the hands of large farmers for high culture under machinery is one which it would be undesirable even if possible to check; but there can be no question that it *is* desirable in every modern state—and we have little doubt that the necessity will be plainly seen before long at the South—to prohibit or make very burdensome the possession of more land by one person than he can cultivate. Of course, legislation on such a subject would be delicate work, but we have little doubt it will have to be tried.

Mr. Mill's pamphlet is criticised even by the radical portion of the English press with some hostility, on the ground that his remedy is one which is sure not to be tried, and which a Government composed so largely of landowners will not even discuss. But it remains to be seen whether the reformed Parliament will prove equally impervious; and one thing is certain that, inasmuch as what has been said cannot be unsaid, the deliberate proposal of such a scheme by a man of Mr. Mill's character and standing renders it improbable—we might even say impossible—that the Irish difficulty will now ever be settled on any other terms. In these days, if the doors of the future are once thrown open to what are called "the masses," and they catch even one glimpse of the splendid possibilities which lie within it, it is in vain to close them again. The vision never leaves their minds.

PRESENCE.

O NAMELESS thing! which art and art not; spell
Whose bond can bind the powers of the air,
Compelling them thy face to hide or bear.
O voice! which, bringing not the faintest swell
Of sound, canst in the air so crowd and dwell
That all sounds die. O sight! which needst no share
Of sun, which sav'st blind eyes from their despair;
O touch! which dost not touch, and yet canst tell
To waiting flesh, by thy caress complete,
The whole of love, till veins grow red with heat;
O life of life! to which graves are not girt
With terror, and all death can bring no hurt.
O mystery of blessing! never lift
Thy veil! our one inalienable gift!

H. H.

THE "HIGH-TONED GENTLEMAN."

WHEN the Romans destroyed a hostile city, they carried away its pictures and statues for their own good. We, the legionaries of modern democracy, have overthrown the city of patricianism which slavery had begun to build in our Southern States, and it becomes us to save from the ruins of what can never be refashioned every idea or sentiment which may add value to our own social edifice. Enshrined in the fallen acropolis, the object of vast and honest adoration, stood the "high-toned gentleman." Doubtless it is difficult for us to approach him kindly, we have so often been forced to meet him in quite another spirit! Because he first governed us and then fought us, because he was a ruler hard to shake off and an opponent hard to overcome, because he held an old-fashioned creed as to the best form of labor and would not be reasoned out of it against his will, because he could not be insulted or overmuch contradicted without making manual remonstrance, because he was narrow-minded enough to think himself far

better than his adversaries, because he has cost us much temper, blood, and treasure—because of these and such like things we are disposed to handle him harshly. Perhaps it was well for us to shut our eyes upon his better traits in order that we might harden ourselves to the great task of beating him out of his pro-slavery error. But now that the fight is over, now that this threatening figure has become history, let us judge it dispassionately.

The image has the majesty of antiquity, for it has been reproduced through many ages. Whenever slavery has been united with civilization it has given birth to a being more or less like that "chivalrous Southron," who scorned work, loved authority, preferred death to shame, fought heroically for his own rights and ignored those of others. The unpaid industry of nameless myriads went to furnish the leisure which enabled the patrician Athenian to become a great soldier, statesman, orator, historian, dramatist, and artist. A "democracy" which consisted of 25,000 citizens, 50,000 despised foreign residents (Yankees?), and 400 000 bondsmen, was even more positively a slaveholding aristocracy than South Carolina. In Sparta, Rome, and every other ancient state, you find the same trinity of the ruling caste, the subject caste, and the serf caste. On the apex of society in all classic regions stood the high-toned gentleman of slaveocracy.

What the world owes to him it is in no danger of forgetting. Spartan heroism, Attic art and eloquence, Roman discipline, statesmanship, and law are gifts from his hand to the present and the future. In the Middle Ages he invented feudalism and constructed modern European society. In America, from the days of Washington to those of Lee, he has exhibited some of the most brilliant examples in history of moral energy, whether well directed or misdirected. He has always been brave—bear witness, Thermopylæ, Warsaw, and Richmond; yes, the world has been helped and hindered by his courage. But it has been more helped than hindered, and, on the whole, it owes him vast gratitude.

A character which is daily held up to hatred and derision soon loses all its influence. The general mind, not given to drawing fine distinctions, rapidly learns to scoff at the entire object pilloried, plastering its missiles on what is good as well as what is evil. But can we as yet spare the whole of the "high-toned gentleman?" Is his probable successor, the "gentleman of democracy," in a sufficiently forward state to take his place, without leaving us in an interregnum of vulgarity? For surely we must have some social model. Let us glance at a few of the better peculiarities of that chivalrous Southron who was once our pride and is now our aversion.

It was a fine thing in him that, like his predecessors of Greek, Roman, and feudal days, he demanded a high place in public affairs, caring little for the stealings of office, but much for its honor and power. He knew that he was the best man in his district, and he had energy enough to make his district know it. Unlike the shy scholars of New England and the fastidious millionaires of New York, he did not mutter that politics are too low for a gentleman and pass over his claims for Congress to showmen and pugilists. What, low to govern millions! ungentlemanly to shape the destinies of a great nation! He no more conceived the idea than did Miltiades or Quintus Fabius or Kosciusko. And the republic was all the stronger and grander for this large ambition of his until cotton turned his brain and blinded him to the necessities of the age.

He was an honest office-holder; he might condescend to bribe others, but he could not be bribed himself; he was the stumbling-block of the lobby. Full of self-respect, family pride, and pride of caste, amply supported by his acres and serfs, he considered himself under another law than the penniless shyster who had crawled through ward caucuses to the Capitol; and it was very seldom that he would dirty his patrician hands with "considerations," even though tendered in the delicate form of "complimentary shares." Fancy anybody offering a *douceur* to Washington, Jefferson, Madison, or Calhoun! If the lobby might be sworn, and if its oath were worth anything, we believe that we could prove the pecuniary honor of the "high-toned" legislator. When dishonest, it was for his caste and not for himself.

Yes, there was a fine self-respect draped in antique folds about this now overthrown image. In the elder days of our country the Southerners of the ruling tribe had a physical, moral, and mental bearing which put Englishmen in mind of a peer of the realm. "They are dukes, you can't touch 'em," admitted a veteran John Bull of the sturdy middle class. Beautiful in his eyes was a man whom he dared not slap on the shoulder; and beautiful also in the eyes of that respectable generation which stood around Washington.

The civility which this old figure exacted towards himself he accorded to his equals, and in carefully graded measure to his inferiors. He was a school of politeness, and many of his scholars still live. Enter the office of a Southern lawyer or merchant on an affair which is not to his profit. Although busy, he rises, invites you to sit, and remains standing until you are seated; then, so long as you please to stay, he will talk as well as he knows, without a sign of impatience; and when you leave, he urges you to remain longer and to call again. This is partly a habit of leisure, but it is partly a habit of urbanity. The people who meet you in the street of a South Carolina village pause for friendly enquiries and compliments, or pass you with a salutation which is sufficiently marked and formal to make you appreciate yourself. The conductor on the railroad car has never been out of his state, but, barring certain provincialisms, he has the bearing of a travelled gentleman. He will give you full and polite answers to your questions, and do it in a manner which will lead you to thank him civilly. We admit that he has few passengers and is not often troubled with enquiries. Leisure again, but also courtesy. It is true that there are exceptions to what we describe, but we will not ill-naturedly stop to note them. It is true also that these urbane men have implacable prejudices, and—but the war ended at Appomattox Court House, and we are now treading among the wounded.

It is a poor charge against suavity to say that blacklegs are notorious for it, or to quote the lines about "the gentlest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." Suppose you are a gambler or a pirate, is it not an additional crime to be a brute about it? So far as our influence may go with those classes of society, we recommend them to preserve their suavity as being their only virtue, and not the less a virtue because they possess it. A stronger charge against this ingratiating manner is, that both the acquisition and the exercise of it cost time. It is admitted the boy must begin to learn it young; the man must lose by it several minutes a day. Yes, that precious purchase-money must be paid, and the only question is whether the merchandise is worth it. Let us not leave it to Brown, who has just roared out, "You lie!" Let us leave it to the insulted Robinson, who, with his feelings bruised by the assault of vulgarity, can see the charms of suavity.

But the most serious charge against this Southern grace of manner is that it costs blood. It is undeniable that one weighty reason why gentlemen born below Mason and Dixon's line do not pass each other without a civil greeting, is that they are amenable to the laws of the duel and even of the rencontre. Is the virtue worth this price? "No," answer Puritanism, the democracy of our Northern States, respectable, commercial England, half-oriental Russia, and the Turks. "Yes," insists aristocracy, whether feudal or sabretache, throughout Germany, France, Italy, Spain, all lands of civilization and claimed as Christian.

It is a noticeable fact that the high-toned gentleman of two thousand years ago knew no more of the duel than of Christianity. He was a model fighting man, yet he answered epithet with epithet. If Alcibiades and Crito had repaired to some olive grove and speared each other because one of them had called the other a liar, we may be pretty sure that Athenian society would have set them down for a couple of barbarians, and that Aristophanes would have lampooned them dreadfully. Two Roman youths caught in such an eccentricity would probably have received some ignominious punishment from the censor. The classic ancient had little consciousness of the sacredness of individuality. He was a citizen; he was a mere particle of the *patria*; if he lived for anything less than his country, it was for his caste. It was not till superstition discovered the "trial by battle," and castellated, isolated feudalism invented individuality, that we had the duel.

What is the *rationale* of the duel, now that the faith in a divine decision has dropped away from it? "It is the consciousness," answers Count Sabretache, "that the blood of the soul is more precious than that of the body; it is the belief, in other words, that it is better to leap out of the world than to remain in it with a stain upon honor. Revenge is not the foundation idea any more than in *hari-kari*, although, practically, a desire for vengeance may have produced many a challenge. The central notion of the duel is simply to put an end to intolerable spiritual suffering by destroying either the person who endures it or the person who inflicts it. And one of the benefits of this codified tragedy, probably by far the greatest benefit that has flowed from it, is that bystanders learn to be cautious how they impose such suffering. The question how much decorum society has acquired from the duel, is worthy of meditation," concludes the count, with a firm countenance.

So much for fair play; now for practical wisdom. Shall Robinson let Brown alone, as advised by Quakers; or give him back his evil names, after the Athenian fashion; or "hit him on the smeller," under the direction of the "young man John;" or call him out and shoot him according to the prescription of the high-toned gentleman? We find all these options so unpleasant that we scarcely know which to recommend. We believe that Browns are still too numerous for us to get along comfortably under the Quaker doctrine. The classic method is objectionable as being no cure for

vulgar insolence, but rather a continuation of it. As for "knocking him down and going along," as our young man sometimes puts it, the foe may pick himself up and knock you down; whereupon you not only do not go along, but have a rough-and-tumble fight on your hands, which is undignified, attracts a crowd, and gets one carried to the station-house. Duelling, also, is contrary to the laws of the land, and, moreover, savors of breaking the Decalogue on one's own responsibility, for which reasons we decide against it. On the whole, it seems that we are puzzled.

But as Robinson is importunate, we will nerve ourselves to a decision, and will refer him to our friend John. Yes, hit Brown on the smeller. Never mind the possible consequences. Hit him as soon as he has uttered his epithet. The blow is a coarse argument against low insolence, but it is quite fine enough for his brutish nature. Anything finer would be wasted. We believe that too much impudence is borne with in the Northern States. We are too patient a people. We smile under the affronts and extortions of hackmen when we should give them in charge of a police officer. We endure conductors and other small officials whom we ought to sue. We allow Bridget to plunder us, break her bargains with us, and sauce us, without so much as mentioning the house of correction. Instead of incontinently chastising the vulgar ass who chances to call us evil names, we sidle away from him, perhaps smile upon him with a placating air; in our severest mood seek to despise him, and always despise ourselves. There is no end to the impertinences which decent people receive because they will not resent them. It is the paradise of bad manners; it is the purgatory of good manners.

What does it all mean? It means cowardice, lack of self-respect, lack of individuality. The single American is humble before society; he is humble before that fraction of society, the corporation; he is humble before that representative of the corporation, the conductor. He has got into the habit of being humble, so that when a bold voice rises near him he crouches before that, no matter though it be the utterance of a wind-bag; and when a steady eye looks into his, his own eye falters and takes refuge in corners. He has been bullied by Mrs. Grundy until he believes that every one who speaks a loud, firm opinion represents the power of Mrs. Grundy, and must not be opposed. It is a curious experiment to contradict one of these millions of Uriah Heeps and see him fall silent. Do not suppose that you have convinced him because he makes no answer, and presently gets out of your way. He will look up one of his own belief, and to him argue against you.

It is better than it was once. A grand exhibition of national heroism has in part atoned for the days when we thought it brave to say, "The honorable gentleman from Mississippi must not crack his plantation whip over *me*," and for the still viler days when even that timorous defiance could not get itself uttered by Yankee lips. But the individual of society is still almost as mean and sneaking as was then the average "household gentleman" from north of Mason and Dixon's line. He is continually dodging and ducking to evade all sorts of plantation whips. He is all the while "catching it" from public opinion and corporations and conductors and porters; he is flagellated by Patrick and Bridget and every other species of strong-willed, firm-eyed, muscular Christians; he is afraid of everybody who fights and swears, or who even scowls. One cannot help smiling with satisfaction to imagine merely how the sensitive, fiery, quick, striking, "chivalrous Southron" would at least change the nature of our troubles if he should appear in force among us. The most pugnacious Irish hackman or truckman who did business in Charleston before the war soon learned not to drive over pedestrians and to be very cautious about splashing them.

On the whole, the "high-toned gentleman" must not be forgotten. Of course, he cannot as a unity be preserved, much less re-created, in a democracy of labor. It is impossible to put the entire stamp of a Roman, feudal, or Carolinian oligarch upon a man who lives by his own work, who has beneath him neither plebeian nor slave, who belongs to no caste, and whose sympathies logically comprehend all his countrymen, if not all the human race. But as we desire to fashion a worthy gentleman of democracy, let us keep the nobler lineaments of slaveocracy. Let us learn from him that politics deserve the care of the best and wisest; that social courtesy is a necessity of the highest civilization; that respectable humanity claims its own respect.

THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1867.

In the *Nuova Antologia* for January, 1868, is an article entitled "Volunteers and Regulars," in which the merits and demerits of these rival or, as some will have it, parallel forces are compared. Signor Fambri, the author of the article, is decidedly hostile to the volunteers in all countries—in Italy, Spain, America; under any given circumstances, in every conceivable condition, he regards their existence as a national calamity; affirms that, as far as Italy is concerned, nine-tenths of those who enlist under Garibaldi's banner do it as a trade; that these *volontari d'industria*, who "never return to the occupations which they quitted for the campaign, are more numerous than the stars of the heaven or the sands of the sea, and that, when we have ascertained the number of these, we shall know the name of the disease which afflicts Italy more severely even than her deficit." I will not quote all the hard, bitter, scornful accusations brought against the red shirts; they are but repetitions of Fambri's own speech in Parliament, of the speeches from the ministerial benches, of M. Rouher's speeches, of the Pope's allocution—are, in short, but the outpourings of the treasured-up hate and envy of years, the natural, innate ingratitude of those who reap for those who have sown. In 1849, four thousand volunteers fell on the Roman soil fighting against the foreign invaders. Up to the present moment successive governments have pertinaciously refused to grant pensions or any aid whatsoever to the mutilated or disabled, to the widows or orphans of the dead. "In 1859," as Garibaldi told Cavour during their last encounter, "the lame and hunchback were sent to him; all the able-bodied men were drafted off into the regular army." In 1860, the one great battle of the campaign—the battle of the Volturno—four times lost and five times won, was, and is still persistently attributed to the regular army, though not a single Piedmontese soldier was on the field throughout the day; and, after the campaign, insult, contumely, and hardship were the portion of the liberators of Sicily and Naples. True, they had their "six months' pay," and when that was expended, five of the three hundred who answered the roll-call when the names of the Thousand of Marsala were called over *committed suicide from starvation* before the tardy pension, coupled with humiliating conditions, was doled out to them. In 1866, the shame of Lissa and Custozza placed the volunteers more on a level with the regulars than on any former occasion; they had been regularly enrolled; they were regularly disbanded and with their six months' pay; and the fact that they had left their former employments to serve under the Government induced their old employers, for the most part, to readmit them. They suffered less than on any former occasion. But the volunteers of 1867, the nine-tenths of the twenty thousand who furnish the theme of Signor Fambri's diatribes, what of them? "Would I had died at Mentana, or lost a leg, at least!" said one poor fellow to me the other day, when I was obliged to refuse him relief from the funds of the Committee on the Wounded; and many hundreds echo his terrible desire. Be it remembered that when Garibaldi promised to the Romans the help of their Italian brethren, he told those brethren what would be the accompaniments of the help he promised in their names—"Hunger, hardship, forced marches, and no pay." They were not deceived; neither were they daunted. They were willing to risk this and more for "Rome." All the funds that could be collected under one pretext or another by the "committees of aid" went in the purchase of arms and ammunition. Not one farthing was given to any single volunteer on enlistment. A very few, towards the end of October, received gratis railway tickets to Terni; the rest made their way there—each alone knows how. Young men of good families, whose friends objected to their departure, "borrowed" or pawned watches, rings, etc., but many a working-man pawned the tools which were all his capital, the solitary mattress, the threadbare Sunday coat. In companies of tens and twenties they reached the frontier, mostly on foot. If on their arrival there the committees happened to have supplies on hand, they got a red shirt, a pair of shoes, and trowsers, most of them improvidently leaving their old clothes behind them. Throughout the campaign no pay, and often no food for four-and-twenty hours. Monte Rotondo was taken by men who had fasted eighteen hours and marched ten miles during the night. Even the wounded lay on straw, and until evening boiled corn was all that passed their lips. Yet they did their duty as cheerfully and well as though they had their daily rations, and looked forward to their six months' pay and their pensions at the end. One officer narrates that as he was marching his men from one mountain to another they came up with two wagons of blankets, bread, and shoes. His men were famished, drenched with rain, many barefooted. They rushed on the wagons to help themselves. "If you will have them, you must," said the men in charge; "but they are for Menotte, and his men have been roughing it for a fortnight before you came." Nothing was touched. Under fire the soldiers themselves organized litters and bore off their wounded comrades to the improvised ambulances, cooking for them such food as they could find, watching by them throughout the night, such few as had cloaks or blankets depriving themselves to cover the sufferers.

When Garibaldi marched *onwards* within two miles of Rome all his men were with him; only when orders were given for a countermarch on Monte Rotondo discouragement fell on the ranks and deser-

tions commenced. I have read in English and in Italian papers of excesses committed by the volunteers. None have been proved; but some of the officers told me that the famished and victorious troops did break into more than one cellar, and took their bread where they found it. But what is this to the excesses committed by the *Bersaglieri* in Genoa, after La Marmora's successful bombardment in 1849? Of the prowess of the volunteers at Mentana I need not speak. The world knows now how four thousand held their own against fifteen thousand French and Papal soldiers from twelve o'clock on Sunday night until the dawn of the morning. Vanquished, two hundred wounded were carried into Rome with some thousand prisoners, there crowded into the filthy hospitals and prisons—the former to die of hospital gangrene, the latter to rot in filth and hunger for days, and some for weeks. The remainder, disarmed at the frontier and penned into cattle-wagons, were "sent to their homes," ordered at once to divest themselves of the hated red shirt, and warned that the police had their eyes upon them. "But," remonstrated many, "we left our old clothes at the frontier; we have no other shirt." "Find one," was the invariable reply. Against these wretched delinquents the worst crime that Signor Fambri can bring is "that nine-tenths do not return to their old employment;" he does not seem to have taken into account that their old employers won't receive them, and that the Government itself has set the example by not allowing any of its servants to return to the posts they quitted to follow Garibaldi. I have been for the last three months a frequent visitor to the "Committee on the Wounded," founded by some American, English, and Italian ladies, under the auspices of that gentlest, most modest and benevolent of ladies, Mrs. G. P. Marsh. After ascertaining that the sole and single object of the committee was to alleviate the sufferings of the destitute volunteers, that the sick and wounded of all nationalities, of all religions and political creeds, were to be assisted, your minister's wife consented to be treasurer and to interest her friends in the scheme. What your American women have done for the wounded in the Roman hospitals only those whom they have tended, fed, and clothed will ever fully know. I will not name them, because they would not thank me; I only hope that, if ever sickness or suffering should assail any of their sons, their tenderness and generosity will be paid back in kind. Here, in Florence, the same work, under fewer difficulties, has been carried on. The Countess M——, wife of an Italian senator, opens her rooms daily from twelve to three, and by her and her nieces and one lady visitor the wants of each sufferer are examined and temporary relief afforded. All who need it are clothed, dinner-tickets given to such as have no families, or money to those who can get their food cooked at home. I think the statistics of this committee would surprise many. Looking through the books the other day I was myself astonished to see how few, comparatively, now avail themselves of the proffered aid. "Did you send all these away?" I asked, running over the closed accounts. "Oh no; either they found work or we found work for them; they look in every now and then to tell us how they are getting on, but they do n't ask for anything." "And do n't you ever get cheated?" "Oh yes; sometimes. Dr. C—— says that we are too tender-hearted. One man came with a dead comrade's certificates and got ten francs; another sold his clothes; a third offered the restaurant-keeper six dinner-tickets, value one franc each, for five francs; some of them are cunning and watch for the days of some of the most tender-hearted ladies to get something extra, but, on the whole, they are grateful, honest, and most anxious to get work." So much for the wounded; but I confess that in frequenting this and other committees my heart has bled less for them than for those who are sent empty away because they did not come under that head. Hundreds and hundreds apply daily either to these committees or to individual benevolence, and the lament invariably is: "I was in the telegraph office; on the railway; porter in a warehouse; clerk at a banker's; type setter at such a printing-office; our places are filled up, and the masters say that if they were n't they would n't take us back." I have examined scores of such cases and found the truth of the statements. One man, with wife and four children, had had his bed and all his worldly possessions seized by his landlord. Another, with wife and new-born child, had no roof to call his own; this was a Roman exile who had been waiter at a hotel in Leghorn, had been a good soldier during the campaign, and from the 26th had watched day and night beside his wounded captain, who was nearly as poor as himself. Again, two brothers had left the service of two English families, where one earned 45f. the other 40f. (high wages for Italy). After fighting hard all day, they were ordered by Dr. Bertani to search the field for wounded; these lads were well dressed, and their knapsacks and cloaks were left on the ambulance carts. As they were picking up their dying comrades, the Zouaves picked them up and carried them prisoners to Rome; their baggage was lost on the carts, the small sums they had with them were spent for food in the wretched Roman prisons, they returned haggard and penniless, the English families had departed, taking other servants; they are still both of them out of employment. Before me lies a statement for the truth of which General Fabrizi, head of Garibaldi's staff, pledges his word: "I was a volunteer in 1848 in the University battalion throughout the Lombard campaign, a soldier in '59, ensign in '60, lieutenant in '66, captain in '67. I lost my regular employment in '60 and have never since been able to recover my situation. In 1867 I entered Salamone's column, and after the battle was over I was reported dead. My wife was nearly distracted; my return saved her mind, but fever took possession of her, and she has not yet left her bed. Rheumatism has kept me almost a prisoner to the house; first I pawned everything, then I sold the things to fetch more, now nothing remains—but to die. It is twenty-four hours since we tasted food; the landlord threatens to eject us, as our rent is unpaid. Can you give us temporary aid? I am ashamed to write, to come; for myself I would not, but my wife!"

I could multiply these cases; but will not. Americans will ask, Do the Italians care so little for their unity and independence as to neglect their champions? The question is difficult to answer. It must be borne in mind that the entire expenses of the expedition have come out of private purses; that taxes are heavy, the winter intensely bitter, and, what is strangely true, the Government sets its face dead against any attempt to assist the poor wretches. Here is a document that will convince more than my words.

Contessa M——, anxious to increase the funds of the committee, had induced some of her friends to give a "benefit" in the Alfieri Theatre, and applied to the prefect of Florence for the necessary permission. Here is his reply:

"As soon as I received the demand of your *illustrious signoria* for permission to give a dramatic representation in the Alfieri Theatre for the benefit of the wounded of the late battles on the Roman territory, I communicated it to the Minister of the Interior in order to ascertain his pleasure. The aforesaid minister now replies, and, while thanking your *illustrious signoria* for the generous offer, charges me to inform you that sufficient funds exist for the succor of the wounded volunteers, and that the proceeds of the representation might be devoted to the benefit of the victims of the cholera or to some charitable institution.

"With esteem and consideration, THE PREFECT.

"29th Jan., 1868."

The funds voted by Parliament were 50,000 francs: not ten dollars for every wounded man, and how and by whom these have been distributed no one knows. W. M.

FLORENCE, Feb. 20.

Correspondence.

NATIONAL REPUDIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: In noticing the singular observations of the *Times*, you say very justly that every United States bondholder whose property is threatened with confiscation ought, in the interest of public morality, to "cry out against the iniquity." Will you then allow one of these menaced individuals to utter his cry through the medium of your paper?

That Democratic leaders, Pendletons and Seymours, should advocate partial or total repudiation, need not surprise any one. It is a legitimate deduction from such principles, or apology for principles, as they have always professed. If a war to preserve the national existence was "unconstitutional," it is no violent inference that all measures necessary or auxiliary to the war were tainted with the same unconstitutionality, and the contraction of loans was certainly among these. If the Democrats assume the reins of government again, they may assert with some pretence of justice that they, or some of them, were opposed to contracting war-loans, and they may fortify themselves with the analogy of Miramon repudiating Juarez's debts, or Juarez repudiating Miramon's.

But it is the other party—the party which contracted the debt—that is now most eager to repudiate it. Every one asserts (and no one, so far as I know, has contradicted the assertion) that the Western Republicans are all but unanimous for taxation of Government bonds, or payment of them in greenbacks, or some other thinly disguised form of repudiation. Influential M.C.s from various constituencies berate us as privileged aristocrats; one Eastern governor has followed suit; and now the *Times*, overcome apparently by this gubernatorial example, tells us that we had better be wise in time, and compromise while we can at a loss of 20 or 30 per cent., lest a worse thing befall us.

At all which I must confess to some degree of astonishment. While

naturally resigning the first place to those who "paid with their person," as the French say, and risked their lives on the battle-field, I did think, in my innocence, that we bondholders were entitled to some little credit for patriotism. When the United States first asked for money there prevailed a very general doubt as to the existence of any United States Government or any United States. European authorities, with scarcely a dissenting voice, proclaimed that the model republic had given up the ghost at Bull Run. Of course, the Southern secessionists were of the same opinion, and many of their Northern friends hinted as much, more or less plainly. Nevertheless we, believing that the United States Government did and ought to exist, lent it money; and I may say here, parenthetically, that in no succeeding year has the market value of our bonds in gold exceeded what we then paid for them. We furnished the Government with the sinews of war, and of course all the Government's enemies cried out against us. Renegade vermin on foreign shores threatened us with confiscation of our property. Copperheads at home suggested the same thing in more guarded terms. English and French journalists sneeringly observed that it was no matter what interest the Federal States promised to pay, since both interest and principal were sure to be repudiated. The Southern leaders, so long as they hoped to get the better of the nation by the help of France, England, and the Democrats, proclaimed that repudiation would be one of their conditions of peace. (And it may be observed, though this is anticipating somewhat, that the disaffected at the South have always since the war cherished the hope of national bankruptcy when they had no other consolation left them.) We didn't give up the ship. We were not frightened out of our purpose. As the war went on and the result seemed more and more doubtful, and more and more money was wanted, we kept lending to the Government all we could disengage. The Government triumphed, the national existence was triumphantly established, and what was our great reward? I think you will agree with me that I am putting it in a form too favorable for us when I say that we were guaranteed 9 per cent. for 16 years. And this in a country where manufacturers sometimes treble their capital in a year, and railroads and other corporations make so much that they are positively afraid to let the amount be known!

And then this Eastern governor (I forget his name), inspired with a Swinburnian alliteration and a euphonic jingle that would have delighted Mr. Pecksniff, rounds off his pretty little period about "privileged persons and privileged property." *How* is our property "privileged?" Exactly as a lease or a charter or any other contract is privileged. And so far is the term *privilege* applied to property from involving any injustice or impropriety that the very word is continually used in contracts. *E. g.*, I hire a house for a year, "with privilege" to retain it another year, if I choose, at the same rent. The governor improves on Jefferson, who held that a Government contract was only binding for twenty-two years; *he* would have it binding only so long as the Government pleases. Machiavelli says that a prince is not bound to keep his word if it be against his interest to do so. Such morality might answer for princes in Machiavelli's day, but if we can have no better in a republic of the nineteenth century, it certainly does not become us to boast of our ethical progress.

Thus far I have proceeded on the implied supposition that the bondholders are generally persons of some means, who, though seriously inconvenienced, would not be reduced to actual distress by the total or partial confiscation of their securities. And this for obvious reasons is the impression which the repudiators are desirous of producing. We hear it constantly asserted, with that recklessness about truth which supplies a large class of our politicians with the bulk of their political capital, that the Government bonds are concentrated in a few hands. I can see no reason for believing this statement, but several for believing the contrary. Not only were there many poor men and women patriotic enough to invest their savings in Government securities during the war, but after its close there was a natural tendency among several classes of persons with small means at their disposal to seek the same investment. Single women, invalids, and superannuated men, trustees of orphans, all those who have little business experience or opportunity, and with whom it is a great object to avoid risk and responsibility—the great recommendation of an investment to all these is its security, and therefore they preferred Government bonds. Nor do we stop here in our pecuniary descent. It will not be necessary to advertise in the papers or employ a detective in order to find poor women and boys who have scraped together from their earnings just enough to buy the lowest denomination of United States stock. The savings-bank statistics which you have quoted are to the point here.

About the foreign bondholders even greater rubbish, if possible, is asserted. The wealthy bankers hostile to us speculated in Confederate bonds and blockade-runners. Those Europeans who bought our bonds were, as a general rule, friendly to us. Why were so many of our bonds sent to Germany and sold there? Because we had more friends in Germany than in England and France.

Of course, if all the bondholders were foreigners or millionaires that would not absolve the nation from its plighted troth, but it is worth while showing that even the wretched palliations urged for public dishonesty have no real existence.

But, after all, it may be asked, ought not the United States Government to be able to borrow money at a less rate than it now pays? That is a different question, which, if it had been approached in a right spirit, might before now have been answered in a manner satisfactory to *all* parties. If, two years ago, the bondholders had been offered a perfectly free option of exchanging their bonds for a forty-years five per cent. stock, it is highly probable (to say the least) that a large majority of them would have consented. But all depends on the perfect freedom of option, because on that depends the security which is the bondholder's principal object and inducement. If we were to consent to such a conversion now, under threat of a greater loss, what assurance have we that the process of reduction may not be repeated in two or four years, or whenever any political party may think it expedient to pander to dishonesty? Should we not encourage the repetition by acquiescing in the precedent?

Perhaps you may think some of the expressions which I have used too strong. I, on the contrary, only regret that I do not possess sufficient command of language to make them stronger, and express my feelings more adequately. In reference to Byng's execution, Voltaire said (in his "Candide") that the English had shot one of their admirals to encourage the rest. Our Western Republicans are now preparing to execute the loyal bondholders as an encouragement to future patriots.

There still remains another view of the subject which I am ashamed to do more than suggest after so long a communication. According to the Western moralists and their apologists, honesty is an "abstraction" and faith a chimera. Suppose we do violence to our better instincts, and follow them on their own ground; suppose we confine ourselves to the question, Will repudiation pay? I think it can be easily and conclusively shown that it will not pay; that it will not be profitable either to the nation at large or to that portion of it known as the Republican party. And this, with your permission, I will do in another letter.

C. A. Bristed.

February 24, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Leypoldt & Holt announce a work, by Mr. D. G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., entitled "The Myths of the New World: An Essay on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America." Mr. Brinton is known as a student of American archæology by his previously published work on the antiquities of the Floridian peninsula. The same house have in press a translation of Heribert Rau's musical novel of "Mozart;" a translation of Taine's "Italy," made by Mr. J. Durand, the translator of the same author's "Philosophy of Art;" a new edition of Fritz Reuter's amusing, indeed delightful, story, "In the Year '13," and translations of "Faustina Hasse," a German art-novel, by Elise Polko, "Problematic Characters," by F. Spielhagen, and "The Hohensteins," by the same author, who ranks very high among German novelists.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce republications of "Travels in the Interior of South Africa," by James Chapman, F.R.G.S.; Professor Pearson's "History of England;" "Silver Lake, or Lost in the Snow," by R. M. Ballantyne; and "Memoirs of Alexander Campbell," by Robert Richardson. Other works announced by the same house are, "American Masonic Biography and Cyclopædia of Freemasonry," by Aug. Row, K.T., and the third volume of Mr. Kirk's "History of Charles the Bold."——A. D. F. Randolph will republish Francis Turner Palgrave's "Original Hymns," and "Saint Paul," by F. W. H. Myers.——J. C. Garrigues & Co., of Philadelphia, announce "The Sabbath-school Index," by R. G. Pardee, whose work is at once a history of Sunday-schools and a manual for the instruction of teachers.——G. W. Carleton & Co. will soon issue a new comic book by "Josh Billings," a new romance by Mayne Reid, and a new work—a novel, we suppose—called "The Artist's Dream," by Miss Olive Logan.——W. A. Townsend & Adams will republish "A Practical Treatise on Metallurgy," elaborated after the last German edition of Kerl's "Metallurgy," by Wm. Crookes, F.R.S., and Ernst Rohrig.——E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the Rev. Mr. H. P. Liddon's "Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford."

—The total population of Rhode Island is, in round numbers, about 180,000, of whom the number under fifteen years of age is given as 57,110, and those between six and fifteen may be estimated at 45,610. By good rights all these last should be at school, but, in fact, in the winter of the year ending April 30, 1867, the public schools showed an attendance, of boys and girls together, of only 28,280, and the average attendance during the whole year was only 19,972. It appears, therefore, that 17,330, or more than a third of the children of proper age, were entirely lost to the educational influences of the State. In Prussia, with a total population of 19,226,270 (in 1864), and an infant population (from five to fourteen years of age) of 3,457,301, only 16,000 were unaccounted for in the official returns of that year. Make a liberal allowance in the Rhode Island deficit for children put to private schools—probably not more than 1,000—and this little State, with a population inferior to that of the city of Boston, has a bad advantage over Prussia in the actual number of children who do not learn the alphabet. There are, however, 2,500 pupils in Rhode Island who are past fifteen, but they are *only* 2,500, while there are 15,000 persons also past fifteen who cannot write their own names—nor ten thousand of them read at all—and 15,000 others but little better off. We gather these statistics partly from the "Twenty-third Annual Report of Public Schools in Rhode Island," delivered to the Legislature last month, and partly from "An Appeal to Rhode Islanders" in the *Rhode Island Schoolmaster* for February. This appeal, in view of the alarming facts just stated, proposes a remedy in the shape of evening schools, free libraries, reading-rooms, lectures, and other enlightening instrumentalities. There is nothing novel in this, but it appears to be taken in hand by persons who are brought in contact with the ignorance which they seek to dispel—that is to say, the manufacturers whose mills have attracted to Rhode Island and concentrated in a few of its thirty-four towns a large and increasing foreign population, under whose incubus it is no wonder the State shows badly. The new organization is to be known as the "Rhode Island Educational Union," and Mr. Samuel Austin is to be to it what Dr. Barnas Sears is to the Peabody fund for educating the South.

—A deplorable loss to students of theology and history is recorded by the newspapers in the destruction by fire of the establishment of the Abbé Migne, at Montrouge, Paris. In all the annals of typography no man has done so much to place within the reach of the private reader the materials which had previously been accessible only in great public libraries, or in the collections of those whose command of space and of money was unlimited. It must be nearly twenty-five years since he first commenced to put into execution the gigantic project of reproducing, in uniform style and at an extremely moderate price, the whole body of Christian theology and tradition, accompanied with all the apparatus necessary for their elucidation—to form, in short, a complete library for the Catholic clergy. This appalling labor he has steadily pursued with unflagging energy; and from the most slender beginnings, and, amid many discouragements, he had gradually built up, in the *Ateliers Catholiques* of Montrouge, a stupendous establishment where stereotyping, printing, binding, painting, sculpture, and the manufacture of organs, harmoniums, and church ornaments were carried on upon a vast scale. He used to boast that his stereotype plates alone had cost more than five millions of francs, and that the whole concern, clear of debt, represented a capital of nearly four millions, while during his whole career he had never allowed a note to lie over, even in the worst revolutionary crisis.

Perhaps the most valuable of his publications is the "Patrologia Latina," a collection of all the Christian Latin writers from the pseudo-Clement to Innocent III. With the exception of jurisprudence, it thus embraces all the sources of European history up to the commencement of the thirteenth century, and the student will vainly look elsewhere for the material thus gathered together and placed within his reach. Like all the rest of the Abbé's publications it is in imperial octavo (equivalent to the smaller folios of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries), closely printed in double columns, the volumes generally containing from 600 to 1,000 pages. Of these there are 217 in the series, followed by five or six similar volumes of indexes, of which we believe one or two have not yet appeared. It was at one time the intention of the Abbé to continue with a second series, embracing all writers down to the fifteenth century, and also to supplement it with a complete collection of Councils in about 80 volumes, but both of these vast projects we believe he had been compelled to abandon on account of his advanced age—for he is upwards of eighty years old.

On a similar scale is his "Patrologia Græco-Latina," comprehending all the Greek Christian writers from the earliest period to the Council of Florence, with translations in Latin. This collection is embraced in 167 volumes. Then there is a series of Christian orators of which about 100 volumes had appeared, and three series of theological encyclopædias contained in 170 volumes, together with numberless dictionaries, histories, and editions of prominent writers amounting to about 260 volumes more. In all, the Abbé had issued nearly a thousand huge volumes, the whole of which were stereotyped except the Latin texts of the Greek fathers; and if, as we presume is the case from the accounts which have reached us, the whole of these plates have been destroyed, the loss is no common one.

In a recent circular, written in his customary florid style, the good Abbé alluded to the "plus de 30 ans d'une effrayante tension de nos facultés intellectuelles et physiques, mais à laquelle résiste la solidité herculienne de notre constitution"—but we fear that even his marvellous vigor will scarcely, in the face of a calamity so stunning, enable him to build up again the vast amount of material which he had placed, as he hoped, in an enduring form. If so, the loss is one not easily to be repaired, for though in point of typographical execution and editorial accuracy his editions left much to be desired, yet they presented in a cheap form an immense amount of material which was in no other way accessible to the ordinary student. In his misfortune the Abbé deserves and will receive the sympathy of all, without distinction of creeds, who can appreciate his exhaustless vigor and the services which he has rendered to the cause of learning.

—Napoleon's friendship with the Saint Simonians is very well known; the favor shown the house of Pereire is an instance of it in what is probably not its most disinterested phase. For the matter of that, it is perhaps not unfair to suspect that his apparent sympathy with the doctrines as well as the bankers of the Saint Simonian community—once of greater weight in French politics than now—may have been quite as much the child of his ambition as of his earnest desire for truth and for social reform. At all events, there was friendship between President, and future Emperor, Louis Napoleon and Père Enfantin, and the late debates in the Corps Législatif on the new Press bill afforded a proof of it, which we notice as belonging to the contemporary history of the literary censorship in France. M. Jules Simon, in the course of his speech the other day, said that a few years ago Bon Père Enfantin, who was then near the end of his life, wrote a book which he called "Dieu et l'Homme." It was published by M. Victor Masson, who was at once summoned before the law officers and informed that proceedings were about to be brought against him. He endeavored to dissuade the procureur from prosecution, but for a long time without effect; until at last he informed him that he had in his possession a letter in which Napoleon had given the author leave to dedicate the book to him. The book which was criminal in the eye of the public prosecutor, M. Simon said, was held innocent at the Tuileries. A thousand such stories might be related, and a good many of the strangest of them would have for their moral pretty much the same already familiar lesson—the smaller the official, the greater the officiousness. An amusing case in point is that of the zealous functionary who, a month or two since, caused an actor to be admonished that the Empire must not be brought into contempt by the public use of a handkerchief ornamented with a portrait of Napoleon the Great. Pocket-handkerchiefs are not, we suppose, literature "within the meaning of the act," but the censorship does things as absurd as any other department of the police is responsible for. A far larger number of stories than those chiefly comic would teach us that the Second Empire finds it for its interest to debauch the morals of the people; that while it has only severity for free speech, it willingly permits loose language; that, like most "paternal governments," it gets its maxims of paternal duty from a very pseudo-Solomon, and spoils the child without at all sparing the rod.

—It surprised most people to be told a little while ago by a laborious student of the Scriptures that he had found contemporary Dutch literature a great help to him in his labors. For the literature of the Netherlands makes no European figure whatever, and nobody is ashamed to confess his almost complete ignorance of authors like Cats, Helders, Van Kampen, and Van Lennep—who have long been popular among their own countrymen—and his total ignorance of the Dutch writers of our own day. One of these latter has, however, recently made his name known abroad by a novel which is described as the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Holland. It has recently been translated into English under the title of "Max Havelaar," and is spoken of as a very remarkable book, but is pronounced not so remarkable as a novel as it is powerful as a political pamphlet against the Conservatives and in favor of the Liberals. For in the kingdom of Holland also, although educated Englishmen ask "the name of the present Stadtholder," and appear to think the country has been in a political swoon for half a century, there is no lack of political activity and even of severe party strife. At present Clericals and Liberals are contending in the legislature on a question first

raised by the novel of which we have spoken, whose author, Mr. Dowes Dekker, is a Liberal. In this work it was first made known to the mass of Mr. Dekker's countrymen that they are responsible for a cruel system of slavery. He gave a direct contradiction to all official reports in regard to the Dutch East India possessions. In the Indian Archipelago the Dutch have under their control all of Java, and all or parts of Borneo, Sumatra, Celebes, Timor, Banca, the Banda Isles, Bencoolen, and many other islands and provinces which together have a population of almost 17,000,000 souls —chiefly aboriginal inhabitants, Malays, and Chinese. The form of government under which not all but most of these people live may be described with some approach to accuracy as being this: there are native chiefs, called Regents, who get salaries from the Dutch and a percentage on all products raised in their district. These the natives acknowledge as lawfully their masters. But over the Regents are Dutchmen called Residents, and over the Residents is the Home Government. The Home Government, when a man is sent out as a Resident, administers to him an oath to protect the native population against "extortion and tyranny." But whenever he makes an official report he is expected to use this phrase, now become stereotyped, "tranquillity remains tranquil." It is not often he can keep his oath and use the traditional formula truthfully. For it appears that in Java, at any rate—we do not know if Mr. Dekker talks of any colony but Java—an island of ten millions of inhabitants, the native laborer must raise whatever crop the regents order; the regent orders what the Dutch resident orders, and he what the Home Government has decided shall be produced. Rice is what the Javanese cultivates when left to himself; it is the most profitable of the crops to the tiller, and, so to speak, the most natural; from the name of this grain the name of the island itself is derived. But if the Government decides on indigo or sugar or coffee as temporarily the crop most profitable to itself, the laborer must raise that and leave his breadstuff crop uncultivated. We have here undisguised slavery. As might be expected, famines are of not infrequent occurrence; a few years ago mothers offered to sell their children for food; mothers ate their own children; there was depopulation of whole districts. The governor was forced to proclaim that the extension of the European market, as it is called, should not be pushed to the extremity of famine. Of course, "Max Havelaar" made the Liberals justly indignant with the system it described—and, it is maintained, described with under-statement of the dreadful facts. No contradiction has been attempted. The Conservatives, with the King at their head, reply to the Liberal denunciation with arguments like some which we in this country once heard so often—"the Javanese will not work," "vested interests are not to be disturbed," and the others; but a speedy triumph is predicted for the party of emancipation. The novel can hardly fail to be an interesting one. The human interest must surely be powerful; and if the author's Dutch realism has not been staggered by the strange and tremendous forms of animal and vegetable life with which he might deal, his book might well be worth reading for their sake alone.

—Fanny Kemble is the writer of an essay on Lady Macbeth's character which appears in a late number of *Macmillan*. It is very well worth reading for its analysis of certain parts of the play and for the light which her long and careful study of Shakespeare enables her to throw upon many other points of interest besides the one with which she is more particularly dealing. For example, her estimate of Macbeth's nature; her theory of the reasons why the poet brought influences from the other world to bear upon him while he did not so move the woman; her explanation of the fact that Macbeth never wholly loses his dignity in our eyes though we see him subservient to his wife; her argument on the question whether or not Lady Macbeth also sees the ghost that terrifies the king in the banquet hall, present considerations not all wholly new to be sure, and not, of course, wholly adequate—for one writer in one essay leaves much unsaid in talking about principal points in far less works of Shakespeare's than this great tragedy—but which are valuable in suggestion. But as regards the chief question treated of, not many people, we should say, will come to the writer's conclusion. It is briefly this: Lady Macbeth was destitute of the moral sense; it is wrong to say she died of remorse, for "consciousness of guilt she never had;" she is haunted by blood much as a butcher might be in a nightmare. "The *unrecognized* pressure of her great guilt," Mrs. Kemble says, "killed her;" but "intruding a moral element of which she is conscious into Lady Macbeth's punishment is a capital error, because her punishment consists in her infinite distance from all such influences." And again: "She died of wickedness," for "the body can sin but so much and survive, and other deadly passions besides those of violence and sensuality can wear away its fine tissues." All this seems to us nearly meaningless. Surely infinite distance from God is a punishment from which Lady Macbeth, on Mrs. Kemble's theory of her character, could not have escaped had she remained innocent of all her particular acts of murder. And how does the body succumb under the soul's overwhelming consciousness of sin if the soul is incapable of a sense of guilt? Many passages in the play, as we read it, would have to be expunged before this theory could be accepted. It is a woman resolved on that which she knows is a crime, but which she thinks will be a profitable one, who says to herself these words:

> . . . . . "Come, come you spirits
> That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here.
> Stop up the access and passage to remorse."

And these to her accomplice:

> . . . . . "These deeds must not be thought
> After these ways; so, it will make us mad."

And it is a woman—we do not know that we ought not to italicize *woman*—oppressed by the memory of a crime, which, by the way, has been unprofitable, who loses the balance of her mind, and who says, "Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand;" and then sighs, "Oh, oh, oh!" so that the physician says, "What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged." Much more might be said to controvert this theory of Mrs. Kemble's, but we have not space. And indeed there seems to us nothing to be said in support of it.

—Those who are interested in the military operations of the English in Abyssinia, or who desire to obtain accurate information concerning the present character and condition of a country which seems destined to be forced into more intimate relations with European civilization than it has hitherto maintained, will welcome the octavo volume of Th. Von Heuglin, recently issued by Costenoble in Jena. This work is a record of the author's travels during the years 1861 and 1862 as a member of *Die deutsche Expedition*, and, in connection with Werner Munzinger's "Oest-afrikanische Studien," may be regarded as among the most valuable fruits of that enterprise. His account of a visit to the Emperor Theodore and to the fortress of Magdala, in the dungeons of which British subjects are now awaiting their deliverance, is especially interesting. The description of the king's personal character; his qualities as a ruler and a warrior; the number, equipment, organization, and discipline of his army; the disposition of his vassals, etc., are the most clear and satisfactory of any that we have yet seen. The same is true also of the geographical and historical portions of the book. The physical configuration of Abyssinia is of such a nature that nearly all the climates of the earth are represented there; so that within an area extending over only five degrees of latitude the products of every zone could be successfully cultivated. Herr Heuglin furnishes also considerable curious and interesting information as to the religious character of the people. The great majority of the inhabitants are Christian; many of the Mohammedan Galla, after having been forced to acknowlege the government of the present sovereign, were compelled to come into the fold by a summary baptism. Two-thirds of the days in the calendar are feast or fast days, and the country is cursed and impoverished by thousands of monks, nuns, and other ecclesiastical drones. The popular mind is overgrown with the rankest superstitions; belief in witchcraft is universal, and some districts are wholly devoted to devil-worship. The picture of his Satanic majesty is always drawn in profile. Abyssinia, too, is the only country which has canonized Pontius Pilate. The Roman governor is there put into the category of the saints.

—A very valuable contribution to archæology is Overbeck's recently published volume, entitled "Die antiken Schriftquellen zur Geschichte der bildenden Künste bei den Griechen." Within the compass of less than five hundred pages we have the literary sources of all our knowledge of Grecian art carefully arranged according to periods, and following in this respect the author's well-known "Geschichte der griechischen Plastik." An alphabetical index of artists' names renders it easy for the reader to turn to any passage in the book, and thus greatly enhances its practical worth. Those who have not a complete classic library within their reach, and who wish to consult the original authorities on the subject of Grecian art, will find in this work an admirable aid. Overbeck does for this interesting department of study what Preller and Ritter have done for Grecian philosophy.

—"Die Fortschritte des Unterrichtswesens in den Culturstaaten Europas," by Beer and Hochegger, the first volume of which has recently appeared, is an historical and statistical account of the various systems of public instruction in Europe, from the primary school to the university. The nucleus of the work is a series of articles on public instruction in Austria, France, and Russia which the authors published originally in the *Zeitschrift für die östreichischen Gymnasien* (Journal for Austrian Gymnasia). The plan

embraces three volumes: the first treats of education in France and Austria; the second will deal in like manner with Russia, Poland, Belgium, Holland, and Italy; the third, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England, and Switzerland. Spain seems to be entirely ignored, probably because she offers very little material. The curse of Austria in this respect is its isolation and immobility. This work is regarded by European educators as an exceedingly important contribution to pedagogy, and we hope that it will be soon brought to its completion.

SPIRITUAL WIVES.*

We have recently heard of two sound criticisms on Mr. Hepworth Dixon. While he was over here picking up the materials for his "New America"—new enough most of his monstrosities were to most Americans—an English gentleman, a member of Parliament, happened to be also among us taking a look at democracy. Mr. Dixon's name coming up in conversation, his countryman laughed and made this remark: "A precious lot of nonsense *he* 'll write when he gets home." This anticipative criticism turned out to be, in a general way, a pretty correct one. The other utterance to which we refer is that of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, in a recent essay, pays his respects to Mr. Dixon in his very best easy-insolent manner: "That able and interesting work of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's," he says, "which we were all reading last year—the 'Mormons, by one of Themselves.' Here again I am not quite sure that my memory serves me as to the exact title," etc. Both of these remarks pleased us very well. As for the first of them, the book was certainly far enough from being a precious lot of sense; the six or seven editions of it that have been published have no doubt misled the mind of a great many people in England; and we should say that they have probably helped to taint the morals of a certain number. As Mr. Arnold rather more than insinuates, it seemed to furnish reason for believing that Mr. Dixon is more or less warmly in sympathy with the peculiar sects and communities that he came over here to describe. This may be so only in appearance. For our own part, we presume him to be rather indifferent as to the subjects of his books. It is not necessary—perhaps it is not proper, though Mr. Arnold seems to think it so—to suppose that Mr. Dixon does not fully approve of that happy mean to which the most of mankind has attained, between the Mormon life, which he does, to be sure, describe with spirit, and the Shaker life, which also he describes with spirit. It is far more charitable to say that he cares little what he writes about so that he makes a selling book. Perhaps if Messrs. Hurst & Blackett could have assured him of the equally heavy sale of another book on "The Holy Land," he would quite as soon have written that as have written this "Spiritual Wives."

"Spiritual Wives," however, certainly does tend to confirm the judgment of him which Mr. Arnold has expressed with such witty severity. It is one more book in the line of the worse parts of "New America." Still, it confirms our own judgment too, for it is a book likely to sell largely. Yet it is, comparatively to "New America" even, a book of small value. It fails to satisfy either of two demands—one at least of which may properly be made of any writer who undertakes such subjects as those of which this book treats. It deals with certain phenomena of diseased spiritual life. They are phenomena which may properly engage the attention of students, but which, for more reasons than one, are not to be talked of commonly. Now, students of morbid psychology, like other students, want of their fellow-students or instructors a full and accurate record of facts, unmixed with "lively writing," unornamented, plain, and distinct—data for the man of science—or they want the results which spiritual insight and the power of philosophic thinking have enabled some abler man than the mere observer to reach. Both together they want, if both can be had; but certainly they want one, and other things than these they do not want. It is only to a very small extent indeed that "Spiritual Wives" answers either of these requirements. It was written for the average subscriber to the circulating libraries, and no one need go to it for more than this—a mere passing reference to some of the sects which have held the doctrine which gives it a name; a pretty full account, of the pictorial-historical kind, of the Königsberg Ebelians; a newspaper correspondent's account of Prince's Agapemone; a rather poor newspaper correspondent's account of certain half-crazed and certain hypocritical persons who figured in one or two old revivals in this country; some desultory insufficient talk about several other people and several sects who have put in practice the theory of free love; and some talk about a number of irrelevant matters of various kinds. In no part of the book is there a satisfactory examination of the doctrine itself, or a scientifically full, orderly, and intelligible collection and collocation of the facts revealed by any of its phases. The first half of the volume, which relates to Ebel and Prince, gives evidence of carefulness in the preparation; but the second half was apparently put into print for little else than to swell the size of the volume. It is a rather confused jumble of indefinite writing about many people and things; about the church of the Apostles, about the Pauline church, about the church of our own day—in which "all the High Church movements run into some form of spiritual mysticism and social innovation;" about the Gothic and Phœnician spirits as regards woman; about Robert Dale Owen, who was "the soul of the Democratic party while that party had a life of its own," on whose departure from it, and because of his departure, the party splintered off into a dozen fragments, who now "is the Privy Councillor of the Republic," and somehow, to-day, a vast power in our politics! about Mr. Raymond—"afterwards so famous as the confidential friend of Abraham Lincoln;" about Mr. Greeley, who allowed the Fourierites to use the columns of the *Tribune;* about Andrew Jackson Davis and "The Great Harmonia;" about Plato and Goethe, whose "Banquet" and "Elective Affinities" are given in brief synopses; and about a hundred other matters of which none is treated with exhaustiveness, some are treated with the inexactness of vagueness, and some with the inexactness of downright error.

Mr. Dixon has already been complained of because, in his chapters on the Agapemone, he has drawn once more into public notice persons connected with families which are, of course, injured by his exposure of the now half-forgotten crimes and follies of some of their members. We complain of him as guilty of another similar breach of good manners in dragging into his very miscellaneous assemblage of imbecile and immoral visionaries the men of Brook Farm. The objects of those men in trying their experiment, their minds and their characters, were so utterly different from the objects and minds and characters of most of the men and women into whose company he, Mr. Dixon, has seen fit to bring them, that to lead or to help his ill-informed readers to class them together is a piece of gross injustice. The mention of them strengthens the "Gothic spirit" argument about as much as the mention of the omitted Saint Simonians would have done.

It is hardly worth while to say much about a book of this kind. On the whole, looked at from whatever point of view, "Spiritual Wives" will do Mr. Dixon's reputation nothing but harm.

NEWPORT AS IT WAS.*

To the writing called history the historical novel is as the enlargement and development and high coloring of a small corner or patch of the main canvass. Mr. Channing's "Recollections" furnishes each, but especially the novel, with materials, and affords the most important aid to the imagination, without some small endowment of which history is neither to be read nor written. The venerable author could scarcely have bequeathed a more grateful or useful legacy than this simple record of the generation which was the immediate ancestor of the nineteenth century in America. For the usages of Newport were in large measure those of the time, and not peculiar, and were owned in common by our grandfathers of Massachusetts and our grandfathers of Pennsylvania. Among them was the house-furnishing, which we all know, and the costumes, also familiar—in the days when the table was set with pewter, and there were silk-looms and spinning-wheels, but no matches, no coals, and no gas; when women went without hoops, and rode behind their husbands on pillions instead of side-saddles, and boys wore ruffled shirts, but no drawers, and very soluble felt hats, and men wore pointed shoes and small clothes, or trousers without suspenders; when there were no sunshades and no silk umbrellas; when the schoolmaster was an awful being, and everybody flogged children, and ministers seldom brought politics into their pulpits, but talked mostly of eternal punishment; when there was but one school in medicine, and domestic practice was confined to a few carefully dried herbs; when there were no dentists; when the insane and idiotic were either allowed to go at large or suffered from the most cruel restraint and neglect; when there was a rage for poplar trees and a great affection for the sideboard, and the host first asked his visitor, "How are you?" and then, "What will you take?" and gave wine dinners which made wives wonder at night what had become of their husbands, and sent the husbands to bed till they were fit to be got home next morning. These, as we have said, were traits not of Newport or New England solely—probably neither

* "Spiritual Wives. By William Hepworth Dixon, author of 'New America,' 'The Holy Land,' 'William Penn,' etc." London: Hurst & Blackett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

* "Early Recollections of Newport, R. I., from the Year 1793 to 1811. By George G. Channing." Newport: A. J. Ward; Charles E. Hammett, Jr.; Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1868. Pp. xii., 284.

were those solemn tea-parties, which might be described as Quaker meetings tempered with refreshments; and certainly the reading of the islanders was not more nor less provincial than that of States which earlier put aside their royal charters—in light literature, the novels of Miss Burney, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Le Sage, De Foe, etc.

It is hard to realize, notwithstanding Mr. Channing's data, the social and commercial importance of Newport less than sixty years ago, and to think of it as at one time the rival of New York and Boston. The author's namesake and employer, for example, "transacted the greater part of the wholesale business in his native State, in Connecticut, and in a good part of Massachusetts." His trade was to India, to Africa, to Guiana, the West Indies, and all parts of Europe, and employed thirteen vessels of one sort and another. The town kept a dozen vessels plying between it and Cuba and Surinam, bringing molasses to be distilled into New England rum, that again to be casked and sent to Africa in exchange for slaves. The Gulf Stream and a special packet brought great numbers of Southerners to Newport, attracted by its genial climate, its sea-bathing, and the best private school in the States. Newport also sustained a line of stages connecting with a line of sloops from Boston to New York, the sloops with a fair wind reaching Peck Slip in sixteen or seventeen hours. But at the height of its commerce accounts were kept by single entry, there were no sidewalks in its streets, and only two public carriages, so that it took two hours to transport the persons who attended one of the "subscription assemblies" in the winter. At these balls, however—where there were no waltzes nor polkas, and cotillons were hardly in vogue—the equitable spirit of the counting-room also prevailed, partners for the first two dances being drawn by lot, to the great comfort of the homelier ones.

Politics in Newport presented the usual divisions of Republicans and Federalists, with their train of bitternesses which affected all the relations of life. The governor of Rhode Island got a salary of $400 per annum, at a time when wages ruled at five to six shillings a day. The votes of the several towns were brought up to the capital by the senators and representatives to be counted. When the legislature sat for business, the attorney-general attended to prepare or revise the bills offered for adoption—a prudent arrangement, worthy of preservation and of imitation. Voters endorsed their names upon their ballots—another safeguard. Authorized punishments, besides execution, were the whipping of men at the cart's tail, of women in the jail yard, and the pillory.

Some of the incidents of the author's boyhood are to be found in the first volume of the memoir of his brother, the late Dr. W. E. Channing. That the large and remarkable family of which they were members were "raised" pure in a town which, as we have seen, was not favorable to youthful morality, was due to the discipline of their excellent mother. She had a standing and invariable injunction for the children not to go into the water; but as she was quite sure it was frequently disregarded, she merely felt the hair of the supposed delinquent and flogged him if she found any wet ends. Whether they could swim or not, made no difference. To her is attributed the old Joe of ordering a gun to be let alone because it might go off although it had no lock on it; and the anecdote well illustrates her constitutional anxiety. Upon the author, who was not a robust infant, she tried the hydropathic treatment with eminent success, feeding him at the same time on "whitpot"—the white Indian meal peculiar to Rhode Island, mixed with milk and molasses. She clothed him in the frocks which descended from his older sisters, and sent him to a primary school where the boys and girls were dressed alike, and sat, or rather rotated, on round blocks of wood, furnished by their parents, there being no desks and no chairs other than the dame's. Sunday was for him the least agreeable day of the week, and if it was winter he sat shivering in the chilled meeting-house, perhaps with his hair just cropped by the barber, while the minister was muffled to the chin, and the women alone were furnished with foot-stoves. There were no rubbers then, and boots were a luxury. Shoes were poorly made, a cheap shoemaker from Bristol making an annual visit to get the *length* of the children's feet. For good living they did not want, with their "journey-cake"—the making of which is a "lost art"—their still approved Rhode Island poultry, turtle from Nassau, and, for fruit, the famous Rhode Island greening and superb quinces.

Mr. Channing's recollections of prominent men who either resided in Newport or visited it professionally are full of interest. Of Dr. Samuel Hopkins, whose congregation was composed mostly of laboring men, he gives the following picture (p. 90):

"He was ungainly in gait and dress; wore, when on horseback, a robe of stuff called at the time calamanco, a glossy, woollen material, of green color, which was secured round the waist by a silk girdle. His head-gear was a red cap, over a wig. He rode with his arms a-kimbo."

He thinks Mrs. Stowe had no foundation for the story of his wooing. A air and minute appreciation of the doctor is given by Dr. Channing in the memoir already alluded to, and his opposition to slavery is, happily, not apocryphal. In the same town was the Episcopal Trinity church, which permitted colored people to worship only when posted behind a screen that concealed them from the rest of the congregation. Father Thurston bore testimony against intemperance. He was obliged to work on week-days, and, being a cooper, might have made casks for rum, but would not, so made pails with a good conscience.

Of the "Friends" Mr. Channing has many anecdotes, and says that they were "anti-slavery in word and act." His father probably remembered when they were neither. John Woolman visited the island in May, 1760, and understood that a large number of slaves were imported from Africa into Newport, and were then on sale by a member of the Society. "Some leading active members about Newport" were in the practice of slave-keeping, and these he exhorted privately to discontinue it. At the Yearly Meeting he read a form of petition to the legislature to discourage future importations, and it was recommended "to be signed out of meeting by such who were free." Friends were then also implicated in lotteries, and otherwise shared the faults of the "world's people." Benjamin Lundy attended Yearly Meeting at Newport in 1828, and he wrote in his diary: "Sectarianism nearly closes up my way here, I being but a moderate Quaker."

What the Hessians spared of the prosperity of Newport, the embargo destroyed, and the town has remained for half a century more like a fossil than any other on the New England seaboard, not even Salem excepted. Latterly, a new life has been breathed into it owing to its increasing reputation as a watering-place, and Mr. Channing comes like a good bookkeeper to close the old account. We wish him plenty of readers.

MR. MOSS'S "CHRISTIAN COMMISSION."*

About four months after the war was begun by the attack on Sumter Mr. Vincent Colyer, of this city, formed the idea of bringing religious influences to bear upon the men in the field. But the Christians of the country were rather backward, and it was some time before he could get the Young Men's Christian Associations together in convention. They did, however, meet in the autumn of 1861, and formed the Christian Commission. Mr. Charles Demond, of Boston, was the framer of the resolutions then adopted, and he speaks of them as follows:

"In looking at the resolutions of the convention which formed the Commission I am more firmly convinced that the Lord was guiding us. I drew those resolutions with no definite idea, and yet God so directed me that all the main features of our work were there, or entirely in harmony with them. How small were our thoughts then, and how dark the way for a long time in our early meetings in New York! Blessed be the Lord for the way in which he has led us. It is his doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

It was some time after this that anything of consequence was accomplished by the new organization for "the spiritual and temporal welfare" of the soldiers. For a good many months—seven or eight—the work languished, and at times it seemed as if it would never be even well begun. The religious newspapers did very little indeed to forward it; several of the officers resigned their places; the Commission had no office, and, indeed, hardly deskroom that it could call its own, and for some cause which we have not learned it fell out with the Young Men's Christian Association of this city. In July, 1863, Mr. Morrison, in charge of the central office, says, in a letter full of suppressed yet lively dissatisfaction, that the property on hand consists of a mahogany table with two drawers, two oak chairs, some books and stationery in a desk—the desk apparently a borrowed one—a lot of pamphlets, miscellaneous books, newspapers, and magazines; a coal-scuttle, coal-scoop, hammer, box-opener, and marking-pot; some paper, nails, and twine; eighty-four three-cent stamps and fifty blue ones in a buff envelope, and a less number of the same value in a box of pens in the back part of a drawer. The only thing, in fact, to which Mr. Morrison was able to look back with pleasure when he afterwards reflected on his administration was that, daily, there was held in his office a pretty united, earnest prayer-meeting of one.

Till 1863 less had been attempted, less by far, than was expected, and less had been done than had been attempted, for the delegates were not looked on with over-much favor by the authorities, and the people had been brought neither to a perception of the importance of the work proposed nor a knowledge of the Commission's existence. In the beginning of 1863, however, affairs took a better turn. During the first

* "Annals of the United States Christian Commission. By Rev. Lemuel Moss, Home Secretary to the Commission." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

year the Commission, badly managed, experienced a series of rebuffs from the Washington officials, but these became less frequent as time passed by. Mr. Lincoln was always well inclined, General McClellan seems to have never failed to respond courteously to the requests of the delegates, Provost-Marshal-General Patrick was a very warm friend of the Commission, and when application was made to Grant for leave to work within the limits of his command he at once made such answer as might have been expected. His general order on the subject is entirely in harmony with all that has since been learned of his character—a character which, the more that is learned of it, the more appears to have for its basis what Western men call "horse-sense." He displayed his usual obliviousness of the red-tape chains which harnessed and hampered many others of our commanders, and appears to have perceived that the distribution of newspapers and books among his fellow-citizens in arms; the presence among them of men and women who revived in their minds the best ideas connected with home; who supplied them with reading matter that called them away from euchre and bluff and corrupting conversation; who set them singing hymns and hearing sermons when they might otherwise have been breaking guard or smuggling whiskey into camp; who nursed and fed men for whose death too often the hospital stewards were waiting with a natural but discouraging impatience; who wrote thousands of letters that brought back to sick men thousands of comforting letters; who, in short, made able-bodied soldiers less disorderly and able-bodied and disabled soldiers more happy and comfortable—such persons, he perceived, were persons that might properly be used by the general of a volunteer army, although no authority for their transportation and subsistence is discoverable in the West Point traditions of the Commissary's and Quartermaster's Departments.

It is not necessary for us—the public is already so familiar with the literature of similar labors—to follow the thread of these annals through the four years of the Commission's existence. The stores distributed during that time amounted in value to more than three and a half millions of dollars; the publications distributed and the preaching done turned out in the end to have cost much less than that other part of the Commission's work—not distinctly intended at first—which was precisely identical with the work of the Sanitary Commission. Speaking with exactness, the proportionate cost of the several departments of the Commission's labor is as follows:—The cost of stores distributed and of services rendered in diet kitchens was sixty-seven and one-fifth per cent. of the whole expenditure; the cost of publications, of incidental aid given to delegates, of tents, chapels, and chapel furniture was only twenty-seven and three-tenths per cent. But it must be remembered, in estimating the relative proportions of what may be called the legitimate and the illegitimate work of the Commission, that of its army of five thousand delegates few received any pay, and, further, that although a delegate distributed in a year stores worth $5,536, while the worth of the tracts and books he gave away was less than $1,500, still he was rendering the additional service—essentially similar to the distribution of tracts—of preaching, on an average, eighty-nine sermons a year, attending one hundred and eighteen prayer-meetings, and saying pious words beside sick-beds an indefinite number of times. It is true enough, as Mr. Moss says, after giving elaborate tables of expenditures, receipts, and so on, that figures cannot tell the whole story; the delegates must have been of great sanitary service by the performance of the work specially their own, to say nothing of the effect that their instructions may have had on the spiritual welfare of the men with whom they came in contact. However, there is no necessary end to considerations of this kind, and there is a necessary limit to these remarks.

It remains to say a word of the book. It begins with a long and useless essay entitled "A Glance Backwards," which talks about the Roman, Greek, and mediæval methods of treating prisoners and caring for the sick, and which brings its account down through the Crimean war and the Franco-Italian war and the Schleswig-Holstein war, but says not a word about the Sanitary Commission of our American rebellion. Then follows an essay entitled "Preliminary Movements," which contains facts in regard to the formation of the earliest societies for the relief of soldiers—germs of both the Christian and the Sanitary Commissions. In this essay also the Sanitary Commission is conspicuous by its almost total absence, and Mr. Moss would have done wisely but not too well—only well enough—if he had saved his book from the charge of illiberality which with color, at least, of truth can be brought against it. Suppressions of truth are mostly suggestions of falsehoods; but faith in the Sanitary Commission is to-day part of the furniture of the general American mind—a fixture, rather, of the American mind—and to omit mention of it, or give but the slightest mention of it, in an account of the agencies that have latterly ameliorated war, is of disadvantage only to the man who makes the omission. So much for one thing that struck us unpleasantly in reading Mr. Moss's work. After the two preparatory essays we have as the remainder of the book the annals of the Christian Commission. They are truly annals in confining the reader to the chronological sequence of events, and their author unnecessarily fails of making a book, and makes a confused collection of facts and names. He however does to some extent atone for his artistic failure by giving, in his last pages, an exhaustive index, the order of which, to use a distinction that Coleridge used to insist on, enables us to dispense, after a fashion, with the lack of method with which the work was composed.

Life of Maximilian I., late Emperor of Mexico. With a Sketch of the Empress Carlotta. By Frederic Hall, one of his Majesty's Legal Advisers. "*Fiat Justitia ruat cœlum.*" (New York: James Miller. 1868.)—It may be assumed that no legal talent, however great, could have rescued Maximilian from the fate which finally overtook him; and if it could, it is safe to say that Maximilian stood in need of abler counsel than Mr. Hall. His narrative is characterized by the most preposterous rhetoric and the utter absence of sympathy or imagination. We should never have done if we attempted to give examples of either of these defects; but we pledge our word that they exist, together with turgid amplifications, frequent platitudes, and occasional puerility of thought. In his desire to be faithful, the author descends to the smallest details without regard to the propriety of introducing them where he does, and sometimes with such ludicrous effect as when, wishing to describe the charitable activity of the Empress, he says (p. 42): "She has often been observed walking through the mud, *holding up her skirts*, in order to visit the poor in the hospitals," etc. His translations from original documents share the peculiarities of his style, and we have the inhabitants of Trieste promising to "continue their peregrinations around Miramar."

These things would not be worth mentioning if they did not contribute so largely to the bulk of the book, and fill the plodding reader with despair of ever reaching the scene of Mr. Hall's *début*. This does not take place till the two hundredth page, the volume containing but three hundred and seventeen pages. For about a dozen pages we read of a visit to the captive Emperor and sundry conversations with him on the part of his "legal adviser"—how appointed, we do not learn—in which Maximilian is reported to have said of the accusations against him: "When they were read to me, I had to put my hand over my mouth to keep from laughing, they were so silly." He also admitted—and we consider it the most valuable revelation that Mr. Hall makes—that since his imprisonment he had warned his betrayer, Lopez, of an attempt to assassinate him. Mr. Hall also asserts that Maximilian signed the October decree most reluctantly, and only under the importunities of Marshal Bazaine, who represented to him that Juarez had fled the country; that he annulled it when fairly rid of the French a year later (Oct., 1866), and that in the meantime he did his utmost to relieve it of any but a moral effect upon his opponents, by forbidding executions under it in every case that came to his knowledge—ordering for that purpose, as he informed Mr. Hall, the telegraph office to be kept open night and day, and word of the capture of prisoners to be brought him at all hours.

Such glimpses of the Emperor as we get through this personal intercourse, and through the uniformly elevated and manifestly sincere utterances of his speeches, letters, and proclamations, confirm that high opinion of him which prevailed in Lombardo-Venetia during his rule there, and which no unbiassed act of the man himself seems ever to have impeached. His goodness and his chivalric notions of the duties of a sovereign in this age shone in Italy but were wholly lost in Mexico, not only because of the different characters of the two peoples, but because of the different circumstances in which he assumed authority. On the one hand, he was inexcusable for consenting to reap the fruits of an infamous invasion, of which the withdrawal of England and Spain might have aroused suspicions; on the other, Mexico, if not excusable for the execution of Maximilian, is not to be judged as Lombardy would have been for a similar protest against foreign rule. These distinctions, however, Mr. Hall is unwilling to allow, and he argues laboriously the unconstitutionality of the court-martial, sentence, and shooting at Queretaro. In Mexico, of all countries, this is love's labor lost. If Mexican constitutions were as yet anything more than paper, the Church party would not have revolted, nor Jecker have made his loan, nor France adopted it, nor Maximilian been called in. And if Maximilian had abdicated when the withdrawal of the French left him in the grip of Escobedo on the north and Diaz on the south, and showed him how insignificant a territory remained as his "empire," and to what a minority his "subjects" were reduced, Mexico would have been less cruel, and the world

happier for Maximilian's bloodless but salutary experience. For the sake of its documents and a few strokes as from an eye-witness, we place Mr. Hall's book upon the shelf, remembering that we do not yet know half the secrets of the Mexican expedition, and that others besides the Count de Kératry are to take up the shameful tale.

Randolph Honor. By the author of "Ingemisco." (New York: Richardson & Co. 1868.)—Miss Evans, of Mobile, has at various times offered to the novel-reading public a good deal of information concerning the personal and mental peculiarities of the "chivalry;" but we had always supposed that her testimony was not altogether impartial, and could only be accepted with certain reservations. Such encyclopædic knowledge, such commendably familiar and quotable acquaintance with the poetry and philosophy of all nations as her characters exhibited, seemed hardly a thing to be predicated of an entire community. The author of "Randolph Honor," however, between whom and Miss Evans there apparently exists no complicity, offers us further evidence on the same point, and we confess to finding the cumulative force of the testimony serious. The members of the Southern aristocracy, with their "white hands and easy manners"—two things which this writer's observation convinces her occupy to each other the invariable relation of cause and effect—are then really in the habit of carrying on their flirtations, their serious talks, their downright love-making, in quotations. The fact—if indeed it be one—is suggestive. It lessens the actual guilt of the rebellion, and makes its moral history a fitting subject for philosophers of the congenital school. Dr. Holmes might do it justice. The vice of appropriation is plainly in the Southern blood; and from a line of poetry to an arsenal, from a stale bit of moralizing to a human soul and body, they take by instinct. Unfortunately, their intellectual importance dwindles along with their moral responsibility. Their literature becomes a "thing of shreds and patches," in which there is nothing Southern but a certain strange perversion of the moral sentiment.

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The Week.

ON Tuesday the House, by 122 to 2, passed a bill which at one stroke cuts off $84,000,000 of revenue. It removes the five per cent. tax from manufactures generally, and retains it upon only five or six articles—distilled spirits, fermented liquors and certain kinds of wine, oils distilled from coal, illuminating gas, and manufactured tobacco in all its forms. It is expected, however, that the loss to the Government from this measure of needed relief will not be more than some $60,000,000, as the committee will propose an increase of certain special taxes on different manufactures, and a tax of one-twentieth of one per cent. on sales of manufactured articles when amounting to more than a given sum—say $5,000. On Wednesday, in the Senate, Mr. Dixon delivered a speech, *apropos* of Mr. Sherman's Funding Bill, on the reconstruction policy of the Republican party and its financial schemes. An amendment to the Judiciary act was passed, permitting writs of error in internal revenue cases to be taken to the Supreme Court. The House, on the same day, occupied itself with Mr. Eliot's Freedmen's Bureau bill, which continues the Bureau for another year and re-establishes it wherever it has been discontinued; and with Mr. Stevens's bill for the admission of Alabama without a new election. Mr. Farnsworth defended the bill as well as he was able, and Mr. Brooks attacked it in a set speech; he appealed to Congress to profit by the example of the Amphictyonic Council, who refused to permit the erection of a monument after the war between Thrace and Lacedæmon. The general bill, by the way, which directs that in future elections in the South a majority of votes cast shall be sufficient to ratify the constitutions proposed, has become a law, the President having refrained from vetoing it in the ten days allowed him. Arkansas will vote under it—indeed, is now voting. On this same day the falsity of Mr. Logan's story about the $18,640,000 undestroyed bonds was plainly shown by a report from the Retrenchment Committee. Mr. Logan had no answer except general but very violent denunciations of the Treasury Department as reeking with corruption. The same subject came up on Thursday, but there was nothing developed that changes the character of it. Afterwards Mr. Schenck brought in a bill which he wished the House to pass, saying that there could be no objection to it from either side of the House, as it merely amended the Judiciary act so as to place officers of Internal Revenue on the same footing as Customs officers, so far as regards appeals from the Circuit Courts to the Supreme Court. While he was talking, Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, asked him to suffer the bill to be amended by a section repealing so much of the Judiciary act of February, 1867, as authorizes an appeal in *habeas corpus* cases from the Circuit Courts to the Supreme Court. So amended, the bill was passed. Mr. Schenck, who had had a word or two said to him, perceiving that its effect would be to remove the McCardle case out of the Supreme Court, did not modify the language he had just used in speaking of the bill. The Democratic members suffered it to pass, partly because they did not see its bearing, and partly, we should say, because they had a little more faith in Mr. Schenck's sense of honor than they will have again. It was a piece of sharp practice which no other Republican in the House could perhaps be much blamed for participating in, but which Mr. Schenck, as having been the means of lulling the Democrats to security by words true when he introduced the bill, but false when it was passed, ought certainly to have prevented. On Saturday, however, when he was attacked for his share in the business, he showed not the least compunction, and could not see, apparently, that any fraud had been committed. On Friday the President's trial took up the day. After hearing Mr. Stanbery, who was unexpectedly bitter, and Mr. Butler, who was bitter as was expected, and Mr. Bingham, who was on the whole unexpectedly calm and cool, the Senate refused to allow Mr. Johnson forty days in which to prepare his answer, refused, on the other hand, to order the trial to proceed at once, and finally settled on Monday next as the day for the filing of the answer. On Monday the Senate did nothing of general interest. The House refused to second the previous question on Mr. Ingersoll's resolution to issue greenbacks to the amount of such notes withdrawn from circulation by Mr. McCulloch when he was contracting the currency—an encouraging sign. On Tuesday the House discussed the removal of disabilities from Mr. W. W. Holden, Mr. James L. Orr, General Longstreet, and others. The House, on motion of Mr. Schenck, decided to wait a few weeks before taking action. Mr. Stevens asked for the recommittal of his bill for the admission of Alabama, and we shall hear no more of it.

The result of the New Hampshire election has not been officially promulgated, but it is certain that Harriman is Governor by a majority that will hardly vary by a score of votes from 2,530. This in a total vote of about 77,000, or, to be exact, of 76,868. The Republican Committee were laughed at by the Democratic press for expecting a vote of 76,531, which, indeed, is about 5,000 more votes than New Hampshire ever cast before this election. Their prediction was, however, verified, as it often has been before, with an exactness that is really astonishing, and which shows that the organization of the party in that State is well worth study and imitation. It is generally understood that for the excellence of this organization credit is to be given to the Hon. E. H. Rollins, who has seen several years of service as head of the State Committee. As regards the relative loss and gain of the two parties, it appears that the Republicans cast 3,803 more votes than last year; that the Democrats cast 4,493 more; and that there is, therefore, on the new vote a gain for the Democrats. The actual Republican majority is diminished by something like 600 or 650. On the whole, the Republicans have every reason to be very well satisfied with the result of as well-fought a political battle as has ever taken place in this country, and may properly fire guns of rejoicing over the defeat of a very confident enemy. Their adversaries, too, would be more than human not to be a little disheartened, for since 1862 they have never seemed to have so fair a chance of success. The Mobile *Tribune*, however, takes almost too melancholy a view of the situation. It receives the news with this welcome:

"There is a sulphurous volcanic cloud rising over the northern land;

and by the lurid light that gleams along its borders we can see houses in flames, and fields desolated, and outraged women flying with dishevelled hair to hide their shame, and mastless hulks with blood-stained decks drifting rudderless on seas whitened no more for ever with the canvas-wings of commerce, and cities of the dead whose mouldering ruins would topple over and fall with the jar upon the air of a single footstep upon their sidewalks, but the footstep is not there."

It should remember that the Democrats have made gains in Biddeford, Maine, and other towns.

We have on several occasions during the past year drawn attention to the injury to the country which Chief-Justice Chase was doing by going about the country haranguing negroes, by lobbying for the freedmen in Congress, and by going out, in a patriotic glow, to Ohio to vote the Republican ticket, and deliver harangues from his window to crowds in the street. We said that in doing thus, no matter how pure his own motives were, he was destroying the popular respect for his office, and diminishing the popular confidence in his judicial integrity. We said, moreover, that his being talked of even, with his own permission or connivance, as a candidate for the Presidency, was a great scandal and a great injury to the very class he was trying to serve. But some of our Radical contemporaries were highly delighted with his performances, thought it a very fine thing that the Chief-Justice should stump the country in a good cause, and that "our most distinguished jurist" should be a candidate for "the highest office, etc., etc." Well, our prognostications as to the result already begin to be verified. He has to preside now at a most important political trial, and his very first ruling or opinion, simply because it happens to be opposed to that of the majority, is ascribed to base motives. Nay, the very people who were most delighted by his political tours have now begun to hold him up to odium, and throw doubts on his fidelity. The last *Anti-Slavery Standard*, which is filled every week with the writhings or rejoicings of this far-sighted class, denounces the Chief-Justice as "the ally of the President;" says that he, "mad with the Presidential fever, desperate in the consciousness of baffled plans, and, meanly jealous of Wade, perhaps cherishing the forlorn hope of a Democratic nomination, joins forces with the enemy." More horrible still, it calls attention to the disgusting fact that on Wednesday week, in the evening, "the doors of the Chief-Justice's drawing-room were flung open, and the usher" (the abandoned wretch) "announced in a loud voice: 'The President of the United States and daughter.'" No wonder that, after this, the *Standard* pronounces him "a serious obstacle, whose evil intentions are only limited by his courage, which, fortunately, is not great." We sincerely hope that the result of this attempt to use the bench of the Supreme Court as a step to the White House will be a warning to all Mr. Chase's successors.

This exposure of what goes on in the Chief-Justice's salons suggests naturally the enquiry whether the judges of the Supreme Court have been watched in their own houses as closely as they ought to have been. We greatly fear that both the Judiciary Committee and the Reconstruction Committee have been remiss on this point. The people are dying to learn, for instance, what it was Judge Field said at Mr. Black's dinner-party, and yet nothing, so far as we have heard, has been done to gratify them. Now, we suggest, respectfully, that more use ought to be made of these gentlemen's waiters, and especially male waiters. A patriotic attendant at table, properly instructed by General Butler, could certainly, if he kept his ears open, pick up a great deal of interesting matter, and perhaps furnish some startling facts about the political opinions of the monsters who now sit on the bench of the Supreme Court. Some people may think this a wild, visionary idea, and practical men may tell us that waiters are too busy to listen to dinner conversation; but we have considered the matter carefully, and are satisfied there is something in our suggestion. Everybody knows that there are always intervals of indeterminate length between the courses, the blame of which, when they are too long, is laid on the cook. Now, what could be easier than for a waiter of the right sort to keep the guests waiting as long as might be necessary to jot down, in the pantry, the traitorous utterances of any "obstacles" who might be round the table in the other room? There has been an amount of negligence about this matter which makes us fear some of our leaders are not up to their work.

We have for some time given up discussing Mr. Thaddeus Stevens's opinions either on reconstruction or political economy, owing to the growth of a conviction in our minds that he did not reach them by ordinary human means—in other words, that he is a prophet or soothsayer, or something of that kind. For instance, when he announced some months ago that the man who, while professing to be a democrat, denied the claim of the negro to the suffrage, *must* be an atheist, we felt that some of the links in the chain of reasoning by which he reached this conclusion were hidden from mortal eyes. It is well established that you cannot *refute* a prophet; your remedy is, if he becomes troublesome, to disbelieve him. The New York *Times*, however, does not seem to be of this opinion, and accordingly assails each of Mr. Stevens's political revelations with as much ardor and enthusiasm as if it were dealing with the product of the common human brain. He has, within a few days, written a letter to Colonel Forney, informing this gentleman that he (Thaddeus Stevens) "has long reflected with such ability as he can command on the subject of the Declaration of Independence," and has come to the conclusion that "universal suffrage was one of the inalienable rights intended to be embraced in that instrument by our fathers at the time of the Declaration;" he therefore gives notice that the Committee on Reconstruction "have finally resolved that no State shall be admitted into the Union unless its constitution provides for universal suffrage." This notice the *Times* assails with much irreverence and acerbity, but, in our opinion, somewhat foolishly. There is no logical means of driving Mr. Stevens from his position. The way to meet it is the way they meet false witnesses in Hindostan, who occasionally prove trumped-up debts in the courts. The alleged debtor rarely relies on contradictory evidence; he simply produces a greater number of perjurers to swear that they saw the debt paid. So, also, the best mode of meeting Mr. Stevens's doctrines is to get some other elderly gentleman of good political standing to go to sleep with the Declaration of Independence under his pillow after a late dinner, and find out what "the fathers" thought after they had drawn the Declaration. The process would, we admit, be dangerous; for a person with a weak digestion and an active brain might easily be told by "the fathers" that when they spoke of "inalienable rights" they had an eight-hour law and a usury law in their minds, and were in favor of unlimited greenbacks; but the risk must be taken by anybody who wants to demolish Mr. Stevens. When a gentleman gives you, as conclusive, the result of his own "reflections" on a subject like this, there is no use in arguing with him, even if he were willing to argue with you, which Mr. Stevens never is.

A correspondent writes us from Philadelphia that he has no money invested in United States bonds, and that therefore he has to utter no cry of the bondholder awaiting robbery; but he has, he says, a very large investment for himself and his children in the honor and good name of his native country. So he sends us a fact or two which has fallen under his observation, and which tends to confirm the view that we have all along been taking—namely, that if it were possible for Mr. Butler and Mr. Pendleton to commit the country to repudiation, by "strict construction," "letter of law," and so on, the persons from whom the country would be stealing would, in a majority of cases, be, not "a bloated bondocracy," but poor people who are ahead of the world by only a few hundred dollars. Ask any broker, says our correspondent, and he will tell you that bonds of the small denomination—fifties and hundreds—are always from ¼ to ¾ of one per cent. higher than the larger. He gives us an account of a colored man—a servant—whom he met in a hotel. He was a slave in North Carolina when the war broke out, but he made his escape, and in the summer of 1866 had saved from his wages $300, which he had invested in Government bonds. Mr. Pendleton might easily lay hands on him for purposes of experiment, for he lives in Ohio, in Trumbull county.

Our attention has been called by a legal correspondent to a paragraph in the *Nation* of March 5, in which, in speaking of Mr. J. H. Harris, a colored man in Georgia, who has declined a Congressional nomination for Congress, we say that, "as a matter of fact, under the Constitution, no colored man can go to Congress for some time." This is no doubt too sweeping a statement. What we ought to have said

was that no freedman could go to Congress for some time; though we cannot feel sure even of this until we hear from Thaddeus Stevens, who is at present "reflecting on the subject of the Declaration of Independence," and discovering new things in it every week.

It may be remembered that some time ago M. de Kervéguen, a member of the Corps Législatif, in his place in the Chamber, read a letter, published in a Belgian paper, charging the *Siècle* and *Opinion Nationale*, the two most widely-circulated Paris papers, and, in fact, the Paris press generally, with having been bribed by the Prussian Government to support its policy during the late complications. The editors of the *Siècle* and *Opinion* of course denied the charges, and demanded a "jury of honor" to try their truth, and the "jury" was accordingly chosen by the parties, consisting of M. Berryer, the leader of the French bar, M. Jules Favre, who ranks next to him, M Martel, and the Marquis d'Andelarre. They have sat and examined witnesses and documents at intervals during the last three months, and have now announced their decision, which is that the charges in question had not a particle of foundation. M. de Kervéguen excuses himself for his share in the affair by alleging that, when he read the letter, he expressly disclaimed all responsibility for it; but his reading it had, nevertheless, the effect of raising a howl of delight amongst the Cæsarists in the Chamber, and to lay Messrs. Havin and Guéroult, the two editors, under very odious imputations for nearly four months. The jury, however, refuse to let him off on this plea. They say that, no matter what disclaimer he made, "he rendered himself morally responsible from the more serious authority his personal position, and the greater publicity his reading them in the tribune gave to imputations which are totally devoid of truth." There are some gentlemen in Washington who might learn a useful lesson from this incident—General Logan, for instance. He recently charged the Treasury officials, in his place in the House, with having reported the official destruction of many millions of Government bonds, while what they really destroyed was only blank paper, the inference being of course that they kept the bonds themselves. The charge was proved on investigation to be utterly false; but Mr. Logan, instead of being daunted or ashamed, unblushingly replied that, if they did not cheat about the bond burning, they did cheat, "not only by the sale of bonds, but by giving out dies and by paying counterfeit bonds and duplicate bonds," and that he did not intend to be "driven off or scared off" by "all the committees on earth or heaven." It is hard to know how to deal with a gentleman in this state of mind; but it ought not to be forgotten that General Logan is following the example of cooler men. Mr. Boutwell and General Butler have made no scruple during the past year about throwing out the most monstrous insinuations against the President, for which they have never offered a particle of proof, and for which they have never shown the least sign of shame or repentance.

Mr. Boutwell, by the way, we learn from the correspondent of the New York *Times*, is "the cold and classical Demosthenes of the House." We have now got amongst the impeachment managers "the Great Commoner," the "Cold and Classical Demosthenes of the House," and the "Apostle John of Salvation by Impeachment." We shall doubtless have names for the others in a few days. We hope something handsome will be done for Messrs. Wilson and Bingham by the correspondents in the next distribution.

The French Press bill progresses slowly. It is contested at every stage by the opposition, but with no success; but it is evident that the ministers are not nearly so fierce in favor of stringency as the partisans of the Empire, or rather its creatures, who form the majority of both Chambers. The great contest of late has been over the right of the press to "analyze" or comment on the debates, which is stoutly refused. But it is admitted, nevertheless, even by so cool an observer as M. Forçade, that the bill is a step in advance, and that under it the liberty of the press is unquestionably increased. A bill has now been introduced regulating the right of meeting. Under the law, as it stands at present, the assembling of twenty persons or more, for purposes of discussion, without the authorization of the police, is illegal, and renders all concerned liable to arrest and imprisonment. The operation of this law was illustrated in a curious way in the evidence before a Commission appointed in 1866, and of which M. Rouher was president, to enquire into the workings of co-operative associations. It was declared by some of the leading friends of the movement that the law prohibiting meetings acted as a great hindrance to it. True, the authorization to meet was never refused, but men hated to ask for it, or undergo the questioning which sometimes preceded the concession, and consequently the difficulties in the way of the formation of large societies, in which frequent meetings would be necessary, were greatly increased. There is little other news of importance from France, but the continued increase of the bullion in the bank, and the continued falling off in the discounts, show that confidence is not returning or business improving.

In Italy there is no change in the situation; but there are signs of returning good feeling between Italy and France. The French Government is gradually showing signs of being ashamed of its late outburst of zeal on behalf of the papacy, and is beginning once more the old work of urging reforms on the Roman Government. But it might as well talk to a millstone. The Pope is so elated by his victory at Mentana that he heeds nobody, and feels grateful to nobody, evidently believing that the overthrow of the Garibaldians was due to divine interposition. A striking illustration of the depth of his infatuation is afforded by the fact that he is allowing Rome to be made a focus of Bourbonist conspiracy and intrigue, the object being the attempt at revolution in Southern Italy, of which we spoke last week. In order, if possible, to mark still more strongly his leaning towards legitimacy, he has presented the "Golden Rose" to Queen Isabella of Spain. The "Golden Rose" is a cluster of roses growing on one stem, of pure gold, and of exquisite workmanship, containing a small receptacle amongst its petals into which the Pope, every time he blesses it, drops a little amber and musk. It is presented by him for life to the Catholic sovereign who has done most to merit his esteem, "as the pledge of the paternal affection of the pontiff who sends it; the emblem of the faith, justice, and charity of the sovereign who receives it; and the happy foretoken of the protection of God, who hallows it."

The only question agitated strongly in Italy is the financial question, and the financial condition of Italy is so like that of this country that it is somewhat interesting to watch the workings of public opinion on this subject there and compare them with what may be witnessed here. For instance, some of the newspapers have, in the interest of stock-jobbers, tried to spread a report that it was the intention of the Government to tax the Government coupons—just what some of our Western financiers propose to do with ours. But to this the Minister of Finance replies that nothing of the kind shall be done so long as he is in office, at least *without exempting the foreign bondholders;* thus drawing a distinction which must present itself to every high-minded man, but which doubtless must seem ridiculous to the Pennsylvania State Treasurer, between those who lend money to a nation without belonging to it, and those who lend it money because its interests are their own. The general belief amongst our repudiators is the old barbarian one—that the stranger has no rights, and that even if plundering him be a sin, it is only a venial one. A doubt has also been raised in Italy as to whether the foreign bondholders should receive their interest in depreciated Italian paper or in gold. The Pennsylvania State Treasurer will be astonished to hear that the question was discussed in the Italian Parliament, and that the leading men said that the mere discussion of such a point was a disgrace to the country, and the members left the chamber in great numbers, so that there was no quorum. The poor Italians have thus lost an opportunity of playing off a nice trick on the rascally foreign bondholders who were such fools as to lend them money for mere gain.

Greece must be an exciting place for politicians; since October, 1863, there have been sixteen different cabinets and ninety changes of individual members of the various ministries—a fact worth pondering by those who think a fixed executive has no value.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE SITUATION SINCE THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

THERE has been the usual amount of discussion during the week as to the meaning of the New Hampshire election, and of course it has been possible to extract from it whatever suited the case of each enquirer. It has been made to mean simply an endorsement of Grant—simply approval of the impeachment—simply approval of the new mode of bringing in Alabama and approval of Congressional reconstruction generally—simply hatred of the Democratic party, and fidelity to the black man, faith in universal suffrage, and so on. In fact, there is no limit to the number of constructions which may be put upon it, and probably there is no construction likely to be put upon it which will not meet the case at least of a certain number of the voters. When 35,000 men go to the polls and vote in one way, they do it, like the same number of men joining in any other act, from various motives. We confess we are not competent to say what motive had in this particular case most force. But it is enough for all practical purposes to know, as we may say we do know for certain, that the result of the election indicates that the Republican party, in spite of its shortcomings, still enjoys the confidence of the public in a greater degree than any other party; that the public is satisfied with its course both on reconstruction and impeachment, and is ready to sustain it on both points to the last extremity, and is not disposed to admit the South to the Union on any other terms than those which are now offered to it; and that the tendency towards Grant as the Republican nominee for the Presidency inspires confidence and satisfaction. Of course, people may differ as to the degree of devotion to the party which the election betokens; but that it betokens the above in a greater or less degree, nobody will deny. In other words, the subjects distinctly before the electors were Grant, impeachment, reconstruction as it stands, and the general character of the Republican party as compared with that of its opponents; and on all these points the verdict has been favorable, highly favorable—much more so, in fact, than sanguine men ventured to hope; and it is the verdict of a jury of more than average intelligence, and taken after a discussion of more than usual thoroughness and correctness.

It is all the more valuable because it will, we sincerely trust, put an end to the nervousness by which the party leaders have of late been so much afflicted, and by which the country at large has been so sorely tried. We have always felt, and have over and over asserted, that the Reconstruction bill and all necessary amendments formed a very good measure, with which the country was abundantly satisfied, and which it would faithfully support Congress in carrying out; that, therefore, all that Congress had to do was to keep quiet and go on with its work. There never has been any need of the pills and nostrums—such as the bills creating dictatorship and rearranging the Supreme Court—to which during the past six months we have been treated so often, and which have done so much to bring discredit on the party. We think, too, that for the same reason we might have been spared a considerable number of the steps in the quarrel with Mr. Johnson. Congress might with perfect safety and with great saving of dignity have let him rave and rant, without moving, till he committed an overt act, and then have pounced upon him as it is now doing. It has had to do this in the end, but then it has on its tables the report of the "original impeachers"—a laughing-stock for most intelligent men and a disgrace to the country.

The reconstruction policy of Congress is not a thing which has been rushed into hastily. It was approached by slow degrees, and maturely weighed; and although the acts in which it has been embodied were drawn with needless haste, the plan as a whole is unassailable, or assailable only by those who have nothing to offer in its place except Andrew Johnson's dictatorship, and their attacks are, and always have been, quite harmless. Moreover, we do not think there has been any general impatience about the prolongation of military government at the South. The country was quite prepared to have it protracted till after the next Presidential election, at least; and few men who have given any attention to the condition of the South, and have not been deluded into the belief that there is something magical in disfranchisement and impartial suffrage, think it at all wise to withdraw the troops before that time. So that the production of "new bills" every week, and the great eagerness which has been of late displayed to get Alabama into the Union, have been quite unnecessary. It has long seemed so to calm lookers-on; it may now be considered proved. We may say the same thing of the attacks on the Supreme Court, and the attempts to convert it into the tool or creature of the majority for the time being. The only defence of them ever offered was that the emergency was a desperate one—that the country must somehow be appeased or hoodwinked. So it was gravely maintained, that although a decision against Congress would crush Congress, yet if Congress only altered and rearranged the Court a little, so as to prepare the decisions in certain cases, the public would be thoroughly imposed on, and the utterances of the puppets on the bench be received as those of independent judges.

One other thing has been proved to be unnecessary—and this, in many respects, the most important of all—we mean the countenance given by the Republican leaders to the attacks on the public credit. The question of cheating the public creditors by any device whatsoever was not brought before the New Hampshire electors; it has not been raised by the Republican party as a party; and yet in so far as the New Hampshire election indicates anything at all, it indicates that nothing of this kind is needed, at least, to secure for Congress the support of the people, and that those who have been engaged in it have the melancholy satisfaction of perceiving that they have been doing some very dirty work, for which there was no sort of occasion. We have not the slightest doubt that if, when the party at the West began to catch the repudiation fever from the Democrats, the principal men of the party in Congress and elsewhere had made a manly and determined stand for honesty, and had laid the matter before the people in its true light—showed the inexpediency of it, as well as the immorality of it; and pointed out, as it was so easy to do, the real lightness and evanescence of the burdens to escape which they were proposing to disgrace themselves—the disease would never have made any progress. Western men are not mad bulls any more than natural-born knaves. They listen to reason; they modify their opinions under discussion; and although the sense of corporate honor may not be so strong amongst them as it is at the East, they are not by any means devoid of it. If, therefore, when the first talk of repudiation was heard amongst them, Republican politicians had faced it boldly instead of running about finding excuses for it and preparing bills to give it legal expression, the party, as well as themselves, would be in a better position than it is to-day. The party has nothing to recommend it to any human being if it shows any lack of principle. It is its devotion to principle, or its indifference to material gain or temporary comfort, which has won it all its fame and given it all the claim it has to public confidence. As soon as it shows unmistakable signs of being merely a machine by which cowards and knaves get their base passions converted into laws, it will perish with the hearty execrations of all good men.

We trust, therefore, the New Hampshire election will revive the confidence of the men at Washington in the popular honesty, and put some check on the tendency so common amongst politicians to feel that they are in constant danger of underestimating the general rascality. How to keep just below what he conceives to be the average standard of morality is the only problem which seriously engages the attention of many a man laying serious claims to be considered a "statesman."

The election, encouraging as it is, too, increases instead of diminishing the responsibility of the party in power. The more power there is given it to wield, the more necessity is there for care in wielding it—which brings us naturally into the presence of the Honorable Benjamin Wade. The chances are, we suppose, forty to one that Mr. Johnson will be "hurled from the chair he has disgraced," to use the awful language of the "original impeachers," and that Mr. Wade will take his place. Mr. Wade was chosen to take his place at a time

when Congress was still very timid and doubtful about its capacity of maintaining itself against the President, and when there was a vague and, in view of his language and demeanor, not unnatural fear that if he was fully roused he might do something dreadful—no one knew exactly what. It was feared that if impeached he might even resist, and it was felt that in such an emergency the presiding officer of the Senate should be a man of nerve, and should possess some, at least, of the qualities which were supposed to make Mr. Johnson formidable. This, and possibly some little personal jealousy amongst the *dii majores* of the Senate, led to the selection of Mr. Wade for the chair—that is, of one of the few men in the body who are peculiarly unfitted for the ordinary duties of a presiding officer. Moreover, although the contingency of his succeeding to the Presidency in case of Mr. Johnson's deposition was clearly foreseen, it seems to have been supposed that his term would be a stormy one, filled with broils and contentions. The possibility of his entering on it after a peaceful trial, and having to deal with complicated questions of finance and international law instead of conveying Andrew Johnson and his adherents to the lock-up, and defending the White House staircase against Adjutant-General Thomas, does not seem to have occurred to them. The near approach of his accession, and the great difference between the actual circumstances and those which were anticipated, of course every day renders his unsuitableness for the place more striking; and we believe we are right in saying that a good many senators would be very glad if Mr. Wade had some other sphere of usefulness than that which now awaits him marked out for him. There is, however, now no help for it. He is there, and must be made the best of. What kind of thing his best will be is an interesting question for the public.

Should he reach the office, he will be the fourth man of his kind who has filled it. Jackson was the first, and although he enjoys, and is entitled to, some credit for his manner of dealing with nullification, he debauched the public service, and thus inflicted on the country the disease which, at this moment, places the Government in greater peril than secession has ever done, and he set an example of high-handed contempt for the legislature which has probably not been without effect on Mr. Johnson. Mr. Lincoln was the second, and he was so clearly an exception to all rules, that we can no more deduce from his career any conclusion favorable to the claims of men of his training and experience to high offices of government, than we can deduce from Napoleon's a conclusion favorable to the military talents of natives of Corsica. Of Mr. Johnson we shall say nothing—or only this: that we could, with a very small amount of trouble, produce evidence that a good many people who were most delighted three years ago with his early ignorance and his want of social experience, have since acknowledged that it is not a good preparation for the highest place in the government of a great country to pass the flower of one's years in the practice of one of the rudest and simplest of the manual arts, and in the company of the most illiterate and coarsest portion of the community. What is more to the purpose, we could easily show that amongst them are some of the most ardent admirers of Mr. Benjamin Wade. Some of the doctrines which have been preached of late years about the value of "self-made men" are, in fact, if there be anything in them whatever, hostile to civilization itself—for they would prove that no generation needs the experience of the generations that have gone before it, and that colleges and libraries and the higher education are simply rich men's luxuries.

We have no desire to prejudge Mr. Wade, but we have a right, in view of what the country has just gone through, to say that the presumption is entirely against his fitness for the place for which the Senate so strangely selected him. He has a large number of Mr. Johnson's faults of temper; his education is not much if any better. He owes all his political distinction to his fidelity and courage in the anti-slavery struggle, and that struggle is probably the only subject which he fairly understands. He is lamentably ignorant with regard to the various economical questions by which the country is beset, and, if he has any opinions on finance at all, they are probably not very favorable to the maintenance of the national credit. In his selection of his cabinet, he is likely to prefer zeal—of which we have already as much as the country can stand—to discretion and knowledge, which the country is dying for want of. What is worse, he will probably, with that blind reverence for party traditions and practices for which men of his stamp are generally remarkable, feel that his first duty in office is to use the Federal patronage to help the Republican party at the Presidential election—which is simply another way of saying that he will do what he can to increase the corruption and debauchery, waste of the public money, and degradation of Government officials, which have made the civil service as great a disgrace as ever befell a Christian country. For the like of it, we have to search the chronicles of the worst European monarchies in the eighteenth century. This is the course which experience and principles of human nature fairly warrant us in expecting him to follow, and those who have put him in his present position have no right to expect that he will not follow it—but then he may disappoint everybody, ourselves included. The scenes in which he is now so prominent an actor, and the trials which he is doubtless receiving, may put him on his guard and thus make him harmless. His integrity and loyalty nobody doubts, and nobody questions his personal claims to esteem; but the world, alas! has not yet been committed to the government of the good-hearted.

WEST AND EAST—DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

Whatever qualities ex-Governor Seymour may be thought deficient in, no one has ever denied his great ability as a sayer of things well suited to his audience. No one could listen to his address before the Democratic State Convention last Wednesday night, without observing the striking harmony between the speaker and his hearers. No one could carefully follow his argument without becoming convinced that the Democratic mind is completely unsettled on all the great questions of finance, since the speaker, while indignantly exposing all the weak points of Republican policy and Republican rule, most adroitly avoided expressing a single decided opinion of his own on any one of the many vital questions at issue. As far as we can understand the Governor's non-committal utterances, he is in favor of paying the bondholders in paper, but at the same time of "battling to make that paper as good as gold." He evidently wishes to see the bonds paid in gold; but he is evidently uncertain how far the open avowal of that wish would prove acceptable to his hearers. He urges, justly and forcibly, that only a small part of the bonds are held by "the class of men called capitalists, for whom he has little respect, since they have never risen up to a sense of the truth that wealth and power carry with them duties and responsibilities;" but he is not ashamed to plead the foolish plea of the demagogue, "that the bondholder is paid in coin, while honest labor gets a debased paper money." He exposes the unequal distribution of the national banking facilities among the different States, and charges the East with grasping an unfair share of "the spoils of victory"—meaning the national bank currency. With dithyrambic force and truly eloquent concentration, he gives in a few words a most striking statement of one of our greatest financial difficulties, saying: "We were once divided into free States and slave States, and the antagonism filled our land with bloodshed and mourning. Now, the public bonds are mainly held in one corner of our country, and we are divided into debtor States and creditor States. What will be the end of this?" These few words are the key-note of the entire Western chorus of repudiation. The bonds are owned at the East, the banking facilities are owned at the East, the West is taxed to pay the interest on the bonds, and has to pay interest on the currency besides; everything is paid by the West, everything is received by the East; the East is the usurious money-lender who reaps the profit of all Western toil. This is the burden of the Western complaint. As a serious utterance of a thinking man like Governor Seymour, these words, though eloquent, are not deserving of attention; but, as a happy embodiment of the angry thoughts of a large and influential portion of our countrymen, they may fairly be considered the most striking words spoken in public for many a long day. How much of truth do they contain?

No belief is more thoroughly diffused, thanks to our modern hankering after popularizing knowledge, than the belief that increased facilities for communication among different countries or different parts of a country increase our knowledge of those countries, or that increased facilities for intercourse among peoples destroy national differences and make different peoples more alike. But this has to be taken with

some qualification. We are in hourly contact with every Western hamlet; but what is it we learn from there? Look at the daily papers: murders, fires, explosions, ice-gorges, railroad accidents, the movements of great men, and the utterances of political conventions, prize-fights, pedestrianism and market reports—columns of all these; but of the private opinions and thoughts of the great masses of men we find nothing. Yet these latter are what concern us most, especially just now, and it will not do to remain ignorant of them, or to disregard them, and to allow men like Governor Seymour to magnify the present differences of opinion between East and West into an antagonism like that between North and South, "which filled the land with bloodshed and mourning."

As if by preconcerted action, but in reality only in obedience to the same impulse, the whole press and people of the East are making light of the so-called erratic tendencies of the West towards inflation and repudiation. The East carries on the correspondence with Europe, the East has sold to Europe the bonds held by European investors, the East is the great market for the bonds held by domestic investors, and thus the East is peculiarly bound up with the national credit, and has, naturally enough, assumed the duty of defending it. But the worst way in the world to set about defeating an able antagonist is to depreciate or to ignore him; and this is precisely what the East is evidently trying to do. We are told, over and over again, that the financial heresies of the West are confined to the ignorant and the lawless, that they have been adopted by party leaders as mere political campaigning weapons, and that, after the November election, no more will be heard of them. There never was a greater mistake. Our private and business advices are unanimously to the effect that these mischievous opinions are held far and wide by all classes of men; that the party leaders are not proclaiming repudiation because they seek to gain the election, but are seeking to gain the election in order to proclaim repudiation; and that the silly half-way talk of leaders like Pendleton is due to their only half comprehending what the masses have already fully decided upon. From extensive enquiry we have come to the conviction that this is no exaggerated statement of the case. To shut our eyes to such things is mere folly. Let us rather thank Governor Seymour for having put the case so clearly before us: "We were once divided into free and slave States, and the antagonism filled our land with bloodshed and mourning. Now, the public bonds are mainly held in one corner of our country, and we are divided into debtor and creditor States." Let us admit the fact which no one attempts to deny, that the West is indebted to the East; but let us also examine how far this relative position is natural and unavoidable—let us see whether it need necessarily produce antagonism—whether all arguments in favor of repudiation based upon it are not utterly erroneous and fallacious.

There is no kind of labor which yields the laborer so direct a return as the labor bestowed upon the tilling of the earth. Agriculture, indeed, is the most direct production by the laborer himself of that which he most absolutely needs—food. All other labor, of whatsoever kind, produces food only indirectly—that is, by producing some article which can be exchanged for food. But a well-arranged farm can be made to produce almost every essential article of food, and even the most essential articles of clothing. Food and clothing are for all classes of men, but especially for all laboring men, the two prime sources of expense; and of the two, food, the most important and most costly, is almost entirely produced by the farmer himself as the result of his own labor. For this reason there is no occupation which can be carried on so readily by the laborer himself for his own account as farming. Nowhere in the world are good, healthy, productive, accessible, and easily cultivated farming lands so abundant and so cheap as at the West. Nowhere, consequently, can farming be so readily commenced and so successfully continued with a very moderate capital. Nothing is more universally admitted or more thoroughly appreciated, in many of the most important parts of the civilized globe, than the fact, that in the western portion of the United States a healthy, industrious, and economical laboring man of twenty can earn and save enough from the wages of his labor, before he is twenty-five, to purchase and cultivate a farm of sufficient acreage to give occupation and support to himself and family during the rest of their lives. This is the essential characteristic of the West—the basis of the entire Western development in whatsoever direction. Now what are the prominent results of this main factor of national existence? The ease with which the laboring man becomes independent of his employer is constantly drafting away a large portion of the individuals working for wages, who are only inadequately replaced by our steady stream of foreign immigration, although the latter far exceeds in magnitude, as it excels in beneficence, the exaggerated and half-fabled invasions of Eastern nations. Hence the demand for men to work for wages almost always exceeds the supply, and wages consequently are high. The high price of labor has stimulated the ingenuity of a people upon whom ingenuity has been forced by every step forward in their national existence, until that ingenuity has culminated in the production of an extraordinary variety of labor-saving machines, that supplement and multiply the busy hands of every Western farmer. The young laboring man, with his few hundreds of dollars, just developed into an independent farmer, soon finds the greatest obstacle to his success and further progress in the very circumstance that first helped him to his present position, namely—the scarcity and high price of labor. If he could only hire a few extra hands at ploughing time or during harvesting, the sun and the rich soil of his own prairie acres would double his crop of corn or treble his yield of wheat. The labor is *not* to be procured, but the patent ploughs and harrows, the sowing-machines, the mowers, reapers, and threshers *can* be had, if only the young farmer has the money. Nowhere will a few hundred additional dollars yield so liberal a return as on a new farm one or two years old. It is very evident, therefore, that young farmers, and out West all men are young, are not in the habit of keeping their money idle. Every dollar made from last year's crop is immediately invested in additional yokes of oxen, or improved harrows, or ploughs, or a reaping machine, or may be in clearing and fencing additional acres, which next year will require further oxen and ploughs and other labor-savers. The return which every fresh dollar invested yields to the intelligent farmer is so great, that he not only steadily and eagerly invests every dollar of his own earnings, but he will even borrow from others what he can, at high rates of interest, to invest with his own. He does not borrow because he is obliged to, he does not borrow because he is poor, he does not borrow as a needy man borrows to supply pressing wants; he borrows because it is immensely profitable to him to borrow; he borrows because every additional hundred invested on his farm yields him rich returns, by laying fresh acres of mother earth open to the sun and rain, who labor gratuitously for all of us, but labor for the farmer more than for other men. Need we explain further why money is worth twelve per cent. out West, or why the whole West is in debt? Is it possible to show more strongly the absurdity of making the indebtedness of the West the cause of complaint against the East, or to charge the East with being responsible for Western indebtedness?

How is it that the East is always especially pointed out as the creditor of the West, or better still, admitting the whole charge in all its gravity, how comes it that the East has money to lend to the West?

The soil of the East is generally poor, thousands upon thousands of acres so covered with stones as scarce to allow a glimpse of the soil. The climate is unsuited to profitable agriculture, but in exchange makes, by its sudden and violent fluctuations, the utmost demands upon human ingenuity to provide against its evil effects. The people of the East have consequently become ingenious, inventive, and mechanical. The poverty of New England soil and the variability of New England climate have made New Englanders the most ingenious mechanics since Tyre and Syracuse. This is the essential characteristic of the East in all its development in whatsoever direction, and its most striking result in its influence on social progress is the following:

Success in manufacturing depends, next to general ingenuity in its devices, mainly upon the extent to which the process of division of labor can be carried on. Division of labor means the concentration of each laborer's efforts upon the most perfect production of any one given part of the desired whole. Division of labor in manufacturing is attainable in any degree of perfection only in large establishments. Large establishments, likewise, can alone render the employment of powerful and complicated machinery profitable; and for these two reasons the tendency of all manufactures is to concentrate themselves in large establishments, requiring for their erection and maintenance large capital and great powers of organization and administration.

The average Eastern laboring man, no matter how healthy, how industrious, how economical, cannot expect under ordinary circumstances to develop the ability to manage, or to acquire the means to own, a large manufacturing establishment. There is no manufacturing business, no foundry, machine-shop, or ship-yard, no wholesale trade, scarcely any important retail trade, in which an industrious, intelligent, economical workman can expect to earn and save enough in his early years to enable him in manhood to undertake a similar business on his own account. What change in this respect may yet be accomplished by co-operation lies hidden in the future, but for the present it is probably safe to say that more than nine-tenths of the working-men of the cities and towns of the East must, in the nature of things, continue to work for other men, that is, to be employed at wages by wealthier men than themselves, during by far the greater portion of their lives. The high price of labor at the West has a tendency to sustain similarly high rates of wages at the East. Eastern workmen are not less industrious, less economical than their Western brothers, and they yearly save large amounts out of their earnings from wages. We have seen what opportunities the West offers to the laboring man for the employment of his savings, making him independent of his former employer and changing him into an owner of land, which he farms on his own account. The East, for the reasons above given, offers no similar opportunity, and the laboring man can do no better than place his surplus earnings in the savings-bank. Herein lies the sum total of the antagonism between the East and West.

To make our argument as pointed as possible we have confined our illustrations to the farm laborer at the West and the factory laborer at the East. These two are indeed the representative men of the two sections. There are, of course, many men following other pursuits besides farming at the West, and as many at the East who labor elsewhere besides in factories. But the same laws apply to all. No matter what a man's business at the West, it is comparatively easy for him to become independent on a very small capital of his own, and it immediately becomes profitable for him not only to use every dollar of additional capital that he accumulates, but every dollar that he can borrow. Thus, at the West, almost all men employ every dollar of their own capital, and not only have nothing to lend to their neighbors, but are borrowers themselves. No matter what a man's business at the East, it is comparatively difficult for him to become independent on his savings. He has no opportunity to invest his savings in a business of his own; he consequently has money to lend, and, instead of becoming a borrower in time, each year adds to his ability as a lender.

As Governor Seymour well says, it is a mistake to suppose that the United States bonds are mostly held by capitalists. By far the larger amount is held as an investment of the savings of the hundreds of thousands who have no opportunity of investing their savings in a business of their own. And not only are the United States bonds so held as an investment of small savings, but a large portion of the State bonds, and railroad bonds, and of the stocks of banks, and of life and fire insurance companies, and of corporations of every other kind throughout the country, is similarly held. When the war broke out and the Government needed money, who *could* lend it? Surely not the West, where every man was a borrower. If the money which the Government raised by loans had been raised by taxes instead, compelling each State to bear its quota, or if the States had been called upon to take their proper share of the loans, thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of farmers out West would have had to sell or mortgage their farms in order to pay their share. But the loans were offered in the open market; the West needed all its savings to improve its farms and make a large percentage on its capital; the East, which did not need its savings as much, lent them to the Government—from selfish motives, if you please, but certainly not to the injury of the West; on the contrary, much to its advantage. The case was precisely similar with regard to the national banking capital. When the applications first began to be received by the Treasury the opportunity was open to all; but the West was making too good an interest on its capital by raising corn and wheat to be tempted by the probable profits of the banking business; again the East, less fortunate than the West in its opportunities for employing its surplus, had the means to spare and invested them largely in the national banks, somewhat, as it now appears, to the injury of the West, but certainly not through any fault of Eastern investors. But not only is the capital of the Government bonds, and of the State bonds, and of the national banks furnished by the savings of the East, but almost every dollar of credit given to Western merchants is in some way or other similarly derived.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION OF NEW YORK.

The work which the Convention has done and submitted to the people for approval not only should be, but will be, examined and disposed of on its merits. Neither political party will make the adoption of the new constitution a special measure of party policy. Since the irresistible logic of events has convinced the Republicans that the question of negro-suffrage must be separately decided, their zeal in the whole proceeding has wonderfully abated; and the Democrats were always inclined to oppose any measures that were not entirely under their own control. We do not regret this condition of affairs. An organic law which simply reflected the views of one political party, which endeavored to perpetuate its power, and which was adopted by the votes of its own members alone, would be a curse to the State. A constitution should establish the government, define its powers in general, place the special limitations which experience has shown to be necessary, and do no more. The moment it proceeds to invade the province of the legislature, it opposes itself to the essential ideas of a representative republican government, and tacitly adopts the principles of Cæsarism. Cæsarism acknowledges the people as the source of all power, but permits them to speak once alone, and then bids them for ever to keep silence. The thought which lies at the bottom of the New York Constitution is—a distrust of the people in the ordinary management of their political concerns through the legislators and executive officers whom they clothe with authority. While a show of confidence is kept up by making almost every office elective, the legislation of the State in respect to a large number of subjects involving mere questions of policy or expediency is withdrawn from the representative law-makers, and is made practically unalterable for twenty years. This is a fault which affects all the State constitutions; but none, probably, so injuriously as our own. The inevitable result is—a result inevitable upon any *a priori theory*, and confirmed by all experience—absolute destruction of official responsibility, and the establishment of the bureaucratic system, the most inefficient and hateful of all kinds of government.

Prior to the assembling of the late convention there seemed to have been a very general feeling among the thoughtful men of all parties that the constitution should be entirely reformed. The theories which Michael Hoffman and his followers had introduced in 1846 had certainly produced no good results. The Legislature had become debased, intellectually and morally. The Governor had been made a mere figure-head, and not ornamental at that. The admistration of justice had necessarily become a practical denial of justice. The convention itself contained many of the ablest and best men of both parties. It is a most remarkable fact that these men, whatever differences of opinion they might have upon matters of detail, were virtually unanimous in the desire to re-shape the whole organic law, and to establish a strong government, with direct personal responsibility to the people. To this end they labored in the committees and on the floor of the convention; but all their endeavors were met by the dead resistance of the mass of members who represented county interests, and whose ideas could not rise above the politics of the county in which their little personal influence lay. Committee after committee reported, proposing sweeping changes; their reports were supported by a weight of argument absolutely overwhelming; but the voting was all one way. The result is a constitution differing so little from that of 1846 that the convention was a clear waste of time and money.

The following are some of the most important alterations and additions: The proviso in respect to negro voters is stricken out, but may be inserted by the people at the election. The term of office of senators is made four years, and one-half are to be chosen every two years. The Assembly is increased from one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and thirty-nine, and the members are to be elected by counties and not by single districts. The Legislature is forbidden to

audit or to allow any private claim against the State. A Court of Claims is established, consisting of three judges, to be appointed by the Governor. The Canal Board and the Contracting Board and the offices of Canal Commissioner and Canal Appraiser are abolished. A Superintendent of Public Works is created, to be appointed by the Governor and Senate. The powers of Supervisors of Counties are defined and somewhat enlarged. The powers of Mayors of cities are defined. The changes in the judical department are greater. The Court of Appeals is to consist of a chief-justice and six associates, to be elected and to hold office for fourteen years. A commission of five extra judges is created to sit for three years, and to dispose of causes pending in the present Court of Appeals. The Supreme Court and the Superior Court of New York city are left as now. The Court of Common Pleas of New York city is increased to six judges. The term of office of the justices of all these courts is to be fourteen years. The Legislature are to organize in the Supreme Court four general terms, consisting of one chief and three others to be chosen from all the judges of the court. A general term shall be held in each district. No judge sitting in a general term or in the Court of Appeals shall review a decision made by himself.

It is impossible within the limits of a single article even to glance at these several provisions. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the judicial system offered to the people of New York for their adoption. Is it an improvement upon the present one? We answer, No; and make this answer, convinced that the existing judiciary has utterly failed, must utterly fail, and should be completely swept away. At bottom lies the evil of elected judges. We do not intend to discuss the general theory of electing judicial magistrates. We shall simply refer to a few facts. The ability of the convention was arrayed on the side of a judiciary appointed by the Governor. Difference of party did not divide such men as Mr. Evarts and Judge Daly on this question. Their arguments were not answered simply because they could not be answered. But their endeavors produced no effect; the local interests of country politicians were too powerful. The elective judiciary has been in existence in New York for little more than twenty years. What is the result? If the theory of its advocates be correct, the judges during that time should have steadily improved. We will not insist upon such a test; but we have a right to demand that the system should at least have held its own. Here is a fact which should outweigh the most perfect theory. No one whose acquintance and observation extend over the State will deny that the judges of the higher courts have, as a rule, deteriorated in ability, in all those intellectual qualities which go to make an efficient officer. We do not now allude to moral qualities, nor do we wish to point our assertion by examples. It is enough to say that, as a whole, the Bench of 1868 is confessedly inferior to that of 1848. To this statement we challenge contradiction. It is true that there are individual exceptions, and that the falling off is more marked in some portions of the State than in others, and that it is notably so in New York city. Every intelligent lawyer knows that the reported judgments of our tribunals of all grades no longer have the authority throughout the country which once belonged to them. Even the Western courts are inclined to sneer at a modern New York decision. Certainly there is some terrible defect in our method of choosing judges. What shall be thought of a system which makes it possible that, when a judge of an inferior court has made a decision, in a matter attracting great public attention, directly in favor of a large class of persons, everybody should at once say he will be the candidate of that class for a position in a higher tribunal. The correctness of the decision is not now impugned. But a judgment in favor of the liquor interest made Judge Cardozo the inevitable candidate for a place on the Supreme Bench, and it is the possibility of such results which stamps the whole system as radically vicious. There is, however, yet a lower deep. What shall be thought of a system which makes it possible for the brokers of Wall Street to assert that a judge of the highest court in the city is leagued with a combination of stock speculators, and is using his official powers to promote their interests; for the daily newspapers to repeat the accusation and thus spread it over the country; and, finally, for a distinguished counsel to fling it in the face of the magistrate himself as he presides in his own court? It need not be that these charges are true; it is enough that they can be made. It is an evil of sufficient magnitude when the tribunals have so degenerated in learning and ability that business men are afraid to submit their controversies to a legal determination. When imputations upon the integrity of judges can be made, public safety demands an immediate reconstruction of the courts.

The bad results of an elective judiciary were aggravated by an organization of the courts which seemed as though designed for the express purpose of producing the greatest amount of confusion and uncertainty. The new constitution provides no adequate remedy. The extension of the term of office to fourteen years cannot mitigate the evils of the elective system. We may state a paradox, but we are convinced that all increase in the length of the official term will only add to the dangers; and that if judges are to be elected at all they should be chosen every year. A long official term cannot throw any obstacle in the way of placing a bad or an inefficient man on the bench; on the contrary, the inducement will only be the stronger for such persons to reach the secure and comfortable seat. The reorganization of the Court of Appeals by making its members permanent, is undoubtedly a step in the right direction; but the provision for four ambulatory general terms in the Supreme Court, made up of judges selected from the whole thirty-three, would seem to make chaos what was before only confusion. The only true principle of the present system is rejected—that of making the appellate judges also the *nisi prius* judges. The English courts are organized upon this plan; the old constitution of New York constructed its Supreme Court in the same form; the constitution of 1846 returned to this method; and now the jealousy of the country lawyers, who formed so large a portion of the convention, has caused them to reject all the lessons of experience, and to make the courts of review practically permanent.

We see no reason then why the proposed judicial system should be adopted. It would be better to endure the present one for a few years longer, until the people became so thoroughly disgusted with its inefficiency that they would sweep it away and establish another in accordance with a correct theory and with the teachings of history, with judges appointed and holding office during good behavior, and courts so organized that the business could be done without ruinous delay. This has been accomplished in England, and may be in New York.

THE OBJECT OF POLITICAL CRITICISM.

We publish elsewhere a letter from a valued correspondent, suggesting to us that we criticise the Republican party a little too much, and do not sufficiently call attention to the low moral condition of the Democratic party. This affords us an opportunity which we have long desired, of pointing out what we conceive to be a very widespread misconception of the kind of work that a newspaper which sets up to be independent undertakes to do. The division of newspapers into partisan and not-partisan is, if not perfectly correct, at all events correct enough for practical purposes; and by partisan papers people usually mean papers which stand by their party through thick and thin, defend all its measures, make much of its victories, little of its defeats, and paint its opponents in colors as black as a decent attention to probability will allow. The non-partisan paper, on the other hand, is supposed to be a paper which does not adhere to any party in particular, and is not guided in its criticisms of measures by a regard to the persons who proposed them. The public has, in general, a proper respect for this last-named species of journal as soon as it is convinced that the article is genuine, but then it takes a good deal of both time and trouble to convince it of this in any particular case. The popular presumption is always against the sincerity of any paper which lays claim to independence in the formation of political judgments, and nothing but lengthened observation of it is, in general, sufficient to convince people that its apparent want of loyalty, which all independence involves, is not either the sign or result of great baseness or great weakness. But even after they have conceded that a journal is independent, they insist still that if it be not devoted to any party in particular, it shall at least treat all parties alike, if not in the bestowal of its praise, at least in the bestowal of its censure. For instance they will allow it to denounce the Republicans if it will denounce the Democrats at least as often and at as great length. It may speak irreverently of Horace Greeley if the next time it speaks irreverently of a prominent editor it selects James Brooks. It may comment on the shortcomings of Mr. Stevens, if it at the same time, or as soon after as convenient, takes an opportunity of saying something unhandsome about Sen-

ator Doolittle. It may oppose the proneness of the Republicans to sumptuary or repressive legislation if it, on an early day thereafter, calls attention to the Democratic indulgence for tippling and fornication. This is the popular idea of the fairness which ought to accompany independence, and without which independence is not genuine. That it is, however, a mistaken idea both of the nature of independence and of the relations of independent journals to the two great political parties, we think not difficult to show.

There has been so much mysterious matter written about "criticism," and "schools of criticism," and "canons of criticism," and the "critic's function" and his "office" and its value, and criticism has been so often written with a large C, that the simpler portion of the community has almost ceased to think of it as a thing comprehensible to anybody but poets or metaphysicians, and have come to look on the critic as a person who pretends to be wiser than his fellows, but whose claims to superior wisdom the common run of people are totally unable to dispute. The fact is, however, that criticism is after all only judging, and everybody who forms opinions on any subject necessarily judges either persons or arguments or evidence. In fact, in order not to be a critic, one has to become a brute. About politics, in particular, everybody is a critic, and a newspaper is simply a receptacle for the criticism of several people whose opinions run in the same general direction. Whether the criticism is worth anything, or how much it is worth, depends on a great variety of circumstances. Critics have to be weighed, and not counted like voters, and the proceeding in which aggrieved authors and publishers sometimes indulge, of printing a string of favorable and unfavorable critiques side by side and then asking the public to laugh at them all, is, therefore, a foolish proceeding. Matthew Arnold in one of his recent papers illustrated its folly rather forcibly by the case of the gentleman who, disliking something he had found in the *Saturday Review*, consoled himself with the reflection that the *British Banner* was of a contrary opinion.

Unless political criticism is engaged in merely as a mental exercise, its object is to affect legislation by exerting an influence either on the legislature or on the public which elects the legislature. The critic is not a dispenser of rewards and punishments. It is not his business to watch public men, and call attention to their good or bad acts, holding the one up to admiration and the other up to reprobation merely for the promotion of virtue. He is not *ex vi termini* a superior being. He is simply a man who, having opinions, makes a business of printing them and circulating them amongst those who care to know what they are, and his aim in printing them is to get enough people to agree with him to make them felt in the government of the country. It follows from this that the main business of political journals is to criticise those who are carrying on the government of the country—that is, the party in power. It is the party in power which legislates or refrains from legislating, which commits or omits, which carries out the national will, administers the national finances, makes peace or war. It is, in fact, for the time being, to all intents and purposes, the nation itself. It is of it, and at it, therefore, that it is the main business of a newspaper to talk if it wants to affect public policy, and as the party is generally led or represented by a small number of prominent men, the critic has of course always a great deal to say about these men. The party paper, properly so-called, assumes their impeccability. Every measure they propose is exactly what was wanted to save the country; their speeches are the essence of wisdom, their motives the loftiest and purest. But then there are not many people who believe this, and nobody who makes any profession of criticising ever comes near believing it. Politicians are but men; they may be excellent men, and their aims may be admirable, but they may make mistakes in the choice of means—unless they are inspired—and it is the duty of every citizen who thinks they are making mistakes to say so, if he can get anybody to listen to him voluntarily and comfortably.

We are occasionally asked, for instance, why we so often find fault with Mr. Stevens and Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Sumner, and so on, and we occasionally light upon a paragraph in the columns of some of our radical contemporaries pointing to this tendency of ours as an indication of some great folly or malignity on the part of the *Nation*. But if the sages who raise points of this kind had ever seriously reflected on their own *raison d'être*, they would have avoided making an observation which does so little credit to their understanding.

The reason why we have a great deal to say about the Butlers and Boutwells and Stevenses and Sumners is that the Butlers and Boutwells and Stevenses and Sumners have a great deal to say about the government of the country. Till they let the nation alone, no newspaper is justified in letting them alone. As long as they are in fact though not in form charged with the government of the country, take a leading part in originating and passing the most important legislative measures, and are listened to with great reverence by a very large and very respectable portion of the community, it is our business to talk about them and about their sayings and doings within the limits prescribed by respect for personal character, week by week, day by day, and to talk more about them than about anybody else. To devote the same amount of space, or even one-tenth of the same amount, to the discussion of the sayings and doings of ex-Governor Seymour or Mr. Pendleton would be trifling with our readers. Neither these gentlemen nor any other Democrats now possess political power. They have undoubtedly influence, but the occasions on which they exert it are rare. Half-a-dozen speeches in the course of the year represent all their visible efforts in the political field, and, therefore, to comment on them week by week one would have to follow them where no journalist has a right to follow any man as long as he is silent—to the retirement of his home. Much the same thing may be said of the party to which they belong. We have frequently expressed our opinion in these columns of its moral condition and moral aims, of the principles it professes, and the practices in which it indulges; but as long as it is a mere opposition—that is, a mere voice, or growl—constant disquisition on its enormities would be a profitless and repulsive work. One might nearly as well devote one's self to denunciations of abstract evil. Of course, if the Democratic party got into power it would, in our opinion, do great mischief. But it is *not* in power, and the Republican party *is*; and the business of the hour, therefore, is not to excite moral indignation against the Democrats, but to get the Republicans to do their duty. There is no latent virtue in any party to make its wrong-doing less hurtful than other people's wrong-doing. If the Republicans were to repudiate, for instance, we might safely defy anybody to detect the smallest difference between their repudiation and that of the Democrats. They have got no divine right to govern wrong. When General Butler sneers at the idea of a national conscience, as he did the other day in the *Boston Advertiser*, the devil gets at least as much satisfaction out of his sneer as he would out of a similar one from Fernando Wood or John Morrissey. There are people who flatter themselves that being a "friend of the black man" entitles a person to a plenary indulgence on all questions not touching the negro's welfare; but this is a doctrine which is sure to disorder the moral stomach sooner or later, because God has so ordered the universe that neither the negro race nor any other race shall derive permanent benefit from wrong-doing. Lying, cheating, misrepresenting, tricking, making the worse appear the better reason, will not help him in the long run.

What we say of the relations of the press to parties and politicians may be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of the relations of the press to every man who places himself prominently before the public, and who, in his own name, makes constant proffers to society of opinions for its adoption on all sorts of subjects. When a man conceives it to be his duty to preach constantly, neither he nor his friends have any right to complain if constant attempts are made to dispute his doctrines, expose his fallacies, or hold his weaknesses up to ridicule. It would be very silly, for instance, of Mr. Ruskin or John Stuart Mill or Professor Fawcett or John Bright to complain that the newspapers were always attacking them or criticising them. The newspapers are not always attacking or criticising the men: they are criticising certain influences which, if they conceive them to be good, they are bound to recommend and promote; if they conceive them to be bad, they are bound to combat by every means in their power. There are few men here, outside the field of politics properly so called, who occupy the same kind of position. Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley present, perhaps, the nearest approach to it. There is hardly a day in which Wendell Phillips is not in some place or other promulgating somewhat peculiar opinions on society and government. There is hardly a periodical one opens in which one does not find a contribution from Horace Greeley on one of a great variety of subjects. Under these circumstances there is something almost comical in the enquiry we sometimes receive, why we so often criticise Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley; and here, as in many other cases, some of the deeper intellects amongst those who find fault with us account for the strange phenomenon by the hypothesis of profound personal enmity. We shall never have an end of this narrow way of looking at newspaper functions until people give up considering all persons whose aims are good as of equal value to society, and therefore equally entitled to immunity from criticism or fault-finding. The business of a newspaper critic is not with a man's goodness, but with his way of showing it; good men differ infinitely in their way of showing it, and are, therefore, of widely different degrees of value to society. If the best man who ever breathed were to set about improving his kind by the delivery of shallow lectures or writing weak essays or publishing bad poems, it would be the duty of the critic to use all fair means to get the public to stay away from the lectures, not to read the essays or buy the poems. The critic might err

in his estimate of them, but then his duty would be none the less clear, and those who are shocked by his boldness would have the consolation of knowing that, whether he was right or wrong, it is by incessant discussion of persons, of ideas, and of measures that the world progresses, that civilization is promoted, and truth decided. It might be a pleasanter world if every man thought all his neighbors Solomons, and said so; but then the world was clearly not made to be wholly pleasant.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, February 28, 1868.

JUST as Parliament was settling down to the piece of work which will occupy to all appearance a large part of its time this session, namely, the settlement of Irish affairs, its labors were arrested. We are at the present moment under an interregnum. Lord Derby has resigned office under the increasing pressure of age and the gout, and Mr. Disraeli steps into his place. The change will be of very trifling importance, resembling at the outside the substitution of the mayor of the palace for a *fainéant* king. Lord Derby has for some time discharged the ornamental rather than the useful functions of a minister, and it may be added that he has discharged them exceedingly well. He had precisely those qualities which the English people delight to honor. He is the representative of one of our oldest families, fourteenth earl of his name, and with an estate of I know not how many thousands a year. He translated Homer and kept race-horses; and, if I may judge from novels of the "Guy Livingstone" order, a considerable number of my countrymen hold that distinction on the turf and a familiarity with the classics are as desirable as the Christian graces, and perhaps at times a very fair substitute for them. Not that this is the case with Lord Derby. He is really a high-spirited and vivacious gentleman, who might stand for the ideal worshipped in our great public schools such as Eton or Harrow. He is a man of really generous sympathies, as was shown in his early advocacy of anti-slavery principles; yet he has no real claims to statesmanlike intellect, and possesses a mind rather graceful than powerful. He has that indolence which it must be so difficult to shake off when you have fifty thousand a year and a historic title, and rather condescended to take office, from a sense of loyalty, than sought for it as a distinction. "My father," as Lord Stanley said, or rather is said to have said, "would be a very able man, if he knew anything;" to which it may be added that Lord Derby is reported with the same degree of probability to have declared that Lord Stanley was waiting to read his father's translation of Homer, when it should be published in the form of a blue-book. In short, Lord Derby is a brilliant but not a useful statesman, and we may hope is one of the last representatives of the old school who condescended to govern the country so long as it does not give them too much trouble. His absence will make little or no difference in our politics, but it will be regretted by many people upon whom his popular qualities have made a strong impression.

Those who will really regret him most sincerely are the class who look with some jealousy upon the rise of his successor. Most people, indeed, whether liberal or conservative, have seen Mr. Disraeli's success with a good deal of satisfaction. In the first place, whatever may be our opinion of his sincerity, he is undoubtedly the man with the most brains among our present ministers. Moreover, his success has been won, in spite of every obstacle, by sheer talent and courage. It is a curious thing that the man in whom the qualities of the English aristocracy received their fullest embodiment should be succeeded by an adventurer of alien blood, without one of the advantages upon which political success is generally founded in this country. Mr. Disraeli has always acknowledged, and he deserves credit for making the acknowledgment a cause of pride, that he was originally "a gentleman of the press." No one starting from such a position as the author of "Vivian Grey" and "Coningsby" has ever before succeeded in becoming Prime Minister of England. Beginning as a radical agitator under the patronage of O'Connell, he has gradually fought his way upwards, and, by sheer force of ability, has compelled his party to obey him even when they secretly hated him. Indeed, Mr. Disraeli has always been the object of a more bitter dislike from his supporters than from his opponents. The Conservatives have bitterly grudged the superiority of one who had entered the political arena with none of the acknowledged and usual advantages. He has never maintained his supremacy by the arts common to most men whose position is held, so to speak, on sufferance. On the contrary, he has always treated his followers with a haughtiness and a reserve which have caused them to dislike him almost as much as they distrusted him. So remarkable is the repulsion between Mr. Disraeli and his party that one of our ablest writers declared not three years ago that he was "a foreign body in that tepid organization," and that "some day soon" he would be ejected from it as a needle that has been swallowed will work out from some part of our bodily frame.

This prophecy, though made by an acute observer, has been signally falsified. Mr. Disraeli's hold upon his party is firmer than ever—so firm that they would be at least as unable to dispense with him as he would with them. Their dislike has been partly swallowed up in admiration, and, though they can never be cordially fond of him, there is far less chance of a rebellion against his leadership than of a rebellion of the Liberals against Mr. Gladstone. I have already had many opportunities of speaking upon the nature of the process by which this result has been effected. Mr. Disraeli has not reached his present position as the representative of any great principle, nor as leading on his party to the effectual carrying into practice of any of the measures which they had at heart. On the contrary, he has given effect to principles which he condemned and ridiculed, and has enabled his party to get the credit of measures identical with those which they had most bitterly opposed. Yet there is something about the brilliant display of talent by which this has been accomplished which has dazzled even his opponents in the House of Commons. Whatever else may be said about him, no one can deny that he is the cleverest political tactician extant. And if this is not a sufficient ground for falling down and worshipping him, or even for hailing him as a heaven-born minister, it is not a bad reason for supporting him. To use a metaphor which Mr. Lowe employed last session, he treated the Conservative party as a groom treats a skittish horse; he brought them up to the object of their aversion, allowed them to look at it and smell at it till at last they were brought insensibly to pass an obstacle at which they formerly shied. Now, Liberals cannot but hope that the same trick may be repeated this session. No one can do so much to help on reform as a Conservative minister; the House of Lords is compelled to accept the measures which he dictates; and if Mr. Disraeli shows himself as squeezable this session as he did the last, we may hope that he will force upon that assembly of bigoted land-owners a fair instalment of reform in regard to Irish land laws, and even induce the bishops to consent to the decent education of the people. It is a great thing to have as leader in the Conservative camp a man who has a head upon his shoulders and is willing to see the importance of reasonable concessions. If some of his followers cry out that he is a traitor, that does n't much matter to his opponents.

The other changes in the ministry will be insignificant. Mr. Ward Hunt, it is said, will take Mr. Disraeli's place as Chancellor of the Exchequer. I presume that Mr. Ward Hunt's reputation is pretty nearly confined to England; and I confess that I had never heard of him till he became prominent for his exertions, during the cattle plague, in persuading the House of Commons that the country ought to compensate the land-owners. The House of Commons naturally wanted little persuasion to put its hand in the pockets of the country for the good of its own class. He is a good, steady, and, I should guess, rather wooden country gentleman, who will, doubtless, make a passable subordinate; but the work of the House of Commons will, of course, rest principally upon Mr. Disraeli's shoulders. Lord Stanley, it is said, will be sent to the comparative obscurity of the House of Lords. As he is not much of an orator, though a sound and able statesman, he will probably not regret a premature elevation to the dignity which cannot in any case be long delayed. And so we shall soon have the Parliamentary machinery set to work upon questions of greater importance than any with which it has dealt for years. Lord Russell, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Bright have already produced schemes for Irish reform; and the extraordinary variety of opinion on the subject speaks more for the attention devoted to the question than for any hopes of a satisfactory result. There is, for example, a section of Liberals represented by the *Pall Mall Gazette* which declares emphatically that the one thing wanted for Ireland is repose. The condition of the Irish people, they assert, has been steadily, if slowly, improving. The Fenian outbreak is really less formidable than those to which we have been accustomed in former years. It is confined to a smaller class of the population, and is more exclusively due to foreign agitators. I mention these opinions not as approving them, but because I am certain that they are held in good faith by a considerable section of the Liberals. They represent the old *laissez-faire* school, and, whilst perfectly willing to upset the Irish Church Establishment, their only policy with regard to the land is to stand still and let things settle themselves. At the opposite pole comes Mr. Mill, who says in so many words—and Mr. Mill can use very plain words when he chooses—that Ireland is in a state to justify revolutionary measures. They could not, as he argues with much power, become independent without so great a danger of anarchy and disorder as justifies us in refusing to relax our hold. But, if we keep them, we are bound to do the best we can for their improvement, and, in his opinion, nothing will be satisfactory short of a measure which will place the ownership of the land

in the hands of the actual cultivators. The difficulties urged against such a measure as this are, of course, considerable; but whatever may be the value of Mr. Mill's ideas, it is plain that they will be utterly rejected by our present rulers. A revolution will not be made by us in Ireland until we are getting ripe for a revolution in England; and indeed it is a very important result of these Irish discussions that they are gradually bringing on debates as to the merits of our landed system in England. In any case, no speedy settlement can be anticipated. Between the position occupied by Mr. Mill and that taken up by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, every possible state of opinion is represented. When the struggle begins in the House of Commons parties will doubtless become more organized, the hostile armies will take up their position, and we shall see what are the chances which are at present obscured in the chaotic whirl of conflicting sentiments. Just now we are at the day before the battle, and no man can clearly distinguish the outlines of the forces which are gathering for the conflict. If I may venture an illustration from your own politics, I should say that the Irish question is as much more perplexing than that of reconstruction as it is older in date. You may form some estimate by a rule of three as to the time it will be satisfactorily settled.

In my last letter I noticed the disappearance of Mr. Speke. Mr. Speke has reappeared, and, to use a bit of school-boy slang, his whole performance has been in the nature of a "sell." Whilst his friends were offering enormous rewards for his discovery, whilst every newspaper was speculating on the strange story, and ingenious theories were being spun as to the existence of an organized system of murder in London, Mr. Speke was quietly enjoying himself at Plymouth. He was visiting the beautiful scenery of Devon and Cornwall, going to church, reading his Bible, and studying the articles about himself in the newspapers. He is said to be sane, and the only explanations given of his escapade are either that he meant to go quietly to America to preach the Gospel (I don't know why he should conceal such a laudable intention), or that he wished to avoid being married. It gives a pleasant impression of the position of an English country parson that his only way of avoiding forcible marriage is by disappearing entirely from society. But I don't quite think that Mr. Speke was sane.

Correspondence.

THE WEST AND GREENBACKS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Do you quite understand the feeling at the West about the national finances? We are not, I think, much tainted with the repudiation contagion, however much appearances may be against us. Of course we have a small party of repudiators who transfer to the bonds their opposition to the war, but the resolutions of our Chicago Common Council seem to me to express the prevailing opinion west of Lake Michigan.

There is, however, some confusion in the popular mind on the matter of public credit, and some opposition to the plans of Mr. McCulloch and specie-payment men, which spring from perfect confidence in the national money, not from distrust of it. It is this faith in greenbacks which I fear you do not comprehend.

West of Lake Michigan we never had a paper dollar that was worth exactly as much as a gold dollar. We have been swindled by bankers ever since we were a people. "Red dog" and "stump-tail" were the descriptive terms applied by us to our currency before the war. I think nine men in ten among us rejoiced over the war as a great blessing when the greenbacks came. Here, at least, was a national bank-bill, an American paper dollar. The faith and wealth of the nation were represented in the words "The United States promise to pay." We never had specie dollars. To get a paper one that could not break seemed to be the beginning of the millennium. We have not changed our minds about this; we believe with all our might in the national paper dollar, and we do n't want it paid. That is what is the matter.

Our farmers have realized no serious evils from inflation. They received good prices for their produce, and their dollars were at last just as good as anybody's—dollars to lock up and keep without a scruple of doubt about breaking of the bank. Just now inflation seems to benefit them wonderfully. The wheat sells at a good round price, while dry-goods are down to the prices of 1860.

The first consequence of this confidence in the national money was that the "national bank-bills" were an offense to our sight. The farmers said, "The bankers are at their old tricks. These dollars are an entering wedge to drive out Uncle Sam's dollars. Red dog and stump-tail are on beyond." Why the Government should pay the bankers for using its credit, or pay them hush-money or show them any mercy, the prairie farmer says he cannot see; and he is not convinced that the unsophisticated direct promise of the nation needs any propping by bankers. He wants the greenbacks rendered perpetual by act of Congress.

The national bank bill prepared the mind of our farmer for distrust. "They are at their old tricks," is the feeling with which he hears of any scheme that can benefit the bankers or open a prospect of losing the greenbacks. When he was told that the Secretary of the Treasury was burning up greenbacks he felt as indignant as when the rebels fired on Sumter. In short, our farmer believes in greenbacks, and has had no experience of the evils of inflation. Give him credit for an unfaltering confidence in a dollar which bears the great national name; remember that to him it is small matter whether that national name be stamped on coin or printed on paper, and then enlighten him.

David Hilton Wheeler.

Evanston, March 5, 1868.

SUPREME COURT DECISIONS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Your excellent article of Feb. 20, entitled "The Use of the Supreme Court to the Union," contains this sentence: "The three additional instances in which the court has pronounced against the validity of United States statutes are the Dred Scott case, the Test Oath case, and the case of Milligan."

It appears to me, from a careful reading of the decisions (*Ex parte* Milligan, 4 Wallace, p. 2), that the case of Milligan ought not to be included among those "in which the court has pronounced against the validity of United States statutes." What statute is invalidated by that decision? The only statute much discussed in it is one entitled "An act relating to *habeas corpus* and regulating judicial proceedings in certain cases," approved March 3, 1863; under which Milligan asked to be, and was, in fact, discharged from military custody. The controlling question in the case, as the court say, was whether the military commission which tried and sentenced Milligan had *jurisdiction*, legally, to try and sentence him; and a leading reason given for answering the question negatively was, that the military commission was not a court ordained and established by Congress. The decision does, indeed, go farther, and declares in effect that Congress could not have made Milligan's trial valid by any previous legislation. On this point four members of the court differed from the other five, and filed a dissenting opinion. The opinion of the five is, of course, the opinion of the court; but is it not one thing to say that Congress cannot make a law of a certain purport, and a quite different thing to pronounce against the validity of a United States statute? S. C.

Peoria, Ill., March 9, 1868.

"THE NATION'S" CONSERVATISM.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: There is scarcely an utterance of yours which would be commonly described as "conservative" with which I do not fully agree; yet I cannot forbear from saying that your paper is, as a whole, a little too conservative. I ask you, and those who, like you and me, are impatient with the recklessness, imprudence, and general unwisdom of some leading men in the Republican party, to watch with at least equal attention, and to give equal prominence to, the same faults, and worse ones, among Democratic leaders.

It is true that in the Republican party conscience has acquired a weight disproportioned to its intellect, but it is equally true that in the Democratic party sheer wickedness occupies the place which conscience holds among Republicans. The intellect of the Democratic party to-day is full as weak as that of its opponent, and is as much controlled by the evil passions of its members as that of the Republican party is by its members' consciences.

I fully admit that it is a bad thing for intellect to be blinded by a morbid conscience; but surely it is far worse that it should be blinded by morbid passions.

There never was a party more utterly incompetent to serve the country than the Democratic party as it is to-day. It is worthless in opposition—a sphere in which the Republican party was relatively magnificent. It will be frightful in its excesses if once restored to national power. A party which has shown such amazing lack of brains in managing its own interests will certainly put no more brains (and a bad heart) into the service of the country. T. G. S.

Brooklyn, March 13, 1868.

"THE NATION'S" RADICALISM.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your three Boston correspondents must be conservative indeed if they are so easily alarmed by the radicalism of the *Nation*. For my part, I saw no difficulty in the sentence to which they took so much objection: viz., that in which you justify Congress in refusing to allow Mr. Johnson to test the validity of its acts by legal process, *where it is a prerequisite to such legal process that he should first violate a statute.*

If an act should be passed in Massachusetts inflicting upon larceny a punishment which was of dubious constitutionality, and one of your correspondents should detect a man picking his pocket, who, being seized, should declare that his sole purpose was to test the constitutionality of the law, I imagine it would make a good deal of difference in your correspondent's treatment of the plea whether the law-tester was a man of known probity and wealth or a notorious pickpocket.

Mr. Johnson cannot test the validity of the law (he claims) without violating it. Very good. If it is void, let him pass free; but if it is valid, then his excuse, which might be sufficient for a man of good character, ought not to avail one who notoriously is not such a man. Reader.

New York, March 12, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Murray Hoffman, Esquire, has prepared a work, to be published in May next by Messrs. Pott & Amery, entitled "A Treatise upon the Ecclesiastical Law in the State of New York." It will contain the law as to the mode of organization and incorporation applicable to different denominations; a view of the legal relations subsisting between clergymen and their congregations; and a presentation of the law as regards pews, vaults, and cemeteries—the tenure and sale of church property, the interposition of civil tribunals, and other topics. Although dealing particularly with the State of New York, it is intended to make the work valuable for churches in all parts of the country.——Messrs. Wynkoop & Sherwood announce the republication of "Grandpapa's Arithmetic," in which M. Jean Macé, combining instruction with entertainment, unfolds the mysteries of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division in what he calls a "fairy tale." "Liliput Levee" is another book announced by Wynkoop & Sherwood—a book very different from those of M. Macé, and full of pleasure for children. The same house will publish "The Bride of the Wind," a fairy story, by Marie Hagenstein, and "The Merchant of Venice," as produced at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, 1867, by Edwin Booth. It will contain illustrations of all the principal scenes, an analysis of the play, explanatory notes, and articles on costume. The editor is Mr. H. L. Hinton. ——Sheldon & Co. announce "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," Mrs. Edwards's best novel, which has been running through the *Galaxy*——It is proper to say here that Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. now own all the works of Captain Mayne Reid—some fifteen volumes—formerly published by R. M. Dewitt, and that they wait for the opening of the Spring trade in order to publish a number of novels and other works, the titles of which will be duly announced.——The Catholic Publication Society have in press: "Tales from the Diary of a Sister of Mercy;" "The Life of St. Columba, Apostle of Caledonia," by Count Montalembert; "Nellie Netterville: A Tale of the Cromwellian Wars in Ireland," by Miss Caddell; "Problems of the Age: with Essays of St. Augustine on Kindred Subjects," by Rev. A. F. Hewit; "The Story of a Sister" (Le Récit d'une Sœur): translated from the French; and a new illustrated series of books for a Sunday-school library.

—The trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, established in connection with Harvard College in October, 1867, have made their first annual report, of which the most interesting feature is naturally the report of the curator, Professor Jeffries Wyman. In twelve months the collection of specimens has not, of course, reached a very high number, but several societies were ready to contribute to the outfit of the young institution, and Messrs. Caleb Cushing and E. G. Squier were especially generous in presenting Mexican and Peruvian antiquities of great value. In human crania the museum may almost be said to be rich already, while its collection of stone implements, both European and American, is pretty extensive. More than in actual possession, the museum is fortunate in having for its directors men thoroughly acquainted with the progress of modern discovery and the best scientific methods, and who are a guarantee that no effort and no money will be wasted in unsystematic or random researches. The library is least forward of any department, but here the intention is to procure only such works as are not contained in the public libraries. An interesting chapter of the report relates to the curator's explorations among the shell-heaps on the Atlantic coast, and also on the St. John's River, in East Florida. For those in Maine and Massachusetts reference is made to the detailed account contained in the *American Naturalist* for January, to which we called attention at the time; and of those in Florida a sketch is given, with a promise of a full description hereafter. The mounds opened along the St. John appear to be much older than those of New England; certainly not less than three hundred years old, or antecedent to the discovery of America. Similar explorations are planning for the coming season, and the museum is securing agents in all parts of the world. One of these ought to be Mr. George Catlin; and his museum of Indian curiosities, which the Congress of a less enlightened day refused to purchase for retention in this country, ought to be, if possible, recovered from England. We sincerely hope that as the Peabody foundation becomes better known, the many who can doubtless add objects of value to its cabinets will do so cheerfully and liberally. The West especially may be looked to to furnish relics of the aborigines, both of what it has and of what it may easily find by searching.

—Wherever English is spoken Macaulay is at present read, and wherever Macaulay is read Barère is known as an unbounded and fathomless liar. De Quincey, almost more of an Englishman than Macaulay—though not so exclusively English, for he possessed and often exercised the power of philosophic as well as imaginative detachment—used to grow almost abusive, if our memory serves us, over one of his most impudent achievements in falsehood, one not mentioned by Macaulay—the famous one which has furnished the subject of at least one French "historical" picture and been the theme of nobody knows how many bursts of eloquence. It represents the French line-of-battle ship *Vengeur* refusing to surrender to the British on the victory of June 1, 1794, but going down firing her last tier of guns, the tricolor proudly waving, and the crew shouting as one man "Vive la République," and declining to be picked up by the boats of Albion. This veracious tale of M. Barère's used to trouble Thackeray also, and Mr. Hamerton in his last work takes pains to denounce it. Perhaps not even that other fable about Cambronne's waving his sword at Waterloo, and crying that "the Guard dies," etc., has been so efficacious in stirring British bile. It is not so well known, however, that at the same time when Barère invented so much glory for the men of the *Vengeur*, who, in fact, showed considerable alacrity in climbing into the English boats, he invented a celebrated phrase which has ever since been commonly attributed to Napoleon I. When Barère reported the fate of the heroic vessel to the Convention, he added, "Let Pitt tell that to his nation of shopkeepers." Anything he really said that contains any truth at all it is as well to allow him the credit of, and this nickname must be admitted to be of his manufacture.

—Mr. Henry Kingsley is the ostensible editor of a new "Robinson Crusoe." Really, he is not the editor, but only was hired by the publisher to write a preface, and he has seen fit to send a note to the papers saying so, for the critics have shown that the editorial task was not performed with great care or success. It was intended that the new edition should follow the text of the first edition, and this it did except that the original title-page was not, as it well might have been, exactly copied. Indeed, it followed the first edition so closely, and with so little discrimination, that it reproduced the errors which Defoe, in an appended table of errata, took pains to correct. Upon the discovery of this fact came Mr. Kingsley's explanation, which, while it relieves him from the charge of blundering, would seem, if we know all the circumstances, to leave him open to the heavier charge of what must be considered a piece of deception—and one not the less, but rather the more, to be reprehended in that it is common. We speak of the new edition, however, not so much on this account as because Mr. Kingsley, first among commentators on "Robinson Crusoe," points out the truth that the famous novel which children in Oregon and children in America are to-day reading as a romance, which is a part of the fictitious literature of every European tongue and of more than one of the languages of the East, is, in truth, not a romance at all. It is "merely an allegorical account of Defoe's own life." Defoe, in the preface to a little known work of his, entitled "Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," declares that "the story, though allegorical, is also historical;" and again, "that there is a man alive, and well known too, the actions of whose life are the first subject of these volumes, and to whom all or most part of the story most directly alludes." Mr. Kingsley entertaining no doubt—as indeed none can be entertained—that the "life of unexampled misfortunes" portrayed in the work is the life of Defoe himself,

endeavors to make the allegory fit the political events and public characters in which Defoe was engaged and with whom he was brought in contact. He acknowledges difficulties in the way of this interpretation; cannot, for example, see how the shipwreck can be very easily made to stand for the revolution of 1688, or the parrot for the Earl of Oxford, or Doctor Sacheverell for the first savage killed by Crusoe. A critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that it is not at all in this way that the allegory is to be read. To him it seems to deal with Defoe's personal history—his solitary struggles—and no English writer was more of a solitary—his philosophy, and his religious feelings. It is true that his moral reflections and his autobiography he chose to set off by a fictitious dress, and that he let his imagination run away with him, so that the setting has obscured the gem; and it is true even that, in the second part of his book, he became purely a romancer; but there is good reason to suppose that, really, it was for the sake of the third part—the "Serious Reflections"—that the other two were written, and it seems susceptible of proof, from Defoe's own words on various occasions, that in the first part the fiction was employed to secure a hearing for the moralizings of a solitary thinker, and, further, that the various feigned events and personages of that portion of "Robinson Crusoe" had their antitype in the realm of actual fact. It is not strange, then, to find in the title of Gildon's squib aimed at Defoe what seems a direct allusion to the autobiographical character of the work. Gildon says: "The Life and Surprising Adventures of Mr. D—— De F——, of London, Hosier, who has lived fifty years *by himself* in the Kingdom of North and South Britain." And Defoe himself, in the preface above mentioned, assures his readers that without going into too exact an explanation of "the original by the emblem," he can tell them that there is not a circumstance in the imaginary story which has not its precise allusion to the conduct or life of a man known to the public, whose whole existence has been full of unhappiness and loneliness. Perhaps Defoe is hardly a subject for a long biography, but certainly it would be no more than just to so great a writer, and it could not fail to be interesting, if the view of his writings here mentioned were to receive full treatment in a biographical memoir prefatory of his immortal work.

—English lawyers are more fortunate than our own in that they have possession of Tenison Edwards, Esquire. He is a barrister who, having observed the great amount of labor imposed on the profession by the necessity of "noting up" text-books, conceived the idea of himself doing it for all of them. Tedious labor was not the only thing from which to save them; the work was one in which an inaccuracy or an omission might lead to the ruin of clients as well as to the injury of the lawyer's reputation. Mr. Edwards's plan was to compile notes of the effect of each new judicial decision or each new act of Parliament, and to print with the note a reference to the page of the text-books upon which it might bear. He at first used paper gummed on one side, and the lawyer or his clerk had no further trouble than to cut up the slip and paste each note on the margin of the proper text-book. Afterwards, he printed on both sides of the slip, numbering each note, and binding the slips into a volume. All the labor then necessary was to pencil the number of the note on the margin of the book. Still later he added a synoptical index, published half-yearly, embodying the contents of the old volumes of "The Notanda Digest"—which is what he calls his work—and including, also, references to the decisions and acts of the six months immediately preceding. The benefit he has thus conferred upon lawyers is very great, and the law is now to a less extent than before a mighty maze without a plan. It is a pity that Mr. Edwards's ingenuity has not been emulated on this side of the water; we should soon have a digest of the common law as existing here as satisfactory as our digests of statutes.

—The German statesman, Friedrich von Gentz, has been an attractive subject to writers of a later generation. His life and works were the careful study of Haym; R. von Mohl and Dr. Bluntschli have treated of his political activity; and Dr. H. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, with the aid of material in the Imperial archives at Vienna, has given, in his "Contribution to the History of Austria in the Nineteenth Century," of which we have already once spoken, what he calls a *Seelengemälde*, or psychological analysis of Gentz's character, endeavoring to trace the course of its development, or perhaps we should say retrogression, from liberal to anti-liberal opinions, from virtue to sensuality. One secret of the attention he has thus received from posterity is undoubtedly due to his devotion to German unity in the days when the feeling for unity was less self-asserting and less courageous, and therefore far less powerful than it has since become. It seems that we have not yet done with Gentz. The Prince Metternich, whose most intimate adviser and valued assistant he was, left on his decease four great chests of papers, with the injunction that nothing should be published for twenty years—that is to say, till 1879. They have but just been brought from the castle of Königswart to Vienna and opened. On examination, the correspondence with Gentz proves to be unexpectedly large, and mixed up with papers of all kinds, so as to render the work of assorting sufficiently tedious. It has been concluded to sort first with reference to Gentz, and to recommend the papers thus collected first for publication to the young Prince Metternich, now ambassador at Paris.

"—That portion of Bunsen's "Vollständiges Bibelwerk für die Gemeinde" which contains the translation of the New Testament, has been published by Brockhaus at Leipsic, omitting the exegetical notes which originally accompanied it. Professor Holtzmann, who, with Professor Kamphausen, has taken up and continued the great work of the lamented scholar, furnishes an introduction to the translation—words of high praise to Bunsen for having conceived the plan of his "Bible-Work for the People." The present publication of the text alone is for the sake of those who would be unable to procure the fuller work and of those who would like to read the New Testament in other than the strong and antiquated speech of Luther. It is on this account likely to mark an era in the popular faith of Germany.

—Dr. Hugo Meyer recently read an essay before the historical department of the Bremen *Künstlerverein*, on the legends and statues of the historical Roland (or Hroudland), who perished fighting the Saracens at Roncesvalles. The attempt was made to trace the connection between the traditions (which so abounded in Southern France) in relation to this hero and the old German mythology. The adventures, qualities, and symbols assigned to Roland were clearly taken directly from those which belonged to *Balder*, the old northern sun-god (known also among the various German tribes as *Tyr*, *Heimdall*, *Freyr*, etc.); and not only did the borrowed raiment fit him as a warrior against pagan darkness, but even his name had a divine origin. In certain districts mostly still inhabited by German races, as all were formerly, there appeared a god *Hruodo*, identical on the one hand with the god of light, and on the other hand closely resembling the god *Irmin*, and the war-god *Tîu* or *Ziu*—the oldest and most widely-spread of the names of this divinity, and connected by philologists with the Greek *Zeus*, Latin *Jupiter*, Indian *Dyâus*, etc. The day consecrated to him was Thursday (*Dienstag*), the ancient judgment-day, variously known as *Zistag* among the Suevi, *Ertag Irminstag* in Bavaria, *Roytag-Rolandstag* in Flanders. He was originally worshipped in the form of a pole or pillar, surmounted by a huge ball in token of the sun, called an "Irmin-pillar;" and the Roland-pillars or statues had a similar beginning, along with the scutcheon poles (*Schildbäume*), and the *Tîodute* or *Jodutenbäume* erected as monuments of victory and at the seats of justice. The subject is an interesting one, and promises to reward further investigations.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Transfusion of Blood.—Those who, like ourselves, have read the story of "Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy," will remember the exciting scene depicted in the closing chapter. Four doctors in attendance—one young and enthusiastic. Patient dying of sudden hemorrhage, breathing hard, and with a pulse that hardly moved. A tube and a lancet. The young doctor "fixed his apparatus and performed an operation, which then, as now, was impossible in theory; only he did it. He sent some of Griffith Gaunt's bright red blood smoking hot into Kate Gaunt's veins."

Had Mr. Reade cared less for producing a *sensation*, and more for presenting the actual state of science in regard to this matter, he would not have made the above statement. We have been induced to look up the history of the transfusion of blood, since it is again attracting considerable attention abroad, and a Swiss physician has introduced a new instrument for the purpose, from which valuable results are expected. We do not find that any attempts were made for the renewal of life or the cure of disease by this practice earlier than the seventeenth century; though as long ago as the time of King David the constant external application, in old age, of young blood was believed to prolong life.

Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood must not only first be made, but defended, before it could be accepted, for thirty years or more, amidst the envy and hatred of contemporary physicians and the jeers of the vulgar. This accomplished, a sort of delirium seized the people, for they believed that, as all diseases were attributable to the blood, they had only to replace bad blood by good to keep off all maladies and become immortal.

The first experiments were performed by Dr. Lower, in 1666, at Oxford,

England, by transfusing the blood of one animal into another; and in the diary of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., for the same year, it is recorded that "at a meeting of Gresham College, there was an experiment of the blood of one dog let out, till he died, into the body of another on one side. The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an archbishop, and such like." It was thought possible that the exchange of blood might alter the nature or disposition of the animals, for the operation seemed to be like that of grafting, where the scion imparts its own nature to the sap of the stock grafted upon; hence we find, in the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society" for 1666 a list of queries to be answered by subsequent experiments, two of which are: "Whether a fierce dog may not become more tame by the transfusing of the blood of a cowardly dog? Whether a small, young dog, by being often fresh stocked with the blood of a young dog of a larger kind, will grow bigger than the ordinary size of his own kind?" The author of the story which we have mentioned, struck with the same idea, makes Mrs. Gaunt say, "Once she told Father Francis, quite seriously, that she had never been quite the same woman since she lived by Griffith's blood; she was turned jealous."

The French *savans* were also at the same time busy experimenting. "M. Gayant put the blood of a young dog into the veins of an old one, who, two hours after, did leap and frisk, whereas he was almost blind with age, and could hardly stir before." Similar results attended the experiments on horses.

The next step was to try transfusion on man, and, as we might expect, the French were the first to attempt it. Dr. Denis, at Paris, in 1667, cured, as he thought, a lunatic, by introducing in two operations nearly a pound and a half of the blood of a calf into one of the veins of his arm. The wife of the man concluded transfusion had done him good, because, as she said, "at the season we are now in, her husband should be outrageous and very mad against herself, and that, instead of the kindness he showed to her at this full of the moon, he used to do nothing but swear and beat her." Unfortunately, this patient remained sane for only two months, and died during the third experiment.

A woman was cured of palsy, and a man of leprosy, but a young prince of royal blood fell a victim to the operation. These failures led to the decree that no transfusions should be made but by the approbation of the physicians of the Parisian faculty, which amounted to a total prohibition. In England, there were several cases which resulted favorably, it is said; but in Italy the Pope put a stop to the practice in consequence of the death of two individuals on whom Dr. Riva had operated.

From this time transfusion was considered not only useless but dangerous, till the subject was taken up again by Dr. Blundell, of England, who published a little work in 1824, in which he shows that the experiments of physicians on man in the seventeenth century often failed, because animal was substituted for human blood, as well as on account of the faulty apparatus used. His own experiments are exceedingly interesting. He resuscitated a dog by the transfusion of blood after breathing had stopped five minutes, and for the purpose of showing that, when the system ceases to make blood through disease, life may be prolonged, he nourished a dog for three weeks solely by repeated transfusions from another dog.

He gives some account of six instances in which he injected blood into human veins, in some of which respiration had ceased before the operation was performed. In one case he prolonged life for fifty-six hours. The inferences he makes from the few opportunities which he had for experimenting are, that transfusion may be performed after his method with facility, and that the operation is not attended by any obviously dangerous symptoms, provided the blood be promptly transmitted and the injection of air be precluded.

We come now to notice the instrument for transfusion recently invented by Dr. Roussel, of Geneva, who considers it a great improvement on all those previously in use. The earliest operations, those of the seventeenth century, were performed by introducing one end of a tube, composed either of a succession of quills or of silver, directly into a vein or artery of the animal furnishing the blood, and the other into a vein of the recipient man or beast. The objection to this method is that clots are very sure to form at either end of the tube, where the blood is necessarily for a greater or less length of time exposed to the air, and these introduced into the circulation are apt to produce death. This is a process of immediate transfusion. Dr. Blundell used a syringe, and injected blood previously received in a basin into the veins. The same objection is made to this method as to the former, and, also, that the properties of the whole amount of blood are changed by exposure to the air. Various contrivances have been resorted to to obviate these difficulties, and at last Dr. Roussel thinks he has invented an instrument which fulfils all the ends desired. This is, in brief, composed of a sort of cupping-glass made to adhere to the arm, over the vein to be opened, by working a small piston connected with it, and of a rubber pouch above this, which is filled by the working of another piston with water, that is also at the same time forced into the interior of the vessel beneath. When the instrument is properly adjusted, all the air being driven out by the water introduced, the distended vein is opened by means of a lancet, which penetrates the wall of the glass, and the water is forced out through a glass tube, and its place taken by the blood. The transfusing apparatus is now connected with a silver tube, previously placed in a vein of the patient's arm, and the operation goes on, air being totally excluded. For his invention the doctor claims great results. He asserts that he has repeatedly revived animals that have ceased to breathe; and he gives at length an interesting case of a girl of seventeen years, dying of an excessive hemorrhage, to whom he was called. He found her in a profound syncope, skin cold, respiration and pulse gone, face cadaverous, pupils dilated, and, in fact, appearing dead. His ear placed over the heart detected no pulsation, but only a slight vibration. His proposition to introduce some of her sister's blood into her veins was readily accepted, and the apparatus was soon adjusted. Transfusion commenced, and in less than a minute a beating of the heart was perceptible; later, respiration began; and in twenty minutes, when the operation was discontinued, the patient recovered her lifelike appearance, opened her eyes, and spoke to her sister. This was in December, 1865, and Dr. Roussel states that she is at present married and in good health.

There are but seventy-six recorded cases of transfusion, notwithstanding the thousands of instances where it might have been serviceable; for wherever death threatens through loss of blood, there there is a possibility of saving life by this mode of treatment. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the methods heretofore resorted to have been so faulty, and attended so often by disastrous results, that surgeons generally have not cared to incur the responsibility of operating. The doctor suggests that every army surgeon should be supplied with a transfusing apparatus, for many a poor soldier dies not from the severity of his wounds, but from the loss of blood. There have been some experiments of this kind in this country. Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., performed transfusion on a woman bleeding to death, and has reason to believe that her life was thereby prolonged six or eight hours; and a still better result attended a similar operation in New Orleans.

VARIATION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS UNDER DOMESTICATION.*

For critical examination in detail, Mr. Darwin's new book must be referred to the scientific journals and to cultivators and breeders. But, whatever audience he may address, a wide circle of general readers is sure to attend the founder of a new *ism*, and the word Darwinism has become as familiar as Galvanism or Mormonism. Readers from mere curiosity are likely to be somewhat disappointed in the present work. It is replete—some may say heavy—with facts; and facts in science, important as they are in this case both to practical men and philosophical investigators, are seldom half as enticing as speculations. To the "Origin of Species," moreover, there was the added zest of heterodoxy. Everybody hastened to read a book which was widely denounced, even by some scientific authorities, as dangerous or improper. No doubt the present volumes are flavored with the doctrine of their predecessor, which this is intended to support by evidence. But their main interest lies in the vast array of facts which are here collected and discussed, with the characteristic faithfulness and candor of a writer who was never known to tamper with the evidence, or to keep back anything which told against his theory. There is, moreover, plenty of hypothesis in the second volume, and that quite independent of the Darwinian theory.

These volumes are, in the main, a storehouse of facts relative to variation under domestication and kindred topics. The author announces that in a work to follow this he intends to treat of variation in a state of nature; and in yet another (may he live to complete such arduous undertakings!) he proposes to try the principle of natural selection by seeing how far it will serve to explain the geological succession of organic beings, their geographical distribution in past and present times, and their mutual affinities and homologies. He briefly informs us how the foundations of the views which he has lately made so famous were laid during his voyage in the *Beagle*, many years ago:

"When I visited the Galapagos Archipelago, situated in the Pacific Ocean, about five hundred miles from the shore of South America, I found myself surrounded by peculiar species of birds, reptiles, and plants, existing

* "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., etc." In 2 volumes, with illustrations, 8vo. London: Murray. 1868

nowhere else in the world. Yet they all bore an American stamp. In the song of the mocking thrush, in the harsh cry of the carrion hawk, in the great candlestick-like opuntias, I clearly perceived the neighborhood of America, though the islands were separated by so many miles of ocean from the mainland, and differed much from it in their geological constitution and climate. Still more surprising was the fact that most of the inhabitants of each separate island in this small archipelago were specifically different, though most closely related to each other. The archipelago, with its innumerable craters and bare streams of lava, appeared to be of recent origin; and thus I fancied myself brought near to the very act of creation. I often asked myself how these many peculiar animals and plants had been produced: the simplest answer seemed to be that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from each other, undergoing modification in the course of their descent; and that all the inhabitants of the archipelago had descended from those of the nearest land, namely, America, whence colonists would naturally have been derived. But it long remained to me an inexplicable problem how the necessary degree of modification could have been effected; and it would thus have remained for ever, had I not studied domestic productions, and thus acquired a just idea of the power of selection. As soon as I had fully realized this idea, I saw, on reading Malthus on Population, that natural selection was the inevitable result of the rapid increase of all organic beings; for I was prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence by having long studied the habits of animals."

In South America he had already been impressed with the fact of the prevalence of the same types, under different species or genera, throughout the length and breadth of the continent, and under the most diverse possible conditions; while other parts of the world, such as South Africa and Australia, although incomparably more like to parts of South America than the different parts of that continent were to each other, were entirely different in their productions. Exhuming with his own hands the bones and armor of extinct gigantic quadrupeds of the same peculiar type with those which now exist there, and reflecting that the equally peculiar animals of Australia were preceded by forms of the same sort, the idea was forced upon him that, in time as in space, the similarity was to be explained by community of descent, the differences by modification and divergence under natural selection.

We have no intention to discuss the subject of natural selection, nor the theory with which Mr. Darwin has connected it; but we would note, both as an historical incident and a simple although restricted illustration, that anticipation of it which was made, half a century ago, by the distinguished author of the "Essay upon Dew," Doctor Wells, an American by birth, which Mr. Brace recently pointed out to Mr. Darwin, and which the latter, in the preface to the last edition of "The Origin of Species," pronounces to be the first recognition of the principle of natural selection which has been indicated. Dr. Wells, in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1813, after remarking that negroes and mulattoes enjoy immunity from certain tropical diseases, observes, 1st, That all animals tend to vary in some degree; 2d, That agriculturists improve their domesticated animals by selection; and adds that what is thus done "by art seems to be done with equal efficacy, though more slowly, by nature in the formation of the varieties of mankind fitted for the countries which they inhabit. Of the accidental varieties of man, which would occur among the first few and scattered inhabitants of the middle regions of Africa, some one would be better fitted than the others to bear the diseases of the country. This race would consequently multiply, while the others would decrease not only from their inability to sustain the attacks of disease, but from their incapacity of contending with their more vigorous neighbors. The color of this vigorous race, I take for granted, from what has already been said, would be dark; but the same disposition to form varieties still existing, a darker and darker race would in the course of time occur; and, as the darkest would be the best fitted for the climate, this would at length become the most prevalent, if not the only, race in the particular country in which it had originated." And so, conversely, of the white races in colder climates.

This "survival of the fittest" seems to us so inevitable that we are disposed to agree with Mr. Wallace when he declares that there is better evidence of such selecting power in nature than even direct observation would be, viz., the evidence of necessity. It inevitably must be operative, if animals and plants increase by reproduction in a geometrical ratio while their actual numbers remain, on the average, stationary, which is past all denying; if they tend to vary; and if variations are heritable, in other words, if offspring tends to resemble parents and grand-parents, which no breeder doubts and few attentive readers of the present work will be likely to question; and, finally, if the world and the conditions of nature be subject to change, however slow; and the slower the better for natural selection.

How much of what was inexplicable or sterile in natural history and biology is to be explained or fecundated by this principle, or in this way of viewing things, is still under question. But, quite apart from the popular notoriety of Darwinism, it seems certain that these ideas have powerfully, and we suppose healthfully, stimulated scientific enquiry; and that their introduction within the last ten years marks an era in natural science. Most naturalists—perhaps we should rather say most natural philosophers—who have given attention to the subject appear to acknowledge natural selection as a *vera causa*, although few are convinced of its sufficiency, unaided, for the whole work which Mr. Darwin assigns to it. A greater number believe—indeed, the prevalent philosophical natural history of the day is largely based upon the notion, expressed or oftener implied—that species of the same genus, inhabiting the same or even more widely separated regions, are likely to have had a common origin; and, equally, that the plants and animals by which we are now surrounded are the modified representatives and descendants of those most like them in the last preceding geological age. That these advanced views, however, are attributable only in part to Mr. Darwin, is clear from the fact of their earlier promulgation, more or less distinctly, by such leading paleontologists as Pictet and Heer, and their later maintenance by Owen and De Candolle, quite irrespective of natural selection, which these writers make little of. So that, in fact, ideas of the derivation of present species from preceding ones are equally held by two parties—by those who offer a natural explanation of the process, and by those who have no explanation to offer for what they nevertheless suppose to have been a natural occurrence.

But we are not likely to forget that all such views, under whatever form or qualification maintained, do not pass unchallenged. If the new doctrines really prove to be false and mischievous, there is one naturalist, of highest prominence, whose conscience should never accuse him of having neglected to give due warning; who, upon all occasions, has iterated his *ceterum censeo* with a persistence worthy of old Cato himself—worthy, coming from such authority, of much consideration. Confident, therefore, that whatever is wrong will be duly set right, we may pass on from these debatable to more practical matters.

Eight chapters of the first volume and 40 of the 43 wood-cuts are given to the illustration of the varieties of dogs and cats; horses and asses; pigs, cattle, sheep, and goats; domestic rabbits; domestic pigeons, fowls, ducks, geese, peacock, turkey, Guinea fowl, etc., and a few pages to gold fish, hive bees, and silk moths. Pigeons receive the fullest consideration, two whole chapters being devoted to them. The 9th and 10th chapters are occupied with the cereal and some of the commonest culinary plants, fruits, and trees; and the 11th, with bud-variation and some connected matters; also with the action of foreign pollen on the fruit, seed-coats, or other organs of the mother plant, and the analogous effects in animals of a first impregnation upon subsequent offspring. In the second volume the interest, both practical and scientific, centers in the three chapters on inheritance, and in the five following upon crossing and its results, the good effects of crossing, the evil effects of close interbreeding, the advantages and disadvantages of changed conditions of life, etc. Two chapters follow upon selection by man and its consequences; then five in which the causes of variability and the laws of variation are laboriously discussed, and one in which the "provisional hypothesis of *pangenesis*" is propounded and explained.

The object of the hypothesis designated by this new word is, to connect intelligibly in some causal conception a variety of phenomena which, as an attentive consideration shows, must stand in some sort of relation to each other; to correlate the different modes of reproduction with each other and with growth, and also, in the lower animals, with the reproduction of lost parts; to form some notion as to how not only the characters but the peculiarities of parents are transmitted to offspring, and even are transmitted from a male parent through a daughter, in which they do not and cannot appear, to a grandson, in which they do; how certain diseases are heritable and may similarly pass over one generation to be developed in the next; how even remote ancestral characters may sometimes reappear in a descendant; how it is possible that a first impregnation may visibly affect a series of subsequent births; how hybrid plants, when self-fertile, in the succeeding generations are apt to mix, as it were in patchwork, rather than to combine the characters of the two constituent species, or to divide them among the individuals of a generation, some of them thus reverting to one of the parent types and some to the other. To explain these and the like, Mr. Darwin brings forward his "hypothesis of *pangenesis*, which implies that the whole organization, in the sense of every separate atom or unit, reproduces itself;" that "ovules and pollen-grains, and the fertilized seed or egg, as well as buds, include and consist of a multitude of germs thrown off from each separate atom of the organism," reproducing and multiplying themselves, like visible germs and cells, and aggregating by elective affinity to produce cells or organs like those from which they were derived; so that

if each cell of a plant has the actual or potential capacity of reproducing the whole plant, it has it only in virtue of containing antonomous atoms derived from every part. So that "the child, strictly speaking, does not grow into the man, but includes germs which slowly and successively become developed and form the man." "Reversion depends on the transmission from the forefather to his descendants of dormant gemmules, which occasionally become developed." "When we hear it said that a man carries in his constitution the seeds of an inherited disease, there is much literal truth in the expression." "We cannot fathom the marvellous complexity of an organic being; but on the hypothesis here advanced this complexity is much increased. Each living creature must be looked at as a microcosm—a little universe, formed of a host of self-propagating organisms, inconceivably minute, and as numerous as the stars in heaven." Physiologists, who chiefly will be interested in it, will comprehend the hypothesis from these brief statements, and will see that its germs are the considerably modified descendants of various earlier speculations. We have no space left for extracts and illustrations even of the less recondite and more practical portions of these teeming volumes.

Very interesting is the discussion of the ill effects of continued close breeding, which is so necessary to perpetuate and exalt the desirable characteristics of a race, yet at length so deteriorating that a cross must needs be resorted to; and we think that Mr. Darwin has fairly shown that the evil is not exclusively attributable to the cumulative inheritance of morbid tendencies common to both parents, but has some deeper foundation in nature: for, as he remarks, "It is unfortunately too notorious that men and various domestic animals, endowed with a wretched constitution, and with a strong hereditary disposition to disease, if not actually ill, are fully capable of procreating their kind." Domestication and civilization here serve as experiments to determine the point. Under natural selection these feeble individuals would be speedily made way with. We find in another chapter (xi., p. 214) an illustration of this, and of "*sound sense*" from the natural-selective point of view:

"Unconscious selection in the strictest sense of the word—that is, the saving of the more useful animals, and the neglect or slaughter of the less useful, without any thought of the future—must have gone on occasionally from the remotest period and among the most barbarous nations. Savages often suffer from famines, and are sometimes expelled by war from their own homes. In such cases it can hardly be doubted that they would save their most useful animals. When the Fuegians are hard pressed by want they kill their old women for food rather than their dogs, for, as we were assured, 'old women no use—dogs catch otters.' The same sound sense would surely lead them to preserve their more useful dogs when still harder pressed by famine."

While contending that no distinct line can be drawn between natural and artificial races, Mr. Darwin attributes the usually different aspect of the two to the fact that man selects and propagates modifications solely for his own use or fancy, and not for the creature's own good, while the wild animal, struggling with its incessant competitors and enemies, has every slight variation rigorously tested and preserved or rejected, and is thus kept in full healthful harmony with its surroundings. And he claims that the wide differences of opinion as to whether certain domestic races have descended from one or from several aboriginal stocks, is good evidence that there is no palpable difference between races and species. He effectively compares the firm belief of breeders, that the races which they are rearing and slightly modifying cannot have come from common progenitors, with that of the naturalist, who is sure of the contrary, though he knows not how nor when they arose, and who in his turn rejects the notion that the closely allied natural species which he discriminates ever descended from a common progenitor. Mr. Darwin is convinced that "the long-continued accumulation of beneficial variations will infallibly lead to structures as diversified, as beautifully adapted for various purposes, and as excellently co-ordinated as we see in the animals all around us." The relative potency of the variation and the selection he illustrates in this wise:

"If an architect were to rear a noble and commodious edifice without the use of cut stone, by selecting from the fragments at the base of a precipice wedge-formed stones for his arches, elongated stones for his lintels, and flat stones for his roof, we should admire his skill and regard him as the paramount power. Now, the fragments of stone, though indispensable to the architect, bear to the edifice built by him the same relation which the fluctuating variations of each organic being bear to the varied and admirable structures ultimately acquired by its modified descendants."

And then, on the question which must needs come up; "In regard to the use to which these fragments may be put, their shape may be strictly said to be accidental. And here we are led to face a great difficulty, in alluding to which I am aware that I am travelling beyond my proper province. An omniscient Creator must have foreseen every consequence which results from the laws imposed by Him. But can it be reasonably maintained that the Creator intentionally ordered, if we use the words in any ordinary sense, that certain fragments of rock should assume certain shapes so that the builder might erect his edifice? If the various laws which have determined the shape of each fragment were not pre-determined for the builder's sake, can it with any greater probability be maintained that He specially ordained, for the sake of the breeder, each of the innumerable variations in our domestic animals and plants—many of these variations being of no service to man, and not beneficial, far more often injurious, to the creatures themselves? . . . If we assume that each particular variation was from the beginning of all time pre-ordained, the plasticity of organization which leads to many injurious deviations of structure, as well as that redundant power of reproduction which inevitably leads to a struggle for existence, and, as a consequence, to the natural selection or survival of the fittest, must appear to us superfluous laws of nature. [Not superfluous, surely, if 'survival of the fittest,' 'excellent co-ordination,' and all the harmonious adaptation and diversity we behold are to result from the operation of these very laws.] On the other hand, an omnipotent and omniscient Creator ordains everything and foresees everything. Thus we are brought face to face with a difficulty as insoluble as is that of free-will and predestination." The very same difficulty, indeed, and the same impossibility as that of drawing the limits between the fixed and the contingent, either in the material or the moral world, in which both volition and established order play their mingled parts. But in Mr. Darwin's parallel, to meet the case in nature according to his own view of it, not only the fragments of rock (answering to variation) should fall, but the edifice (answering to natural selection) should rise, irrespective of will and choice!

We are informed that the enterprising publishers of the *American Agriculturist* propose to reprint Mr. Darwin's new work, under an arrangement with the author. In England the first edition was exhausted within a week.

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The Week.

THE Senate, on Wednesday, March 18, was chiefly busy with the bill to exempt manufactures from internal revenue tax. The Senate, moved probably by a cautious regard for the fact that the revenue bids fair to be less next year than the requirements of the Government, seemed disinclined to make the measure so sweeping as the House had made it. In the House, on the same day, Mr. Broomall called up a bill of his which has been for months sleeping with the Judiciary Committee, and there was a general debate upon it. It enacts impartial suffrage throughout the Union. Mr. Stevens delivered part of a wild speech and had the rest of it read by the clerk, and then moved as a substitute a bill enacting what Mr. Stevens calls universal suffrage—only women and other specified classes being denied the "inalienable right." Mr. Broomall, who perhaps brought back his bill for the sake of this speech, finally withdrew his motion, and the bill remains with the committee. Then Mr. Farnsworth brought in a bill for the admission of Alabama, the same in substance as that one which Mr. Stevens had withdrawn a day or two before, and of which we prophesied last week that no more would be heard of it. Not much more, we should have done better to say. A resolution was adopted calling on Mr. McCulloch to inform the House as to commissions paid on sales of gold and bonds since 1862. On Thursday, after a business-like debate and a sharp contest over several amendments, the Senate passed the bill relieving manufactures in substantially the form in which it left the House. It is amended by a reduction of the tax on products of petroleum and other bituminous substances one-half. The Senate paid no attention to a suggestion of Mr. Davis's that a good way to provide against an apprehended deficiency would be to cut down the whiskey-tax to half-a-dollar a gallon—probably much the briefest and truest speech Mr. Davis ever delivered. In the House, on Thursday, the Freedmen's Bureau bill was passed—97 to 37. In debate, Mr. Fernando Wood professed to be in possession of proofs that General Howard has made the Bureau subserve his personal interests. This statement Mr. Eliot and Mr. Blaine severely denounced; no doubt it was incorrect; the character of few men stands so high as that of General Howard. On Friday the Senate did nothing of general interest; appropriations kept the House busy most of the day; but this, which is of general interest, was done—a bill was introduced regulating the tariff for freight and passengers on the Pacific Railroad. On Saturday the Senate by resolution thanked Doctor Hayes for reaching the most northerly point ever reached by an Arctic explorer. In the House, general debate in Committee of the Whole turned partly on Mr. Schenck's and Mr. Wilson's sharp practice in the amendment of the Judiciary bill. Debate on Alaska makes it rather doubtful if the House will vote to pay for that territory; it seems to show an unwillingness to throw up gold to knock down fruit perhaps worthless, and at any rate sure to fall into our lap as soon as we need it. On Monday the Senate at one o'clock resolved itself into a court. Mr. Garret Davis attempted to put on record a written protest against the trial of the President—for whom every State in the Union, we suppose he would say, cast its votes—by a Senate which does not contain senators from all the States. In what capacity Messrs. Davis and McCreery draw pay and mileage they did not say. The other senators, without distinction of party, refused to allow the protest to be submitted. The President's counsel then read—Mr. Curtis, Mr. Stanbery, and Mr. Evarts taking turns—his reply to the charges. The House managers announced their readiness to go on with the case on the next day; but the President's counsel asked for thirty days' time in which to prepare for the trial. This the managers opposed, and after discussion the court refused the request. Ten days was then suggested as the proper term of delay, but the Court adjourned without decision of the question. The managers obtain credit for the way in which they handle the case; but their hardest work is to come. They invite it to come quickly, however. On Tuesday the House's replication was made. It simply makes a general denial of the truth of the President's answer, and offers to prove the charges. The Senate, after two hours' discussion, ordered the trial to proceed on Monday, the 30th instant.

The case against the President, as presented by the House, may be briefly described as naturally falling under three heads—that part relating to Secretary Stanton and the Tenure-of-Office law; that part relating to General Thomas, and the alleged attempt to use General Emory for a forcible resistance to law; and that part relating to Mr. Johnson's stump speeches. In his answer, then, he had some, but only a very slight, chance to say anything that has not already been repeatedly said, and there is no wonder that the managers, after hearing his replication, expressed their readiness to make answer on the following day. As to the "swinging round the circle" speeches and the speeches in Washington, the President declares that what he said on those occasions was not correctly reported; that what he said was intended to have no other meaning than is borne by his messages to Congress; that he did not seek occasions for speaking, but spoke in deference to the expressed wish of his fellow-citizens; that he had no intention of bringing Congress into reproach and contempt; and, finally, that in making them he exercised the right of free speech and free thought which belongs to the President as to every other man in the land. As for General Emory, the President says he merely requested that officer to call on him for the purpose of finding out if any change had been made in the disposition of troops in Washington, and that in speaking to him in regard to the constitutionality of the law that directs orders for changes to be transmitted through the General of the Army, he did no more, and had no thought of doing more, than he had already done in a message to Congress—namely, express an opinion which he thought, and still thinks, sound. As to General Thomas's appointment, the President says it was not an appointment, but an *ad interim* designation of an officer to fill a vacancy; that if it had been an appointment it would have been valid, for the Tenure-of-Office law does not apply to Mr. Stanton, and there was a vacancy; that the Tenure-of-Office law is, however, not valid; that even if it were valid the President, in violating it, was in the discharge of his

constitutional duty to test a law—and so on, as in the arguments already familiar. Since the trial began, Mr. Jeremiah S. Black has, it seems, withdrawn from the case; his place is taken, if hardly filled, by Mr. U. S. Groesbeck.

The report purporting to come from the Committee on Retrenchment, on which we commented a fortnight ago, and which, after giving a dreadful account of the condition of the revenue service, concluded by gravely recommending as a remedy the reduction of the whiskey tax and the abolition of bonded warehouses, has been repudiated by the committee, who say it is the work of one member, Mr. Van Wyck, alone, and that he had no authority to present it as the report of the committee. We were the more surprised by it, as Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, is a member of the committee, and the facts of the report told very strongly in favor of his Civil Service reform, while the conclusion was, coming after such a recital, perfectly ridiculous. It is now alleged, in excuse for Mr. Van Wyck, that although the report had never been formally considered by the whole committee, and was the work of a sub-committee of two, nevertheless "the facts set forth in it were undeniable," and that it was the personal jealousy of some member of the Committee of Ways and Means which caused it to be repudiated. This may be all true; but the practice of presenting to the House and the country, as reports of a Congressional committee, a document which the committee has never seen, is nevertheless, to say the least, highly objectionable. If it took "personal jealousy" to induce the committee to repudiate Mr. Van Wyck's report, it simply shows not that he was right, but that the committee also was wrong.

Arkansas, it is likely, has ratified the new constitution; reports to the contrary are discredited, and the time of voting has been extended. In Florida the election is set for the first week in May. Dissensions among the Republicans are apparently healed, and Mr. Harrison Reed, a Northerner, is likely to be governor. General R. K. Scott, a Western man, Assistant Commissioner of Freedmen, is likely to be governor of South Carolina, for it is conceded that the convention's nominations are equal to election. The constitution is a good one, liberal and sensible in providing education, and liberal and sensible as regards disfranchisement. It disqualifies no one not disqualified by act of Congress. Of North Carolina the same thing is true. There will be a severe contest between the Conservatives, who are "stumping" vigorously, and Mr. Holden and the Republicans. The election is held in South Carolina on the 14th, 15th, and 16th days of April; in North Carolina on the 21st, 22d, and 23d. Georgia will probably ratify the Constitution. From Louisiana it is old news that General Hancock is asking to be relieved, and that the Republicans will be glad if his request is granted. The convention is ill-spoken of by judicious Republicans who have watched it at work. What it has done in the way of a constitution confirms the view of it which makes it an unwise body. It was very severe in disfranchisement. And what can be got from forcing the white children of the State to go to private schools or no schools, or else to the same schools with colored children, except increase of class hatreds, increase of ignorance among Louisianians, and increase of insecurity in the political foundations the convention is trying to lay? In Texas the convention is called, it is believed. From what the Texas papers say of the men elected, it seems that it will be highly respectable for the ability, character, and social standing of its members. The Mississippi convention is complete, and now only Virginia and Texas are still at work. It may be interesting to our readers to learn the proportion borne by the number of colored to the number of white delegates in the various constitutional conventions. A great deal of exaggerated talk in relation to it has been going the rounds of the press. In Virginia there are 125 delegates, of whom 25 are colored; in North Carolina there were 120 delegates, of whom 13 were colored; in Arkansas 78 delegates, of whom 5 were colored; in Mississippi 128 delegates, of whom 12 were colored; in Florida 80 delegates, of whom 20 were colored; in Georgia 195 delegates, of whom 15 were colored; in Alabama about one-fifth, and in South Carolina about one-half of the delegates were colored men, and in Louisiana alone the negroes were in a majority—a majority of 10.

We regret to say that the great crusade against the wearing of court dress, which Mr. Sumner began last year, and in which Mr. N. P. Banks so distinguished himself, has resulted in keeping Mr. Adams away from a royal levee the other day in London. There is an absurd rule that everybody shall on these occasions appear either in military uniform or in court dress, which is a ridiculous costume, but the wearing of which has the advantage of preventing guests from seeming singular, and from being mistaken for waiters or valets, which anybody wearing ordinary evening dress is apt to be. Mr. Adams, being forbidden to wear court dress, and not being entitled to military uniform, stayed at home. We hope the effect of this republican protest against monarchical follies will be as deep and lasting as Congress intended it to be, and will hasten the day, foreseen by Mr. Banks, when the United States will prescribe to the whole of this continent—the cut of its clothes. This prophecy, it is due to Mr. Banks to add, was suggested to him by an observation of the great Turgot.

Mr. George Bemis, of Boston, has appeared in the field once more in a letter to the New York *Times*, in reply to a challenge from "Historicus," of the London *Times*, on the old question of "belligerent rights," and brings to light a somewhat remarkable fact. Our readers may remember that one of the grounds on which Lord Russell and "Historicus" defend the English recognition of the Confederates as belligerents is that it was not done until Mr. Lincoln's formal proclamation of a blockade had been received in London; that his proclamation arrived in London on the 3d of May, while the British proclamation of neutrality was not issued until the 13th. Mr. Bemis now announces that, having received the "Blue Book" containing "the correspondence with the United States Government respecting blockade," he finds that the despatch from Lord Lyons, dated April 27, and enclosing printed copies of the President's proclamation, is marked officially, "Received May (fourteenth) 14," showing that Earl Russell had no official notice of the blockade till after the Queen's proclamation had been drawn and issued. Mr. Bemis further points out that the copy of the President's proclamation which "Historicus" says was published in the London *Times* of May 3 was not an official copy, but a compilation, probably framed on mere rumor, and in many important particulars grossly inaccurate. All this is, of course, strong corroboration of the American case, but we do not know that it increases the legal or moral value of the main fact. The question now is, what is the bearing of the premature recognition of the Confederacy, supposing it to have been premature, on the question of compensation for the damage done by the Confederate cruisers? If it does not affect the question of damages in any way—and judging from Lord Stanley's admissions, it does not seem as if it would—it can hardly be called a profitable subject of discussion, unless it is likely to be taken for a precedent, which nobody, we believe, asserts.

"Historicus," after a career of considerable splendor, considering that it was that of a writer of letters in a daily paper, is slowly but surely coming to grief. He has instructed the English nation so carefully on questions of international law, but has done it with such evident marks of contempt for the understanding of his pupils, that divers unruly persons have risen against him. He has just had a very unpleasant encounter with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of the exact nature of which, owing to its suddenness and audacity, he does not yet seem conscious, and which has not only disarranged his wig and torn his gown, but left him with sundry scratches and bruises. The *Gazette* has, in fact, boldly asserted that "Historicus's" whole theory of the nature of international law is erroneous, and that, therefore, many of his conclusions are worthless, and that his inability to think clearly ought, in spite of his extensive reading, to make him modest—an observation in which we concur with the *Gazette*, and which we should like to apply to some publicists on this side of the water. It also requests him, in the language of the late Mr. Justice Maule to Sir Cresswell Cresswell, then at the bar, "to remember that his opponents are vertebrate animals," and "that his manner to them would be offensive from God Almighty to a black beetle." After this comes the *Daily News*, and points out that the claims "Historicus" now makes of having been a friend of the United States all through the

war, and his assertion—made in the *Times*, of all places in the world—that the hostility to it in England was confined "to a small and clamorous minority," must be taken with considerable qualification, inasmuch as he announced very pompously in 1863 that he "sincerely felt a desire not only for a political but moral neutrality in that deplorable strife; that the principles of one party and aims of the other seemed to him alike so indefensible as to leave to the impartial spectator little room for sympathy with either." The fact is, that no matter where his sympathies were, he did render this country considerable service by his steady opposition, at a very dark period of the struggle, to the growing cry amongst a very influential class in England for the recognition of the Confederacy as an independent state. His arguments against this, owing to his great familiarity with precedents and his rather taking rhetoric, were very effective, and really silenced the cry. For this service the North is indebted to him; but it owes him nothing for his sympathy, and the less said about that the better.

The comments of the English press on Mr. Disraeli's accession to the premiership are characteristic and somewhat instructive. One portion of it, including the London *Times*, dwells on the attainment of such a position by a literary man not simply as something unprecedented, but as something out of the ordinary course of nature, and can hardly refrain from expressing in good set terms the sneers of the Tory squires over it—a piece of self-degradation which fully accounts for much of what is most repulsive in English society. Another portion, which is disposed to rejoice over it, dwells with most complacency on those of Mr. Disraeli's qualities which in the eyes of moralists make his success a doubtful good—his unscrupulousness and thick-skinnedness, for instance. They delight in his determination to win without being too particular about the means, and contrast it exultantly with Mr. Gladstone's tenderness of conscience, and that heat of temper which results from his tenderness of conscience. The discussion the matter has excited is, in fact, anything but pleasant reading, and we may fancy with what scorn a Frenchman of the best class must follow it. Those who blame the English aristocracy for being what they are forget how much the middle class does to make them so. It must not be forgotten that the party in which Mr. Disraeli's rise excites such astonishment has had Lord Malmesbury for Foreign Secretary, Walpole for Home Secretary, and has now Sir John Pakington in the War Office without being in the least ashamed.

Mr. Disraeli is disposed not to meddle with the Irish Church, at least till the "Reformed Parliament" comes into existence, which will not be till next year. Mr. Gladstone, however, is determined to force the matter to an issue, and has introduced a series of resolutions looking to the abolition of the Church establishment, saving private property and the rights of actual holders of livings. It is difficult to avoid thinking that the Church will fare worse in the next Parliament than in this, and that it would be wise for the conservatives to meet the question while they have it within their control. In the present Parliament it might be settled without damage to the English Church; whether this can be done in the next Parliament is more than doubtful.

Our English correspondent, in speaking in his last letter of Disraeli's entrance into public life, fell into an error which he desires us to correct. He made him at that time a friend of O'Connell's. He was, of course, an opponent. Some of our readers will recollect the interchange of compliments between them, paid at the time when Disraeli was making his first attempt at getting into Parliament—the one, on being charged with "O'Connellism," calling the other "a bloody traitor," and the other saying that "for anything he knew Disraeli might be the lineal descendant of the impenitent thief."

We spoke a few weeks ago of the conclusions to which the examinations for certificates which Cambridge University (England) has established for girls, have led the examiners with regard to the comparative capacity of girls and boys. They are of opinion, for instance, that in early life, at least, the female mind is on the whole rather more successful in dealing with mathematical demonstrations than that of boys. The commission appointed to enquire into the condition of English schools, endowed and other, have also made a remarkable contribution to the discussion of the same subject. They say they are of opinion that the learning capacity of boys and girls is about the same; that up to the age when boys begin to prepare specially for their professions, the course of education ought to be the same for both sexes; and that some kind of collegiate training similar to that of the universities ought to be provided for those girls who wish to go on. A movement for this purpose has been begun in England, and a large sum of money has been already raised, for the establishment of a female university, in which girls shall live alone and take care of themselves after the school age, under a certain amount of discipline, as young men now do, for a course of three years. This would fill up a large portion of the time which is now passed in novel-reading, ornamental needle-work, and visits to "young friends," and during which the seeds of so much mental and physical feebleness are sown. The good effect on girls' character of having something to do at this age, and of being forced to do it, can hardly be doubted, and the commissioners produce a good deal of evidence in support of the conclusion that the bodily health would be greatly promoted by it also, study not being in their opinion calculated to produce those blighting effects on the female nervous system which some of the older writers on "Woman's Sphere," "The True Woman," "The Mother and the Wife," and kindred themes have been in the habit of ascribing to it.

The English working-men propose to hold what they call a "National Labor Parliament" in London, in May, at which both laborers and employers will be represented, and all questions in dispute between them be thoroughly discussed, with the view of dispensing with strikes and "lockouts," the frequent recurrence of which the working-men begin to see is exercising a very deleterious effect on English industry. The cause of strikes and lockouts is, however, simply the working-man's ignorance of the conditions under which his employer carries on his business, and his distrust of the employer's statements; and for this there is no remedy, short of some great change in human nature, but the admission of the working-man to some sort of direct participation in the profits and losses, with an owner's or stockholder's right to some knowledge and supervision of what is going on in the business.

In France the three questions of interest under discussion are the new loan of $88,000,000, the contingent of troops for the year (100,000), asked for by the Government under the new law, and the Kervéguen affair about the corruption of the press. We mentioned last week that the accused journals had completely vindicated themselves before the "Jury of Honor." As the charge had been made by M. de Kervéguen publicly in the Chamber, M. Havin, the editor of the *Siècle*, sought to read the finding of the jury in the same place. But the majority would not hear him. As soon as he appeared in the tribune his voice was drowned by every variety of noise that can be produced without the aid of other instruments than keys, pen-knives, boot-heels, and the human voice. The scene was one of unparalleled excitement and uproar, and what, of course, contributed most to make it disgraceful was that the majority were refusing, in defiance of their own rules and of the decision of the presiding officer, to listen to the answer of two of their own members to an infamous charge which they had heard with perfect composure. M. Havin gave up the attempt in despair, and the opposition felt so outraged by the occurrence and so ashamed of it that they seriously debated the propriety of resigning in a body. M. Granier de Cassagnac, the editor of the *Pays*, and one of the newspaper bravos of the Empire, has headed the attacks on his brethren of the press, and has asserted, moreover, that he could produce proofs of their corruption which did not appear before the Jury of Honor, if he were not afraid of being sued for libel. Thereupon the editors of the journals named by him—the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Liberté*, the *Opinion Nationale*, *Siècle*, *Débats*, and *Avenir National* have signed a paper authorizing him to print his "proofs," and undertaking not to sue him.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE MAGIC OF CONSTITUTIONS.

THERE is no special reason why the leaders of the majority in Congress should be much concerned about the temporal welfare of the party editors; but nothing can excuse complete or even partial indifference to the welfare of their souls. And yet it is impossible to avoid inferring this indifference from the course of the majority on divers weighty questions. They have, during the past year particularly, whether from want of faith in their own plan of reconstruction, or want of faith in the persistence and principle of the Northern people, started a great number of schemes, of more than usual novelty and even violence, in which the most firmly settled principles of legislation were disregarded, such as the bills directed against the Supreme Court and the bill making Grant a dictator to rule over one-half of the Union, besides others which made less noise and received less support. Whether, when these schemes were started, anybody in Congress seriously expected them to pass, is more than we can say. Undoubtedly, the best men of the majority never did, and by those people out of doors who were unwilling to give up all faith in Congressional wisdom, they were looked on simply as threats intended to scare the South into a readier acquiescence in the reconstruction policy. There was hardly one of them which could stand the test of a serious examination in the light of political science, or of principles of human nature, or American experience, and, in fact, the only merit of some of them was that they flew in the face of all knowledge, reason, and experience; or, in other words, were remarkable displays of "courage."

Now, we have little doubt ourselves that the leaders in both Houses well knew that nothing was ever to come of them, and that, on reaching some stage more or less advanced, they would be dropped. Of the policy of introducing them at all, we have said so much already in these columns that we shall say nothing now. But we do think that those who were acquainted with their nature were bound, in the interest of humanity as well as morality, to put the party newspapers on their guard, and thus prevent them from committing themselves to the thick-and-thin support of measures in which the majority in Congress had no faith whatever. It may be play for Messrs. Stevens and Boutwell to bring in terrible bills which they never intend to pass; but it is death to the poor journalists through the country, whose business it is to crack the bills up, and swear that they are monuments of almost superhuman wisdom, and that, if they are not passed, America's halcyon days are over. The practice of supporting any politician, or set of politicians, through thick and thin, is not to our minds a very elevating or very moral one, even when the politicians are calm, sober men, who always mean what they say, and embark on nothing they have not maturely considered; but it is positively degrading and immoral when the politicians only mean half what they say, and have constantly schemes on foot, to the remote consequences of which they have given no consideration whatever, and which they mean to abandon half-way. Therefore, it is almost wicked of the Republican leaders not to give the party editors a hint to let them know when they "mean business," as the pugilists say, and when they are only shamming. This is exacted of them not only by the regard which every man should feel for the spiritual welfare of his fellows, but by the interest which every politician should feel in the mental condition of his country's journalists. There is nothing a journalist needs so much as a stock of principles with which to test measures brought before the legislature, and dexterity in the testing process. But under the system in vogue during the past year, the regular party journals have had to abandon all resort to this test, and ask themselves, before discussing any bill, simply who brought it in. If the answer was Mr. Stevens or Mr. Boutwell or Mr. Bingham, they at once began to chant its praises, and not only this, but to use all their powers in showing that it was absolutely necessary to the national salvation. Now, nobody can do this sort of thing long without serious injury to his intellectual powers; and when one remembers how much of it has been done, and is done, one cannot think of the consequences of Mr. Stevens's or Mr. Boutwell's death without a shudder. The condition of large numbers of distinguished publicists would, should such a deplorable contingency occur, be really pitiable. That of sheep without a shepherd would be comparatively safe and comfortable.

The case of Alabama furnishes a striking illustration of the justice and pertinence of the foregoing remarks. A vote was taken in that State some weeks ago on the new constitution under the Reconstruction act, which provides that, unless a majority of the registered voters vote on the question of the adoption of the new constitution, the constitution shall not be adopted. The act did not create any exception whatever in favor of cases in which the majority of voters might be prevented from voting by the elements or by violence or intimidation. As it stood, therefore, it was an absolute pledge of the faith of the nation that a vote taken under certain conditions should be valid, that if not taken under such conditions it should not be valid. The vote was accordingly taken in Alabama. For various reasons—force, fraud, ignorance, and bad weather, and bad will—the majority of the registered voters did not vote. The constitution was therefore not adopted. The result was most unfortunate, but it was the result primarily of a Congressional oversight, and there it stood. What was to be done?

Accept it, of course. If Congress does not respect its own legislation, how in the name of common-sense can it expect anybody else to do so? If it attaches no importance to its own pledges, how can it exact or expect good faith of others? The only thing to be done, consistent either with honor or sound policy, was to pass a new law, leaving the result of a vote in the hands of the majority of voters voting, and not of voters on the register, and such a law has now been passed. But it was actually proposed, and a bill introduced for the purpose, lately brought before the House a second time, to admit Alabama under the constitution drawn by the convention, in spite of the fact that it had not been legally adopted by the people; and the only excuse ever offered for this performance was, that "the loyal men of the State demanded it," that "everybody knew" a majority of the people of the State were in favor of the constitution, that the weather was bad on the day of election, that one loyal voter was drowned on his way to the polls, and that thousands were kept away by intimidation. We believe every word of this, but what of it? The law did not say that a majority of the registered votes should not be required if the weather was bad or the creeks full on election day, or if the secessionists kept Union men from the polls by force or fraud. It said that a majority of such voters should be necessary under all circumstances, and it was for Congress to set an example of obedience to it and respect for it. We said at the time that no matter what part the secessionists might have played at the election, or to what devices they may have resorted to secure its failure, it was not for Congress to repay a trick by a trick, or to set an example of contempt for legislation in order to hasten by a few days a result which was considered eventually certain. Some of our contemporaries—we shall not designate them farther than by saying they are the regular party journals—however, insisted upon it that this was the very thing to do, that what Mr. Stevens said and Mr. Boutwell said was absolute truth and wisdom, and that anybody who hesitated about following their lead was a foolish or wicked person. This discreditable farce, in which reason and experience and truth were more grossly outraged than they have been at any time yet during this remarkable crisis, lasted nearly a fortnight. It was put an end to a few days ago by Mr. Stevens gravely announcing that "he was satisfied that to force a vote on this bill and admit the State against our own law would not be doing such justice in legislation as would be expected by the people"—thus leaving his dupes out-of-doors to the unpleasant consciousness that they had eaten dirt for nothing.

We are now of the same opinion with regard to the original Reconstruction bill we have been from the beginning. We believe it to be the best and only true one. We think it is based on sound principles, and that if it fails it will be due to circumstances which no legislation

can at once control or provide for. We are in favor of Congress carrying it out as it stands, in spite of the President and the Supreme Court and everybody else. We would have the Republican party, even if the election went against them on it, stand their ground firmly, and appeal from the people this year to the people next year. We would have it to rely on its principles, and not on little dodges and devices like the manipulation of the Supreme Court, or the dilution of the national debt. We would have it wait patiently too, and not trouble itself with producing new measures once a week. There is no necessity for them. If it cannot hold its own without the aid of the schemes by which it has sought to bolster up its reconstruction policy, it cannot hold its own with them.

Moreover, there is no magic in paper constitutions. The admission of Alabama, under this constitution, will not put the Union men of the State in any better position than they are in now. Nay, it will, if the consequence of the admission of the State be the removal of the troops and the remission of the government to the civil authorities, put them in a worse. There may be Union men foolish enough to come to Washington and try to persuade members of Congress that once Alabama has representatives in Congress under the new constitution, all their troubles will be over; but there ought not to be Congressmen foolish enough to believe them. If, as we are told, the secessionists are so fierce and determined that even now, with the State under military rule, they can keep thousands of Union men away from the polls by threats and revolvers and bowie-knives, will the presence of their representatives in the Capitol assuage their malice or diminish their powers of mischief? If a Union man is now afraid to speak his mind or vote as he pleases lest his neighbors should cut his throat, what is there in the transmission of the piece of parchment called the constitution to Washington, and its approval by Congress, to make his life or limbs secure?

The fact is, that if any State in the condition of Alabama finds its way back into the Union now, the loyalists will be just as badly off as ever. They will have all the offices of the State, and the privilege of making speeches in the legislature, and reading the speeches of their Congressmen, but they will go to bed and get up in even greater bodily terror than ever. They will have disfranchised all their enemies, but then, unless the laws of nature have greatly changed, a disfranchised man can shoot or stab or knock one on the head just as effectually as if he had four votes and were eligible to every office in the gift of the people. If anybody wants to know the value of a close Radical government, composed mainly of violent partisans, with the bulk of the white population shut out as "unrepentant rebels," he has only to travel in Tennessee, or, what is safer and more comfortable, read the letters on the condition of that State lately appearing in the Philadelphia *Press*. He will thus see that the Tennesseean State Government, though it has fulfilled all the principal Radical conditions as far as disfranchisement and the election of loyal men are concerned, has failed to fulfil any of the principal functions of government, and that it offers nobody security for either life or property. There is no use in saying that all this is owing to the wickedness of secessionists. The wickedness of the secessionists is one of the elements of the problem to be solved.

It is safe to assert that what is wanted at the South is not new constitutions and representation in Congress, but time, conciliation, and security. Whatever leads at present, or until the Southerners have lost all hopes of Northern reaction or of Presidential interference, to the withdrawal of military rule, leads to anarchy. One hears a great deal of talk of the danger to liberty, or, at all events, the scandal to free government, of the retention of so many States under military rule. But freedom is in no way so much endangered as by the presence of its form without its substance, by the spectacle of courts without authority, of sheriffs flying from malefactors, of legislators passing laws which nobody regards, of limitations on the franchise which, instead of strengthening the government, simply exasperate its enemies. We should, in the face of such a state of things, have to use the military, and the use of the military after a regular government has been set up is certainly more dangerous than before it has been set up.

THE BATTLE OF THE RAILROADS.

For weeks past column after column of all the daily papers has been filled with the details of the "Great Erie War;" half the judges of half the courts of the city, county, and even of the State have been busy issuing attachments, certiorari writs, mandamuses, orders to show cause, and all sorts of other frightful weapons of offence and defence drawn from the musty arsenals of law; the Legislatures and Senates of two States have hurried with railroad speed and railroad recklessness into passing laws suited to the occasion or to the wants and wishes of whichever party had their sympathy; quiet rural towns of New Jersey have been startled by the din of war; millions of money have been carried out of the city and State to "places of safety;" a large part of the business of the city has been brought to a standstill; hundreds of millions of property have been depreciated five and ten per cent. in one week; the Government of the United States, represented by the Secretary of the Treasury, has had to interfere to prevent a bank panic—and all about what?

The most important and most profitable railroad traffic in the United States is that between New York city and the great West. The advantages of water transportation by way of the great Lakes, although available only in summer, have given a preponderating share of this traffic to the lines of road connecting with the outlets of the great water basins at, or near, Buffalo in the State of New York; and this preponderance they manage by means of other railroad connections to retain at all seasons of the year, in spite of the competition of other lines, whose insufficient wealth, power, influence, and organization do not enable them to reap the fruits of their better location. The great freight business of the West with New York, the East, and even parts of the South is thus done over the lines that connect the eastern end of Lake Erie with New York city. Of these there are two, one running in a south-easterly line through New York State and New Jersey to Jersey City, called the Erie Railroad, and the other called the New York Central Railroad, running from the lake almost due east to Albany, where it divides, as it were, into two branches to connect with New York city, the latter respectively called the Hudson River and the New York and Harlem. Of all the many outrageously mismanaged roads of the United States, the worst managed of all until a few years ago was probably the New York and Harlem, running from Albany to New York a few miles to the east of the Hudson River line. Fraud had conspired with mismanagement to bring the road into disrepute, complicated lawsuits, an unusual number of severe accidents, unsuccessful competition, and a variety of other ailments, brought it very low and to the point of bankruptcy. Up to this time there is nothing uncommon in the history of the Harlem road or different from that of fifty other roads. But now an event occurs which marks an era in the history of railroads generally, and forms the starting point of the great Erie warfare.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a gentleman who had acquired a great fortune by the skill and economy with which he had for many years managed large steamship lines, conceived the idea of applying the same rules of conduct to the Harlem Railroad. He purchased at a comparatively nominal figure a large portion of the Harlem shares, induced his friends to do the same, and at the next shareholders' meeting caused himself and his friends to be elected directors of the company, assuming himself the entire personal management of the road. The result was soon apparent: regularity and order took the place of delays and confusion, economy the place of waste; residents along the line and senders of freight soon perceived the difference, the business of the road rapidly increased and became more profitable, the stock began to pay a regular dividend, has done so ever since, and is now scarcely ever seen in the market.

The continued success and prosperity of the Harlem road depended, however, in a large measure upon the share of the so-called through freight which it might be able to secure. A large part of the great Western trade is brought East to Albany, and taken West from Albany by the New York Central road. The relations of the latter with the Hudson River line were so intimate, and the determination of the Hudson River line to retain this important traffic so great, that only a ruinous reduction of freights on the part of the Harlem road

could have caused a portion of the through freight to be secured to it. The policy of ordinary railroad managers would probably have induced Mr. Vanderbilt to attempt the competition by a reduction of freights, and thus to ruin his road in the hope of increasing its income. But his policy was a different one. He adopted the bold measure of himself buying the Hudson River road and settling all disputes about dividing the freight by securing the whole. His own great wealth, further increased by the great addition to the value of the Harlem road, and the wealth of many friends encouraged by former success to join him in any enterprise, made the purchase of the Hudson River road comparatively easy. Its shares were quietly bought in the market until Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends owned the majority of the stock; and at the next subsequent shareholders' meeting these gentlemen elected themselves directors of the road, which thenceforth was submitted to the same system of management which had brought success out of the wrecks of Harlem. Not only was the line worked with the same energy, order, and economy, but an end was put to the injurious competition between the two lines for the freight going to and from Albany over the New York Central; and the Hudson River road, although reasonably well managed before, improved greatly in value and prosperity. This junction of interests, however beneficial to the shareholders of Harlem and Hudson River, was not much relished by the New York Central road, which saw the control of its two principal connections with New York City pass into the hands of one owner, powerful, wealthy, able, and not accustomed to see the interests that he represents sacrificed to any consideration. Whereas formerly the two roads running from Albany to New York submitted to every exaction which the overwhelmingly influential Central chose to demand, now the Central had to submit to dictation, or lose its connection with New York. The struggle was severe and protracted. But finding that nothing was gained by the fight, Mr. Vanderbilt once more adopted the same policy as before, and proceeded to gain possession of the entire line of the New York Central by gradually buying up between himself and his friends the majority of the stock of this important and extensive road, voting himself into the presidency, and assuming the entire and direct control of all its affairs. Many of the old stockholders of the road, seeing the success of Mr. Vanderbilt's management of the other two lines, and dissatisfied with the former direction, which was openly charged with corruption and extravagance, became his warmest supporters, while his former successes had created a host of devoted adherents who saw a certainty of profit in whatever enterprise he might choose to inaugurate. Nor have they so far been disappointed in their expectations, for the Central, like the Hudson and the Harlem, has prospered greatly.

So far the undivided control of this large and immensely important railroad property confided to one able man had proved extremely advantageous to all parties interested, but there is no food like power "to make the appetite grow with what it feeds on." Neither the habits of Mr. Vanderbilt, nor the supposed interests of the roads under his control, make competition bearable. Yet we have seen that for the valuable traffic from the Lakes to New York there are two competitors —the roads controlled by Mr. Vanderbilt on one side and the Erie Railroad on the other. Not only does the Erie compete with the Central by means of its immense capital and organization, but it has the advantage of being, like the Central, almost entirely controlled by one man, whose influence over some of the important Western lines connecting with both the Erie and the Central enables him to divert from the latter to the former a large part of the trade from the West. This state of affairs could produce but one result: a fierce competition, which led to nothing but loss for all parties; and next a determined attempt on the part of Mr. Vanderbilt to end competition in the same way as he had done before, by gaining entire possession of the Erie road, purchasing its shares in the open market. It is this attempt to secure possession of the requisite number of Erie shares that has brought about the most extraordinary of the many extraordinary railroad fights ever witnessed in Wall Street, now familiarly known and likely to pass down into history as the "Great Erie Railroad War."

Any one unfamiliar with Wall Street tactics might think it a very simple thing to buy a certain number of railway shares, provided you are willing to pay the market price for them. And so it would be if no one were interested in preventing you. But in this case many persons were interested in preventing Mr. Vanderbilt from obtaining possession of the Erie road. In the first place, Mr. Daniel Drew, one of the officers of the road, was violently opposed to it. Mr. Drew is, like Mr. Vanderbilt, a gentleman of great ability, shrewdness, experience, and reputed wealth. He is believed to be the largest owner of Erie shares, and has the not over-enviable reputation of having made a fortune by his connection with the line, less through his administration of the road than by his speculations in the stock. Mr. Drew is also believed to be largely interested in some of the Western lines terminating at Buffalo, whose interests are naturally opposed to seeing all their connections with New York concentrated in one hand strong enough to dictate terms to them all. For these reasons Mr. Drew's opposition to Mr. Vanderbilt's scheme assumed from the outset the character of open war, fare. Many unprejudiced New York merchants and powerful Western railroad corporations are ranged on his side, fighting against the scheme of a gigantic monopoly which, destroying all competition, would have it in its power to dictate its own terms and its own price for every piece of freight and for every passenger passing between New York and almost the entire West. All those who suffered in purse, pride, or position by Mr. Vanderbilt's earlier successes (a large and influential number), are likewise in Mr. Drew's camp; while, on the other hand, many old shareholders of Erie, who think that their dividends would have been larger if Mr. Drew had not controlled the road, would be glad to see him ousted from the management, and the same reforms introduced on this road that have advanced the fortunes of Harlem, Hudson River, and New York Central. These are, therefore, fighting on Mr. Vanderbilt's side. Each party has its army of adherents among the brokers, bankers, money-lenders, and speculators, all interested in the success of their party, and thus almost all Wall Street is divided into two hostile camps, respectively commanded by Drew and Vanderbilt.

To make what follows intelligible to persons not familiar with stock operations, it is necessary to explain that even the great wealth of Mr. Vanderbilt and of his numerous rich friends is scarcely great enough to enable him and them to buy outright and pay for the majority of the stock of these different railroad companies, whose united capital exceeds the enormous sum of eighty millions of dollars. Whenever, therefore, any amount of shares has been bought and paid for, they are immediately used as security for loans of further sums of money from banks and other money-lenders, to be employed in purchasing fresh shares, which are again in their turn used as security for still further loans to buy still more shares with. This is not the precise form in which the operation is carried on in Wall Street, but the practical result is as described. Now, when a banker down-town lends money on the security of railroad or other shares, he does not lend anything like the full value of the shares as they sell in the market; on the contrary, if a share of Erie is selling for sixty dollars, a banker will not advance more than forty or forty-five dollars upon it; and if, after he has advanced forty-five dollars upon it, the market price should decline to fifty dollars, he will immediately call in the whole of his loan, or insist upon the borrower's returning him a sufficient part of it to leave the remainder at a figure still much below the market value of the shares which he holds as security. In this way it is easy to see that Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends had to use each lot of Erie shares that they bought as security for loans to buy more shares with, and that the higher the market price of Erie shares, the more money they could borrow upon them and the more fresh shares they could buy. It became thus the interest of the Vanderbilt party to advance, or at least to maintain, the market price of Erie shares. It is equally easy to see not only that, the lower the price of Erie shares, the less money could they borrow on them and the fewer fresh shares could they buy, but also that if the shares went very low, the money borrowed upon them would have to be all returned, and probably the shares themselves sold in the market to repay the loans. Mr. Drew's object is to prevent Mr. Vanderbilt from buying the Erie shares; the lower they sell and the more difficult it is to borrow money on them, the less Mr. Vanderbilt can buy them. Mr. Drew's interest, consequently, is to depress the price of Erie shares and to make money as scarce as possible. It is principally through his success in accomplishing the latter part of his object that the quarrel has acquired so great a notoriety, and is watched with so general and widespread an interest.

Leaving aside details not easily explained within the compass of a newspaper article, the course of the war has been as follows: In order to depress the price of Erie shares, Mr. Drew and his fellow-directors (placed in that position to guard, protect, improve, and increase the value of the property under their care) suddenly, mysteriously, and, it is said, illegally, issued ten millions of dollars of new shares of the Erie Company, and caused them to be sold in the market, producing a sudden over-supply of the shares, depressing the price very materially, causing many frightened holders to sell out, possessing themselves or the company of a very large sum of ready money, and enabling themselves and their friends to buy large numbers of shares at a very low figure. Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends were supposed to have bought at the high prices, and consequently would find it difficult to borrow money on the shares after the heavy fall. But in order to make sure that it would be difficult if not impossible for them to borrow money on Erie or any other shares, other measures were resorted to. Not only, it is said, was all the money borrowed in advance that the Drew party could procure, so as to prevent the Vanderbilt men from borrowing it, but the money obtained from the sale of the ten millions of new stock was, it is said, placed in the Tenth National and other banks in the form of a special deposit, which prevented the banks from using it, as they do all other deposits, to relieve the wants of other borrowers. The issue of new stock was so evidently a measure of doubtful legality that, upon application of some of the old stockholders, an injunction was immediately issued by one of the courts of the city to restrain the directors from issuing further shares, and from using the money obtained from their sale for any of the purposes for which it was pretended to be required, and appointing a receiver to take possession of the road and its property. Then followed what it is scarcely an exaggeration to describe as one of the most disgraceful prostitutions of legal forms ever witnessed, more like the tricks of the noisome creatures that infest the petty police courts, and that plead for prostitutes and thieves, than what should be expected of gentlemen engaged in obtaining or defending their rights in a civil suit in a court of equity in a civilized community. The spectacle was witnessed of half a dozen judges at one and the same time issuing attachments and injunctions against plaintiffs and defendants and against one another; lawyers and judges called out of their beds in the middle of the night, and respectable gentlemen waylaid in the street or hustled into their own doors to serve warrants and attachments upon them; men heretofore considered of good standing and average character evading the laws of the State by stealing away like thieves into a neighboring State, carrying with them millions of money which they hold *in trust*, if by any honest title; and, again, organized marauding expeditions sent after them in the hope of bringing them back by illegal violence, in order to make them amenable to legal prosecution in this State. It is difficult to state without indignation what an amount of depravity has been developed by these quarrels, but still more difficult to understand or even conceive the dense moral apathy, indifference, nay, the ghastly relish even, with which so much wickedness is generally regarded.

Mr. Drew, and some of his fellow-directors, finding that the Courts of this State were not likely to sanction all his actions, nor leave him his personal freedom, has exiled himself and all the movable property of the Erie road to Jersey City, where, under the protection of a large body of special policemen, he is directing the management of the road, and is applying to the New Jersey Legislature for a charter to make the Erie road a New Jersey corporation, and remove it from the rightful control of the New York State Courts, while, with an assurance almost incredible and a contemptuousness almost undeserved, he is at the very same time trying to obtain from the New York Legislature an act to legalize the illegal issue of new shares. Incredible as it may seem, the prospect at present is that he will succeed in both these schemes. Verily we live in strange times.

THE JERSEY RAILROAD AND THE DWIGHT ACCIDENT.

We published in October, 1866, some severe comments on the way in which the New Jersey Railroad Company regulated, or rather did not regulate, the starting of its trains, *apropos* of the death of Mr. Theodore Dwight and the treatment received by his daughter, Mrs. Kennedy, when she attempted to leave the train after the accident to her father. A Mr. Rostine Parker, who is a conductor on the road, and was conductor of the train in which the accident occurred, but who was not present at the accident and knew nothing of it till after it was over, took it into his head that our language applied to him, and refusing to seek or accept either explanation or apology, commenced a suit against the *Nation* for $10,000 damages, with the approbation of his superiors, as we were given to understand, with the view of "making an example" that would cause New York newspapers to be more careful how they spoke of the corporation in question. The case was tried on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week, and after hearing all that two conductors, one brakeman, two baggage-masters, and one lantern-boy had to say, besides a scathing exposure by the plaintiff's counsel of the malignity with which the writers for this journal plotted against the mental peace of the Jersey railroad officials, the jury gave a verdict for the defendants after about three minutes' consultation. With this brief mention of our own share in this matter—which is, after all, of no great importance to the public—we take the liberty, by way of completing the picture which the Dwight case afforded of the management of the road, of laying before our readers the fresh information about it afforded by the testimony of the employees of the road in the suit against the *Nation*, and which was presented to the jury with admirable clearness and force by Judge Slosson, the defendants' counsel. Here we are on firm ground—not hearsay or rumor, but the sworn evidence of the immaculate officials themselves:

1. They swore, in the first place, that there is on the Jersey railroad no code of rules, either written or unwritten, for the regulation of the conduct of employees; that everything connected with the starting of the trains is fixed by "custom," but who fixes the custom does not appear. Each official receives special oral instructions from his superior officer as to what he is to do, but he keeps this tightly locked up in his own breast, so that no third person, and especially no passenger, can ever tell whether he is neglecting his duty or not. For instance, there is no rule as to the warning to be given when trains are started. The only signal given passengers is the call of "All aboard!" by the conductor, but there is no rule as to the number of times or tone of voice in which he shall repeat it. On the evening on which Mr. Dwight was killed, Conductor Parker called "All aboard!" either twice or three times while traversing a platform five hundred feet long, but it was proved that it was not heard in the sleeping-car, and their not hearing it was the subject of comment or complaint by the passengers, showing either that the noise was very great or Conductor Parker's voice very low; in either case the corporation stands condemned. It is their business to make people hear, and not to leave such a matter—involving, as the Dwight case showed, life or death—to the discretion or lungs of one not very careful or thoughtful man.

2. Why do we pronounce him not very careful or thoughtful? Because he swore on the trial that when the rope was first pulled and the train stopped for Mrs. Kennedy to get off, he was in the foremost car of a train of ten, "having a difficulty with a passenger" about his fare; that he "supposed" the rope had been pulled by one of his own men, who had heard him say the passenger should get off if he did not pay his fare; but without enquiry, without having the least knowledge of the reason for which, or the person by whom, the train was stopped, he pulled the rope and started it again. There might have been a man caught in the wheels, away in the rear, for aught he could tell, and the second pull might have smashed him at once.

3. How many persons do the public suppose the Jersey Railroad Company sent in charge of a train of *ten* cars, containing about 1,000 passengers—a night train, too, and their principal train, going through to Washington—on the night on which Mr. Dwight was killed? One conductor and *two* brakemen. This is the sworn testimony of the conductor and brakemen. There was thus one brakeman to every five cars. If any accident had happened, and one had been sent back to "flag" the following trains, there would have remained in charge of the whole machine Mr. Conductor Parker and one brakeman. This subtracting process is a simple one, but it may not occur to some of our readers to make it.

4. Mr. Dwight having been thrown down and fatally injured, and his daughter, with her infant in her arms, having been informed of

the fact, while the train was running slowly from the station, she begged in her agony to be let off, so as to go back to her father or his remains. The request was one which one would think would not be denied to a human being in a civilized country. But it was denied to her. The brakeman swore on the trial "he had no right" to stop the train, even under such horrible circumstances, without the conductor's permission—the conductor being nine cars away, and it being entirely optional with the brakeman whether he should seek him for the purpose of getting permission or not. So that Mrs. Kennedy would have been carried on in the night, in this state of mind, if there had not happened to be on board, in one of the rear cars, a conductor of the line going to Philadelphia on furlough. He took the responsibility of pulling the rope once more, and the unhappy woman was set down on the track, with her infant, her little boy, and her carpet-bag, and left to find her way back to the station.

5. The brakeman swore he helped her down "as carefully as if she had been his own mother." The defendant, however, had her evidence taken on commission in Virginia, where she is now living, in which she repeats the statement published in the papers at the time of the accident, that the brakeman behaved very roughly to her, swore at her, and told her to get off quick or he would start the train; that her bag was thrown down to her, and she was told, by way of quieting her nerves, we suppose, "to look out for the down train," another train being on the point of starting from the station. Now, we do not know which of these stories the jury believed; we only know that they found for the defendants almost without consultation. We believe Mrs. Kennedy's; and we believe the suggestion made by the plaintiff's counsel on the trial, that her story was due to her excitement, to be simply absurd. When a woman is in great distress she does not naturally fancy that a man who is treating her "as if she was his mother," is swearing at her and behaving like a brute to her. Considering, too, that Mrs. Kennedy is a woman of education and refinement, an attempt to ascribe her account of this transaction to either excitement or bad faith only makes this shocking affair more shocking.

6. The reason why the officials of the train were in such a hurry that they could not stop to let a woman go back to her father's corpse, and why they could not spare a man to accompany her along the track to the station, and at least carry her bag while she carried her infant, and save her from being herself run over, was that the train started six minutes late, and that another train was to start behind them within a few minutes more. Upon this arrangement we offer no comment. The whole affair is about the most disgraceful and repulsive to be found even in railroad annals, and it was made more so by the fact that an official, who has been in the service of this soft-hearted corporation for eleven years, and who, doubtless, did not think Mrs. Kennedy has had much, if anything, to complain of, has had the effrontery to come over here to ask a jury to award him $10,000 for the "wound to his feelings" (his own evidence was actually offered on this point but ruled out) caused by comments on the affair, in which his name was not mentioned, by persons who had never heard of him—he not having been present or anywhere near when the accident occurred—having been applied to him by some passengers and one or two anonymous correspondents.

The New York *Times* and Springfield *Republican*, in commenting on the trial, have been led, doubtless by the shortness of the report which appeared in the daily papers, into a misapprehension, which does some injustice to Judge Garvin, who tried the case. The case really did not turn on whether the article was libellous or not, inasmuch as the plaintiff had no difficulty in proving that, if written of him, it was untrue; if untrue, it was clearly libellous, applied to anybody. The whole of the circumstances were presented to the jury; but the point the judge asked them to decide—Was Parker the man who was meant by the article?—was really the only one they needed to decide. His charge was, in fact, perfectly unexceptionable, and was not excepted to, and was perhaps, on the whole, more favorable to the defendant than the plaintiff. Had the person, whoever he may be, to whom our remarks really applied, come forward and charged us with libelling him, then the question of their libellousness would have come up; and could we have shown their truth, as we know we could, we have no doubt the judge would have told the jury to consider in this, a civil action—as they are obliged under the State constitution to consider in criminal prosecutions, and as the legislation of Massachusetts, we believe, as well as of many other States, obliges juries to consider in all cases whatever—whether the alleged libel had been written "with good motives and for laudable ends;" and as long as juries have to make this enquiry in libel cases, we have no fear that the liberty of criticism will ever seriously suffer.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN POLITICS.

It was a little surprising when all of a sudden lately Mr. Chase began to be talked about as a possible Democratic President. Not by one set of people only, but by various kinds of people of both parties. They were of various kinds, but this characteristic they all have in common, that they are not persons with a marked talent for forecasting history. And Mr. Chase's immediate friends might well enough say, as we suppose, that their knowledge of biography is inadequate. And most people would say that their acquaintance with the history of parties in this country seems to be not a familiar or comprehensive one. However, it is by the way merely that we speak of these things; our business now is not with them, nor with the likelihood of Mr. Chase's receiving this or that nomination, nor with his real qualifications for office; we are simply about to say a word or two on a certain "element of availability" which the recent mention of his name suggested to an ingenious writer in one of the daily papers—the *Sun*. Enumerating the Chief-Justice's strong points as a candidate, the writer refers to the generally-admitted fact that Mr. Chase is a handsome man—a man of fine features, of commanding stature, and of dignified port and presence.

No one will deny, we suppose, the correctness of the assumption at the bottom of this remark—namely, that valid claims to admiration on the score of personal appearance are to men in general pretty powerful reasons for conferring on their possessor places of trust and honor. And whether the writer is far wrong in granting to Mr. Chase this qualification for conciliating the regard of voters, every one may easily see; for the greenbacks of the commonest kind, the one-dollar bills which are in the hands of legal voters universally throughout the country, have on their face Mr. Chase's portrait very well executed.

The statement of this fact leads naturally to the idea which struck us most forcibly in reading the article in the *Sun*—that in this country the advantages which a handsome candidate—or rather, let us say, a candidate of pleasing or impressive appearance—has over his competitors are much greater to-day than they could have been before the invention of railroads, and almost infinitely greater than they could have been before the invention of photography. The men of the last generation, as they were growing to maturity, had something like a politically valuable idea—an idea valuable as regards campaign purposes—of the personal appearance of the men who founded the republic and the great political parties. As boys they had learned to know the air and shape and countenance and dress of Washington, of John Adams, of Jefferson, of Hamilton, of Monroe and the other original Republicans and Federalists and Democrats and Whigs; for by that time their portraits had been transferred from canvas to the school-geography and history, to every tavern-wall where a framed copy of the Declaration or the Constitution was hung, and to nearly every parlor that boasted an engraving. Of course the idea was far enough, in most cases, from being a true one. Doubtless the painted Washington on the right hand as you enter Harvard Hall, which Josiah Quincy praised as an accurate likeness, is an astonishing rather than a pleasing sight to every young man who before seeing it knew the Father of his Country only from lithographs, or Mr. Bancroft's writings, or the wood cuts at the foot of maps of the United States. But true or not, a very well-defined idea of the faces and figures of the great leaders of their respective parties existed in the minds of our fathers, and no doubt sensibly affected their political faith. As regards their own contemporaries, the case must have been very different. For example, in 1835 Martin Van Buren had not reached the apotheosis of the school-book or the wall-map; Daguerre had not been heard of; illustrated papers were of small circulation, as newspapers without railroads must be; and most of the men who voted for him in the November of that year must have been in ignorance on the question whether Mr. Van Buren was beautiful, or tolerably good-looking, or positively ill-looking. Despite our better illustrated papers and the more plentiful caricatures, the same thing was, to a great extent, true ten or twelve years afterwards, when he was voted for again, and what was true of him was generally true.

The best chance that a public man in those days of oil paintings and no steam had to make himself personally known to his fellow-citizens, was to

go upon an occasional tour through the country and deliver addresses—a means of reaching them which obviously must have been very inadequate. A journey from Washington through Philadelphia and New York, with a "banquet," as they used to say, and orations in some of the larger towns, a council with the sachems of Tammany, and a reception of the doctor's degree at Cambridge, was an affair of several weeks' duration, and in all that time the great man was very likely seen by no one who lived more than twenty-five miles from the stage-road over which he made his progress.

It seems, then, as if it must necessarily have happened in those ante-commuting times, times when the best substitute for the pictorial paper was the ill-printed, shockingly illustrated "campaign life," that only a small number of the constituents of a public man holding a national office could have any very vivid idea of how he looked and bore himself, and who could make his face and figure auxiliary to criticism of his public course. Nowadays this is wholly changed. It is little to say that it takes but a few days for a political personage to "swing round the circle" from Washington to Cleveland, and through St. Louis back again, addressing at each station crowds who could travel as far between their breakfast hour and dinner as Andrew Jackson's constituents could travel in a week; that the noted man from Nevada or Wisconsin or California can be put before the country voter in New Hampshire or Connecticut; that railroads cover the land with newspapers. Photography is the more potent agent. It makes familiar, as soon as his name is talked about, the face of every man, however obscurely illustrious, to everybody who cares to look at it. Now, to serve one's country is to have one's picture in shop-windows from Eastport to San Francisco. More voters know Andrew Johnson's features than can read his messages or the reports of his trial, and there is not a foreign potentate or statesman or artist or author or actor or person of any distinction of any sort of whom the poorest man may not now own a better portrait than hundreds or thousands of dollars, paid to genius, would have enabled one to buy a quarter of a century ago.

That thus we are furnished with a very valuable aid to the right judgment of the books or speeches or acts—the works and characters, in short—of the men whom we have to understand as well as we can and criticise, is, of course, beyond question. How precisely, for example, the shrieking face, so to speak, which Ruskin shows in the later photographs, would serve as a frontispiece for his essays on political economy. The most unskilled of students could hardly be much misled by the text of those productions if it were prefaced by that portrait. Another striking example occurs to us, as having lately fallen under our observation, which may properly enough be used, although photography has nothing to do with it: The ordinary pictures of Milton present us with the face of the highly-idealized Puritan of genius. A better picture than the ordinary one, a picture known to all collectors of Miltoniana, while it seems to leave nothing unexplained, explains fully certain passages of the "Paradise Lost," and sheds light not to be despised on such of the prose writings as the poet's admirers are generally silent about. Again, how unjust it is felt to be to charge the extreme urbanity of Clay's manners to a shrewd calculation of the value of urbanity to a Presidential candidate, when one looks at his features and sees that evidently suavity and tact were inbred in him, and that having been born he could not but be courteous and bland. And what man, in the days when we were all believing General McClellan a heaven-born genius, did not feel that his faith had received a severe shock when he first looked at a likeness of him? No one, we fancy, of much discrimination in such matters. Not exactly that it prophesied Harrison's Landing, but it certainly prophesied neither Appomattox nor Atlanta. Then, who that has read Newman's and Mr. Kingsley's controversy does not find in a glance at the portraits of the two men an efficient aid to a righteous determination of their dispute—Newman's face, as full of culture and of a curious mingling of boldness and cautiousness as Emerson's, which it somewhat resembles; Mr. Kingsley's, suggestive of uneasy self-consciousness mainly, and of some other traits not more pleasing. Finally, there is that powerful head of Swift—in Lord Orrery's book we believe it is—which, it has always seemed to us, ought alone to have been enough to prevent Thackeray's taking up with so singularly inadequate a solution of Swift's character as we get in the "English Humorists."

We do no more than cite a few instances at haphazard; there is, of course, no end to the instances that might be cited; but this every one has often done for himself. It seems plain enough that the photograph may be made to play a very useful part in political as well as in other criticism; that, as plainly, its part is going to be—indeed now is—a prominent one; and further, that, by means of it, whatever advantage a handsome candidate may have over an ugly one has been immensely enhanced, and is almost sure to be greater hereafter than it is now even. For the art is constantly improving. As it is to-day, the gulf between beauty and homeliness is not shown in its full dimensions by the contemporary photograph. Antinous's carte would exhibit no more of "Antinous's easy sway" than Soame Jenyns's would, if one of the common run of photographers were to get the head of each fixed in his clamp, and one eye of each fastened "about here" on a wall, and the chin of each, if Mr. Jenyns had a chin, pressed well into the throat, and the elbows of each disposed at an angle invented, we believe, by M. Daguerre in the rudest days of the art. By-and-by, whatever of gracefulness may belong to a sitter will be accurately caught by the operator. And so of coloring also. It will not be very long before the colors of life will be reproduced with exactness in the counterfeit presentment, and we who possess delicately clear complexions will no longer find ourselves put on a mortifying level of shiny white, or some shade of purple, or some hand-made modification of brick-red, along with gentlemen and ladies of all kinds of poor skins—perhaps along with babes in arms whom we know to be mottled. Great advances have already been made as regards both these things, young as the whole business is, and, beyond a doubt, greater advances are to come, until soon photography shall be actually realistic.

What change all this will effect in the lives and in the interrelations of politicians, might be a matter worthy of study.

Correspondence.

NATIONAL REPUDIATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Dear Sir: In order, as I said, to follow the repudiators upon their own ground, we must admit that honor and honesty, faith and truth, are mere "abstractions," unworthy the regard of practical men. The duty of a government to set its citizens an example of good faith must be considered a formula of transcendental ethics beyond the conception even of those who hold that the same government is bound to regulate a citizen's diet and prescribe the market in which he shall buy and sell. The good name of the country abroad is worth nothing; for things outside of us have no more value than things behind us. We have only to enquire, Will repudiation pay, in the most literal sense? Will it be materially profitable to the country?

The first and most obvious argument in the negative is, that it would render impossible or next to impossible the negotiation of future loans, should any emergency arise requiring them. And this argument must not be lightly dismissed as trite or commonplace. There is more in it than meets the eye at first. Suppose any domestic difficulty to occur again, the failure to raise money would ensure the breaking-up of the Federal Government *precisely in the way that its enemies, domestic and foreign, have always wished.* The secessionist leaders did not *insist* upon war. On the contrary, many of them expected that no war would take place; and even those who hoped (as I shall always believe that some of them did) for the absorption of the North, or a portion of it, into their new confederacy, were quite willing that the process should take place peaceably. Nor did the Western Europeans desire hostilities that must interrupt their commerce; they would have preferred that their young rival's ruin should be accomplished in some way less troublesome to them. Southern conspirators in the cabinet disarmed our soldiers, sent away our fleets, and so on, in order to disable the Government from making war. Could they have prevented it from borrowing money, their success would have been complete. And this is the position in which any future conspiracy will find the Government after repudiation.

Which is bad enough, but is not all. For at the same time we shall have weakened the patriotic ardor, and therefore the martial efficiency, of a portion of the community. I suppose no man, whatever his political opinions, will deny that there is just now a good deal of discontent and disaffection at the South, and that, consequently, the Southerners would be a less efficient aid to the Government in case of war than the same number of Northerners. Not that we should have to fear any insurrection on their part, but they would be much less earnest and sympathetic in the struggle. What is the cause of this Southern discontent? A feeling of injury. Whether it be justly or unjustly founded is nothing to the purpose, since all such considerations have been by our hypothesis set aside. We have only to note the fact that a feeling of resentment, arising from what they consider injury, impairs their loyalty. Now, something of the same kind would happen to our holders of more or less repudiated bonds in case of a

war, especially a civil one. I confess that my own feelings would be very much modified from what they were in 1861. I should say to myself, "When a government not only fails in, but deliberately violates one of, its three fundamental duties (the protection of life, liberty, and property) it has outlived just one-third of its usefulness, and a change might improve it." Possibly my whole theory of government is wrong; possibly my feelings would neither be philosophic nor Christian; I repeat it, we have nothing to do with such "abstract" considerations. The fact is that these or analogous feelings would influence me and nearly all the native bondholders. As to the foreigners, repudiation evidently transforms them at once from friends to enemies.

Perhaps, however, we may here be met with the old Highland answer, "It's a far cry to Loch Awe!" We are so sure that England can't be kicked into a war (just as sure as the Emperor Nicholas was fifteen years ago), and the South is so remarkably well disposed toward the Government, and altogether everything is so quiet all over the world, that any apprehension of war for the next generation or two may be scouted as chimerical. Let us then proceed to another argument.

It is urged that some modified form of repudiation is necessary to relieve national industry. Would it have that effect? Or if there were fewer taxes to pay, might there not also be less to pay them with?

I pass over the probability that there would be much more concealment than formerly in income tax returns (men arguing that, as the Government did not keep faith with them, they were not bound to keep faith with it), since this applies to only a small portion of the bondholders. But there is one consideration applicable to them all, the diminution of their purchasing or consuming power caused by the confiscation of their property. I lose twenty per cent. of my capital; my fellow-bondholder, A., loses ten per cent. of his; B., thirty per cent. of his, and so on. By just so much is diminished our power of purchasing comforts and luxuries, whether articles of foreign production, which contribute directly to the national revenue, or articles of home production, which, under the new system, we may suppose free of excise. There is a partial redistribution of property at the expense of the bondholder, but the national wealth is not increased on the whole. If the cost of production is diminished, so also is the demand, until prices sink to meet it.

Again, putting aside the pecuniary loss of the bondholders, the mere annihilation of a favorite investment must produce much business derangement. Nor, supposing that the West forces repudiation on the East, will the commercial relations of the two sections run the more smoothly for it. The repudiators profess to think that the removal of the debt would lift off all impediments from industry and render business elastic. But might it not have just the contrary effect by frightening capitalists, impeding enterprise, and exciting a general feeling of distrust and insecurity?

Of course the foreign bondholders are not in this category. But is there no set-off in their case? I think there is. That foreign immigration is a material and physical aid to us (once more I must repeat that other than material considerations are set aside) will be universally admitted. Now, repudiation will naturally make us unpopular in the countries where many of our bonds are owned (Germany, for instance), and consequently will diminish the emigration from those countries.

Unfortunately it often happens that an excited partisan is as indifferent to the "vulgar interests" of commerce and finance as a European emperor. To a certain class of politicians (and would they were only to be found in the West!) the prosperity of the country means neither more nor less than the retention of the Republican party in office. That object warrants any sacrifice. What then if advocacy of repudiation should prove one of the surest means of precipitating that party's downfall?

Here, however, a momentary difficulty confronts us. We have started with setting aside all "abstractions," yet we shall now be compelled to speak of principles and moral ideas. There is, however, no contradiction, though there may be an apparent paradox. When I shall use the above words it will not be with the assumption that they represent any actual existences or possess any positive objective signification. They may have no more real meaning than the word "honesty" in the mouth of a repudiator. They may be the merest incarnations of humbug or Barnumbug. I shall merely assume (what indeed could scarcely be denied by any sane man) that certain conventional notions, which we call "principle," "morality," etc., are moving forces and act upon men's minds and influence their actions under certain conditions.

The Democratic party exists, and has for some time existed, chiefly by virtue of its admirable organization. Whatever principles it once possessed it had outlived long before the war, save only devotion to slavery, and when slavery was killed, many of us not unnaturally supposed that the Democratic party was dead too and only waiting to be decently buried. Yet here it is again nearly as vivacious and vigorous as ever. The Republican party has not, and never will have, this organization. It was founded on principles and moral ideas, and cannot afford to part with them. Even its queerest aberrations in different spots—prohibition here, unlimited negro suffrage there—were certainly not dictated by mere considerations of expediency.

The proverb, "Never be dishonest with a rogue," is susceptible of a wider application than the literal one. As a general rule, a virtuous man does not succeed in the practices of a vicious man when he adopts them. (I mean, of course, that a man possessing those qualities of character which we agree to call *virtues* until Mr. Swinburne or some of his school may succeed in finding a more accurate and satisfactory name for them, is not adapted to succeed in the pursuits of the man possessing certain other qualities which we conventionally call vices.) When, for instance, a Joseph is tempted by change of fortune or locality or any other circumstance to essay the *rôle* of Don Juan, what a fool he makes of himself and how the women laugh at him! So the Republicans cannot succeed in using Democratic arts and wielding Democratic weapons. During the war everything went wrong with them while they temporized, and it was only by carrying out their original principles that they finally succeeded. Those of them who are silly enough to-day to toady the Fenians never get any Irish votes by it any more than the New York Whigs who were silly enough to toady John Hughes used to get Irish votes in the old time. And they will win no Democratic votes in the West by advocating repudiation, but they will disgust many Republicans in the East. Then the Eastern Democrats, wise in their generation, will persuade numbers of these disgusted ones that their only chance is with the Democratic party, the true guardian of the public credit as well as of the Constitution. (If any one wants to see how plausibly this can be done, let him read the *World*.) Unless the Republicans can keep their place without repudiation, repudiation will not save them; the Democrats will only come in by a larger majority for it, laughing heartily at the men who put into their opponents' hands the broom with which to sweep themselves out.

Disraeli once said of Sir Robert Peel, that he had found the Whigs bathing and walked off with their clothes. Something of the same kind seems likely to happen now among ourselves; but we may be sure that the old Democratic clothes will not fit the Republican party half so well as its own raiment, manufactured though that be by Laputan tailors on mathematical and "abstract" principles, which "practical" men despise.

Repudiation in any form, total or partial, will not make the country richer; it will not make it stronger in case of foreign or domestic war; it will not relieve or encourage industry; it will not keep the Republican party in power. Where then is its expediency? C. A. BRISTED.

FEBRUARY 28, 1868.

THE BOWDOIN PICTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

A friend has forwarded me a copy of the *Nation* of the 16th ult., containing a notice of the Bowdoin College Gallery of paintings. Allow me to add a word.

That collection was left to the college by the Honorable James Bowdoin at his death, 1811—not given during his lifetime. An unfortunate consequence was that it came without a catalogue, or, at least, with only a list of the names of the paintings. They were collected by Mr. Bowdoin during his service as United States Minister at the court of Spain, and consist chiefly of pictures of the Spanish and Dutch schools. A goodly number are certainly masterpieces, whether the hands from which they came can be verified or not. This is the frequent testimony of artists and connoisseurs, especially of Gilbert Stuart, who visited the gallery more than once, I think, to copy his own pictures of Monroe and Jefferson, which he considered best efforts, and after them preferred to copy than to attempt originals again of the same subjects. Some authors quite certainly ascertained—their names having been deciphered on the pictures or frames—are Snyders, Hondekoeter, Berghem, Salviati, Stella, Wouvermanns (Philip or Peter), and, if memory serves me rightly, Paul Potter. Beside these are the Copley and two Stuarts. Of those attributed to Rubens—and the fact of a Snyders lends probability to a Rubens—the first and chief is the "St. Simeon and Child Jesus," a better than which, it seems to me, does not exist from Rubens's hand in the gallery of the Royal Museum in this city. The "Ceres Presenting Gifts of Fruit to Venus" is certainly Rubens's style. Its companion, "Danaë and the Golden Shower," because it was not thought suitable for exhibition, was unfortunately ordered to be sold by the trustees of the col-

lege some years since, and was purchased by an artist in your city for the sum of $600, in whose studio, I understand, it now is held at the price of $3,000 or thereabouts. One of the noblest pictures of the collection is "The Delivery of Peter from Prison," thought by Stuart to be, like "The Continence of Scipio," another of the gems by Nicolas Poussin. It is bold for a mere tyro in art-criticism to differ from the great artist, but I cannot, from what I have seen of Poussin, think so. I cannot detect his style. There is a picture in the gallery of the Royal Museum here, same subject, by Houthorst, of the Netherlands school. In boldness and grandeur of conception it is not to be compared with the Bowdoin picture, but in peculiar tone and color it is precisely the same. I cannot help saying to myself, if Houthorst had been equal to the conception of the picture it were certainly his. Another Bowdoin picture, senselessly styled "The Irish Wake," resembles very much the work of Van Steenwyk the younger as he is represented in the gallery here. It is a beautiful bit of interior architecture by candlelight.

It is proposed at Brunswick, and ought to have been done before this, to gather all that can be ascertained about the pictures, both from themselves and from those persons—connections of the Bowdoin family or otherwise—who may know anything about them. Meanwhile, whether much or little is true concerning them, it is highly desirable that they be visited by artists and art-critics, and put to the test of the strictest scrutiny.

J. B. S.

Berlin, Prussia, February 21, 1868.

TRUMBULL'S M'FINGAL.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In the *Nation* for Feb. 20 you say: "Still, as a part of the literature of the country, it is necessary to take account of Trumbull's 'M'Fingal;'" and, further, you say, in substance, that some familiar quotations from his "M'Fingal" will keep his name alive, and be attributed to Butler.

It seems to me that his name would be better kept alive, and justice to both parties be preserved, by rescuing a few of the familiar quotations from the English author and giving them to the American. Can you give me space to record three or four of these from "M'Fingal?"

The hero is represented as being remarkably able and loud in town-meeting speeches, but

> "So much injured more his side,
> The stronger arg'ments he apply'd;
> As old war elephants dismay'd,
> Trode down the troops they came to aid;
> And h rt their o n side more in battle,
> Than less and ordinary cattle."

And again:

> "As some muskets so contrive it,
> As oft to miss the mark they drive at;
> And though well aimed at duck or plover,
> Bear wide and kick their owners over."

It was another peculiar feature in the character of M'Fingal, that he inherited from his Scottish ancestors the gift of *second sight:*

> "Nor only saw he all that was,
> But much that never came to pass;
> Whereby old prophets far outwent he,
> Though former days produced a plenty;
> For any man with half an eye,
> What is before him may espy;
> But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
> To see what is not to be seen."

J. C. M.

[In saying what we said we referred more particularly to one quotation from M'Fingal which is commonly attributed to Butler:

> "No man e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law."

The couplet may be found in the Third Canto of M'Fingal, and is better known than any of the rest of the poem.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Roberts Brothers announce a volume of essays by A. Bronson Alcott. It is to be called "Tablets." Other works to be issued by the same house are a novel entitled "The Pretty Widow," by C. H. Ross; "The Earthly Paradise," by the author of "Jason;" "The Little Bohemian," a translation from the French of Sauvage, with designs by Frolich; and "The Voyage of Mademoiselle Lile Round the World," with designs by the same hand.——The Dutch novel, of which we spoke the other week as the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Netherlands, which exposes the horrid cruelties of the Dutch in the East Indies, "Max Havelaar," is to be published, that is, the English translation of it is to be republished by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Another republication by this firm is "Discipline, and other Sermons," by Charles Kingsley. And they add to their set of Swedenborg's works "Angelic Wisdom concerning Divine Providence."——The Catholic Publication Society will publish in addition to their books mentioned last week a new edition of J. A. Moehler's very well-known work on "Symbolism," B. A. Robertson, translator. The work has long been only obtainable on payment of too high a price.——Virtue & Yorston will issue a translation by R. M. Phillimore of Bishop Dupanloup's "Studious Women," and of Juvenal's "Satires," by T. H. S. Escott. Other announcements by Virtue & Yorston are of Mr. Staunton's "Great Schools of England;" of Edgar H. Rand's "Dates and Events;" of two novels, "True of Heart," and "All for Greed;" and of Andrew Steinmetz's "Philosophical and Other Instruments," etc.——Among Carleton's announcements we see named a new novel by Mr. John Esten Cooke with the title of "Fairfax."——Myers & Chandler to their announcements of legal works add "Equia, a tale of Modern Rome," and the "American Stud Book," by Mr. S. D. Bruce.

—It will be recollected that some weeks ago a meeting was held in this city to consider the subject of an international copyright law. A committee was then appointed, with Mr. George P. Putnam at the head of it, and Mr. James Parton as secretary. This committee now calls a second meeting, to be held in the rooms of the New York Historical Society on the evening of Thursday the 9th of April, and publishers, authors, artists, and other persons interested are invited to attend, and are further invited, in case they cannot be present in person, to write out their views upon the subject, and forward the papers to Mr. Putnam at the address named above. The committee also put forth this memorial to Congress:

"We, the undersigned, concerned in the production, manufacture, and sale of books, periodicals, designs, and objects of art request the early attention of your honorable bodies to the subject of International Copyright. We respectfully solicit the passage of a bill such as, in the judgment of Congress, may best secure the rights of authors, artists, and designers to control and derive profit from the multiplication of copies of their works in countries other than their own."

To this memorial signatures are requested. The intending memorialist may address Mr. Putnam, and it is desired that, if he be an author, he should give the titles of his principal works. His address also should be sent with his signature.

—We have received advance-sheets of a "Catalogue of a Magnificent Private Library" which Mr. Bouton is on the point of publishing. It forms a handsome volume, excellently printed on thick paper, and the work of preparing it has evidently been done with more than ordinary pains. Errors, typographical and other, were occasionally discernible as we gave the catalogue a pretty careful perusal, but it deserves to be called one of our handsomest and best American books of its kind. It contains the title-pages of about a thousand separate lots, with appended descriptions and remarks, sometimes critical, but generally bibliographical merely. Of the collection itself we have once before spoken, but of course not in such a way that all the treasures which it includes were referred to. It is not amiss, then, to speak now of a few of them, for it will be a long time before book-buyers will find gathered together in one place so many of the gems which are the desire of the book-buyer. First we notice, as we go through the list, a Baskerville "Addison," a copy quite free from stains, in four royal octavo volumes. Its near neighbor is a copy of the most sumptuous of all the editions of "L'Imitation de Jésus Christ," silver clasped and mounted without, and within rich in containing not only "The Imitation" itself, but a history of illumination, and in being ornamented with specimens of illumination selected from three hundred of the best manuscripts of many countries. Three hundred dollars is demanded for it. We have mentioned before this, we believe, Béranger's own copy of his "Chansons," with the supplementary ones written in the author's hand. writing, and, together with his manuscript corrections of a previous edition, bound up with the printed poems. The work is in three duodecimo volumes, illustrated profusely, and is priced at a hundred and twenty dollars. "The Bible and Holy Scriptures, translated according to the Ebrue and Greke, and conferred with the best Translations in diuers Langages," is a perfect copy of the first edition of the "Breeches Bible." As being of this first and rarest edition—and splendid in new morocco—the price set on it is one hundred and seventy-five dollars. The Bible of bibliomaniacs—the complete works of Thomas Frognall Dibdin—is in the collection, and is here more complete and desirable than any ever offered for sale in America. For the fifty-seven volumes twenty-five hundred dollars are asked. "The 'Literary Reminiscences' (2 vols. imp. 8vo) is so scarce," says Mr. Bouton, "that a gentleman of this city has had an unlimited commission to

purchase a copy in the hands of an agent in Europe for the last ten years which remains unexecuted to this day." Another lot consists of the complete works of Montesquieu, of La Fontaine, and of Racine, and the "Lettres écrites à un Provincial" of Pascal, twenty-two volumes in all, royal octavo, bound by Capé in crushed crimson levant, and very rich in hundreds of inserted plates—proofs, most of them, and most of them proofs before letters—the price of the set being five hundred and fifty dollars. We omit mention of many fine works in order to get in the names of the "Harleian Miscellany" ($160); "Chapman's Homer," complete, with all its frontispieces ($135); "Hollingshead's Chronicles," black-letter, a large copy of the edition of 1586-7, with the usually suppressed matter ($125); "Travels in North America" of Maximilian, Prince of Wied (translated), with a folio Atlas ($120); "Paradise Lost," first edition ($100); "Sir Thomas More's Works," black-letter edition of 1557 ($165); Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes" and "Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," together seventeen volumes ($175); "Memoires Complètes et Authentiques du Duc de Saint Simon," in twenty volumes, profusely illustrated ($450); "Don Quixote," translated by Mary Smirke, and so profusely illustrated with inserted plates and original drawings, the work of Westall (in water-colors), Smirke, and many more, that it is valued at $800. We close with the mention of a magnificent volume, "La Touraine, Histoire et Monuments," by Abbé J. J. Bouvasse. It was the contribution of Capé, the great binder, to the World's Fair of 1862, and as a specimen of binding it is worth a short journey to see it.

—The *Galaxy*, which Messrs. W. C. & F. P. Church have managed successfully since its first establishment, has been bought by Messrs. Sheldon & Co., and will hereafter be published in the name of that firm, although it will still remain in the editorial hands of the Messrs. Church. It is intended to make it one-half larger than it is at present, and two new departments will be added to it—namely, a department of literary criticism, in which American and foreign books will get attention, and a department in which will be discussed social and public topics of current interest. Each number is, moreover, to contain three or four full-page illustrations and some smaller ones, from designs by Hennessy, Winslow Homer, Gaston Fay, Henry Fenn, and others; and Mr. W. J. Linton will do a part of the engraving. The system of having articles signed will be adhered to, and the *Galaxy* will, as heretofore, shun party politics and sectarian theology.

—A very useful work for reference is Dr. Ludwig Hahn's "Two Years of Prussian-German Policy" ("Zwei Jahre preussisch-deutscher Politik. 1866-1867"), a work of upwards of six hundred pages, just published in Berlin. It attempts to exhibit the various steps in the progress of the Prussian Government towards the national aim, by the aid of official and semi-official documents of all sorts—speeches from the throne, and army orders, declarations of ministers, and the utterances of their organs. The first of the six chapters treats of the German crisis prior to the breaking out of the war, including the differences in regard to Schleswig-Holstein. Then follow the various events which resulted in the present Confederation, and the final chapter deals with the relations of Prussia and the North-German Bund to Southern Germany. The *Weser Zeitung* quotes from this compilation Count Eulenburg's explanation of the seeming inconsistency between Bismark's belief in a liberal form of government as being the most desirable, and his more or less despotic practice. "Only a wholly complete state," said the Prime Minister on one occasion, "can indulge in the luxury of a liberal government;" that is, in order to govern a state liberally, says Count Eulenburg, you must first have a state. Whatever, therefore, has seemed and may still seem arbitrary in Bismark's management, is to be attributed to his desire to make Germany "*fertig*"—ready for a purely constitutional government without apprehension from neighboring empires.

—With the exception of Count de Kératry's, the works relating to the Mexican Empire are noticeably weak and unsatisfactory. Of Continental publications the Countess Kollonitz's is most highly spoken of, both for the author's keenness of observation and for her literary style. Eduard Deutsch has published at Brünn a worthless panegyric on Maximilian under the title of "Recollections." A much longer and more pretentious work is that from the press of Hoffmann, at Stuttgart, "Authentische Enthüllungen über die letzten Ereignisse in Mexico" (Authentic disclosures concerning the final events of Maximilian's reign in Mexico), by Wilhelm von Montlong. It is divided into two parts, the first being a connected account of what happened after the fall of Matamoras; the second is composed of documents in Spanish and German, which have no other value than as showing that the withdrawal of the French left a great many of the inhabitants in a very uncomfortable position. The author tells some curious stories of the mode in which the French obtained the plebiscitum which was used to decoy Maximilian to the throne. Marshal Fazaine is charged with the secret order, supplementary to the October decree which he extorted from the Emperor, which decreed death to any Mexican who should be caught with arms; and he is also accused of having assured the Mexicans, in at least one instance, that Napoleon did not mean to force the imperial rule upon them—in proof of which he asked them to point out whom they would like for President. Von Montlong's testimony is discredited for several reasons, although what he says of the French may be perfectly true. In the first place, he was a protégé of Father Fisher, one of Maximilian's counsellors, who got him a position as captain on the staff of General Marquez; and as he accompanied that chief when despatched by the besieged Emperor from Queretaro, he could not have been an eye-witness of the very last scenes of the reign. His patron, moreover, it now appears, was sent by his parents when a boy to a house of reformation, from which he had to be discharged on account of his pre-eminent depravity, though that has not prevented his since becoming a good Jesuit; and intimacy with him seems to have contaminated von Montlong to such a degree that, as is alleged, the letters of Father Fisher and the Minister of the Interior which he prints as his authority for publishing this narrative, were given him (as their dates show) when he was employed in quite another sort of composition, and probably had no relation whatever to the present undertaking.

THE GERMAN SETTLERS OF NEW YORK.*

THE advance sheets of a portion of this work were noticed in the *Nation* of January 3d. It has now reached a second edition.

The emigration from Germany to this country was the fruit of the havoc made by thirty years of internecine and foreign war. It is told that the very heart of the ancient dominion was at one time infested by hordes of starving beggars who waylaid and murdered the traveller, not that they might rob him of his gold, but that they might devour his flesh. Even this was but a prelude to the systematic ruin of the country by Turenne, Melac, and Montclos, when, on grounds of political expediency, Heidelberg and Mannheim were consigned to the flames, and the French king was made infamous by the devastation of the Palatinate.

In all this there was reason enough for flight, yet, to the honor of the German people, the exodus did not ensue from material sufferings only, but received its final impulse from a higher motive. In the days of the Reformation, the Electors-Palatine, after embracing Lutheranism, and then reverting to the Church of Rome, had landed on the Reformed persuasion, proclaiming throughout these tergiversations the maxim, "*cujus regio, ejus religio*," as an argument for expecting their subjects to follow them in every change of conviction; but they had stopped short of persecution by actual violence. In 1685 the succession devolved once more upon a Catholic, and in 1690 the Elector, John William, inaugurated a system of compulsory reconversion to the ancient faith. The protests of the surrounding "evangelical" sovereigns effected nothing better than promises, broken to the hope. The winter of 1708-9, in which "the bird froze in the air," supervening upon these grievances, brought on a crisis, which led to the departure of some 13,000 "Palatines" in 1709.

The torments of the people were not confined to matters of religion—three hundred petty despots then tyrannized over the shreds and patches of Germany, under the guidance and instruction of French adventurers, who regarded statesmanship as the art of keeping up a princely household, modelled after that of the "Grand Monarque" at Versailles. As these publicans and tax-gatherers continued to eat out the vitals of society, the people gradually ranged themselves into the two great hostile camps of governed and governors, German and French, vulgar and genteel, between which warfare has raged ever since. At first the victory of the French party was absolute. The common people withdrew from all participation in public life. Those who did not go abroad directed the energies of their minds to religious mysticism, to the profundities of metaphysics, or to the struggle for their daily bread. A very small fraction of the population did actually quit their country; but the project of emigration haunted the minds of all of them, and started into action upon every discouragement or disappointment.

"But these things," says our author, "are changing, and with them the migration of large masses of the people is destined to cease. The great events of 1866 have restored the foundation of German unity and the national superstructure is in rapid progress of erection. That accomplished,

* "History of German Emigration in America. Vol. I. By Frederick Kapp." New York: E. Steiger. 1867. 8vo. pp. 410.
["Geschichte der Deutschen im Staate New-York, bis zum Anfange des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Von Frederick Kapp." New-York: Verlag von E. Steiger, 1867.]

the German will cease to discard his country at every ripple of the fickle tide of fortune, but will cleave to the fatherland through good report and evil report, and contribute actively to its welfare."

From this cardinal doctrine of the book we must dissent. The freedom and welfare of a country furnish as many motives to emigration as its poverty or its bondage. As instances, we need not cite Holland or Switzerland, having examples nearer home, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania. Liberty involves at once liberty to increase, and liberty to quit a crowded neighborhood in search of an uncrowded; and where that liberty is enjoyed it will be exercised. Nor will Germany suffer by the process, any more than does Massachusetts. It is not to the interest of a community to retain a citizen who might better his fortunes if permitted to depart.

If Mr. Kapp is mistaken on this point, there are two reasons for regretting the error into which he has fallen. One is, that it gives his narrative, to use his own expression, "a sombre background," to wit, "the godless and unrighteous sovereignty-swindle of German potentates," upon which, as the moving cause of emigration, the moral of his book is made to turn. If such a coloring is appropriate, the history of the United States of America is a record of misfortunes; for the emigration of the European masses is a chief thread and sinew of that history. What our author thinks of the future of this country is not disclosed; the subject is but twice mentioned; and with barely words enough to show that the Great Republic does not occupy the same position, in his estimation, with the "pirate-principalities" he loves to satirize. "A man," he says, "can no more have two fatherlands than two fathers. Emigration, for the individual, is national death. He who will be a German must remain in Germany, or return there." And he speaks of the Germans in Germany as "our" people.

In thus passing by our country and its fortunes in silence, Mr. Kapp gives us the second and chief cause of complaint, for he impairs the value of his book as a contribution to American statesmanship. European politicians may value the instructions it contains, but it would have been reasonable to expect that a similar service rendered to American citizens would have been more keenly appreciated, and from the nature of the subject more fruitful of results. "The modern emigration," he says (meaning the emigration which has been going on since 1815), "is not within the scope of my work, because unfinished, and, therefore, not adapted to historical treatment." A very good principle, *for the historian;* because contemporary history is immensely difficult to write, and sure to become obsolete, almost as soon as written; but then it is so useful while it lasts! Where the voter of the present day can derive no hint from the troubles of the Palatinate in 1709, he can take a thousand from the contemplation of the administration of Andrew Johnson.

The poor exiles who fled from the Palatinate to avoid being made Catholics by compulsion, took refuge on Livingston Manor, on the Hudson, and afterwards in the lowlands of the Schoharie, without a thought of reacting upon the power that drove them forth. But from the drafts of history there is no exemption; and the children of these fugitives, stationed midway between the garrisons of the Hudson and of the St. Lawrence, formed the outposts which protected the former, first against the inroads of his most Christian Majesty, and then against the subjugating efforts of the British ministry. With unerring instinct they sustained the cause of self-government against the despotism of France and against the metropolism of England. In after-times they espoused the same principle in opposition to the federation of Adams and Hamilton and the usurpations of the Southern oligarchy. They have produced individuals not inferior to the best men of the land of their adoption. Peter Minnewit founded the New Netherland; Jacob Leisler struggled against the first usurpations of the colonial aristocracy; Weiser preserved the peace between the colonists and the red men; Zenger vindicated the liberty of the press; Herkheimer made the first good fight of the War of Independence, and cut off the relief of Burgoyne at Oriskany. But while individuals among them were good, the mass of them was better adapted to its historic purpose than the mass of any emigration before or since. Patience, perseverance, industry, economy, thrift, moderation, chastity, family affections, tolerance, and integrity—what better becomes the colonist? While the French settlers, assimilating with the savages and taking their daughters to wife, sank into barbarism, the German immigrants made considerable headway in training the Indian to the ways of good husbandry. This wave of German immigration entering the continent in the gap left open by the arms of British colinization, has driven slavery out of the central belt of the republic, and occupies in its own right the vast valley in which our future centres. Content—aye, eager to borrow names, words, and forms from others—it has supplied, from its own resources, men, labor, sincerity, and wealth. Most of the distinguished men of the country bear English names, but very many have been nursed at the breasts of German mothers, or reared or launched in life upon the fruits of a German ancestor's toil. Nevertheless, the position of the German immigrant was at all times subordinate, and necessarily so. While the political institutions of the country continue to be of English origin, they will be administered by English hands. Even had these institutions been capable of displacement, the Germans brought no traditions with which to supplant them. They came here as "non-political animals"—in the very teeth of Aristotle's definition of the human race. What they retained was their language and their religious rites, including a very small modicum of literature, devotional in its character. The Revolutionary struggle united them in a common cause with their Yankee brethren, and resulted in a greater frequency of intercourse, which carried the English language to the firesides of the German settlers and gradually obliterated all distinctions. The disastrous issue of Shays's rebellion, bringing an influx of some ten thousand New Englanders into the Mohawk Valley precipitated this transfusion. The present inhabitants of that once German territory are so little informed of the origin of their ancestors that they commonly believe them to have come from Holland. "Old chronicles tell of cities and landscapes buried fathom-deep beneath the waves, and the story goes, that of a stilly evening their tenements may still be traced, and even their belfries heard to murmur echoes of their long silent peals. Such, to the German student, are the German settlements recorded in these pages."

But a few pages of the work are occupied with these reflections. The narrative and the execution were evidently the favorite portion of the author's task, and it is not easy to praise them too highly. All of Mr. Kapp's books are exceedingly readable, but in this respect the present greatly surpasses the best of its predecessors. There is a variety in the contents of the various chapters, which not only could not be looked for in the biography of any individual, however gifted and versatile, but of which even history scarcely admits. In fact, the subject of this work is not so much historical as it is *pre-historical*—it may well be termed *legendary*—and not the less so that its sagas rest upon irrefragable evidence. In the fortunes of Minnewit Usselinx, and Gustavus Adolphus, we read an epic fraught with the grand images of cosmopolitan statesmanship. In Leisler we behold a civic tragedy which spontaneously assumes dramatic form. Zenger's story concentrates all the points of the revolutions of England and France. Old Conrad Weiser is a Ulysses in his wanderings, and his son is a Ulysses in camp and council. The Moravians at Shekomeko supply the materials for an idyl worthy of Bernardin de St. Pierre, and Oriskany is a battle-piece which a greater than Vernet might be proud to transfer to canvass. The landscapes of the Schoharie and the Mohawk start living from the page, and the growth of an agricultural settlement in the backwoods from the poverty in which seven men own a house in common to the profusion which leads a freebooter to boast that he carried off thirty thousand dollars' worth of cattle from two or three farm-yards, is traced with a vividness to which our American literature, with so much occasion for that species of description, has hitherto been all but a stranger.

"The settlements here described are," to use Mr. Kapp's words, "Robinsonades on a large scale." They display the growth of a civilized community in its development out of the extremes of poverty to comfort and thrift—from life at the sufferance of the powers that be to political independence. It presents a microcosm of American life as a specimen of the manner in which the whole continent was settled. "In Germany," Mr. Kapp says at the end of the eleventh chapter, "the peasant's toil was the exaction of the taskmaster; instead of being quickened with thought, it was made to be as unintelligent as possible. In America his labor was not only spontaneous, but involved the constant exercise of his keenest wits. There he was assimilated to the beast of burden; here he was elevated to as high a position as society offered or acknowledged. He prospered by his toil; but what availed him more than material wealth was the almost Promethean sense of self-reliance, which, often rude and repulsive in its forms but always ennobling in its spirit, characterizes the country, and repels the assumption of book-learned or conventional superiority with the words of the poet: 'The earth is mine, and stands too firm for thee, and eke my cabin, not thy handiwork, my hearth, whose fires kindle thine evil eye. Who stood my stead against the Titan's rage; who rescued me from death and slavery? Warm, holy heart within, 'twas thou alone!' The stout heart of the freeman overcomes the elements, and conquers the moral world."

MALCOM'S THEOLOGICAL INDEX.*

The origin, object, and plan of this work are fully stated in an ample and well-written, though somewhat pretentious, preface. On assuming the pastorship of a church in 1820, the author purchased about two thousand volumes, the contents of which he arranged under separate heads in alpha-

* "Theological Index. References to the Principal Works in every department of Religious Literature. By Howard Malcom, D.D., LL.D." Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1868.

betical order, adding references as important books came under his notice. Receiving almost daily additions for over forty years, the catalogue became a book which, after his retirement from professional life, the author endeavored to render complete. In its form he regards it as unique, being widely different in design from all other "bibliothecas." The "absolute need of an aid like this" is evident from the vast extent of theology, "the most voluminous of all the sciences," there being in the English language alone, as Dr. Malcom supposes, "a quarter of a million of religious books," and the reader can easily imagine what immense negative service is done the theological student by presenting to him, after successive eliminations by time and criticism, only about a tithe of them. The aim was not to preserve books from more or less merited oblivion, but to furnish reference to what is still both "valuable and accessible," without hiding "meritorious authors in a crowd," wasting the student's time in search, or amassing curious but useless references for effect. Omission was, therefore, no less important than collection, and probably required no less care and labor. The Fathers, chiefly from the respect due to antiquity, are constantly referred to, and "the succession of sacred literature" is preserved. Titles, to save space and expense, are abridged, not without care and reflection. Kindred heads are referred to each other. The date of the first publication of only few books is given, it being almost impossible to do it consistently, and less desirable in this branch of literature than in any other, as "theology has a positive basis in Revelation, and he who, in any age, writes well on sacred subjects, writes for all ages." Observations on the comparative value of the books are not numerous, and the untrustworthiness of such notices is illustrated in the preface by some very amusing, glaringly contradictory "utterances of well-known men in regard to well-known books."

The "Index" is alphabetical as to topics, with writers annexed—the heads, to the number of two thousand, being multiplied so as to comprehend the widest range—and embraces "nearly seventy thousand citations alphabetically arranged under two thousand heads," and also (if the ten pages taken at random and examined by us are a fair specimen) over two thousand errata. They are generally of the class called typographical; but we suspect that their origin could be traced farther back than the printer. Exegetische, for example, is about half the time exigetische, Edinburgh uniformly wants its final *h*, *Fraser's Magazine* is always Frazier's; such errors as De serpiente seductore, Clavis universali, Clavis Biblicum, Hervey's Theoron and Aspasi, for Theron and Aspasio, meet the eye on almost every page, and often many times on a page. Then there are other marks of carelessness, *e. g.*, on p. 146. One book is referred to under two successive titles as "Dietelmair, Historia Dogmatis," etc., and "Dietelmayer, Hist. dogmatis de descensu." The different capitalization—"Dogmatis" and "dogmatis"—is very characteristic. We have not been able to discover on what principle initial capitals are distributed in the German titles; the nouns certainly get very few of them. These are not solitary errors picked out with careful scrutiny; they recur on every page, and it is plain that, much as the work may assist scholars, it will assist no one in forming scholarly habits. In fact, though it is a hard thing to say, we fear the execution of the work must be called slovenly. It is discreditable to American scholarship that a book so good should not be better.

So far we have spoken of what was merely disagreeable in the "Index;" we now come to some features which lessen its usefulness. In more than half the references the authors' Christian names are not given even by initials, *e. g.*, "Appleton's Works." What Appleton? In Sabin's Dictionary the Appletons fill seven pages. It might save some time spent in searching catalogues if "Jes." had been added, for which there was plenty of room, and the saving of time would be considerable to those using libraries which have only card catalogues. Another reference (p. 236) is to "Illyrici Opera," and again (p. 149) to "Illyrici Clavis Scripturæ Sacræ. 1764." A student would need to search long in most catalogues to find this under the letter I. We suppose—but on this point it becomes us to speak with diffidence, lest we should be mistaken while "seeming to know more than the author," a piece of presumption against which Dr. Malcom warns his critics—we suppose that he means Matthias Flacius, the Illyrian (Illyricus), who will be found in quite another part of the alphabet.

Under none of the heads referring to Jews, as "Judaism," "History of the Jews," "Jewish Antiquities," "Present Condition of the Jews," "Hebrew Language," "Rabbinical Literature," etc., is there any mention of the greatest living or lately deceased writers of that nation; of Rapoport, Geiger, Zunz, Luzzato, Philippson, Grätz, or Frankel, whose writings are standard works on the same subjects, while numerous worthless treatises and periodicals are referred to. No student of philosophy will admire the impartiality or the classifying judgment of the author, when looking for "Pantheism" he finds himself referred to "Atheism," and under this head finds a very short and very motley series of writers *pro*, including Spinoza, Leroux, Harriet Martineau, and Mirabeau, with the following note attached: "Several of these writers are by some ranked as Deists!" No Hebraist will be satisfied with *six* Hebrew titles (pp. 260, 261) among seventy thousand citations, of which six two are misprinted: *tudim* for *turim*, *yomeph* for *yoseph*.

We have left ourselves little space in which to speak of the notes. We must, however, quote Dr. Malcom's remarks upon them, premising that his sentences are not often so badly constructed. "Observations on the comparative value of books are sparingly introduced, preferring to omit works of small merit, if there are good ones on that topic, not too rare, except when it seemed well to put the reader on his guard." Perhaps it was not worth while to swell the work with the contradictory judgments of critics, but notes indicating the view which an author takes, or the manner in which he treats his subject, are very valuable, and much information can be conveyed in a line or two of fine type, a space-saving device which Dr. Malcom has not adopted. He has given enough of such notes to make us wish for more.

Let us not be understood to condemn the book wholly because we point out some defects in its execution. It will be very useful. Every theological student may be grateful for its publication. Every library used by scholars ought to possess it. It fills an empty place in bibliography. With all its deficiencies it is the best book of its kind that we have. It is indeed in many respects inferior to Walch, Winer, Danz, but the latest of these was published in 1843; and undoubtedly Darling's index of subjects would be vastly superior to Dr. Malcom's, but Darling is dead, and his children may never publish their father's work, although it was promised at the time of his death. We should not perhaps have insisted so strongly on the faults of the present work had not Dr. Malcom appeared in his preface so thoroughly satisfied with his own work and cast down his gauntlet to the critics. "I do not presume," he says, "that my book will incur no censures but such as it deserves. Some will find fault for the sake of seeming to know more than the author, and some for the love of fault-finding. Some out of ignorance or lack of reflection will condemn real excellences, and some will judge me by a standard which cannot be reached." Of course absolute freedom from error is out of the question, but a very much higher standard than Dr. Malcom has aimed at has been reached by scores of bibliographers. Not to speak of French manuals and German hand-books, in our own country Abbot's "Bibliography of a Future Life" is an admirable example of great and *judicious* condensation, combined with all attainable accuracy. We hope, however, that the "Index" will sell well and that its success will encourage some more industrious person to make it better in a future edition.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

The magazines for the coming month offer rather less than the usual quantity of good light reading, and no really striking articles, light or heavy. Mrs. Davis keeps on with "Dallas Galbraith" in *Lippincott's*, and brings back George Laddoun into her story, which very well sustains its interest as it proceeds. Mr. J. T. McKay writes a little tale, "Ranlock Branch," ill put together, but made much better than the common run of its class by the vigorous and spirited way in which is told the incident for the sake of which it was really written—the furious night-journey in a locomotive engine, undertaken by a young girl in order to bring up a squad of police to the protection of her lover. Another agreeable article in this number—the best yet of *Lippincott's*—is an anonymous writer's description of a visit to Cuba. "La Reina de las Antillas," he entitles his account, which is so full of glowing praises that no doubt before this time next year, he will have considerably increased the number of American visitors to his paradise of cobalt skies, and emerald-green waves, and the delicious tonic of mountain air, and magnificent scenery, and laziness, and wine at a nominal price, and the "Ponche de Guarapo." The latter is a beverage which adds twenty-four hours to the life of the consumer for every drink of it that he takes. It is as well, then, to quote the receipt for making it: An egg being beaten up, there is added to it "sufficient brandy;" upon these mingled ingredients is poured sugar-cane juice boiling-hot from the mill; finally, the whole mixture is poured backwards and forwards until it foams, and one has a "Ponche de Guarapo" which, besides its effect of lengthening life, makes of one a giant, and, furthermore, induces sweet slumbers. "From the Bridge of Sighs" is a poem, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. A husband, an invalid apparently, watches with a sick-hearted sort of calmness his unfaithful wife, in company with her lover, plotting his death. The verses are not without power, and the familiar situation is

looked at from a rather uncommon point of view, but, as is usual with Mrs. Howe, the author makes the reader do some puzzling out before she gets done with him, marring all the effect of her work by slovenliness, or, rather, want of certainty in the handling. The other pieces of poetry are "Wings," and "An Interlude," and of prose articles we have "Womanhood and Chivalry in America;" "Quotation Marks," which chats about famous plagiarisms; "Common Schools in New Jersey;" Professor Dickson's "Correlation of Forces;" "Opium and Opium-Eating," which professes to be a word of warning from a former slave of the drug, but is too general, and reads as if it were a made-up story; "The Old Volunteer," a somewhat humorous sketch, by Mrs. M. H. Eastman; an article by the Honorable Amasa Walker, in which he deprecates the adoption of the line of policy which the House and Senate, since his article was written, have resolved upon in regard to the removal of the internal revenue tax; and, finally, a good letter from Louis Blanc, who predicts speedy war in Europe, and gives reasons for thinking that France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Italy all mean fighting very soon. This list of articles, it will be seen, indicates a well-chosen variety of reading matter, and, on the whole, the articles very well keep the promise of the table of contents. "The Monthly Gossip" continues to be full of literary intelligence of value.

We find in *Putnam's* for April a brief account of a morning at St. Alban's Church in this city; an essay by Mr. J. S. C. Abbott—who speaks of "the insane adventure" of Garibaldi, and of "Louis Napoleon, ever anxious to avoid war," who replies to Garibaldi by saying, "No; let us *not* settle it brutally by iron and by blood;" "A Paper on Paper," a sort of cyclopædia-of-useful-knowledge article by Professor Schele de Vere; a pleasant article by Mr. Duyckinck on "New Netherland Two Hundred Years Ago;" a short story by Mrs. Stoddard, and some verses entitled "Exile," worse than the story, by the same author; a neat little exposition by Mr. E. S Gould, in a page or two of dialogue, of the folly of talking, as Mr. Greeley talks, about "instant resumption," and three or four other articles. The best thing in the magazine is, we should say, an account of the manner in which "The Poor Girls of New York"—nobody knows how many thousand of them, fifty thousand, perhaps—earn their living. It is by Mr. Wirt Sikes, who probably understands the subject as well as any man in New York—any man, at all events, who writes—and who tells a sad story in a straightforward way. It is understood that Mr. Sikes has for a long time made himself personally familiar with the wretchedness and squalor in which so many of our fellow-citizens live and die. Charles W. Elliott writes very readably about Yeddo, but gives the Japanese an astonishingly good character—too good a character, possibly: "Children are *never* beaten," he says; "parents *never* lose their tempers," and so on, with a faith of his own or a faith in other people's faith that is remarkable in a very high degree. The next time he writes on this subject he has our authority for saying that there are no fathers or mothers in any part of the empire, and that the children, born and reared abroad, never go home to live.

The *Galaxy* has a clever description of Sheridan's battle at Fisher's Hill, which contains this new historical anecdote, for the truth of which Mr. James F. Fitts is authority:

"As evening approached, upon the day of the fight, Sheridan had entirely completed his dispositions, and had his army in hand to his entire satisfaction. His intention was not, however, to attack that night, probably esteeming it best to await the dawn of another morning; and he had withdrawn a little way to the rear, where headquarters had been hastily established, intending to rest a little, when a curious coincidence changed his plans, and sent him forward that night to victory. An aide rode up with the announcement:

"'General Crook sends his compliments, sir, and says he is in position. He 'd like to have you know, sir, that his men are in capital spirits.'

"'Glad of it,' said Sheridan. 'Tell him to stay where he is.'

"In less than three minutes up came another aide with another message:

"'General Wright's compliments, General. He is ready to attack any minute, and the men are rather anxious for it. They were never in better spirits.'

"'Good, again!' responded Sheridan. 'Tell the general he will hear from me in good time.'

"And hardly had he uttered the words when aide number three came up at a gallop.

"'General Emory sends his compliments, General. He told me to say to you that the enemy has developed nothing but a weak picket on his left. The corps is in excellent spirits.'

"'Well, now, by George!' exclaimed Sheridan. 'If the whole army is in such good trim and temper for the work, why delay it? We won't, as sure as my name 's Phil Sheridan! You, sir,' to the last aide, 'ride back to General Emory rapidly, and tell him to attack at once vigorously with his whole force! Major, take the same order to General Wright. Captain, the same to Crook. Mount, gentlemen, mount. We 'll have that hill before another hour.

"And we did."

This month's number contains also more of "Words and their Uses," by Mr. Grant White, who talks very satisfactorily of a number of instances of misuse and right use of words; a description of the Scilly Isles by Mr. W. H. Alden; something about magazine-making by the editor; a little gossip about woman as a consumer of tobacco, in which the author declares that snuff-dipping is invading this State, and has already reached some members of the respectable classes; an able essay, by Prof. John Norton Pomeroy, which lucidly states the intention and the action of the founders in apportioning the powers of our Government among the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary, and argues against the present tendency of the people to permit Congress to draw all the power into its hands. Another solid article is on "The Lowlands of the Mississippi," by Mr. H. L. Abbot; and the editor has a sensible word to say about the trial which young Mr. Tyng brought on himself.

Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, in this month's *Atlantic*, writes a disquisition which, we dare say, will be fascinating reading to most readers, on "The Poison of the Rattlesnake." Dr. Mitchell is a recognized authority on this subject; there is none higher; and his paper is full of information which will be new to almost all readers. It is information not only about the horrible animal itself, but about the effect of the venom in destroying life, its constitution, and the means of curing its victim. It occurs to us that an amusing fabulous natural history of the rattlesnake might be made by some of the Northern men or women now working among the negroes in the South, for these latter are full of legends about this "longe creeple" which "stan' all one as a piece of clever calico" in appearance, which has been repeatedly observed in conflict with his mortal and usually victorious foe, the "brack snake," which is killed by the "breff of de cow," which permits the traveller to walk "*close* by he head," but invariably strikes at any one who goes by his tail, which easily "fling hese'f" ten and fifteen feet, which is very wise and very proud, which, if his mate is killed, haunts the spot in thirst of vengeance, and which is in many ways a very strange and admirable worm. Another piece of good reading in the April *Atlantic* is Mr. James's last love story, "A Most Extraordinary Case." It is very good, in Mr. James's peculiar manner. We have besides still another one of those songs of Doctor Holmes's for the class of '29; an article by Mr. Parton called "Our Roman Catholic Friends," in the preparation of which he seems to have underrated the amount of knowledge that is current in regard to his subject; the second part of "Free Missouri," by Mr. Richardson; the third part of "Doctor Molke's Friends," Doctor Hayes's entertaining narrative; one of Mr. Whipple's critical articles, "Spenser" being the title of it; some poetry seasonable, on "April," by Miss M. R. Hudson, and several critical notices.

In *Hours at Home* there are parts of two novels—"Camille," by the Countess de Gasparin, and Miss Yonge's "Chaplet of Pearls." These will both find satisfied readers, and ought to find them, for they are more than average novels, so far as we can judge from reading a few chapters of each. The author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family" is another of this month's contributors, Messrs. Scribner & Co. having secured her services; and another is James Greenwood, who, in "'Picking Up' a Living," furnishes the best of the series of articles which he is under agreement to write for *Hours at Home*. It is an amusing, not merely amusing, description of some of the London Arabs, to call them so, who gather offal, and sweep steps, and cut withes for dealers in water-cresses, and steal green leaves with which to line fruit-baskets, and so pick up, by very small bits at a time, what may be called a living. Mr. G. M. Towle goes on with his description of Brittany; Professor Wells gives a curious account of a German doctor established at the Burmese Court; Mr. J. D. Sherwood's "Knobs of Travel"—European travel—is continued; and there are one or two short stories and some essays fairly good.

The *Catholic World*, which, it may be said in general, has a more masculine tone than any of the other magazines—a tone as if it expected to make itself acceptable to the male intellect rather than to the female taste—is this month somewhat unusually robust and hard-headed. It must be for Catholic women, though, that it talks after the fashion of this statement, which occurs in a review of the "Life" of the late Doctor Doyle: "The Peninsular war ensued, in which the Portuguese, aided by the English under Wellington, drove out the irreligious soldiers of the Empire." The writer surely cannot mean that a heretic could lend any help in a conflict between the Catholic faith and Atheism. "The *Church Review* and Victor Cousin" is an able attack on the philosopher, a defence of the *Catholic World* for having attacked him once before, and an attack on the *Church Review* for having since defended him and attacked the *Catholic World*. The article is very vigorous. We have besides in this April number an essay on "The Unity

of the Human Race," translated from the French; a review of Meehan's "O'Neill and O'Donnell in Exile;" some well-put remarks to which most people will assent, or have assented, on the crisis in the Episcopal Church; and a sombre, satirical piece, a translation, entitled "How our History will be told in the Year 3000," which is severe on the military tendencies of the day, as shown in the invention of needle-guns, and so on, much as the wits of a couple of hundred years ago used to be so triumphantly severe on gunpowder and, implicitly, recommend head-hammers and disembowelling-knives, and bows-and-arrows, and hot pitch. One or two heavy stories, one or two shorter and lighter, and one, or a part of one, by Erckmann-Chatrian; some poetry; some miscellaneous articles; and some good, sound book-notices make up the rest of the number, which we believe to be the best number of the *Catholic World* yet issued.

GALE'S UPPER MISSISSIPPI.*

Mr. Gale has given us a book worth much, and yet not as good as a little more care and labor might have made it. Freed from its many crudities and some bad grammar, and basing its conclusions on more perfect data, it would have been—trustworthy and valuable, we were about to say; more trustworthy and valuable is what we will say. For the student, to whom it might be of great use as a guide to fuller study, it should give authorities in foot-notes. They are omitted, the author says, to economize space, but there are more than a score of pages uselessly filled with such matter as President Johnson's proclamation and the verbose details of Indian treaties. Still, here are gathered from many sources and put in quite readable shape a large number of valuable facts concerning the supposed ante-aboriginal mound-builders, the various Indian tribes, and the early white settlements and progress of civilization in the Upper Mississippi Valley, which includes all of the United States between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains and north of the mouth of the Ohio. Of the twenty chapters, one is given to the extinct mound-builders, thirteen to the history and present condition of the Indian tribes, and six to the history of the North-western States. The special value of the book is in the second part, which, indeed occupies the larger number of pages. The facts given concerning the progress of civilization in the so-called North-west are interesting, but are more within common reach, and are not complete.

Of the ancient mound-builders no one knows anything definitely beyond the facts regarding the number, character, and distribution of the monuments they have left. And when Mr. Gale estimates their number at twelve millions—which is about the same as the present population of this region—we must use his own words against him and say, "This is based on two suppositions entirely without evidence."

In his compact history of the Northern Indian tribes (he does not treat of those whose original home was the Gulf States), he has done good service. No one before him has traced the history of these tribes down to the present time, or done it with such kindly hopefulness. Not that Mr. Gale indulges in any rose-colored views, but his studies show him, as they will others, that the Indian still lives, in spite of wars, removals, small-pox, whiskey, and destiny. Sometimes, indeed, a whole tribe has been obliterated by war or disease, but again there are others who have gathered up their fragments, and have within a century grown from nothing into nations. The Hurons and Ojibwas are illustrations of each of these classes. As the Indian question is now forcing its way to a more careful consideration than it has had in times past, we recommend the work as a hand-book. It is not perfect; we hope it will be improved or give way to something better, but at present it is the only work of the kind. Let us remark that when it is revised we ought to have better cuts and with appropriate subjects. Isaac Jogues is not the best representative of Western missionary laborers, and no more is Alfred Brunson; nor is Stephen A. Douglas the "head man" of our Western civilization.

The author groups the various tribes in confederacies, "not," as he says, "from any knowledge that they were the same people or associated in government, but solely on account of their associations and similarity in customs and languages." This would be a proper and convenient principle of grouping, proper enough and certainly convenient, but it ought to be consistently obeyed. Mr. Gale makes a Winnebago confederacy which includes the Mandans and Osages and excludes the Dakotas. Now, all these tribes are closely related in language and customs; they really belong to one family, which it is very proper to call the *Dakotan* family. He, moreover, credits the absurd story that the Winnebago language cannot be reduced to writing. This was long ago done for the Dakota and Osage, which are cognate languages, and there are published vocabularies of the Winnebago also. The truth of the matter is, this story is utterly without foundation; it was set on foot by those who for a quarter of a century have been trying, unsuccessfully, to force English education on the Winnebagos.

Mr. Gale gives, as the proximate causes of the Sioux outbreak of 1862—(1) the general dissatisfaction of the Indians with the treaty, and the efforts for civilization, stimulated by whiskey-sellers and traders; (2) the delay in the annual payment; (3) the want of a military guard on the frontier; and (4) the general influence of the war. To these causes should be added the reactionary influence of their heathen religion, aroused to desperation in self-defence. It is a significant fact, though Mr. Gale does not mention it, that after the decisive battle of Wood Lake, many of the defeated Indians openly renounced the gods who had there failed them.

The sketch of Catholic missions is very fair, but the corresponding sketch of Protestant missions is not so successful. It is, indeed, a much more difficult subject to treat thoroughly, because there have been so many different Protestant organizations at work in the field that it is hard to gather all the records. And Mr. Gale seems to have been content with what came easily to hand. Thus, after giving undue prominence to the Methodist missions in the North, he goes beyond his own limits to speak of their missions among the Southern tribes, and of them only. Probably because these statistics were at hand; and it might have cost a letter to some missionary house to get the figures which he should have got. But if it were his intention to give a full view of Methodist missions, he should have added the account of the labors of the Rev. Colonel Chivington at Sand Creek, a preacher of that denomination recognized and approved by his brethren. The Indians need missions and missionary labor greatly, but they need more that the Christianity of this country should be so renovated and awakened as to protect them against corruption and oppression on the part of the Christian white men with whom they are brought into contact.

The Romance of Charity. By John De Liefde. (London: Strahan. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1867).—Into this one handsome little volume, with a changed title, Mr. De Liefde has compressed the substance of his "Six Months among the Charities of Europe," in two volumes, which was noticed in the *Nation* of April 19, 1866. The result is a work more exactly corresponding to its promise, and, if not so full of instruction to those who make social science a study, freer from certain defects, and better calculated to awaken general interest in the most remarkable philanthropic movements of the day. One need only read the opening chapter—on the Rauhe Haus at Horn—to be transported to a realm of Christian activity which seems rather the imagining of a clever enthusiast than actual human experience, with its houses and lands, its families and brotherhoods and *candidats* and patrons, and all the wonderful machinery of the founder, Dr. Wichern. And the American reader will not quit this realm without some valuable reflections, and, in spite of his distrust of German centralization, some candid admissions relative to the reformatories which he had hitherto prided himself were unsurpassed in the world.

Ohio in the War: Her Statesmen, Her Generals and Soldiers. By Whitelaw Reid. In two volumes. (Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin. 1868).—This work is a monument of industry and patience. In two huge volumes of a thousand pages each, are given a history of the State of Ohio during the war, the lives of the generals and public men who are natives of that State or peculiarly identified with it, and a sketch of its regiments and other military organizations, with numerous maps and illustrations and more than a hundred portraits. The author is otherwise known as "Agate," of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. Though the size of the book, and the short time employed in its preparation, are sufficient reasons for regarding it with suspicion, the reader soon discovers that that feeling is out of place. It appears to be a surprisingly good book, and this impression is strengthened in proportion as acquaintance with it increases.

The interest and value of the second volume are mostly local. Its contents are the rosters of every regiment and company furnished to the National service by the State of Ohio during the war, followed, in each case, by a short record of service. It contains a table which shows at a glance the leading facts concerning the formation, term of service, losses, commanders, and muster-out of all the principal volunteer organizations of the State. Aside from the information contained in the rosters, it is professedly devoted to the men in the ranks, and special mention of officers is not habitually made in it, even of the commanders of regiments. It is sufficient to say of

* "Upper Mississippi: Historical Sketches of the Mound-Builders, the Indian Tribes, and the Progress of Civilization in the North-west." By George Gale. Chicago: Clarke & Co. New York: Oakley & Mason. 1867.

this part of the work, that it seems to be well done. Of course, one finds in it more or less glorification of particular commands, but that is natural enough, and we notice no instances of anything excessive in this direction. Indeed the book, as a whole, deserves high praise for its candor and moderation, and these qualities are frequently exhibited in cases in which an ardent State pride would have led not a few men to consider a little *suppressio veri* quite excusable.

The first volume has a different and far higher value, and is an interesting book for every student of the late war. No military library in America is complete without it. The last few years have proved Ohio to be both a mother and a nurse of lions, for Grant, Sherman, Rosecrans, McPherson, Gillmore, McDowell, Buell, Custer, Weitzel, Crook, and Griffin were born there, and Sheridan, if not born there, as he probably was, was certainly reared there from early infancy, and a long list of other gallant and accomplished general officers may be claimed as children of that State. A sketch of the life of every Ohio officer who obtained the title of general, by commission or brevet, in the war of secession, has been obtained by the indefatigable industry of Mr. Reid, and the biographies of the more eminent occupy from twenty-five to seventy-five pages each. A careful reading of a large part of them justifies us in pronouncing that the work is extremely well done. We find evidence of a high degree of fitness for the task, and of much fidelity in its performance. Copious materials have been collected, and they have been used in an excellent spirit. Instead of feeling distrust excited by blind enthusiasm and continuous encomiums, the reader is frequently and most favorably impressed by evidences of fairness and a judicious critical spirit. A straightforward honesty is a prominent characteristic of the book. There is plenty of detail, much new information, and an abundant but not excessive use of anecdote, though some of the stories about the early life of one and another general are perhaps fitter for the columns of an illustrated paper than for such a book.

It is true of many persons who made a name in the late war, and of not a few interesting events, that information in regard to them is not accessible in any convenient form, but must be sought in old newspapers, rebellion records, voluminous reports, and the crude masses of testimony contained in the eight volumes of the Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War. It is a most attractive feature of this book that it gives, with good arrangement and compactness, carefully collected and carefully digested information, that supplies the want in a multitude of cases. Of this, the chapter on Morgan's Raid may be mentioned in especial illustration, and Mr. Reid's sketch of the life, character, and military history of McDowell is a composition that deserves high praise. In general, it may be stated that this work goes far toward being a complete biographical dictionary of the late war, and that it is a remarkable instance of a great enterprise successfully carried out.

A Manual of Anglo-Saxon for Beginners. By Samuel M. Shute. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt.)—Mr. Shute admits candidly that his Manual is not original. The introduction, in so far as it follows Mr. Marsh, Mr. Latham, Mr. Wright, or the *Edinburgh Review*, is excellent. The syntax is that of Professor Klepstein's grammar in a mutilated form. Of prosody the author has but little to say, and, therefore, can do but little harm or good. The extracts would have been more useful if the compiler had not departed from the established English usages of Anglo-Saxon orthography. But it is especially with the etymology that we are concerned at present. This is based upon Heyne's "Kurtze Laut und Flexionslehre der altgermanischen Sprachstämme." Now, whatever may be the advantages of this system, it has disadvantages that cannot be overlooked. The nouns (substantive?) are divided into the vowel declension and the N (or consonant) declension. We admit that no division of substantives can be better than that into *nomina pura* and *nomina impura*, as they are styled in the classical languages, the former containing all substantives of which the characteristic is an essential vowel; the latter, all those of which the characteristic is a consonant or an unessential vowel. The Anglo-Saxon *nomina pura* are called by Professor Rask the simple order, the *nomina impura* the complex order, while in Professor Grimm's system the former fall under the head of weak, the latter of strong substantives. This division is both natural and philological, and is the one adopted not only by the ablest German philologists, but also by the latest English classical grammarians. In the Saxon there are substantives which exactly correspond to the *nomina pura*, simple or weak substantives, and others which answer to the *nomina impura*, complex or strong substantives. The Saxon "steorra" answers to the Latin *mensa*; the Saxon "smiδ" to the Latin *urbs*. Steorra, therefore, and substantives whose characteristic is an essential vowel, naturally belong to the vowel declension, while smiδ, and substantives whose characteristic is a consonant or an unessential vowel, equally belong to the consonant declension. Hence, at first sight it might appear that Mr. Shute follows this very natural and scientific division. But a glance at his work shows us that this is not the case. His N (or consonant) declension contains all those substantives which end in an essential vowel: thus steorra belongs to the N declension, as also Tunge and Eare, so he completely disguises the most marked and patent characteristic of this order of substantives, calling that a consonant declension which is by the ablest philologists styled the vowel declension. The same line of argument might, if space permitted, be applied to his so-called vowel declension. The result of adopting such a plan as this is not simply to complicate that which is simple in itself; it involves a more serious disadvantage. The student who has studied the classical and Teutonic languages in a scientific manner can very easily master the Saxon if presented in an uniform and simple system. And when the time shall arrive that the study of Saxon shall precede or be taken up simultaneously with the study of Latin and Greek, such an uniformity of system as we have pointed out will greatly facilitate the acquisition of all these languages. We have not space to show the unnecessary confusion which follows the manner in which the verb is treated, nor to point out the illogical intermixture of etymology and syntax which we meet with under the respective heads of prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections. We have said sufficient to show that the "Manual of Anglo-Saxon" is ill-adapted to the wants of students generally, and especially of those for whom it is professedly written, viz., beginners.

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The Week.

THE bill for admitting Alabama, the bill exempting most manufactures from internal revenue taxes, and the business of impeachment have been the principal matters before Congress during the week just passed. Besides these, there was some little excitement over the resolution to regulate the tariff for freight and passengers going over the Pacific Railroad, and incidentally to the tax-exemption bill there was a good deal of discussion of the laws intended to prevent whiskey-frauds. As for the railroad resolution, the House listened willingly to the reading of the rule which forbids a member's voting on any matter in the settlement of which he has an immediate pecuniary interest, and then speedily referred the resolution to the Committee on the Pacific Railroad. This was not done, however, till after Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, had made the House listen to plain talk as to how the corporations are preying on the public and buying their representatives. In sixteen years, he said, during which he had served in the House, he had never witnessed a scene like that when in June, 1864, under the lead of Mr. Price, of Iowa, and Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and under the eyes of a crowd of male and female lobbyists who swarmed in the very seats of members, the House passed the amended Pacific Railroad bill of 1864. As regards the whiskey question, neither House nor Senate shows any disposition to alter the law imposing the two-dollar tax. They agree in making more and more severe the penalties to be inflicted on persons violating the law. After several committees of conference the two Houses have brought the two nearly identical bills which they passed in regard to the tax on manufactures to a form which both can accept. It is not materially different from what it was when we mentioned it last week. The tax is taken from all but four or five articles. In the matter of the admission of Alabama, the House has come to a conclusion which differs decidedly and much for the better from the conclusion reached by Mr. Farnsworth and the Committee on Reconstruction. The committee reported a bill which met with favor from the extreme Radicals, and which was entirely the same with that once before brought forward. Mr. Spalding brought forward as a substitute a new bill, and succeeded in getting it passed. The Senate, on Thursday, passed over the President's veto—32 to 9—the bill regulating the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court in certain cases. The debate was a strong one, and turned not on the message, but on the merits of the McArdle case. On Friday the House, by a vote of 112 to 34, also passed the bill over the veto. On Thursday, too, the Senate ratified the treaty with North Germany relative to the rights of naturalized American citizens when in the country of their birth. On Monday the House resolved that the resolution passed by the New Jersey Legislature relative to the withdrawing of New Jersey's ratification of the pending Constitutional Amendment was couched in scandalous and insulting language, and should be returned to that body. On the same day Mr. Butler made the opening speech for the prosecution in the President's trial. On Tuesday the trial went on. Some unimportant witnesses were heard, and, after discussion, the Senate decided that the right of primary decision, subject to the Senate's revision of all questions of law and evidence, lies with the presiding officer.

Since the New Hampshire election Democrats no longer talk of carrying Connecticut by a majority of four or five thousand. The Republicans, on the other hand, grow more and more confident of making such gains as shall overcome Mr. English's majority of 987 and give them the State. A change of less than fifty-three hundredths of one per cent. on the total vote of last year would be sufficient to fulfil their predictions—that is to say, if, out of the 94,154 men who went to the polls last year, 494 who then voted with the Democrats should on Monday next vote with the Republicans, Mr. English will be defeated. The Republican hope that this will be so, is supported by many probable reasons. To begin with, the negro suffrage question does not enter directly into this spring's contest. Then, last year the desire of the working-men for an eight-hour law enured to the benefit of Mr. English; this year that question, too, may be said to be out of the way. For last winter the Republican Legislature and the Democratic Governor united with cheerful unanimity and with the utmost gravity in making an eight-hour law—worth considerably less than the ink used in engrossing it—the credit of which is to be divided between the two parties about equally. Furthermore, the Republicans are not this year, as they were last, weighted with Mr. P. T. Barnum, who, in his Congressional district, ran some hundreds—267—"behind his ticket," and whose name undoubtedly hurt the Republican party throughout the State. And Mr. Jewell has shown his ability to draw out in his own district (senatorial) a vote about as much heavier than the strict party vote as Mr. Barnum's in Litchfield and Fairfield was lighter than that. Again, Mr. Johnson in April, 1867, seemed to have before him two years of power; now he seems to have but a few weeks, and surely has so few months that his pleasure as regards their votes may safely be disregarded by the gentlemen who hold offices—a class not to be left unconsidered in a State where for two years majorities have been between five hundred and a thousand. Finally, it is believed by more than nine hundred men in a thousand in Connecticut as elsewhere that Grant is almost sure to be the next President; in other words, that the Republicans are going to carry the country next fall, and election results in April will no doubt be appreciably affected by what is believed of results in November. Certainly, however, the fight is a hard one and victory will be glorious rather than overwhelming. The Democrats have hidden away Mr. C. C. Burr, Mr. H. C. Dean, and Mr. "Brick" Pomeroy, and have put forward men of the character of Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Seymour, Mr. S. J. Tilden, Mr. Doolittle, and Mr. Hendricks. The Republican speakers, with General Sickles and Mr. Harriman at the head of them, have been numerous, good, and indefatigably active. But in endeavoring to calculate the chances of the struggle, it is proper to bear in mind that there is an element, operative for the one side and the other, the influence of

which outsiders can only guess at beforehand, and can hardly judge of fully even by its effects recorded in the election returns. A heavy expenditure of money is going on; there is probably an active manufacture of voters—a branch of business in which the Democrats, holding as they do the large towns, have the advantage of their opponents—and, generally, recourse is had to every possible electioneering trick.

The new Alabama bill is very much better than the one it displaced, and is good in itself. It declares the constitution formed by the late convention the fundamental and organic law for a State government, but for a State government that shall be merely provisional. This temporary government is to be in the hands of the officers elected at the late election, and the new governor may, if he likes, convene the legislature which was chosen at the same time with himself. We do not know why the government thus formed is not as fairly representative of the people of Alabama, and of as high origin, as the provisional government, set up by Mr. Johnson, which has held power since 1865. The legislature is empowered to resubmit the just defeated constitution to the registered voters, a majority of whom shall be a sufficient number to ratify it. The legislature may submit it unamended; but of course it will be submitted with amendments, and probably with amendments that will make it acceptable to many who voted against it before or did not vote at all. When it is thus ratified and the legislature shall have ratified the pending amendment to the Constitution of the United States, it may be presented to Congress for approval. Meantime Alabama remains, as now, under military rule—a fact on which we look with satisfaction.

The bill depriving the Supreme Court of appellate jurisdiction in habeas corpus cases has been passed over the President's veto and is now a law. There has been a good deal of raving about its unconstitutionality by people who understand the matter perfectly well, and who have probably imposed on a good many of those who do not. For the benefit of the latter, we may explain that by the act of 1789, which gave the Federal courts the power of issuing writs of habeas corpus, there was no right of appeal to the Supreme Court. An act of 1867 did give this right, with the view of providing more effectual protection for the blacks and Unionists at the South, in cases arising under the Civil Rights bill, or against prosecutions arising out of acts committed during the war. McCardle having been arrested by the military authorities at Vicksburg under the Reconstruction Act, applied for a habeas corpus to the United States Circuit Court in Mississippi, which remanded him, after a hearing, into custody. He accordingly appealed under the Act of 1867, and Congress, fearing that this would bring the constitutionality of the Reconstruction Act under review in the Supreme Court, and being of the opinion that the Supreme Court has no right to review it, very properly avoided a possible collision by taking from the court the appellate jurisdiction in cases of this kind which last year they conferred on it. The objection to the proceeding is that it is legislation with a view to a particular case, and not legislation based on a general principle, but the case is of such a nature that this objection is reduced to a minimum. Compared to the plan of increasing the number of judges, or of fixing the number necessary to deliver a judgment, this bill may be called absolutely free from objection, as it leaves the independence and dignity of the court unimpaired.

General Butler has written a letter to a friend, explaining and defending his course with regard to the national finances. He says he proposed his plan because he saw that the Democratic party was going to propose to issue $2,000,000 in greenbacks to pay off the bonds, and that, therefore, he advocated a "counter-proposition" to pay them off in the greenbacks already in existence, which "should take all seeming or actual wrong"—we use his own words—"from the public debt." He advocates this, he says, "in the interest of his constituents and of the Republican party, *because* nine-tenths of all the bonds were held east of a meridian drawn through Lake Ontario, and three-fourths of all the votes on which the party must rely were west of that meridian, where there were no bonds." In this last sentence, the cat jumps out of the bag—as the popular saying is. The desire of taking "the actual or seeming wrong" from the public debt has really had no more to do with the Butler-Sherman-Stevens "counter-proposition," than the desire of christianizing the Jews. General Butler knows perfectly well that there is no "actual wrong" in the public debt, and the way to take "seeming wrong" from it, or from anything else, is to enlighten those who think they see the wrong where it does not exist, not by falling in with their delusion, as if they were hypochondriacs. The "counter-proposition" is, in fact, as we intimated last week, a base bid on the part of some Republicans for the votes of base or ignorant men, and the special pleading of the Butlers and Shermans is simply a feeble attempt to disguise its real nature. Some of the leaders act as if they thought that when a good citizen meets a band of rioters on their way to burn a man's house, his duty is, not to remonstrate with them, or oppose them, or call the police, but to put himself at their head, and superintend the execution of the crime, representing it as perfectly justifiable, taking care to deprive it as far as possible of all features of unusual atrocity, such as the roasting of the family or the destruction of valuable papers.

The bemuddling influence of the negro on the white mind was always one of the most striking features of the anti-slavery agitation, but during that agitation it was mostly exemplified in the case of pro-slavery writers and voters. Since emancipation, although he still retains his old power of confounding his enemies, as any one may see who reads many of the arguments against negro suffrage, he seems no longer to spare his friends, and they are accordingly using him as a disguise for a good many odd things. Wendell Phillips has established, for instance, his own idea of what constitutes friendliness to the negro, as an absolute standard of morality in public men; anybody who does not come up to it, he holds as irredeemably bad. So General Butler, whenever he wants to put a good face on a doubtful transaction, refers, with perfect simplicity, to his share in emancipation, as making all his other performances right; just as the enemies of the negro, with equal simplicity, sought to justify Governor Eyre's Jamaica massacres by alleging that he had walked round the Gulf of Carpentaria in Australia. At the close of the letter to which we have referred in the foregoing paragraph, General Butler shows that inasmuch as he advocated emancipation one year before it took place, the arming of the blacks in 1862, three years before the Government resorted to it, and impartial suffrage in 1866, one year before the party took it up, nothing that people now say against his financial views can be of much consequence, or, as he expresses it, "premature clamor about them is but little annoyance." One sees, in fact, in the working of his mind, the working of the process by which political parties, started in defence of principle, gradually decline, and as they decline use their earlier goodness to cover over and excuse their later baseness, just as the Democratic party during the latter years of its existence strengthened its support of slavery by recalling its exertions on behalf of poor whites. What gives a touch of the comical to General Butler's case is that such a man as General Schouler was turned out of office in Massachusetts by the Governor little over a year ago, for expressing doubts as to whether General Butler was a fit person to represent a Massachusetts constituency. We suggested at the time—if our readers will pardon the recollection—that it would be well to wait and see how General Butler turned out, before dismissing General Schouler.

The Chicago *Tribune* maintains we are wrong in supposing that repudiation is the almost universal sentiment of the West, and declares that the heresy is confined to Indiana and Ohio, and that even in these States it is declining every day. We can only say that we are very glad to hear it, and that we have little doubt that the *Tribune* knows more about it than we do, but we must also observe that our opinions about it have not been based either on our own knowledge or observation, but on those of very well-informed persons. The *Tribune* also twits us in an ill-natured manner upon the fact that Messrs. Butler and Stevens, the arch-repudiators, have their bright home "in the midst of the glorious sunrise," and suggests that, this being the case, we have no business to throw all the blame of the repudiation cry on the West. Our answer to this is, while acknowledging with sorrow the claims of

the East on both these gentlemen, that they make no secret of the fact that they prepared their scheme of "redeeming the public debt with irredeemable shinplasters" expressly for the Western market; and in order that there might be no mistake about it, General Butler has drawn a "meridian," as he tells us in a pleasing letter lately published in Boston, "through Lake Ontario," on the western side of which he says he can get no votes for his party without the aid of his peculiar financial views. With this explanation we leave the matter between him and the Chicago *Tribune*, simply observing that a politician who takes astronomical observations preparatory to a Presidential campaign is not a man to be treated lightly.

General Butler has made the opening speech in the impeachment trial. It lasted five hours, and was read from printed slips, a circumstance which, as the *Tribune* correspondent well remarks, "detracted merely from the thrilling effect it might otherwise have had." We learn from the same authority that "the speech was one of the best efforts ever put forth in the United States, even in the palmiest days of the oratory of the Republic." There was one passage in it which, however, we are glad we did not hear—that on the New Orleans riots—inasmuch as, according to the correspondent, the orator "ground it out between his teeth like the screeching of a hundred saws, commingled with rumbling of an artillery carriage across a rugged pavement." When he made his "allusion to all our woes coming from the acting President," he "concentrated it with an exquisite touch of mingled pathos and sarcasm," we are also told, showing that the general's "allusions" are more formidable than other men's propositions. Finally, said he, speaking of the "acting President" aforesaid, "I throw round him the mercy of my silence," uttering these words "in a cruelly severe tone of contemptuous irony." We leave it to the reader to imagine what must be "the contemptuous irony" of a speaker whose invective sounds like the commingled screeching of a hundred circular saws and the rumbling of one gun-carriage on a bad pavement.

The speech itself, as it appears in print, without the aid of the general's tones, is both carefully prepared and able. It is all argument; or, at least, as close an approach to mere argument as is necessary, till he gets to the last charge, that of bad language—what canon lawyers call "brawling"—in the speeches delivered at the West, and here he belabors the President without mercy, and, on the whole, in language not unjustifiably strong; but too strong to be very effective before any calmer or more critical audience than a jury. The substance of the speech is so familiar to the public that it would be a waste of space to reproduce it, particularly as Mr. Wilson's summing up at the close will be the speech of the occasion, and that which will either make or mar the managers' case.

We regret much to find that some of our remarks last week on the judicial proceedings in the "Erie war" have been taken to convey an imputation against the professional conduct of the counsel acting for Mr. Drew. Nothing was further from our intention. We did say of the proceedings that they resembled those of a police court rather than a court of equity, but we spoke of this as part of a deplorable state of things for which the public, and not the counsel, are primarily responsible. We certainly did not desire to cast any censure on any individuals. As long as the courts of this city are in the condition they are in, the most high-minded men must either abandon the field altogether, and leave the administration of justice wholly in the hands of the very dregs of society, or else fight the devil with his own weapons. Against those who have stomach for such encounters we certainly have no word of reproach or discouragement to utter; but we shall never cease, we trust, to look on the spectacle as a shame and scandal, and to consider the indifference with which the public regards it as a symptom of deep-seated moral disease.

We regret to learn, from the London *Spectator*, usually a well-informed paper, that in Connecticut, if a man does anything unusual, he is waited upon by the selectmen, who require him either to conform to the customs of his neighbors, or else quit the State. We may as well say, however, for the comfort of any eccentric Englishman like Mr. Speke, who seeks greater freedom from conventionality, that owing to the growth of population and the hilly nature of a large portion of the State, the facilities for eluding the selectmen in Connecticut are now greatly increased, and by watching his opportunity a man may, in practice, do almost anything he pleases not positively criminal. In fact, the inhabitants enjoy in their own houses an amount of liberty almost amounting to license, and, owing to the growing roughness of manners, the selectmen are chary about meddling with them. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* assured its readers, in 1861, that he *knew* of a case in Boston in which a man having put up an unusually fine lamp over his front door, a "committee" of the citizens waited on him, and compelled him to take it down, on the ground that he was giving himself airs. We are enabled to state that a great change has occurred in Boston also in this respect, and that whatever the case may have been in 1861, a "committee" which now troubled itself about other people's lamps and furniture would, if the person on whom they called was a small or delicate man, certainly be taken charge of by the police, and would find an opportunity of indulging their love of simplicity in the lock-up.

The French press bill has passed the Corps Législatif with one dissenting voice—that of old M. Berryer, the father of the French bar—a legitimist in politics, but nevertheless perhaps the "noblest Roman of them all." Of the other Liberals, three, MM. Jules Favre, Picard, and Marie, abstained from voting; the remainder voted aye, in the belief that the measure, though in most respects disagreeably repressive, full of snares and traps, and subjecting French journalists to a *régime* such as no others in the civilized world live under, is nevertheless an important step in advance, and as such had better be accepted Its advantage over the law as it previously existed lies in the fact, as we have before mentioned, that it takes the press from under the arbitrary control of the minister, and makes it responsible to the courts—the lower courts, to be sure, and perhaps subservient courts—but still courts, places in which a man is heard before he is condemned and in which his offence must be revealed to the world. Then, also, it enables anybody who pleases to establish a newspaper, on depositing a certain amount of caution-money, without asking the minister's permission. But it retains the stamp duty, which constitutes, perhaps, the greatest obstacle to anything like enterprise on the part of French newspaper publishers. The stamp is not like the English stamp under the old law, required simply for each copy of the paper, no matter of what size or shape. It is required for each sheet of a certain size. So that if French newspapers were to increase their size to eight pages, or, in other words, to present their readers with the same amount of printed matter as our morning papers, they would have to pay double stamp duty—that is, increase their price to a point that would seriously diminish their circulation, without putting a cent in their owners' pockets. At present, therefore, they must, in order to live, devote a large portion of their very limited space to advertisements, and cut down their news and editorial comments to a point which makes them, whether judged by the American or English standard, mere *simulacra* of newspapers.

Not only is the French press the most shackled in Europe, more so even than that of Russia, but the land of Montaigne, of Descartes, of Pascal, of La Bruyère, of Voltaire, is that in which the sayings of the foreign press strike most terror into the Government. All foreign newspapers are examined carefully before they are allowed to leave the post-office, and if anything objectionable is discovered they are confiscated. Of many, not over ten per cent. of the numbers reach the subscribers; and that this is a real grievance may be guessed from the fact that there are 105 German, 112 Italian, 170 American (United States), and 265 English periodicals regularly mailed to France. Some foreign papers are absolutely prohibited, and anybody found with them in his possession is liable to prosecution. A M. Greppo was the other day sent to jail for a month because he had in his pocket the *Etoile Belge*, which is on the prohibited list, a fact of which, however, he was entirely ignorant. It is now announced, though, that hereafter no foreign paper will be stopped on account of anything which, if it had appeared in a French paper, would not amount to a misdemeanor, and be liable to prosecution.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

GOOD SENSE ABOUT RECONSTRUCTION.

The House has done what we have no doubt ninety-nine out of every hundred thinking men in the country hoped it would do, in rejecting Mr. Farnsworth's wild plan of bringing Alabama into the Union, under a constitution which had *not* been adopted in compliance with the terms of the Reconstruction Act, and in sending the whole question back to the people of Alabama, by declaring the legislature elected under this constitution a good provisional government, and empowering it to submit the constitution once more to its constituents, to be accepted or rejected by a majority of those voting, providing for the admission of the State to the Union when the constitution shall have been so ratified, and when the legislature shall have adopted the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution. The debate was remarkable in bringing out something far better and more thoughtful than the stereotyped party harangues on the guilt of the rebellion, the depravity of the rebels, and the "inalienable rights" of man. Mr. Bingham, in particular, made a very able speech, in which he acknowledged frankly what members of Congress for a year or two have seemed somewhat afraid to do, that an important portion of the science of politics was drawn from human experience, that human experience was profitable for doctrine, for reproof, and for instruction, and that legislation with no better basis than theories concocted by stump orators or excited humanitarians was not safe legislation, was not legislation on which men who believed God to have had some important purpose to serve in furnishing men with their reason, could expect to succeed. When, for instance, we hear a gentleman talking this way—we quote from Mr. Bingham's speech—we know he has the facts before him and is arguing from them, and has that just estimate of the complexity of all political problems which is after all the mark which distinguishes the statesman from the demagogue or enthusiast—and we listen, if not with entire concurrence, always with respect:

"It was the right of the people to alter or amend their constitution, subject only to the Constitution of the United States, and they could not be deprived of that right. The American system would be a total failure if the people could not be trusted with that right. There was no colorable excuse for attempting to engraft such a provision on the statute-book. I cannot, he said, shut my eyes to the great fact that this Government was built by white men upon ideas, if not instincts, that were peculiar to the race; that the predominating element is still the same, and that there is no reason to expect that in the long future it will ever put on any other complexion. In saying this, I would not be understood to disparage the political rights of any race that fate or fortune have cast upon our shores, whether it be the docile African, or the other and more turbulent one that comes by ship loads, with its Old-World ideas and its anti-republican instincts in church and state, to fill the ranks and feed the wasting reservoir of the so-called American Democracy. We have them both to deal with, as we had the Spaniard and the Frenchman, and have now the Mexican and the Indian, and, under the new purchase of the President and the Senate, if ratified here—which God forbid!—the Esquimaux, or mongrels of the Polar Sea, and must do the best we can to incorporate and assimilate, if we can, those heterogenous elements, *by educating them into a love of order* and a just *appreciation of the rights of man.*"

And again:

"It is no easy task to construct a friendly Republican State with hostile elements so formidable to be dealt with.

"He is but an apprentice in political science who thinks it can be done either in a hurry or without the co operation of a clear majority of the people. No good thing, no machine, certainly, of a construction so delicate or complex as the organization of a State, was ever perfected in a hurry. We can afford to wait. I warn gentlemen, we cannot afford to commit an error."

Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts also made a confession which is worth noting:

"He confessed that he had undergone some change of view in the year that he had been here touching the idea of representation in these two branches; he had, in times past, struggled to secure representation even to single districts as the armies of the United States cleared out the rebellious element; but he was satisfied now that instead of representation in Congress being the first thing it should be the last thing. The State should be first built up; individual and personal rights secured; the damage done by the rebellion repaired, and stability and security made certain. Representation should follow and grow out of that security, and not be the means of bringing about the security itself. It should be the last thing, and not the first."

Now, we sympathize thoroughly with those who fear—as Mr. Farnsworth and Mr. Stevens fear—that once the Southern States are released from the control of the Federal Government, the weaker of the two races into which their population is unfortunately divided, will go to the wall. We acknowledge, too, that the difficulty is not the ordinary one, which has so often been witnessed in history, of reconciling two political parties which have imbrued their hands in each other's blood, or even that greater one of reconciling two hostile races which fortune has placed side by side, and between which a difference of language or religion, in addition to that of origin, has developed hate and bitterness. It is the greatest difficulty of all—the greatest ever presented to a statesman—that of putting two races on an equality before the law in a democratic republic: the one being proud, brave, energetic, and full of ancestral pride—the other meek and mild, and completely wanting in those historical claims to respect and consideration which all the other great races of the world possess; being also different in color, and being freedmen who owe their freedom to the arms of a power which their masters looked on as a foreign enemy. We have said that there is no parallel in history for this problem; we might go further, and say that it would be difficult for a speculative politician to construct out of the materials which the actual state of human society affords an imaginary problem of greater difficulty and complexity.

But the problem, difficult as it is, differs from others not in kind, but in degree, and it has therefore to be solved, if soluble it be, by precisely the same principles on which we now deal with all other social and political difficulties; principles, let us add, which America has had the honor of adopting first, and to the use of which European countries are slowly but surely coming. What the case needs is not a different treatment; but more care, more patience, and more time in the use of the same treatment. The Southern disease is simple enough; it consists in the fierceness, the lawlessness, and prejudices of the whites; the ignorance, want of experience, and meekness of the blacks; or, in other words, defects of character on the part of the people. Now, the American remedy for these things is education and justice. Granting that the Southern whites are mostly rebels in heart; that they are "malignant" and "unrepentant" rebels—and Mr. Stevens and Parson Brownlow are constantly assuring us that they are—we ask whether, after three thousand years of experiment, and after a close study of human nature in all ages and all climates, and under a great variety of conditions, there has been found any efficient mode of changing men's hearts—that is, changing their feelings and giving a new direction to their sympathies—except kindness and teaching? Was an unrepentant man ever made really repentant by abuse and penal treatment? Did any government ever win the attachment of any large body of men by wholesale disfranchisement or confiscation, or the infliction of disabilities of any kind? If not a single case of the kind can be produced—as we know there cannot—all arguments in favor of penal measures against the Southern whites drawn from their malignity or perverseness go far to refute themselves by being merely stated. Moreover, apart from the testimony of experience, the Stevens method of dealing with the Southern States is opposed to those principles of human nature of which Christianity has been slowly but surely securing the recognition, and which are at last becoming the basis of legislation in all civilized countries. First amongst those principles stands the great one, that, to get the most out of men, to bring into play their highest moral or intellectual qualities, you must educate and persuade, you must touch their hearts and convince their reason. This principle has actually been applied to the organization of armies even by powers which are afraid to trust it in the ordinary operations of government, and its complete triumph over the old principle of fear on some of the great battle-fields of recent times we look on as one of the most striking illustrations ever afforded of the value for practical purposes of theorizing even upon a subject so dim, shadowy, and hard to grasp as the nature of man.

The plan of simple coercion on which one school of radicals are dis-

posed to rely for the settlement of the Southern difficulty—that is, of giving one-half the population the right of forcing the other into "repentance," by depriving them of political rights, and abusing them roundly from the stump and in the newspapers, is being tried in Tennessee, and Mr. Bingham intimates that it is there a success, because there there are whites on both sides of the line, and not as there would be perhaps in other States, only blacks on one side and only whites on the other. We shall not argue this point, because our ideas of "government" differ so widely from those of anybody who is satisfied with the state of things in Tennessee that no agreement as to facts would be of any use in the controversy. The mere presence of a violent partisan like Parson Brownlow in the gubernatorial chair, as a reward for his sufferings, is to us in itself a proof that every sound principle of reconstruction, in the highest sense of the word, has been violated in reorganizing the State government; and as to the condition of the interior of the State, if that be "government," we feel about it as the Irishman felt about riding in a sedan chair, who having been put into one which had no bottom or seat, and having had to keep up with the bearers by the use of his own legs, replied, on being asked how he liked it, "that if it was not for the name of the thing he would as soon walk." If Tennessee be under a "regular government," we should, were we an inhabitant of the State, if it were not for the name of the thing, as soon have anarchy.

Moreover, we do not share Mr. Stevens's or Mr. Farnsworth's faith, as we intimated last week, in paper constitutions. There is one class of loyalists at the South, and they have a host of sympathizers at the North, who seem to fancy, that if they can only be allowed to draw a constitution in their own way, and get a certain number of votes in its favor, and get Congress to admit the State under it, all their troubles will be over; the "unrepentant rebels" will repent, the malignant grow meek and good-natured, and the "belchers of treason" take to singing "Rally round the flag." They get double-leaded leading articles in the same sense into the *Tribune* and *Independent* occasionally, but then we feel sure very few sober men fall victims to their delusion. Even the most ardent politicians of this school will acknowledge to you, privately, that as far as bringing the Southerners to reason or creating security for the life and property of loyal men goes, the admission of the States to the Union will of itself be of about as much value as the swallowing of the constitution by the Reconstruction Committee, macerated in hot water. The reliance of one section of Radicals on the effect of well-written constitutions on Southern society and on the unregenerate rebel heart is, in fact, a kind of superstition not far removed from fetish-worship.

The agencies, and the only agencies, that will do much for Southern society are time and education. Both Mr. Bingham and Mr. Dawes, in mentioning these in the late debate, went to the heart of the matter. The wisest legislation cannot materially quicken the transformation; hasty or unwise legislation may indefinitely retard it. The whites have to learn, what is for them one of the hardest of lessons, that the blacks are their fellow-citizens, that they are protected by the law, and that their wishes must be consulted and respected. No denunciations of treason at the North and no number of acts of Congress can materially advance this process. Giving the blacks the suffrage, or declaring the suffrage to be an "inalienable right," will not do it either. It must come partly through mental and moral development, partly through constant familiarity with the *fact* that the blacks *are* protected; that when a white man injures one, the same legal consequences follow as if he had injured another white. How much of the security in which we live here at the North we owe to this habit of mind on the part of evil-doers, and how little, after all, to the direct fear of a particular penalty, few people consider. Moreover, the blacks have to become familiar with the fact that they have rights, and that they live under law and not under individual will, and to form the habits both of self-confidence and self-restraint that come from this consciousness. They have to learn the use of legal process and of political power; have to find out their precise relation to the rest of the community—many of them even the nature of civil society—and to ascertain the extent of their own political capacity. Until all this has been done with as near an approach to completeness as the chaotic condition in which the war left Southern society, and the weaknesses and imperfections of human nature, will permit, there will be no real reconstruction, although every State in the Union were represented in Congress, and every man, woman, and child at the South voted three times a day.

Now, it is because we believe military rule—that horrible thing which so many of our political sages are constantly denouncing—in the form in which it exists at present in the South—that is, prescribed and regulated by law, confined within fixed limits, exercised under responsibility to a deliberative body, and acting mainly in aid of the civil authorities—supplies this education both to blacks and whites better than anything else can supply it, as nothing else can supply it—that we have been opposed to all haste in the matter of "bringing back the States to the Union," as it is called. Nothing is lost by delay as long as the country knows that Congress has said its last word, and drawn up its last plan, because during the delay the educational process is going on, schools are springing up, habits of obedience to law spreading, the passions of the war subsiding. What has made delay pernicious has been the uncertainty as to the end which the action of the more violent members of the House have infused into it, the want of confidence in the Northern people, which they have shown by their shower of bills and reports, every one of which seemed to be framed with the view of showing that they had no faith in the Reconstruction Act themselves, and did not believe anybody else had. The last action of Congress with regard to Alabama shows that the reign of sobermindedness is returning. The State has been handed over to a loyal legislature, which has the military force at its back, and can in peace and quietness and at its leisure submit the new constitution to the people, and make such amendments to it as seem necessary. We trust sincerely that those amendments will all be in the direction of amnesty and oblivion for the mass of Southerners, and that the Unionists—great though their wrongs and sufferings may have been—will give up the senseless attempt to win men's good-will or cause them to repent of their hostility by acts of proscription which, if they are ever executed, must be executed by brute force, and which, if the needful amount of brute force be not forthcoming, must prove simply bits of irritation applied to a powerful enemy by persons whose very lives are in his hands, and whom, come what will, they have to acknowledge as a neighbor and fellow-citizen.

SIMPLE JUSTICE.

Are born Americans to have less protection from the Republic than naturalized Americans?

When Fritz Butterbrodt, a native of Posen, but for years back a voter in New York, goes to Prussia to visit his relatives, and is there made a victim of conscription, the Hon. N. P. Banks rises to the question with just fury, the Hon. George Bancroft flies to Berlin grasping the thunderbolts of the American eagle, and presently a message returns through the ocean cable that hereafter Fritz Butterbrodt's citizenship shall be respected.

But when fifteen hundred Americans are similarly served in England, Congress sees no cause for interference. We do not refer to Fenians. Nearly if not quite all of these sufferers are children of our soil; they are persons, moreover, of whom the nation pretends to be more or less proud; finally, to crown the outrage, many of them are women. Yet to the number of fifteen hundred they have been seized by foreign hands, forced into alien uniforms, and obliged to serve for the good of strangers. For these abused fellow-citizens we demand simple justice.

The injury done to them appears the more atrocious when it is considered that the mere product of American invention—the mere wood-and-iron result of the Yankee mechanical faculty—has been protected in all civilized lands by our legislation and diplomacy. The American machinist can secure his patent in England; he can secure it in France, Spain, Germany, Sweden, and Russia; he is as safe everywhere from robbery as if he were a native of every soil. Yet fifteen hundred respectable Americans have been forced to serve in foreign ranks without provoking a resolution from Congress or a proclamation from the President.

Fifteen hundred American works have been "pirated" abroad, and

sold for the benefit of foreign populations, without returning a dollar to the American author, or the American publisher, or the American type-setter, or the American paper-maker.

More than simple justice has been accorded to the inventor of a machine. Ideas are usually admitted to be the common property of the race; and the ideas by which a publisher, a shipper, a grocer, a gardener carries on his business belong to society at large; he may devise new channels for his industry, but he cannot prevent others from following in his track. In like manner, the author makes no claim to an exclusive proprietorship of the ideas which he lays before the public. As free gifts, to be discussed, adopted, and promulgated at the pleasure of every one, the world receives the theory of gravitation from Sir Isaac Newton and the law of universal evolution from Herbert Spencer. Every man can write or speak of them as he pleases, and draw from them without charge what profit he may. There is no more copyright or patent-right upon them than there is upon the conception of sending a ship to Japan after tea, or of employing female clerks in a grocery, or of keeping mercantile books by double-entry.

The law of copyright is not founded (as Mr. Carey would have us believe) on the supposition that ideas are property, but on the truth that the expression of them, the dress in which they are presented, is property. This alone is unquestionably the result of the author's labor, and this alone, therefore, is his. You may seize upon every statement, deduction, conclusion, or simile which he offers, and so long as you do not copy his form, his arrangement of chapters, paragraphs, sentences, and words, you are safe from prosecution, however you may incur the charge of plagiarism. In the single case of the mechanical inventor has statute law gone beyond common law to establish property in ideas. This is the patent-right—a bounty on one beneficent exercise of intellect—a conception beyond the grasp of barbarians—a necessity of a great mechanical age—a giant step in progress. And, strange to say, patent-right has become international; Europe admits that our inventors may own and sell their ideas on her soil; the world pays willing tribute to American mechanics.

Such being the case with the inventor, how fares it with the author? He has produced not so much ideas as expressions of ideas. He has made a history, an essay, a school-book, a dictionary, a novel, a poem; and because he has put forth a form which did not exist before, he claims it as his own; he does not claim the marble in which he has wrought, but the statue which he has designed; in short, he claims his style. His claim has been allowed by the human sense of justice, or, in other words, by common law. But in order that his right may not wrong society, in order that his property may not remain perpetually in his family, in order that the race may benefit somewhat (perhaps unjustly) at the expense of the individual, statute law has stepped in with its so-called copyright and has limited the author's claim. This point must be distinctly understood. Copyright laws do not establish the author's right in his work; on the contrary, they in some measure take away from it; they limit it to a period of years. Society has acted here as it has in the law of entail—it has cut down the rights of the individual for the supposed good of the mass; the copyright law is an act of limitation.

At the same time it fully recognizes the natural right of the author; it fully recognizes the fact that his book, his form of expression, the result of his labor, is his property; it punishes trespassers upon this property precisely as it punishes trespassers upon other property. Our copyright law is a *penal* code, and regards those who violate it as thieves. If an American prints, without the writer's consent, a book to which property has been proved under this law, he not only forfeits to the injured proprietor every copy so produced, but subjects himself to a fine of fifty cents for each printed sheet which is found in his possession. It is precisely because the act is a penal one, and is therefore strictly construed, that the plunderer is not liable for the number of sheets which he has had, but only for those which are discovered in his hands or on his premises. It is also because the act is a penal one that the fine is divided between the two parties offended, the state and the author. It is important to note the penal nature of this statute because it shows how unreservedly society recognizes the property of the author in his book. The man who is proved to have taken it without leave is, in the emphatic small caps and exclamation points of Mrs. Proudie, "A CONVICTED THIEF!!"

Such is the difference between patent-right and copyright. The patent-right is a *bounty* to the inventor; it is the establishment by statute of a property which does not exist in nature; it is the ownership of an *idea*, granted for the encouragement of men who can fecundate ideas. The copyright, on the contrary, is a limitation of a species of natural property which otherwise would remain for ever in the hands of its creator and of his legal heirs. If you violate patent-right you are punished by damages. If you violate copyright, you are punished penally, as a thief. But, strange to say, the first has become international, while the second has not. The legislative and executive branches of our government have seen to it that the *claims* of our inventors shall be respected in foreign lands, but have neglected to enforce the *rights* of our authors. The consequence is that fifteen hundred American books have been reprinted abroad, without returning a dollar to those who created them. The consequence is that an English publisher can, with impunity, commit that same violation of the rights of natural property for which an American publisher would be tried under a penal statute and punished as a criminal. The consequence is that, while Samuel Colt, the inventor of a weapon of death, has left to his widow and orphans a vast fortune, drawn in large measure from foreign lands, Nathaniel Hawthorne, an author who has enriched the language and the soul of the whole English race, has left to his widow and orphans what may in comparison be styled a beggarly pittance.

Some of the American advocates of an International Copyright Law are likely to do the cause harm by resting their claim on an imperfect theory and resorting to such arguments as the following: "The interests of the country demand an American literature; this an international copyright law would secure, by raising the price of foreign books, and thus enabling American books to compete with them."

The opponents of the law reply: "We feel no need of an American literature as long as we can get good books from other countries. You cannot promise that your American books will ever be superior to the foreign, and you must admit that, for a time, they will be inferior. It is more for the interest of the country that we should have the works of the accomplished writers of Europe at a very cheap rate, than that we should be forced to pay more for their works or put up with literature which is now, and must be for some time to come, provincial."

"But," say the advocates, "consider the advantage of having a body of intelligent literary men amongst us."

"Well," answer the opponents, "so far as such a body exerts an influence by writing books, it has no more effect than foreign authors would have. As to its personal influence on the world around it, we don't believe it will begin to compensate for the loss suffered by the vast majority of us who do not come in contact with authors, if books become more costly."

Another opponent says: "It is better that our literature should be mixed and that we should read the books of all nations. We have a large body of American literature already, large enough in proportion to the foreign element."

Another says: "Authors are well enough paid. The market is overstocked now." In reply to which Mr. Parton demonstrates that a lady in Hartford does not pay the income tax she would if we had an international copyright; to which Mr. Carey answers by exhibiting a list of authors with large incomes. Again, authors talk of protecting American literature as if this were a question of protection or free trade; and many a free-trader is provoked to the declaration, "No copyright for me. I am for free trade in everything."

Thus the indifferent voter, and it is he that we wish to influence, sees presented to him a question involved in a maze of discussion, through which he does not care to work his way. He concludes very naturally that it is a question of interest, and that the interests of readers, of the world at large, are opposed to the interests of authors; and then he justifies himself in this opinion by remarking the immense amount of paper and ink devoted to it. Whatever may be the end of such a controversy, it serves to complicate a simple question and to introduce irrelevant considerations—a process of which Mr. Carey's pamphlet

affords several striking illustrations; we might say it affords nothing else. He speaks of the deplorable results of English centralization in increasing the weight of reaping machines, which must be a source of profound sorrow to the English farmer, to say nothing of the possible feelings of his cattle. He tells us that America, un-centralized, has four dental colleges, while centralized Europe has none, a fact which, if generally known, might lead to a large immigration of foreigners with defective teeth, and a consequent rise in the price of spoon-victuals and aliment requiring but little mastication. But what have these matters to do with copyright? And how can a mind overwhelmed by such startling disclosures as these proceed to the calm consideration of a question of right?

Again, when authors come forward as the champions of international copyright, with appeals to American patriotism and expressions of deep solicitude for the best interests of the country, urging a measure the most direct effect of which is to be an increase in the price of books, "the country" is very apt to think that authors are not precisely the disinterested and high-minded body upon which it would like to make itself dependent for mental and moral culture.

Would it not be better for authors to stop asking for protection as for a favor, or trying to buy it by promises of gain to the country? They can take their stand on the ground of right and justice; then they can retort on Mr. Carey his own "Fais ce que doy, advienne que pourra;" the hostile free trader they can answer with Mr. Reade's "Free trade is free buying and selling, not free stealing." They may believe that what they urge is for the interest of the country; and if they had no better argument they might fall back on that; but they have a better argument, one simple, easily understood, and which needs only to be understood to convince. As to the interest of the country, that will show for itself in time, and all that need be said of it now is, that it is not for the interest of a country to do injustice.

Authors ought not, in short, to stand like beggars, hat in hand, asking for alms; not to talk about an infant literature requiring protection, as if they were babies applying to Congress for nurses; but to assert their right, and aim at a law which shall recognize their property in their books to be permanent and subject to no conditions. As Mr. Carey justly observes:

"It will, perhaps, be said that the treaty contains a proviso that the author shall sell his copyright to an American publisher, or shall himself cause his book to be republished here . . . . . Admit that such limitations be found in the treaty, by what right are they there? The basis of such a treaty is the absolute right of an author to his book; and if this be admitted, with what show of consistency or justice can we undertake to dictate to him whether he shall sell or retain it—print it here or abroad? With none, as I think."

MISERRIMUS.

GIVEN up through all the unserviceable day,
O'er the ship's side that moves not in her place,
To lean and look and languidly to trace,
On the slow glass of the receding bay,
The troubled image of a troubled face;
Or, with vague longing, up and down to pace
The narrow deck, and of the far-away
Swift ships that glisten with momentary spray,
Ask what avails a little larger space
Of insufficient ocean,—this is he
Whose stranded life, too careful to be free,
No dreams deliver and all thoughts betray
To hate the calm that holds him in delay,
To doubt the wind that calls him to the sea.

ROBERT WEEKS.

THE GREAT DRESS QUESTION.

WE spoke last week of the failure of Mr. Adams to appear at the recent Queen's "Drawing Room" in London, owing to what the London *Times* calls "unavoidable circumstances," which means, we believe, the want of anything to wear, or, rather, his inability, owing to the action of Congress last year, to wear a suitable, or, at all events, what he considers a suitable, costume. Mr. Sumner, who introduced the joint resolution of last session prohibiting court-dress on such occasions, and to whose share in the affair we referred, has since sent us Executive Document No. 31, presented to the Thirty-sixth Congress, in 1860, by Mr. Buchanan, containing "the instructions and correspondence relative to the uniform or costume of persons in the diplomatic or consular service," being, in fact, an official history of this great controversy, and Mr. Sumner probably means this piece of courtesy to cover a mild rebuke of the somewhat irreverent tone in which we have dealt with the matter. At all events, we are willing to receive it as such, and have accordingly studied No. 31 with great diligence, and with such ability as we possess, for the purpose of getting, if possible, some fresh light on a question with which we confess our unfitness to deal adequately, but with which our position compels us to deal somehow.

What costume was worn at court by American ministers prior to 1817, we confess we do not know. At the dawn of history, which in this case is the year above-mentioned, they were found to be in the habit of making their appearance in the following guise, upon which, however, in the absence of an engraved plate, and owing to a certain want of imagination in matters of clothes, we pass no opinion of our own:

"A blue coat, lined with white silk; straight standing cape, embroidered with gold, single-breasted, straight or, round button-hole, slightly embroidered. Buttons plain, or, if they can be had, with the artillerists' eagle stamped upon them, *i. e.*, an eagle flying, with a wreath in its mouth, grasping lightning in one of its talons. Cuffs embroidered in the manner of the cape; white cassimere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings; and gold or gilt shoe-buckles. A three-cornered chapeau-bras, not so large as those used by the French, nor so small as those of the English. A black cockade, to which lately an eagle has been attached. Sword, etc., corresponding."

We ought to add that we have consulted some ladies on the subject, and are able to state, on their authority, that gentlemen "got up" in this way for a festive occasion would present, if not an imposing, a very pleasing appearance. By "the medium style" of the cocked hat—neither so large as that used by the French, nor so small as that worn by the English—they were particularly struck.

When Andrew Jackson became President, however, he came to the conclusion that this costume was too gorgeous, and he prescribed and rather strongly recommended the following, as being cheaper and better "adapted to the simplicity of our institutions":

"A black coat, with a gold star on each side of the collar near its termination; the under-clothes to be black or white, at the option of the wearer; a three-cornered chapeau de bras, with a black cockade and gold eagle; and a steel-mounted sword with white scabbard."

This is a great falling-off in the matter of splendor, but we do not venture to find fault with it. In fact we cannot, owing to the mental defect abovementioned, for the life of us tell in which of these dresses an American minister would look best, but we have no doubt a man of the right sort would look well in either, and had we been in charge of the Department of State, we honestly confess we should have allowed ministers to wear whichever of the two best suited their purse or complexion. If anybody will take the trouble to compare the two costumes article by article, he will see that their comparison involves a good many knotty points which Secretaries of State are not always competent to decide; such questions, for instance, as the relative merits of "white cassimere breeches," and simply black or white "under clothes" in lieu of the breeches. Nobody, we venture to assert, is fit to pass on such question who has not enjoyed the opportunity of submitting it to experiment or observation.

Things were in this condition, however, some ministers probably wearing one costume, others the other, when Mr. Marcy launched the famous circular of 1853, recommending ministers to confine themselves when appearing at court to the "simple dress of an American citizen." The "simple dress of an American citizen" is, of course, a very vague term inasmuch as it includes all varieties of costume from full evening dress down to shirt sleeves and homespun pantaloons, but then the circular was only a recommendation, and it left every minister free to exercise his own discretion. It produced a terrible uproar in Europe, however. Mr. Sanford wrote from Paris that as soon as he saw the news in the newspapers he determined to go to court in "citizen's dress," and informed M. Drouyn de Lhuys of the fact, and explained to him the whole theory of the change but was assured by him that it would "not affect injuriously the relations of the two countries." Mr. Seibels sent his thanks and rejoicings from Brussels. Mr. Daniel prepared the Court of Turin for his transformation, and it received the news with perfect fortitude. At Berlin there was trouble. The King hearing that Mr. Vroom was coming down on him in the character of a "simple citizen," became cantankerous, and Mr. Vroom had "to procure a plain and simple dress." At Stockholm, too, Mr. Schroeder had to succumb to the antiquated prejudices of the King. At

the Hague, however, Mr. Belmont made a noble stand, and carried his point. The King received him in the simple dress of the citizen, but trouble was expected with the Queen-mother, who was very punctilious and apt to be rude, but Mr. Belmont faced even her, and she had to give way. Now some people might possibly suppose that Mr. Belmont lost favor at court by this step. Nothing of the kind. The friends of virtue will peruse with emotion his own account of what happened *after* he had appeared in the national costume:

"I, as well as my family, have been treated with the utmost courtesy, on all occasions, by every member of the royal family, and at the last ball of the Casino, one of a series of entertainments somewhat similar to the Washington Assembly balls, which are attended by the whole court, I was honored by an invitation of the Queen to dance a quadrille with her, which was not the less gratifying for happening on a more public occasion than the ordinary court balls and for my being the only member of the diplomatic corps similarly honored that evening."

We are all in the habit of thinking of Benjamin Franklin's appearance in the colonial costume of the period at the court of Versailles, as the representative of the rising republic, as a proud moment for America; but we confess we cannot help doubting whether the spectacle of the Honorable Auguste Belmont dancing a quadrille, in a thoroughly republican frame of mind, as our representative, in citizen's clothes, with the Queen of the Netherlands, was not, on the whole, a prouder and more gratifying one.

At Paris, however, things did not go smoothly after Mr. Mason's arrival in 1854. Mr. Sanford, the chargé d'affaires, was, as we have said, from the outset a fanatical champion of plain clothes. Mr. Mason, however, took to court dress, to Mr. Sanford's great disgust, who looked on his chief's weakness as both a national disgrace and a slur on him personally. He accordingly indignantly resigned his office on the ground that Mr. Mason was going to court in "a coat embroidered with gilt tinsel, a sword, and cocked hat, the invention of a Dutch tailor in Paris, borrowed chiefly from the livery of a subordinate attaché of legation of one of the petty powers of the Continent." Mr. Mason, however, defended himself in a long despatch, in which he called his clothes "a simple uniform dress."

In London Mr. Buchanan, too, was involved in serious difficulties in consequence of the circular, and had several consultations with Sir Edward Cust, the master of the ceremonies. Sir Edward urged him to appear at court in some sort of costume, and not to present himself in the clothes he wore on the street. "After due reflection," Mr. Buchanan "determined neither to wear gold lace nor embroidery." Here he drew the line; all else was open to negotiation and compromise. He was anxious to please the Queen and yet to "wear something in character with our democratic institutions," and what that thing ought to be puzzled him sorely. While cudgelling his brains, a suggestion was made to him which we must allow him to describe himself:

"It was then suggested to me, *from a quarter which I do not feel at liberty to mention*, that I might assume the civil dress worn by General Washington; but after examining Stewart's portrait at the house of a friend, I came to the conclusion that it would not be proper for me to adopt this costume. I observed: 'Fashions had so changed since the days of Washington, that if I were to put on his dress and appear in it before the chief magistrate of my own country at one of his receptions, I should render myself a subject of ridicule for life. Besides, it would be considered presumption in me to affect the style of dress of the Father of his Country.'

"It was in this unsettled state of the question, and before I had adopted any style of dress, that Parliament was opened."

Of this idea we can only say that we think Mr. Buchanan was a little too hasty in rejecting it. It is not yet too late for some of our diplomatists abroad to take it up, and if any prominent one will do so, and will present himself at any public ceremonial in Europe dressed out in imitation of "the Father of his Country," we think we can safely promise that there are plenty of his fellow-citizens who will not allow either distance or expense to prevent them from being there to see. There are some sights which no man laying claim to cultivation or knowledge of the world can afford to miss, and this would certainly be one of them.

The last letter in the correspondence comes from the pen of the indefatigable Mr. Sanford, who, being at Derby, Connecticut, in 1860, and hearing that Mr. Faulkner was going to Paris, and, fearing from his sorrowful experience with Mr. Mason that Mr. Faulkner would do something dreadful in clothes if not checked in time, addressed to Mr. Cass a long and able disquisition on "diplomatic apparel," earnestly begging of him to put Faulkner under bonds before his departure, and giving the following sad account of the state of things at our legations abroad at that time:

"Some of our ministers abroad conform to the instructions of June 1, 1853; some of them consult their individual notions as to the kind of dress most becoming themselves, personally. One, to my knowledge, has the constellation of our confederacy embroidered in thirty-odd emblematic stars on the collar of his coat; another adopted the uniform of the United States army; another that of a municipal councillor of Paris, viz.: a black velvet dress with rich silk embroidery. One functionary had all his buttons fashioned after the national shield, with spread-eagle attachment; and I hear of another proposing to have a gorgeous suit manufactured out of the star-spangled banner. Now, sir, imagine the spectacle of these American representatives of diverse fancies and tastes assembled together! Nothing save a fancy ball at Musard's or a burlesque first-of-April parade of eccentric tatterdemalions would equal it. Is it just to this country, its institutions, and people, that they be thus represented?"

When we had done with Document No. 31, the question which first suggested itself to us was whether we had ever seen so much rubbish in print before, in a paper laying claim to a serious character. We decided that we had not, and we doubt if any of our readers have. The next question was, what earthly harm would have resulted from letting the American ministers abroad go on wearing the star on their black coat and the small sword, which the [Jackson] administration prescribed or recommended? What interest would have suffered from allowing American ambassadors at court ceremonies to carry about them a cheap and not obtrusive sign that they *are* ambassadors and not court servants or rowdies? None that we know of, or that any one else knows of. What has been gained for republicanism or for the United States by the squabbles and perplexities recorded for our humiliation in the pamphlet before us? Nothing in the world. Nobody thinks any the more highly of either of them. Europeans are not fools, and a protest on behalf of republican simplicity against monarchical glare, offered by a minister's dressing like a waiter when he is followed to court by a swarm of his countrymen and countrywomen bespangled with diamonds, laden with every other sort of finery money can procure, and famous all over the Continent for the recklessness of their extravagance, simply affords the court circles and the general public materials for a great laugh both at the minister and his principles.

The imaginations of some people—and Mr. Marcy was apparently amongst the number—were fired by the "hit" which Franklin made in his gray woollen stockings and thick shoes at the French court; but they forget that it was Franklin's legs the stockings covered, and they forget, too, that he was the first real Republican that the French court had ever seen. To reproduce all the reasons why Franklin was so great a success would, in fact, be a biography of himself and a history of his time in both hemispheres. The reasons why that success cannot be repeated now, no matter what resolutions Congress may pass, could be stated in much shorter compass, if they had to be stated at all.

The French have a saying, full of that small, social wisdom in which the French excel: "La simplicité est charmante, mais il n'y a rien de si difficile," which is strikingly applicable to this matter of "diplomatic apparel." Simplicity lies in the character, and not in the clothes. You cannot order a supply of simplicity at your tailor's. You cannot persuade people that you are simple in your tastes or habits by wearing this or not wearing that. Many a man wears shabby or plain clothes through sheer affectation or love of display. Moreover, you cannot cultivate simplicity for simplicity's sake. You can no more secure it by direct pursuit than you can reach the principle of life by vivisection. It has to come indirectly, as the consequence or accompaniment of other and greater things. The aim of those who occupy themselves with the figure our ambassadors cut abroad should be to provide such men for the service that it shall make no difference what they wear; and the reason why we find this fuss about their clothes so repulsive is not that we like court-dress or any other foppery, but that we believe that those who are most clamorous for their appearance in "citizen's dress" are those who care least what kind of men the dress covers. We venture to say that if anybody will look into the matter he will find that hardly anybody who attaches much importance to our Ministers' appearance in black broadcloth takes much interest in the reform of the Civil service, or in having the country represented abroad by its best men. We do not include Mr. Sumner in this category. It has been our melancholy duty on various occasions to refuse to accept his judgment as final on divers weighty questions, but we are by no means ignorant of what the country owes him for his services on the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, or of the zeal, knowledge, and good sense he has brought to the treatment of a class of questions about which, as a general rule, senators know and care too little. And we acknowledge with great pleasure that since the Republican party came into power, the nation has been represented abroad more respectably and efficiently than it has been before in many a long year. But even under that party there have been, and are, as everybody knows who has lived in any of the foreign capitals, great scandals and abuses, which make this effort after simplicity in dress simply ridiculous. There is no more reason why our foreign ministers should not wear an appropriate uniform than why officers

in the army and navy should not, and the attempt to persuade the people that there is some principle involved in the matter is simply due on the part of several of those engaged in it to a desire to turn public attention away from the inside of a very dirty platter by a prodigious scrubbing of the outside.

THE "PEOPLE'S READINGS."

MODERN "society," where the people to any considerable degree compose it, creates peculiar needs, and of the needs thus created none is greater than that of popular recreations which will combine amusement with instruction, and both with cheapness. Amusement alone soon becomes enervating and perhaps becomes coarse. Instruction alone is almost of necessity pedantic and uninviting. Refined amusement is expensive, because it can be furnished only by artists who must be paid well. Agreeable instruction is expensive, because only first-rate men can give it, and they cannot afford to give it for nothing. Cheap concerts are very "cheap" indeed. Cheap theatres it would be an economy to get rid of at a handsome price. Even the "minstrels" cost too much for the classes who should be reached, and give them scarcely anything they ought to have. But the world is full of books which all might read with delight as well as profit, and there is no lack of men and women to read them aloud, in an interesting manner, to a large assemblage of people. Twenty years ago, Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, in a charge delivered to the grand jury in Birmingham, England, suggested that some entertaining book like "Robinson Crusoe" be read by instalments, on a certain evening of every week, in some hall, school-room, or private apartment, to such an audience as would come in from the streets and tenement-houses and places of idleness, exposure, or temptation. Let the reading, he said, occupy half an hour, and be illustrated with maps or drawings, if these could be obtained; if not, let the reading be given alone. Let as much vivacity be thrown into the reading as possible, as much variety of facial and vocal expression; let hard words be explained or omitted, and let the local and historical allusions be made clear. These little expedients would engage attention; the interest of the story would win upon the listeners, and secure very nearly the same audience for a succession of nights. How far this hint of Mr. Hill's had influence in originating the popular readings in England that have excited so much interest and been productive of no inconsiderable good, we do not know. It would seem that those who have begun to inaugurate the People's Readings in New York have never come across it.

The intelligent classes in this country, who can read themselves, have little occasion for public readings, and will give little patronage to them. They have books, novels, histories, magazines, papers in abundance, and at prices they can easily enough afford. Such of them as have the means attend lectures or theatres, or find diversion in social and political gatherings. Those who can appreciate the higher literature and enjoy the higher kind of elocution, will, if their purses allow, delight in Mrs. Kemble's grand readings of Shakespeare.

But these, and all such fine artistic performances, are for the cultivated who have leisure to indulge their poetic taste. The "people," the working people, the dull, toil-worn people, the passionate, the tempted, the solitary, the vagabond, the ignorant and stupid, who either cannot read or do not care to, who must be interested, excited, fascinated before they can be held, would not attend such readings if they could have them for nothing. The only public readings that are patronized at all with us are readings of a high order of merit, which demand superior talent. We except from this remark the readings of Mr. Dickens, which owed their popularity to the man and his works, in a great measure also to his histrionic powers, not in the least to his skill as an elocutionist, which was of the feeblest description. Cultivated people went in crowds to hear Mr. Dickens because they admired his writings, because he had immense fame, because it was the fashion to go, and because the entertainment was made very select by being made very expensive. The readings themselves would, in most parts, be enjoyed heartily by any audience that could be collected from the streets. In fact, such an audience would probably be more delighted by the performance than were many of those who paid ten dollars to hear it. The humor, the wit, the drollery, the grimace, the fun, the pathos, the description, the dramatic interest of the story, the reality of the personages introduced, the air of common humanity about the whole exhibition, the smell of the ground, the absence in the reader of art or the affectation of art, all combined would be irresistible among Bohemians and newsboys. If Mr. Dickens would read for ten cents a head in Baxter Street or in the Cooper Union, none but the unwashed being admitted, he would empty the dance-houses and theatres and grog-geries in a trice. But, unhappily, those who can make fortunes by their reading will not read for nothing; and they who are willing to read for nothing are people whose performances will not draw. The thing aimed at, therefore, should be the reading of productions that will draw by people who will not. The reader must select for his audience pieces that cannot fail to excite as well as instruct—at all events, to deeply interest them. For the most part, these will be narrative pieces, tales longer or shorter, biographies of noted men and women, descriptions of famous places, dialogues, kindling poems, and themes that lie near the listener's hearts, lyrics of heroism. Sir Walter Scott's novels furnish admirable reading. You may open Dickens anywhere and find the very thing desired; or his own arrangements might be used. Douglas Jerrold abounds in chapters full of meat. A few of his novelettes are inimitable. There are thrilling stories illustrating the evils of intemperance, of vagabondage, lying, stealing, thriftlessness, unchastity, evil companionship, that could not be effectively read without moving the roughest audience. Is poetry needed? Take Hood almost anywhere; the "Bridge of Sighs," "Miss Kilmansegg." Take Brownell; but take not the Brownings or Tennyson or Wordsworth or Poe.

Mr. Frobisher and his colleagues mean well, no doubt. They are zealous, and they cannot be ambitious of much money-making. But, speaking frankly, and in a matter like this we have no right to speak otherwise, they seem not to have the idea that they read to people who can and do to some extent read for themselves; they read pieces which only the intelligent and the partially cultivated can enjoy, and they read in a way that is not calculated to impress rude or simple minds. Some allowance must of course be made for persons trying a novel experiment; but the allowance can hardly go so far as to excuse a want of appreciation of the thing to be accomplished, or of the essential means necessary for its accomplishment. Their selections are too numerous to begin with; they allow of no continuous interest, of no culminating effect. Each demands a separate effort, touches a distinct string, excites an individual emotion; and when the whole is over nothing is carried away. The successive blows neutralize each other.

Then, again, the pieces are not in themselves attractive to the audiences they should wish to reach. Admirably suited for the exhibition of rhetorical graces where these exist; requiring, in fact, unusual accomplishment in voice and expression to make them intelligible sometimes, they have no more aptness for the people than a composition by Wagner or Spohr. On the opening night every piece was an elocutionary study, which invited criticism, but which failed to keep awake those who could not criticise. They taught nothing; they suggested nothing; they excited no feeling; they drew neither tears nor smiles. Listening to them was an effort. This mistake will perhaps be corrected, if the experiment continues long enough to make timely correction possible. But unless radically corrected, by the substitution of a different plan, the readings will interest no class in the community. The cultivated will not attend them, for they are not good enough; the uncultivated will not, for they are not on their plane. Besides all this, the rhetoric is too ambitious, more so than its quality warrants. The art of concealing art is less thought of than the art of displaying art. It is declamatory and turgid to a degree that causes an uncomfortable sensation at times to the sensitive listener. It was all declamation where, in truth, there should be no declamation at all; where declamation is sadly out of place. People like declamation in an orator or in an actor, but not in a reader. The reading for the people should be simple, sincere, earnest, full of warmth and sympathy, wholly self-forgetful on the reader's part. The more culture and training the better, provided they are not conspicuous. Two years ago there was a proposition to ask Edwin Booth to read to the people of the lower quarters of the city. But Mr. Booth is an actor. He would read nothing but plays. And he would not, it is likely, read them in an agreeable or impressive manner. The dialogue would embarrass him and his audience; while his theatrical training would make his delivery affected. His peculiar excellence as a player would spoil him for this duty. If we are to have readings for the people which the people will listen to, they must be given by "unprofessional" readers; by persons who have warm hearts, sound minds, a feeling for the people's tastes and capacities, and sufficient skill to interpret good, wholesome, racy literature. They must be given gratuitously, or nearly so, in such halls as can be procured directly among the people for whom they are designed. They must be continuous and even. Let them be relieved by an occasional song—no fantasias on the piano, executed by professors; let them be varied by bright dramatic scenes, charades, tableaux. Such things may tell on the ignorant, the stupid, and the animal. They have been useful in England; they may be useful here. But they must be done in the spirit of reform, in the spirit of humanity; not in the spirit of ambitious display. They must rely on their own merit, not on great names or on newspapers; and they must be carried on, as good

things always are carried on, by patience and sacrifice. In such an enterprise nothing like vanity should be allowed to appear. The performers should seem and be unconscious of their merit as elocutionists, if they possess it. If they are not, their listeners will not even be entertained, and improvement will be wholly out of the question. They who have undertaken this excellent work in England have been actuated by no love of notoriety or passion for display or greed of gain, but by a sincere desire to benefit their fellow-men by improving their leisure hours and counteracting the vicious influences that abuse them so generally now. A purpose like that will raise up readers sufficiently well qualified for their homely task, and will call in audiences capable of thanking them.

ENGLAND.—TWO DEBATES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LONDON, March 13, 1868.

I WAS present last night in the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons during the adjourned debate upon Ireland, and perhaps a short account of what I heard may be of interest as illustrating the present state of English feeling with regard to that interminable difficulty. The previous debate had been of the dreariest character. Mr. Maguire opened the subject in a speech of pure Irish fluency, rising at times into eloquence, but perhaps oftener losing itself in rather vague declamation. Lord Mayo, the Irish Secretary, replied by three mortal hours of statistics, proving, what I think is generally admitted, that there is a slow but tolerably steady progress in the material prosperity of the country, and stating the Government policy, if policy it can be called. The second night's debate was of considerably greater interest, and some of the acknowledged lights of the House of Commons defended their different positions. The chief speakers were Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe, from the Adullamite camp; Mr. Mill and Mr. Thos. Hughes, of the decided Liberals; and Mr. Gathorne Hardy, as representative of the Government view of affairs. Considered as a display of oratory, the debate would probably have made little impression upon a stranger. None of the members I have named, unless Mr. Lowe be an exception, can at all compete in genuine eloquence with Mr. Bright or Mr. Gladstone, or some other speakers of inferior reputation. The House was never thoroughly roused to enthusiasm; no ringing outburst of cheers greeted even the heaviest blows struck on either side; and no Homeric peals of laughter testified to one of the undeniable good things destined to become commonplaces of newspaper quotation. Yet I should perhaps qualify this assertion, by admitting that Mr. Lowe came very near the borders of eloquence, if he did not actually cross them. Mr. Lowe's fate as an orator has been curious. For many years he remained in obscurity on the back benches, oppressed partly by the disadvantage which a supposed connection with the *Times* is apt to inflict upon members. The House apparently shrinks from a man who, to open attacks upon his antagonists, is able to add a supplementary and anonymous assault in the columns of a newspaper. At any rate, Mr. Lowe was comparatively neglected, until he took the House by storm in the early debates on the Reform bill. He had then the advantage which a man always gains for a time by speaking against his party. The Tories welcomed him as an unexpected deserter to their ranks, and the Liberals showed a warmth which, at worst, was better than indifference. Indeed, no one can approach Mr. Lowe in polished, vigorous epigrams, which are not the less keen because they generally proceed from a rather narrow view of the subject. As periodical writing, his speeches would be almost incomparable essays—clear, pointed, and pithy to the last degree. As speeches, they are defective; because they never rise above the regions of keen logic into an appeal to the high emotions of his audience, and because they are jerked out in a loud, monotonous voice, with total absence of gesture. His manner reminds one of a wooden catapult discharging heavy bolts with tremendous power, but with an almost mechanical precision. Mr. Mill, against whom his assault was directed, has, in one respect, an equal talent. His sentences are even more perfectly formed; and if they never present the same epigrammatic brilliance, they often show a curious felicity of argument which sometimes produces almost the effect of wit. The readiness with which he meets the arguments of his adversaries and the skill with which he retorts upon their weakest places would be admirable but for one thing. The eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero or Edmund Burke would fall flat if it came from Mr. Mill's lips; because you could n't hear it. The House of Commons has been judiciously built of such proportions that if it were crammed to the uttermost it would hardly hold 500 out of 658 members, and its acoustic qualities are good. Yet Mr. Mill's voice is scarcely able to fill this moderately-sized room; and though with painful attention I could pick up the sense of the first half of his speech, the remainder passed by me as a feeble murmur, in which I could sometimes catch—rather by instinct than by the help of my ears—the word "landlords." It is some credit to the House of Commons that, although Mr. Mill spoke under these disadvantages and attacked the strongest prejudices of his audience, he was listened to with respect and attention. Between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Mill there was an interval principally filled by Mr. Thomas Hughes; and I regret to say that, highly as I respect Mr. Hughes, I cannot think that nature ever meant him for an orator. His manner is bad, marked by that desperate clinging to the insignificant words of a sentence, to the "ors" and "ands," which we may remark in men unable to launch out boldly with a flow of rhetoric. His matter was, I fear, not very superior; though he put it forward in the face of an almost empty house with a gallantry worthy of the author of "Tom Brown." In short, Mr. Hughes has become one of those unfortunate beings known as "dinner-bells." He speaks at the time—from seven to nine—which the House of Commons dedicates to the great ceremony of dining, and when only a few languid sentinels, as it were, are left to keep up the semblance of an occupation of the benches.

The debate was concluded for the evening by Mr. Gathorne Hardy—a gentleman who gives to the House of Commons precisely what it likes. He has a fine flow of the most admirable commonplace; he speaks the very sense (if it is not perverting that word) of the thick rows of country gentlemen behind him, with a fluency, indeed, of which few of them are capable, with an occasional sparkle of fair average wit, and with a really courteous bearing towards his opponents. With these qualifications he is admirably qualified for the duty he had to discharge of pouring oil upon the troubled waters; and he made things pleasant so effectively, and looked so prosperous and genial and plausible, that in his presence we could hardly believe that there was such a thing as an oppressed tenant in Ireland or a Fenian in the world. The very sight of Mr. Hardy, one would say, if he could have been transported as he stood to the wilds of Connaught, would have been enough to make tenants happy, to throw Orangemen and Fenians into each other's arms, and to frighten the spirit of discord into the Atlantic.

And now, what light was thrown upon the Irish question? The answer, I am afraid, is really that which was given in the *Times* of this morning, namely—that the Irish question will have to wait till another Parliament. The policy of the Government, as Mr. Horsman said, is threefold: in regard to the Church, it is to do nothing; in regard to the land, to put off doing anything; and in regard to education, to do worse than nothing. Every Liberal speaker denounced the Irish Church—Mr. Lowe with special vigor and decision. Mr. Hardy, however, cries confiscation! and talks fluently about compacts made at the Union. It seems that the injustice was so firmly established by that arrangement that no future generation is to be allowed to redress it. The Liberal party, indeed, are becoming so firmly united upon this point that I hope it will before long disappear. Meanwhile, Government staved off the evil day by the admirable device of a commission. Commissions are very useful things in their way, but in the case of a grievance all the circumstances of which are matters of perfect notoriety, they are chiefly useful for wasting time. The same excellent device is again to be applied to the land question; and here, it cannot be denied, the chances of delay are infinitely greater In fact, I see no prospect of any decided legislation at all. The Liberals are split into innumerable fractions. Mr. Hughes gave a long essay last night upon tenant-right; Mr. Mill proposed his plan for handing over the land to the tenants; Mr. Lowe vigorously denounced any alteration. In doing so he not only called out the cheers of the country gentlemen, delighted to have a philosopher to fight their battles and justify their apathy, as against Mr. Mill, but undoubtedly carried with him a section of his own party Other members said vaguely that something must be done, but objected to every special proposal, and, to say the truth, this is the prevalent opinion in England. We ought to get out of this Slough of Despond, but to every new guide we reply: "*You*, at least, are taking us the wrong way." The one positive proposal of the Government was retrograde, and has excited such general disapprobation that it can hardly have much chance of success. The best thing which England has done for Ireland is undoubtedly the educational system, which is probably superior to anything in this country. The Queen's Colleges, which are at the head of the system, are unsectarian, or "Godless" institutions, as their enemies call them, but have flourished in spite of the disapproval of the ultramontane hierarchy. It is now proposed to give a charter to a Roman Catholic university, although the body so called has failed to attract the higher classes. This attempt to go back from the unsectarian principle is probably, as Mr. Lowe described it, another specimen of the pyrotechnical devices of Government—a brilliant object thrown up to distract attention, but destined, when that work is done, to relapse into utter obscurity. The debate will be resumed to-night, and we shall hear whether such speakers

as Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli can throw any additional light upon the subject; but I think it will be safe to foretell the final result of a policy made up of procrastinating and feeble attempts to buy the support of the extreme Catholic party by inadequate concessions to their worst prejudices. In other words, Ireland will be once more told to call again to-morrow—or the day after.

Another interesting Parliamentary debate has taken place on the *Alabama* question. The party which is in favor of accepting arbitration has, I think, grown stronger; and there is a decided feeling that in some way or other the present hitch in the proceedings may be surmounted. Lord Stanley is evidently of opinion that we really owe some compensation for the *Alabama* depredations; and the difference as to considering the question of our recognition of Southern belligerency seems to be less as it is more closely examined. I imagine that no great concession would be necessary to bring about a satisfactory reference of the dispute.

To turn to a different subject, I see in the last number of the *Nation* which I have received some remarks about the experience of Cambridge in regard to female education. A further examination has been lately held, and the results are still to the general effect that girls are as capable of education in every sense as boys. There is, however, one difference. The mathematical examiners say that in this occasion the girls were distinctly inferior, although on most subjects they were better prepared, and showed a smaller percentage of failure than the boys. The experiment has as yet been tried on too small a scale to give satisfactory results; but, in spite of the assertion about mathematics—the only one telling against the girls—there is no doubt that it is, on the whole, highly favorable to the cause of feminine education. A plan is now being discussed for founding a college for women. In spite of some weakness in details, I think it promises to do much for the cause. Upon this, and upon some other interesting facts which have been brought out by a late commission appointed to enquire into middle-class education (of which Mr. Fraser was the American representative), I hope to write more fully in my next.

RUSSIAN RAILROADS AND THE RUSSIAN PRESS.

St. Petersburg, March 1, 1868.

American newspapers print frequent telegrams and letters which represent that Russia is endeavoring to force a crisis in the East in aid of certain designs that she has in that direction. Many of the *facts* which are stated in proof of the imminence of war are very apocryphal, and I am quite convinced by what I have seen and heard here and in Moscow that Russia has no intention nor desire to engage in any war. She could be forced into a war, but at present would not willingly begin one. The tone of all the Russian journals is very peaceful. The Eastern question, it is true, occupies much of their attention, and as much space is given to letters from Constantinople as to those from Paris. But this is in part owing to proximity. It is also owing to the genuine sympathy that is felt with the ill-treated Christians of Crete and Bulgaria.* Perhaps in no Church is the feeling of brotherhood among the members so strong as in the Greek Church, and the Russians are exceedingly religious. This sympathy is expressed with the greatest freedom and openness by everybody in society, and by all the journals—and the press is as free as in France. But I have seen nowhere and heard nowhere any proposition to aid the Christians of Turkey by arms. All desire that the Government should act as their champion against Turkey and with the Western Powers, in all ways which are consistent with peace; and great satisfaction is felt at the manner in which the Government has endeavored to impress on the Sultan and the great Powers the sufferings of the Christian races in Turkey.

At present Russia is in no condition to make war. It is deeply in debt; it is just recovering from the exhaustion of the Crimean campaign, and a great war would ruin its growing manufactures and any chance of commercial prosperity. This winter many provinces are suffering severely from famine, consequent on the bad harvests of several years. In Finland the distress has been the most severe, but has been in some measure relieved by contributions. Lately, however, grain has become scarce and people are dying of hunger in the Baltic provinces and in White-Russia—that part next to Poland. In the government of Viatka there is much distress, and even in the governments of Vladimir and Riazan, which are on the lines of railway. The Emperor has just appointed a commission, with the Czarowitz at its head, to receive and distribute contributions, making himself a large gift to the fund.

But perhaps the best reason why Russia does not wish to go to war at present is the condition of its railway system. All recent wars have shown how railways can facilitate campaigns by the rapid transportation of troops, but the Crimean war showed Russia how necessary railways were to protect her frontiers and to supply her army with food. In the last few years railways have been projected and pushed in every direction. The Government has usually taken the initiative, and then has made over the road to a private company. At present the Nikolai road, from St. Petersburg to Moscow, is the only one in operation belonging to the Government, and this is about to be sold, the proposals for purchase being now under consideration. So far, all the new railways have been commercial successes, and the stock of one or two is above par.

The two great railways in operation are the Nikolai road, just mentioned, and the road from St. Petersburg to Moscow, with its connection from Wilna to the Prussian frontier. This is the only channel in winter for Russian trade. A third railway, of great commercial importance and invaluable in case of war, is the Southern road, from Moscow to Odessa. This is now open from Moscow to Tula, the Birmingham and Sheffield of Russia. From Tula to Orel and from Orel to Kursk the rails are laid and in order, but the stations are not completed. They are to be ready in June. From Kursk to Kiev the road is entirely graded, the rails are partly laid, and some of the bridges and stations completed. This section is to be opened in August. From Kiev to Balta no rails are yet laid, but this work will be begun in March. The foundations of the bridges are built, and the iron-work on the spot. This section, it is thought, will be opened in September, but that is very doubtful. From Balta to Odessa the road is open. The entire route is 1,048 miles; the distance open is 243 miles. Until this road is finished it is impossible in the present state of the Russian highways—which are much out of repair—for troops to pass with sufficient rapidity to the south of Russia to protect it against invasion, or to send army supplies enough to keep such troops in fighting condition. Branches are to connect Odessa with Kishinev, in Bessarabia, and with the Galician frontier. Another great railway is to connect this Southern road with Riga. It is completed from Riga to Smolensk, 297 miles, cutting the Warsaw road at Dwinaburg, and will connect with the Southern road at Orel 320 miles beyond Smolensk. From Riga a road has been authorized to Libau, a port open nearly all the winter, but little or nothing has been done on it.

To the south-east, the road from Moscow to Voronezh is now open, 365 miles in length, with a branch road of eighty miles to Mozhansk. This branch is to be continued to Pensa. The main road is to be prolonged eastward to Saratov on the Volga, and southward to Taganrog on the Sea of Azof. Some forty-five miles at the southern extremity are done. A branch is also to connect it with the southern road at Orel. Another road is in construction from Kursk on the southern road through Kharkov to Taganrog. One branch of this will run south through Ekaterinoslav and the Crimea to Balaklava; and another through Poltava and Olviopol to Balta. It is completed from Balta to Olviopol; from Olviopol to Elizabetgrad will be opened in the summer. The rest will not be ready for two years. There is a small line open connecting the Don and the Volga at Tsaritsin, fifty miles long.

To the eastward, there is a short road of forty-four miles from Moscow to the Troitsa monastery, which is to be continued to Yaroslav. The road from Moscow to Nizhni-Novgorod, 265 miles, has been open for two years, and a double track is now being laid part of the distance. A road is projected from Perm through the Ural to Tumen, to connect the basins of the Kama and the Obi and also another from Viatka to Krasnoborsk on the Dwina. On the former work is to be begun in the spring; it is very doubtful if the latter is ever begun.

At the north, beside the short railroads which connect St. Petersburg with the environs, there is one in Finland of sixty-eight miles from Helsingfors to Tavastehuus. Preliminary surveys are being made of a road from Helsingfors to St. Petersburg; and the road on the south of the Gulf from St. Petersburg to Revel will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The Polish frontier is tolerably well protected by a road from Warsaw to the Austrian frontier near Cracow, and to the Prussian frontier near Thorn. Besides these there runs a road directly east from Warsaw 130 miles to Brest-Litovski, on the boundary between Poland and Russia proper. Poland is just the place where there would be most danger to Russia in a war at this time. The populace of the cities is not yet so quieted but that it might again rise and give much trouble.

In a recent article the Moscow *Gazette* declared that the western frontier was not safe against a successful invasion without the creation of a new secondary line of fortresses, and the construction of a railway from

* Considering the condition of the Polish Catholics, this Russian sympathy for the "ill-treated Christians" of Turkey is somewhat trying to the world at large.—Ed. Nation.

Brest-Litovski through Smolensk to Moscow. Since then this road has been authorized, the capital has been partly subscribed, and surveys are to be begun in the spring. It will be over 550 miles long.

The railway from Cracow to Czernowitz, extending the whole length of Galicia, is, a Moscow paper says, "as good as an army of observation posted there of 200,000 men," and will continue so until it is met by the road from Balta to Kamenetz-Podolsk and Volotchirsk; but of this there is no prospect for two years.

There are railways proposed even in the Caucasus—one from Tiflis to Poti on the Black Sea, and another from Tiflis to Baku on the Caspian. Work on the former, 193 miles long, has commenced already. The other has only been surveyed.

To sum up the whole, there are in Russia in actual operation 3,492 miles of railway; 2,300 miles more are actually in process of construction. For more than 3,000 miles more charters have been granted, and surveys are, or are about to be, made. But it will be two years before the extremities of the empire are connected with each other and with the food-growing districts.

I am unable to learn anything of the fortifications at Kertch, which the *Nation* of Jan. 16 says are building. The present naval station is at Nikolaiev. The fleet in the Sea of Azof and the Black Sea does not exceed the force prescribed by the treaty of Paris, and no large vessels of war are building there. I have heard the hope several times expressed, that in case of war vessels could be bought cheaply in America.

Perhaps the growing independence of the press has been twisted by French journalists into an indication of a desire for war. A newspaper may now discuss most subjects with much freedom; but too severe criticism of governmental acts, abuse of foreign sovereigns, or articles contrary to religion and good morals, would subject the paper to a warning. After three warnings the publication is suspended for some time. The *Golos* (Voice) of St. Petersburg was recently warned for an article on the Emperor Napoleon which was thought to go beyond the bounds of fair criticism; and the *Moskva* of Moscow has been suspended for four months for violent articles on the ministry in regard to the proposed reforms in the tariff. During the attempt of Garibaldi on Rome, the journals of all shades were, without restraint from the Government, very free in expressing their sympathy with Italy, and their hope that France would be forced to succumb. The very incident of the warning of the *Golos*, by the protests it called forth, showed the independence of the unofficial Russian newspapers and the existence of a public opinion. Now the reconstruction of Austria is freely and intelligently criticised, quite as freely as a similar subject would be in America. This is individuality of opinion; but the journalists of Western Europe will not believe so; they still talk of a *mot d'ordre*, and if any paper speaks boldly of the situation and of the duties of Russia, they regard it as immediate proof of the warlike attitude of the Russian Government.

The Moscow *Gazette* was recently reproached by the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* for giving rise to such misinterpretations, by the freedom of its remarks on European politics, as great importance is attached to whatever it says. M. Katkof, in last Tuesday's paper, indignantly replies that his opinions are his own, and he refuses to be bound by the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, or any one else, as to their justice or to the fitness of expressing them; that he holds himself responsible to the Government if he goes beyond the law, and that he is not to blame if ignorant persons draw wrong conclusions from the words of his paper.

Correspondence.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Dear Sir: If your strictures upon the "Annals of the Christian Commission," in your issue of March 12, affected only myself, I should not trouble you with any complaint of them. But the book will be regarded by the public, so far as it is regarded at all, as an official document of the Commission, and I am not willing that any serious misapprehensions which are capable of ready explanation shall affect the good name of the society. There are two or three such misapprehensions in your article, which, with your permission, I will endeavor to correct as briefly as possible.

1. I do not think the early weakness of the Christian Commission or the smallness of its work can be fairly attributed to "bad management." It is true that there were several months of discouraging effort on the part of its promoters before "the people were brought to a perception of the importance of the work proposed." (Mr. Morrison's "inventory" of the Commission's effects was written in July, 1862, not 1863, as your types unintentionally say.) But there were sufficient reasons for this in the circumstances of the case—in the excitement and uncertainty which pervaded the public mind, affecting alike the Government and the people. Such hindrances are common in the beginning of similar movements, and the philanthropic societies to which our war gave rise shared this almost universal experience. The Sanitary Commission, as its history clearly shows, had like difficulties at the outset of its work, and its period of depression was even longer than in the case of the Christian Commission. The character of the men first associated with the Sanitary Commission, and the wisdom of its plans, ought to have secured to it without delay, one might think, national position and influence. Only this would have been contrary to rational expectation, as taught by the previous history of such enterprises. And so for fifteen months they had to encounter all sorts of "rebuffs" and embarrassments. The earlier chapters of Mr. Stillé's history, and the chapters contributed by Dr. Bellows and Mr. Strong, are very instructive reading upon this point. Mr. Strong writes that in November, 1861 (five months after its organization), "the Commission was as yet hardly known to the people." Its seventh session, held at Washington, Dec. 3, 1861, "was thought likely to be its last." During February, 1862, "its members inclined daily more and more to the opinion that their work must soon be abandoned," for they saw the work "growing larger and more costly every day," with "no corresponding increase in the means to support it." In the following month "telegrams and letters" from the headquarters of the Commission in Washington to the members of the Finance Committee in New York, stating that the army had commenced a forward movement, that a great battle seemed at hand, and that ten thousand dollars should be raised for the Commission at once, brought back the response, "Capitalists have done enough; no more money can be raised in New York." This response was "disheartening" and "chilling," and on its receipt "a motion to disband was anxiously discussed at Washington;" but acting like noble and patriotic men, as the commissioners were, it was "unanimously negatived." The same question was again considered, a fortnight later, in New York, and again negatived. It was not until July, 1862, that "the Commission had learned how much suffering the people could remedy, and what service the people could render the national cause through its agency." Summing up the case, Mr. Strong says: "The financial infancy of the Commission ended in September, 1862. For fifteen months it had lived from hand to mouth. It had been more than once on the point of death from inanition." This state of "infancy" ended by the receipt from California of the magnificent sum of $100,000—unexpected and unprecedented—not sent directly to the Commission, but placed at the disposal of President Lincoln by the Mayor of San Francisco, and by the President, at the suggestion of Surgeon-General Hammond, turned over to the Commission. Dr. Bellows says that "this hundred thousand dollars, with all it implied, was the making and the saving of the United States Sanitary Commission." It was received October 14, 1862. This "arrested universal attention;" it "excited emulation and was at once imitated;" and it "fastened the eyes and the confidence of the wavering upon the Commission." The receipts at once rose from a monthly average during the preceding quarter of $23,263 32, to a monthly average during the quarter following of $161,841 52, an increase of almost sevenfold. It would be the very opposite of just to say that this trying experience of the Sanitary Commission was due to "bad management." It would only be just to say that its successful issue out of its trials was due to its wise management and to its adaptation, thus made manifest, to the pressing needs of the army and nation. A similar judgment must be accorded, in all fairness, and upon quite similar grounds, to the Christian Commission.

2. You speak of the distribution of stores by the Christian Commission as "illegitimate work," as "precisely identical with the work of the Sanitary Commission," and as costing much more than its "legitimate work." It is doubtless true that such distribution, to the extent ultimately reached, was "not distinctly intended at first" by the Christian Commission. Nor was it any more distinctly intended at first by the Sanitary Commission. Both Commissions set themselves to minister to the comfort and efficiency of the army—the one having in view a certain specific object, being a "Commission of Enquiry and Advice in respect to the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces;" the other having for its specific object to "promote the spiritual and temporal welfare" of the soldiers. Both soon learned the great value of "stores" as auxiliaries to their main purposes, and did not hesitate to use them to the utmost of their ability according to the demand. In both cases the distribution of stores was in a sense "subordinate," and yet in both the money value of the stores was greater than

for all other parts of the work. Mr. Stillé, in the history of the Sanitary Commission, frequently calls attention to the fact that the Commission "had for its main design a preventive service," and that "at the outset the intention was not to concern itself with supplying" the wants of the soldiers by its own direct ministrations as a relief agency. He speaks of the "popular error" of looking upon the Commission as "only a relief association upon a grand scale," which "quite overshadowed in popular estimation its original purpose, if not the exclusive and peculiar work which it proposed to engage in." The Commission, however, "never departed from the true scientific idea and conception of a preventive system, and always regarded the relief system, vast as was the place occupied by it in the war, as inferior in the importance of its results," etc. Dr. Bellows and Mr. Strong speak in the same way, the latter saying that the original purpose of the Commission was "mainly scientific and advisory," and that by the exigencies of the service it was "somehow compelled to go beyond its original programme of scientific investigation and advice." Now, the cash receipts of the Sanitary Commission were, in round numbers, $5,000,000. Of this sum more than $3,800,000 were expended in the "relief" and supply" departments, which were aside from "the original programme," and less than $350,000 for preventive "inspection and advice." It would certainly be most unfair to add to the above the $15,000,000 given to the Sanitary Commission in "stores" of various kinds, and then say that less than two per cent. of its gross revenues were bestowed upon its "legitimate" work, while ninety-four per cent. went for "illegitimate" objects; yet the principle you apply to the Christian Commission would require such division. It would be much better, because it would be true, to say that both Commissions held to their "original programmes," and found that in carrying these out, and adapting them to the changing needs of the army, they could relieve untold suffering and administer unspeakable comfort, there being still left a vast residue of pain and want that all the agencies were insufficient to remove.

3. I cannot admit that the "Annals of the Christian Commission" is justly chargeable with "illiberality" towards the Sanitary Commission. I can most heartily endorse your statement, making only the necessary enlargement, that the Sanitary and Christian Commissions are "fixtures of the American mind," and that no one can omit mention of them on proper occasion, "in an account of the agencies that have latterly ameliorated war," without himself suffering by the omission. Neither of these Commissions has an historical parallel except in the other, and they will be so regarded in the future. In my introductory "Glance Backward," which you are pleased to speak of as "useless," I refer to those agencies which were in operation previous to our own war. There was no opportunity for speaking of either Commission except in an incidental way, and both are thus mentioned. In the first chapter of the Annals I sketch the "Preliminary movements" to the organization of the Christian Commission. In this chapter there is, of course, scarcely a reference to the Christian Commission, for it was not yet organized, but there is a statement of the principal facts concerning the organization of the Sanitary Commission, with names and dates. The statement is necessarily brief, but more was hardly practicable with the limited space at command, nor could more be needful when the Commission itself was publishing a full history of its operations. I set myself the task of writing the Annals of one Commission, and not to giving an adequate account of other agencies. There are between twenty and thirty references by name in my book to the Sanitary Commission. I do not think that one of them has the slightest color of "illiberality" or unkind feeling. I have no such feeling, and am very sure that it is neither expressed nor implied in anything I have written.

Respectfully yours,

LEMUEL MOSS.

LEWISBURG, PA., March 17, 1868.

ANGLO-SAXON DECLENSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

A writer in the *Nation* of March 26, criticising Professor Shute's "Manual of Anglo-Saxon," objects to the terms "Vowel-Declension" and "N-Declension" as used in that work, asserting that the former should be called "Consonant-Declension" and the latter "Vowel-Declension." Permit one of your readers to say a word in defence of Professor Shute's nomenclature. It is founded, not on the forms of the nominative singular (which are often specially affected by phonetic changes), but on the forms of the stem, the common basis of the whole case-inflection. Thus in the N-Declension, *n* is the final letter of the stem. In the nominative singular this *n* is lost, as in *nama*, "name," *heorte*, "heart;" but it appears almost everywhere else, as in the genitive singular *naman*, *heortan*, genitive plural *namena*, *heortena*, etc. (Compare the Latin *sermo*, *ratio*, in which the final *n* of the stem, though lost in the nom. sing., appears in the gen. *sermonis*, *rationis*.) So, too, in the Vowel-Declension, the final vowel of the stem (unless it was originally long) was generally lost in the nom. sing., as in *fisc*, "fish," *dæd*, "deed," *lust*, "lust." That in these words the stem actually ended in a vowel, is a fact generally recognized: it is clearly apparent in the Gothic accusative plural *fiskans*, *dēdins*, *lustuns*, where we see the common case-ending *ns* applied to the stems *fiska*, *dēdi*, *lustu*. (Compare the Latin *vir* and *animal*, of which the stems, *viro* and *animali*, lose their final *o* and *i* in the nom. sing.) But if the final stem-vowel was originally long, it was not wholly lost in the Anglo-Saxon nom. sing.: thus *gifu*, "gift," Gothic *giba*, originally *gibā*.

If these simple statements are correct—and it is believed that they represent the accepted views of the best living philologists—then Professor Shute's two declensions, with the names he gives them, are in accordance with the actual system of Teutonic formation and inflection. It is true that this arrangement makes no provision for stems ending in other consonants than *n*, as stems in *r* and in *nd*; but in Anglo-Saxon these are either so few in number, or so little distinguished in their inflection, that their peculiarities may be treated, properly enough, in an elementary book as mere anomalies.

Y.

NEW HAVEN, March 30.

Notes.

LITERARY.

WE have but little to add to former announcements. "Old Deccan Days," which we mention elsewhere, is to be republished by Messrs. J. B Lippincott & Co. The same house will issue "Odontalgia, commonly called Toothache: Its Causes, Symptoms, and Cure," by S. Parsons Shaw; "Horace Wilde," a novel, by Mrs. M. Jeanie Mallary; a book of selections from various authors, entitled "The Garland;" "The Divine Teacher: being the Recorded Sayings of Our Lord Jesus Christ during His Ministry on Earth;" and the Honorable John Bigelow's edition of "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin." It is edited from the original manuscript just as it came from Franklin's own hand. He wrote it at the solicitation of his friend, M. Le Veillard, and in 1789 gave to that gentleman a copy of all of it that was then finished. The original remained in his own possession, and passed at his death to his grandson, William Temple Franklin, who undertook a life of his grandfather for a London house. For the convenience of the printer—so goes the Le Veillard family tradition—Temple Franklin exchanged the autograph sketch for the copy then in the hands of Madame Le Veillard, then a widow. From her it descended to her daughter; from her daughter to a M. De Senarmont, a cousin of the daughter; from him to his grandson M. P. De Senarmont, who transferred it to Mr. Bigelow, the American Minister. Mr. Bigelow, collating it with the edition that had appeared in the London life, found that no less than twelve hundred separate changes had been made in the text—of what character and how serious he does not say—and that the last eight pages of the work, second in value to no other part of it, had been omitted entirely.

—Iowa is a State of which one hears comparatively little, but that little is almost wholly good. We observe that the Superintendent of Public Instruction, in his report for the past year, compares Massachusetts in 1864 with Iowa in 1867, during which years the number of persons between five and twenty-one years of age was 362,466 and 372,939, respectively—nearly enough equal for the superintendent's purpose. The respective appropriations for schools were at those dates, $1,568,833 and $2,069,597; and the total amount paid per capita on the population named, $4 33 and $5 55. The ratio of the amount paid for the support of common schools to the taxable property of the State was, in Massachusetts, $0.00172, in Iowa, $0.00808. We do not vouch for these figures, but the emulation is worthy of remark. The Iowa *School Journal*, from which we take them, has as usual, under the head of "School Law Decisions," several reported cases of litigation concerning school-property, the sites of school-houses, etc., which we do not at present recall in the school journals of any other State. This does not, we presume, indicate a greater amount of wrangling over these familiar subjects of difference in country places—where the problem of ascertaining the "centre" is as difficult, often, as to find the centre of the universe—but only, perhaps, a peculiar mode of settlement and a very useful way of putting them on record, considering the needs of a growing and still youthful State.

—A connected history of printing machines, says the *Proof Sheet*, from Guttemberg's time to our own, could not fail to be interesting. A good history would, of course, go further back than Guttemberg's day. As De Quincey pointed out—we think he first pointed it out, though the remark is credited to Whately—the ancients had invented printing, and it is probable that the Germans would have been saved the trouble of reinventing it had the ancients been able to make paper or some cheap substitute for paper. And it is altogether likely that before Rome was, the Chinese had movable types or blocks and machines for using them. To furnish material for the work wished for in case any one chooses to attempt it, the *Proof Reader* gathers from authentic sources some facts about the invention of the rotary press. The success of cheap papers publishing large editions demanded in the printing press greater speed than could be attained by the "single cylinder," which was the first advance from the hand-press. Hoe's "double cylinder" or "pony" was invented, and being capable of making five thousand impressions an hour, it soon superseded the "single cylinder." At that time England had four-feeder presses, capable of doing the same work, but they required not only four feeders, as the name indicates, but thicker and more expensive paper than our penny papers could afford to use. So the attempt to use them in the office of the *Courier and Enquirer* failed. The circulation of cheap journals increasing, something faster than the "pony" was required. A "railway press" was produced by Messrs. Hoe, which may be described as a circular track, round the circumference of which travelled a "form," which passed in its course under six impression cylinders, each of which presented a sheet to the types. It worked but badly in practice, and was soon given up. In 1842 the same inventors made a machine in which the type-bed was stationary, and several impression cylinders, fastened by the ends to two parallel endless chains, rolled over the form, then passed under it, then over it again, and so on, the cylinders, of course, revolving on their axes. As they went under the form they took sheets from "feed-boards," and as they finished their passage over the types these sheets were delivered in a pile at the end of the machine. At the point of each cylinder were two inking rollers. Next came a variation of the "railway press" called the "planetarian press," which, however, was not successful, and which we mention because in the endeavor to overcome a vital defect in it by the use of a type-bed concave instead of flat, the idea was suggested to Colonel Richard Hoe of making the "form" convex, and revolving it with all its type set. The idea of turning a form of type upside down, and whirling it round more than a hundred times a minute seemed laughable to the printers. Hoe went on, however, and did it; at least he whirled it round a hundred times in a minute, and the problem of a rotary press was solved. This was in 1846. In 1847 the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia was printed on the new machine, and in 1849 Colonel Hoe sold the eighth specimen of it to the publishers of *La Patrie*, in Paris, in the office of which journal it is still in use. The credit of conceiving the idea of type placed on a cylinder is probably due, it is said, to William Nicholson, of London, who took out a patent so long ago as 1790 for a hand-worked machine, the essential principle of which is identical with that of the Hoe press.

—We spoke a week or so ago of Barrère's fabulous *Vengeur*. We omitted to mention that besides De Quincey, Hamerton, and Thackeray, Carlyle was troubled by the glorious heroism of the crew, and that he took pains to investigate the case with thoroughness, and in his "French Revolution" ascribes the invention to Barrère's desire to soothe the people's wrath on account of Lord Howe's victory. And subsequently, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, M. A. Jal, the historiographer of the French navy, honorably came forward and set the matter finally at rest, by publishing from the naval archives the official despatch of the captain, who no more perished than the rest of the ship's company, but was peaceably dining aboard the *Culloden* when the ship sunk, quietly and without shouting of any kind. And as for Barrère's invention of the phrase, "A nation of shopkeepers," in the report which he made to the Convention on that occasion, a correspondent calls our attention to the fact that John Adams had previously coined the term. Samuel Adams, probably, he means. He is said to have used it in "an oration purporting to have been delivered at the State House in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776," and published at the same city, in the same year. Mr. Wells, in his life of Adams, says that no American edition of the oration has ever been seen, but that four copies of a London issue are known to be in existence, and that there was a German edition. (Vide Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," 14th page of "Addenda.") But this does not, perhaps, deprive Barrère of the credit of the invention. It certainly is not at all improbable that he may have read a translation of Adams's speech, and, eighteen years afterwards, used a striking expression borrowed from it. On the other hand, the haughty Barrère, out of the depth of a soul far above buttons, may have evolved the reproachful designation for mercantile Albion by an independent process. So far as priority of use goes, neither he nor Mr. Adams would seem to have any claim to the authorship of it. Josiah Tucker, who was Dean of Gloucester in the latter half of the last century, is set down by Mr. Bartlett as having said in 1766, ten years before Adams's speech, that "what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation." But whether Barrère, or an Englishman, or an American invented the phrase in question, it is beyond doubt that the rest of the famous report is the Frenchman's. It will please him, if sublunary lies can interest him in his present abode, to see what they are doing in the Parisian Théâtre du Châtelet. The management have had in preparation for a long time a grand spectacular drama, the final tableau of which represents the *Vengeur* sinking, and every man and boy aboard her crying "Vive la République." Perhaps our readers know that the French official censor refuses to approve or condemn a theatrical piece till the scenery is provided and it has been rehearsed and the manager can show precisely how he intends to put it before the eyes as well as into the ears of the people. The managers grumble, of course, but, of course, have to submit. As the scene of the new melodrama is laid in Republican times, it was with difficulty that the manager could get permission to produce it at all, and he was in danger of seeing his money lost, and, with it, months of labor. The censor would have no Statue of Liberty; the Marseillaise and the Ça Ira were peremptorily forbidden, and it was declared emphatically that "Vive la République" should never be shouted on the boards of any French theatre. After weeks of negotiation it was decided that the Cancan might be substituted for the Carmagnole, that the statue of Ceres must take the place of the Goddess of Liberty, and that in the final tableau the heroic crew must sink to the music of "Partant pour la Syrie," and with energetic cries of "Vive l'Empereur." These anachronisms plunged the souls of the managers and the authors into desolate despair. "But there was then no Emperor; there was then no Queen Hortense!" So the censor, susceptible to ideas, permits that instead of "Vive l'Empereur," the crew shall shout "Vive la France," and that if the authors like they may put "Chapeau de Marguerite," or some other non-political air, in place of the anachronistic composition of Hortense. Worn out, the authors at last appealed from the censor to Marshal Vaillant, and now the *Vengeur* goes down nightly as in the gospel according to M. Barrère. This concession provokes surprise in Paris, for eternal vigilance is the price of some sorts of "liberty" as well as others, and the mild rule of Louis Napoleon has not hitherto dispensed with the precautions the censor sought to impose.

MR. BEECHER'S NOVEL.*

If our memory serves us, it was a week or ten days after the first Bull Run that the *Waverley Magazine* or some other family paper first brought out the young man who, looking nobly in his uniform, marches haughtily out of the town at the head of his company, without having said good-by. At the same time appeared the young woman, equally haughty, who does not say good-by either, but whose heart stands still whenever the evening paper comes, who makes things for the Sanitary Commission, and then by-and-by travels to the front, going up and down in the hospitals, and walking to and fro in them, pallid but firm, until towards the close of the war a familiar form, reduced to skin and bone, is borne into her ward to be tended. Since then he and she have made the staple of many hundreds of stories. We do not apologize for speaking disrespectfully of them; the men and women who write these things are not they who did them. It is after the pattern of such tales that "Norwood," so far as it is a novel merely, is constructed. Rose Wentworth and Alice Cathcart and Barton Cathcart and Frank Esel and Tom Heywood and other principal personages, on whose doings the plot turns, and on whom the book, as a novel, depends for existence, are the average heroes and heroines of the magazine war-tales, doing in all faithfulness the old duty of their kind. And the plot is this: The year of the war finds the people above-mentioned at Norwood, a Massachusetts village, engaged in loving or being loved. The men at once go into the army to be brave soldiers, and the women soon go into the hospital as devoted nurses. One of the men turns rebel—against his better judgment, for he cannot help respecting the North after becoming acquainted with it; he is killed, and the nurse who loves him dies of a broken heart. Of the other men who may be called heroes, one becomes a colonel in the Federal army, and the other, *the* hero, rapidly gets promotion, becomes a general, is badly wounded, is nursed by the heroine, recovers, and marries her. For they say

* "Norwood; or, Village Life in New England. By Henry Ward Beecher." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868. 12mo, pp. xi., 549.

to each other, "Why was my letter never answered?" or words to that effect; and then, "What letter?" and so on, and thus discover that the hero was not cold nor the heroine proud, and that if it had not been for that unfortunate, not to say conventional, piece of correspondence they might have lived happily ever afterwards a good while before they actually did.

"Norwood" as a novel, then, a man is to blame for liking; unless indeed he has formed a habit of liking Norwoods. And as a picture of "Village Life in New England"—to quote the second title—it seems to us also open to exception. Village life in any part of New England within our knowledge, is not very well depicted on canvases where the figures most prominent are gigantic, half-witted negroes closely allied to nature, stranded old sailors addicted to "chaffing" their pastors with subtlety of humor, young ladies of the highest culture, blooded Southern gentlemen studying law and political economy, landscape painters, poetical and philosophical and religious doctors who sit beneath the elms in summer and amid books in winter, discoursing on the deepest themes, sceptical lawyers and learned clergymen who cannot see God in the beautiful flowers, but only in the abstractions of Calvinism. A very little of these things goes a very great way in the real life of most New England villages. And then again, the real life in New England towns of five or six thousand inhabitants has its bad and mean side, which, to be sure, no writer need dwell upon unless he likes, which, if he chooses, he need not touch upon at all, but which nevertheless exists, and which not the novelist, but only the sketch-writer or the romancer, can properly forget. In "Norwood" there is surely too much of the rose tint for reality; saints of a comfortable kind, and other people, who, on the whole, are to be respected and loved, are almost the only people of whom we get a glimpse, and quite the only ones of whom we get more than a glimpse. "Sketches of Village Life in New England" would seem to be a better title than the one the author has used. For we should not say that in painting anything which he has selected for representation Mr. Beecher has not been reasonably true to nature. On the contrary, we are disposed to take for correct all that he has given us, and some of his figures we recognize as excellently well done. But certainly he did arbitrarily select; and apparently his principle of selection was to take the agreeable and good and to leave everything else.

As a gallery of Yankee portraits—portraits, at any rate, of Yankees of the period when Mr. Beecher and we were younger than we are now—"Norwood" appears to us a success. Deacon Marble we know; and we felicitate ourselves on having known Hiram Beers when he was engaged in agricultural pursuits under an alias, and in a different part of the State; and nobody ever lived in Massachusetts without knowing at least the germs of several Agate Bissells and the living image of Mrs. Marble, and somebody very like Mr. Chandler, and somebody of whom Mr. Turfmould is hardly a caricature. We know so well the originals of these characters, especially of the best of them, Hiram, that we can hardly tell how much of the total impression to which his book gave rise is due to Mr. Beecher's skill and how much to our own previous knowledge; but this reservation being made, we have no hesitation in saying to the reader that Mr. Beecher stands high among the dozen or so of prose writers who have attempted to delineate the Yankee. He is better than Dr. Holland, or Mr. Mitchell, or Judge Haliburton, or Doctor Holmes—except as the father of "the young man John"—or Mr. De Forest, or Mr. Chamberlain; and he seems to us to have caught the spirit of New England life fully as well as Mrs. Stowe. Mr. Trowbridge, in his limited range, appears to us better. Readers who only know him on other ground would hardly believe how marvellously acute an eye he has for the New England character in its meanest and most sordid aspects. The griping, hard-cider-drinking, weather-beaten, wiry old reprobate, who half-starves his lean cows on a lean farm, who is always recalcitrant as regards his town-tax, who works his sallow wife to death, whose sons grow up to join the engine company, whose impudent daughter comes to grief, who puts "the old man" into the poor-house, who is litigious to the last degree, who never misses a town-meeting—this sadly demoralized child of the Puritans, his countenance, his speech, his habits of thought, his conduct of life, Mr. Trowbridge has at his fingers' ends. Mr. Trowbridge we speak of at greater length partly because he is, perhaps, less known than his merits deserve, and partly because in his writings may be found one side of ordinary New England life which is not to be found in "Norwood."

When one has found fault with "Norwood" as a badly constructed novel with a well-worn plot, with a too well-known prig for a hero and an equally well-known bit of perfection for a heroine; and has praised it for containing some excellent sketches of New England character, he has put his finger on its most obvious defect, indeed its confessed defect, and on its most striking merit—artistically speaking, its greatest merit. But, when this has been done, the larger part of the work will still remain uncriticised. For the sketches of character and the slender thread of a story are embedded in a mass of brief essays on scores of subjects—on the influence of the New England Sabbath; on the art of dressing a tea-table with flowers and tinted leaves; on the duty of a Christian as regards indulging himself in green houses and other means of culture; on Pre-Raphaelitism in art; on the value to the preacher and student of Christianity of a right use of natural objects; on the progress of a soul from doubt to faith; on the origin of Gothic architecture; on the difference between the Northern and Southern character, and the like. Of these little disquisitions most are very sound and useful, if all are not new.

Of course, there is also much of the happy imagery in which Mr. Beecher's sermons abound, and many of that kind of sayings which the natural and professional orator so almost inevitably gets into the way of uttering, and which, when uttered by the living voice, seem beautiful and wise, but are perceived to be devoid of meaning when coolly examined. This, for example, in the worst manner of the platform and pulpit, occurs in a description of a man in love:

"Is the soul confused? Why not, when the divine spirit, rolling clear across the aerial ocean, breaks upon the heart's shore with all the mystery of heaven. Is it strange that uncertain lights dim the eye, if above the head of him that truly loves hover clouds of saintly spirits?"

This, on the other hand, is well said and quite worth the attention of gushing writers: "A gentleman should have feeling, but should hide it. People of much sentiment are like fountains whose overflow keeps a disagreeable puddle around them." There are a great many such strokes. We close with a brief extract, the first we come upon, which illustrates pretty well Mr. Beecher's usual way of employing figurative language, and seems to us to exhibit also that quality which, after all, is what pleases most and has been most effective in his sermons and his writings and his public life—his ready, warm, loving sympathy with his fellows, his kindliness, in the true sense of that word. "Norwood" is full of it, and no one, we should say, will lay down the book without finding himself softer-hearted than when he took it up. Apply to it Marcus Aurelius's rule for considering of things and it will be easy to find fault with it as to manner; and the matter of it will not be thought of high value; but the purpose of it, if we judge that by its influence for good, will have to be praised and the writer will receive our thanks.

But this is our extract, evidently too hastily written:

"We smile at names. We weigh them in the scale of the ear for sweetness or smoothness; we cull some, we reject others. We laugh at men's odd and awkward names, and quite justly too, it may be; since capricious whims and vagrant fancies, or mere carelessness, so often select them. But sometimes a name is a history. It is like a pictured vase. We see the figures without thinking in what furnace those colors were fastened, and by what fire the glazing was fused. Is there any history or record of the heart more touching and simple than that of old? 'And it came to pass as Rachael's soul was departing, for she died, that she called his name Ben-oni—Son of my sorrow.'"

A HISTORY OF COFFEE.*

MR. WELTER'S monograph seems to be more the work of love than of labor. It does not pretend to be exhaustive. It was written, as the author acknowledges, in rural retirement, "far from rich libraries and great commercial centres." But his authorities—from Prosp. Alpinus ("De Plantis Ægypti." Venice. 1592), Pietro della Valle ("Viaggi." Rome. 1658), and Silv. Dufour ("Traitez nouveaux et curieux du café . . . ." Lyons. 1685), down to C. Ritter, Schouw, Alph. de Candolle, Payen, Moleschott, Von Bibra, A. Chevallier, L. Marchand, Liebig, and Reichenbach—if not very numerous are well chosen, and he has succeeded in making his book, in almost all its parts, both amusing and instructive. To ourselves, who happen to share the author's fondness for coffee, it is doubly interesting, but we can boldly recommend to all friends of French literature this history of a plant not less noble but more innocent than the vine.

Not to Arabia Felix, though it long enjoyed the reputation, but to the southern parts of Abyssinia—Kaffa, Enarea, and Shoa—belongs the honor of being the native home of the coffee-tree, which is, however, to be found in a wild state also in other parts of equatorial Africa, as far west as the Senegal and the Gulf of Guinea. Its popular name it may have derived from the mountainous land of Kaffa, in which it is said to abound, thriving in vast forests. Its scientific name (Coffea arabica, L.) it owes to the country which first began its cultivation. The Southern Abyssinians and their neighbors, the Gallas—the Ethiopians of the ancients—have probably used

* "Essai sur l'histoire du café. Par Henry Welter." Paris. 1868.

its fruit—so important to the Gallas on their frequent migrations—from times immemorial and in various ways. It was during a journey through the Ethiopian regions west of the Red Sea that a celebrated sheikh of Yemen and mufti of Aden, Shehab-eddin-Dhabani, who flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century, for the first time tasted coffee, which, for various qualities, and chiefly for its preventing somnolency and heaviness, he found so admirable that he afterwards zealously promoted its propagation in his own country, principally with the object of aiding pious dervishes in spending their nights in prayers without drowsiness. His piety and learning made his advice and example effective. The various uses of the coffee-bean were readily appreciated by the people of Yemen, the cultivation of the tree was soon afterwards begun, and the rich soil of that region proved to be so well adapted to it that the product of its plantations, the coffee of Mocha, has to this day remained unrivalled.

From Aden coffee was introduced into other parts of Arabia, and from Mecca and Medina it easily spread into Egypt. In Mecca as well as in Cairo it soon became an aid to devotion, a means of grace, but also an article of luxury and finally of necessity. Coffee-houses were established, in which not prayers but amusements of every kind—chess-playing, gambling, and even dancing—were the order of the day and of the night. But the pious continued to drink coffee during their vigils in the very chapels of their mosques. It was in one of these chapels that Khaïr-Beg, a governor of Mecca, and just previously installed there by the Sultan of Egypt, surprised a noisy night-party of worshipping Moslems engaged in drinking no less than praying. Ignorant and brutal as he was, he could not be persuaded that the beverage before him was not intoxicating, but rather the reverse of it, and, enraged by the scandal, he with his foot overturned the boiling and drinking utensils, and swore by the beard of the Prophet that he would in future severely punish all similar profanations. Next day he convoked the doctors of the Koran together with the magistrates of the town, consulted also two famous Persian physicians, who gave a humbugging reply, silenced objections by the bastinado, and finally prohibited coffee altogether. But his decree was reversed by the Sultan of Egypt, who was fond of coffee himself, and could base his decisions on the authority of divines superior to those of Mecca. The anti-prohibitionists of the holy city were afterwards rejoiced by the bloody fall of Khaïr-Beg and the death, also, of his Persian medical advisers, which events were regarded as a manifest declaration of Allah in favor of coffee. This was now rapidly spread by the pilgrims to the Kaaba all over the Moslem world, especially as it was their habit to wear in their turbans, as relics, twigs of the coffee-trees of Mecca until they withered and fell off. The coffee-house gradually became an "institution." Its use was sanctioned by the Turkish Sultan Selim I., who conquered Egypt; vainly assailed in Cairo by fanatical preachers; ineffectually prohibited in the holy cities by Solyman the Magnificent, at the instigation of a favorite and bigoted wife; and even during the reign of that monarch introduced into Constantinople itself, the first *kahva-kahns* being founded, in 1554, by two Syrians of Aleppo and Damascus. Their splendid and luxurious establishments proved an extraordinary success, and were soon followed by numberless others in every style; but in the subsequent reigns, excesses and frivolities connected with these turbulent haunts of more or less refined idleness made them objectionable not only to the guardians of the Islam, but also to the government of the sultans, whose lives and actions were there passed in review and more or less justly criticised. They were, therefore, occasionally closed, and often subjected to restrictions, surveillance of the police, and special imposts. On the whole, however, coffee triumphed all over the East, its use becoming almost as general as that of milk or water, the poets of Arabia, Persia, and Turkey singing its praises, and only the recent sect of the Wahabees abstaining from it from motives of religious puritanism. Enormous quantities were exported yearly from Yemen, following the routes of the pilgrims not only to the Euphrates and the Tigris, the Bosphorus and the Gulf of Persia, but also to the Indus and the Oxus, the Niger and the Senegal. To most Mohammedans coffee by itself is what wine, brandy, beer, tea, and coffee together are to the occidental Christian.

In Western Europe the use of coffee became known about a hundred years after its introduction in Arabia. Leopold Rauwolf, of Augsburg, who in 1575 became acquainted with it in Aleppo, was the first to describe it in the relation of his journey through Turkey in Asia, published in 1582. The celebrated Italian botanist, Alpinus, director of the botanical garden of Padua, the most ancient in Europe, followed with a description of the coffee-tree in his "Plants of Egypt," a country which he had visited in 1580. Bacon, too, mentions coffee in his writings, but vaguely and inaccurately, though his contemporaries, Edw. Terry, who accompanied, in 1615, Sir Thomas Roe on his mission to the Great Mogul, in his relation of the journey, and Robert Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," show themselves familiar with the qualities of coffee and its use by the Orientals. Pietro della Valle speaks of it quite extensively in his third letter, dated Constantinople, February 15, 1615. He finds in it the *nepenthes* of the "Odyssey," that banisher of grief and sorrow which Helen brought from Egypt, while others, like the English travellers, George Sandys and Thomas Herbert, contemporaries of Della Valle, discovered in it the famous black broth of the Spartans! an opinion which had still to be refuted as late as 1775 by Richard Chandler.

Rome, Venice, and Padua were probably among the first cities of Western Europe into which coffee was introduced, thanks to Della Valle, to Alpinus, and his disciple and commentator, Veslingius. The spread of coffee was slower in Italy than in France, England, or Holland. In France, Marseilles was the first port which it entered, about the middle of the seventeenth century. A coffee-house was opened in 1671, and this first example met with ready imitation in the various towns of the south. The friends of the Levantine traveller, Jean Thévenot, were the first who drank coffee in Paris, where it soon became more widely known through the hospitality of Solyman-Aga, the envoy extraordinary of Sultan Mohammed IV. The first coffee-house in the French capital was a small establishment kept by an American, but it took some time before undertakings of this kind proved successful. The Oriental beverage, however, continued to become more and more fashionable, in spite of attacks by physicians and prejudices of every kind. Madame de Sévigné's antipathy against it has become almost historical, though our author proves that famous saying attributed to her—famous as a doubly false prediction—"Racine passera comme le café," never to have been uttered by her, it being but a counterfeit *mot*, made up by La Harpe after a passage in Voltaire's "Age of Louis XIV." Even as late as 1711, Madame d'Orléans, the mother of the regent, wrote to her sister, the Countess-Palatine, warning her against the terrible effects of coffee, "the Duchess of Hanau having died of it after horrible sufferings." The court of Versailles remaining neutral, however, the coffee-houses soon became the general resorts of the wits of the time, of the idle, and of the curious. Describing the age of the regency, Michelet says: "Paris devient un grand café . . . . . jamais la France ne causa plus et mieux." Voltaire and Fontenelle quite freely partook of the "boisson intellectuelle," designated by others as a "slow poison," which, if they died of it, killed the former at the age of eighty-four and the latter at the age of a hundred.

In Germany Vienna probably had the first coffee-house, established by a Polish warrior, Kocinski, who, having greatly distinguished himself under John Sobieski in the great battle which delivered that capital, in 1683, from its Turkish besiegers, received in reward of his valor a part of the large stock of coffee found in the tents of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha. An exclusive privilege, granted him by the Emperor Leopold I., the excellence of the coffee, and his own renown, procured him numberless customers, each of whom he uniformly addressed as *Herzensbruder*, under which appellation he was himself much talked of, in life and after death, by the thankful people of Vienna. The first coffee-house of Leipsic, established by Joseph Lehmann, still exists as the Arabian Coffee-Tree Restaurant, in the Fleischergasse, with its old sign given it, in 1718, by the Elector Augustus the Strong, who there drank his first cup of coffee. Frederick the Great imposed a heavy duty on coffee as an article of luxury which drained his exhausted realm of a great deal of money, and in a rescript to complainants reminded his subjects that "His majesty the king was nourished in his youth on beer-soup, which is much healthier than coffee."

In England the first coffee-house is believed to have been established at Oxford, in 1651, by a Jew named Jacob, who afterwards opened a similar establishment at Holborn. The use of coffee spread so rapidly that as early as 1660 it became an object of taxation by Parliament, and in 1686, if we may believe the naturalist John Ray, the number of coffee-houses in London at least equalled that of similar establishments in the great Mussulman city of Cairo. Physicians, brewers, Puritans, and witty pamphleteers in vain warned, clamored, preached, and wrote against the exotic heathen beverage, its temples—the "penny universities"—and its votaries. Even the "Women's Petition against Coffee," of 1674, a virulent diatribe, had no more effect than the vehement satires, "A Cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its Colors," and "A Broadside against Coffee," which preceded it. Coffee swept everything before it. In 1685, as Macaulay informs us in his chapter on the state of England in that year, the coffee-houses were already "the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself. . . . . Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth estate of the realm. . . . . Foreigners remarked that the coffee

house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. . . . . There were Puritan coffee-houses, where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee houses, where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits" . . . But why should we repeat in our limited space what good Protestants only believed? We therefore refer our more curious readers for this and many more curious details to Macaulay himself. But we must also hasten to conclude the extracts from our less pretentious French historian. We shall add only a few words on the spread of the coffee-plant over the globe.

The Dutch East India Company, which, about the middle of the sixteenth century, commenced carrying on a lucrative traffic with the coasts of Yemen, not only supplied with coffee the Mohammedans of India and the Sunda Isles, but, in 1690, also transplanted into Java a number of coffee-plants from Mocha and Aden. The island of Java enriched Holland with its own new product, and also became the great nursery for Ceylon and other countries then belonging to the Dutch, including Surinam in South America. The botanical garden of Amsterdam, which received from the same island some young plants, became another nursery, which, by supplying Louis XIV.'s "jardin royal des plantes," subsequently created rival plantations in the island of Bourbon, in Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Domingo, and other West India isles. In Jamaica we discover the first plantations in 1730; in Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America, and in the South American possessions of Spain, as well as in Brazil, at a much later period. The English coffee plantations of Hindostan are even of earlier date than those of Jamaica. Recently the cultivation of the coffee-plant has penetrated also to the Sandwich Isles and other island groups of the Pacific.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1868, *etc.* Edited by Samuel Kneeland, A.M., M.D. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1868.)—This valuable compilation is too well known to need more than the announcement of its appearance in due course. The year 1867 was not signalized by any remarkable discovery in any of the domains of science, but will be memorable for the Paris Exposition of the material progress of the chief peoples of the earth. It appears to us that if the present digest is deficient in anything, it is in presenting pretty fully the admirable applications of science to the arts, and the aids afforded in return by the arts to science, in which the Exposition abounded. We should suppose there could have been no lack of material for this, even in the English language, and certainly none if foreign sources had been diligently searched. The person of average ingenuity, however, will find, as it is enough to stimulate him to further inventions, and enough (in spite of the editor's sifting) to exercise his discrimination upon. For this collection resembles a good deal the cases in the Patent Office at Washington, in which one may again perceive a resemblance to the processes of nature—few realizations amid a profusion of possibilities. Many achievements are here noted which will never fructify, and many facts which time will prove to be falsehoods. Of the latter, not unimportant is the endorsement given to Liebig's artificial food for infants, which some late experiments in France, under good auspices, have shown to be fatally unfit for use; and in France, where the population increases none too fast, this preparation is likely to be proscribed altogether.

The Spirit of Seventy-Six; or, The Coming Woman. A prophetic drama, followed by "A Change of Base" and "Doctor Mondschein." (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.)—A good cause passes through many stages on its way from unpopularity to success; and when, having survived odium and persecution, and met and vanquished the arguments which it has extorted, it reaches the epoch of good-natured opposition, of burlesque and caricature without malice, and satire without a sting, it may know that the beginning of the end is at hand. In this view we have doubly relished the first of the three little comedies above-named, which foreshadows the consequences of female suffrage in a State like Massachusetts, where, as Carberry learns to his horror, there are two hundred thousand more women than men. The play hinges upon the absurdities of a female assessor, a female judge of the Supreme Court, and a female politician, and the ludicrous aspects of a state of society in which women make proposals of marriage to men, and every bachelor is exposed to two hundred thousand offers, more or less. These ideas are carried out with a great deal of humor, and appear to be well adapted for representation. The play has caused a marked sensation in Boston, where it has been acted by some of the *élite* for the benefit of the Cretans. "A Change of Base" is a slighter production, showing what came of one of those messages to a soldier which it was the fashion in Sanitary Commission times for young ladies to wrap up in socks for the army. Miss Flora Fayaway engages herself to a "Complete Letter-writer," *alias* Hezekiah Tarbox, from Skowhegan, Maine, but is saved by evident incompatibility, a maiden companion, and her cousin Captain Dashwood "Doctor Mondschein," a homœopathic physician, by being confounded with the dance called "the German," is made to figure as a supposed poisoner, and in consequence to swallow his own dilutions by the jealous Mr. Backbay. All these plays abound in local allusions, but they will find favor wherever read or acted.

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The Week.

LITTLE but impeachment has engaged the attention of Congress for the week just passed, but that has been well attended to, and the trial moves faster than most people expected. We spoke last week of the decision rendered by the Senate on the question whether the Chief-Justice presided in the trial merely as a substitute for the Vice-President or whether he came into the Senate clothed with some of the powers that belong to him as Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. The latter was the view that Mr. Chase took, and the Senate, for the sake of peace, we imagine, gave him his way. On Wednesday, Mr. Sumner, who had been strenuous in endeavoring to prevent what he considered an arrogant assumption of power, and who was not satisfied with the Senate's decision, returned to the charge, and moved that the Senate should declare that there is no authority in the Constitution for a Chief-Justice's voting in case of a tie vote. By nays 27 to ayes 21 the motion was defeated. The rest of the day was spent in the examination of witnesses, and in arguments by Mr. Stanbery, Mr. Butler, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Bingham on the admissibility of evidence tending to show by means of the acts and words of General Thomas the criminal intent of Mr. Johnson—the General's co-conspirator, as the managers contended; his subordinate officer, as the counsel urged. The arguments were forcible and acute on both sides—more so than on any other day of the trial, so far as it has yet gone. The Senate admitted the evidence. On Thursday and Friday and Saturday the trial proceeded, and the prosecution got in all its evidence. On the last-mentioned day the President's counsel asked for and obtained a delay until to-day. The House adjourned from Saturday until yesterday. The bill exempting most manufactures from internal revenue tax has received the President's signature and become law. On Monday and Tuesday the House was not in session; the Senate's time was profitably spent on various things not of special interest or importance.

The case for the prosecution has brought out little with which the public was not already familiar except Mr. Johnson's telegram to Governor Parsons, of Alabama—perhaps the least defensible of Mr. Johnson's compositions—advising the Legislature of that State not to adopt the Constitutional Amendment, and a letter to Mr. McCulloch informing him that he had suspended Mr. Stanton under the Tenure-of-Office Act. Both these things are undoubtedly very damaging to the defendant; the letter to Mr. McCulloch, in fact, seems to dispose completely of Mr. Johnson's allegation that he violated the act for the purpose of testing its validity; at all events, there is little doubt that it will be looked upon by the Senate, and would be looked upon by a jury, as disposing of it. The telegram to Governor Parsons was, to say the least, a piece of great indecency. General Butler's article covering the bad language at the West has turned out better than anybody expected, except, perhaps, the General himself, and, we are bound to admit, has considerably strengthened the managers' case. The Emory charge has not been strengthened by the evidence, and is as feeble as possible. The case for the prosecution has been extremely well managed, General Butler bearing the burden of it and displaying all his peculiar talent both in the examination of witnesses and the argument of interlocutory points; and though we have little doubt the evidence has disappointed most people, the impression that the trial will result in a conviction has, we think, grown stronger during the week. Chief-Justice Chase has shown admirable tact and temper under somewhat trying circumstances, and, we hope, has abated the suspicions with which some of the extreme Radicals were disposed to regard him at the outset. The Democratic Senators vote always together, both on points of order and points of law, and always in a sense favorable to the President. A small body of Republicans have done the same thing on the other side, but the mass seem to be really acting on their oaths and with complete indifference to party obligations. Chief-Justice Chase's claim to vote received the heaviest blow from Mr. Sumner, who opposed it in a very neat and forcible argument, bristling with very pointed precedents. The President's case will probably be mainly new to the public, and therefore probably more interesting to most readers than that of the prosecution has been.

There was one difficulty about the applicability of English precedents to the question of the Chief-Justice's right to vote which Mr. Sumner overlooked. It is true that the presiding officer of the House of Lords does not vote, unless he is a member of the House. But then, being a member of the House means something more than having a seat in it. Its members belong to a separate order in the state and in society. The House of Lords, therefore, is not simply a legislative body as the Senate is; and the voting of a person who was not a member of it would be something more than participation in its legislative or judicial action; it would be participation in the privileges of a distinct order of persons not legally responsible to the country. In short, the House of Lords is organized on a totally different theory from the Senate. There is one other question on which we should have been glad to have had Mr. Sumner say something—and that is, if "presiding" at impeachment trials means simply putting the question and keeping order, what can be the object of the framers of the Constitution in assigning the Chief-Justice to the work? Would not the ordinary president of the Senate have done it just as well? What room for partiality is there in the discharge of such duties? Can it be that, when the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court was chosen for this service, it was not intended that his legal knowledge and his high character should be in any way brought into play in the conduct of the proceedings? Is it wise or decorous to call away the first judge in the country from his post for whole weeks at a time, to do what Mr. Colfax or Mr. Banks can do just as well?

The Republicans on Monday last failed to elect their candidate for Governor of Connecticut, but they may claim to have carried the State,

for they have largely increased their majority in the Legislature, and the Legislature bestows the great prize of the contest—the seat in the United States Senate for the long term. Mr. Dixon will undoubtedly be ousted. On the gubernatorial vote the majority against the Republicans is increased from about a thousand to about fifteen hundred on the heaviest total vote ever cast in the State—about 99,000. Mr. English's gains were made in the larger towns. In Bridgeport he this year gained 207 on last year's majority; in Hartford he gained 160; and in New Haven he gained no less than 453. As to the last-named city, Mr. English there increases by no less than one-fourth a majority which was itself so large as to excite the gravest suspicions, and there is perfect proof that this year frauds were at least attempted there. We may as well confess to a belief that the 450, more or less, *new* Democratic voters in that city make us think of those 350 other Democratic voters whose names, on the protest of the Republican registrars, were last week stricken from the voting-list. While the Democratic gains are heavy in the large towns, where "colonizing" is possible, the Republicans have made gains in the small towns and rural districts. Thus the Legislature is more Republican than it was last year, and for this reason the party—which, speaking roughly, is a rural party, as the Democratic is an urban party—will not go into the Presidential campaign with any feeling of discouragement. When every town and city in the United States is voting on the same day, and "colonists" and "repeaters" are needed at home, and each State is reduced for its voters to its own citizens, the Republicans of Connecticut will probably be able to give a better account of themselves than they gave on Monday, when, as the *World* says, "the voice of the people" (in the Sixth Ward of Hartford and Fifth Ward of New Haven) "that daunted the bloated tyrants of an hour in March, damns them in April."

The meaning of the Connecticut election is always somewhat difficult to get at, owing to the evenness with which the votes are divided between the two great parties. Very little things are sufficient to turn the scale either way, so that the State is not very valuable as an indicator. The settling of accounts about the matter between the daily papers the day after election, is, however, always amusing, if not instructive. This year there are fewer defaulters and heavy losses than usual, owing to the extreme caution with which the subject was approached by all. The *New York Times*, strange to say, committed itself more freely than any, and has now to answer for having said that the result of the election would give some means of judging of Grant's prospects. The *Tribune* was for a wonder prudent, and consequently has this time avoided trouble and humiliation. Nobody of course doubts the fervency of its Republicanism, but we venture to ask, now that all is over, whether such announcements as that which it so ostentatiously made a few days ago, that it was "the *duty*" of the High Court of Impeachment to be guided in its judicial decisions by "the opinion of the general of our armies," help the Republican party anywhere, or are likely to help General Grant? We hear a great deal of talk continually about the "impolicy" of "criticising" the party—that is, of pointing out its failures and shortcomings and vices. We wish that some of the zeal which is expended on the suppression of this sort of thing were occasionally directed to preventing the utterance of stark nonsense, or worse, by its professed organs. There is no party in this country strong enough, and there never will be one in our time strong enough, to go before the American people with such doctrines about the Senate and the Judiciary as the *Tribune* and *Independent* are gratuitously introducing into this controversy. Let us add that whenever any such party appears, Hobbes's state of nature will not be very far off, and all good men will owe it to their wives and children to barricade their doors, and stock their cellars with provisions and water.

On Monday, voting went on in Michigan and Ohio as well as in Connecticut, and on Tuesday Wisconsin elected Republican Supreme Court Judges by a majority about the same as last year's. In Michigan the vote was on the adoption of a new constitution. It was provided that two propositions should be offered separately—whether there should be annual or biennial sessions of the Legislature, and whether or not the Legislature should pass a compulsory total abstinence law. The question of negro suffrage it was decided not to submit separately. It has caused the rejection of the new constitution by a majority of not far from 10,000 in a State where last year the Republican majority was about 24,000, in 1866 about 29,000, and for years preceding very heavy. It must not, however, be forgotten how very few years it is, how few months, indeed, since North-western Republicans talked under their breath when the possibility of a negro's casting a ballot was mentioned. Probably, taking the party throughout the country, four-fifths of its members would vote for the Michigan amendment, and the four-fifths will be nine-tenths in no long time. In Ohio, the elections of Monday were municipal and not general. There are gains and losses for both sides, and the result is without significance.

The *Tribune* has informed us during the past week, in leaded type, that "General Grant has announced it as his opinion that the only hope of peace for the country is the success of the pending impeachment trial;" and it adds, "When the general of our armies entertains this conviction, there is no room for doubt as to the *duty* of the Senate." As there is every reason to believe that General Grant has never made any such announcement, and that if he had done so he would be the last man to expect the Senate to be influenced by his opinion in the conduct of a judicial proceeding, this story ought not, and we feel sure will not, be allowed to reflect any discredit on him, and in fact, *per se*, is not worth notice. But it throws some additional light on the view entertained by the *Tribune* and *Independent* of the nature of the tribunal which they have in their minds when they talk of the "High Court of Impeachment." Our readers may remember that the *Tribune* announced some weeks ago as well-settled doctrine that the decision of this court on the constitutionality of a law—that is, its interpretation of the written instrument called the "constitution"—was binding on the Supreme Court *in all cases*, and that the judges of the Supreme Court might be impeached and deposed for disregarding it. With the view of ascertaining what rules of interpretation were to be followed in impeachment cases, we looked into the *Independent*, which belongs to the same school as the *Tribune*, but generally goes deeper into the philosophy of these questions, and there found that the Senate ought to be guided to a greater or less degree by letters received from "citizens" in various parts of the country; that in Johnson's case, the law and facts being both well known to everybody, the citizens ought to "burden the mails" with letters demanding his conviction, besides keeping up "unceasing prayer" for the same result. The *Tribune* now goes one step further, and informs us that the "High Court" aforesaid ought also to be guided in the discharge of its judicial duties by the opinions of the general of our armies. It is safe to say that, under these doctrines, if the Senate should adopt them, we shall witness feats of hermeneutics which will put the German commentators to the blush; and we shall have a court which will possess the great merit of absolute novelty. There has been nothing even resembling it since the heathen Oracles were silenced. The presence of the Chief-Justice in his robes, the examination of witnesses, the arguments of counsel, and the citation of precedents, are on this theory all parts of a piece of imposture intended to delude the ignorant.

Another bit of information about Grant has been supplied by Wendell Phillips, who announces that "his drunkenness in the streets of Washington is not denied." The main reasons why charges of this kind, made by persons of Mr. Phillips's school, are not denied, is, first, that the public does not pay much attention to them; and, secondly, that those who make the charges would be the last to take any notice of the denials. But the readiness and frequency with which such charges are made against private character, and the impunity which attends the making of them, and the small amount of sympathy which anybody receives who shows any restiveness under them, are not pleasant to witness. There is a considerable body of agitators engaged in the service of the negro and several other good causes, whose whole stock-in-trade is made up of extravagance and personal abuse. These two things serve them in lieu of history, political economy, jurisprudence, logic,

and metaphysics, "wit, eloquence, and poesy," and every other species of mental furniture that a respectable agitator ought to have; and what makes their performances all the more repulsive is, that they set up to be *moral* politicians *par excellence*. Wendell Phillips has better weapons in his private armory, but he seems to have a chivalrous repugnance to being any better equipped than those whom he leads.

The Washington correspondents are not showing that impartiality in the distribution of titles amongst the impeachment managers which we have urged upon them. Mr. Boutwell has already been dubbed the "Cold and Classical Demosthenes of the House," and both Messrs. Stevens and Butler have also been provided for. We hoped that in the next distribution something would be done for Messrs. Bingham and Wilson; but Mr. Boutwell is again the lucky man. He has received two fresh appellations, either of which would make an ordinary person happy: "The Black-haired Energy of this Impeachment" and "The Steady Wind Blowing Aft." Hole-in-the-Day, The-Man-that's-Afraid-of-His-Horse, and The-Man-that-Walks-under-the-Ground, the distinguished Pawnee braves, had better look after their names during the present crisis, or they may wake up some fine morning and find them gone.

The accounts of the operations of the "Kuklux Klan," the secret organization which has been formed by the Southern "Conservatives" for the purpose of making the South unpleasant for Yankees and negroes—or, to put the matter more plainly, for the purpose of breaking up the Radical organization at the South—are anything but pleasant reading. There are various stories as to the origin of the "Klan," but this is a matter of small importance. What is certain is, that it has established a reign of terror in Tennessee and Georgia, and is spreading into other States. Though the number of well-authenticated outrages committed by it may seem small, they have been of such a nature as to inspire deep apprehension in all the Unionists, black and white. A leading and highly respectable Radical has just been murdered by it in Georgia, and, what is worse, the newspapers applaud its operations. General Meade is taking measures to put it down in Georgia, the most effective of which is making the district in which an outrage is committed pecuniarily responsible for it. We venture to say this will produce much more satisfactory results than the direct pursuit of the members of the "Klan" with soldiers. The success of the "Klan" in Tennessee, of which the papers furnish full and horrible accounts, is a remarkable illustration of the value of the doctrines which have been preached so much during the last year about the efficacy of constitution-making, disfranchisement, and the sending of loyal men to Congress for the "regeneration" and pacification of the South. If these doctrines were sound, Tennessee ought now to be rapidly growing into a perfect garden of delight, for it fulfilled all the required conditions of "regeneration" over a year ago, and has for its governor the most truculent Unionist that ever wept over the flag or cursed a rebel; but the melancholy truth is that it is being barbarized by the absence of law or any signs of law.

There is not the least reason why intelligent American people, men and women, should not choose their own styles of dress as well as the enslaved French. Milton speaks of Custom as "the most cruel and unrelenting of all tyrants," but does not deny the possibility of trepanning Custom's head and putting some sound sense in it. Our republican theory of government will never be realized until the women of the nation are baptized into the idea, scorn receptions and fashion, take hold of higher education and politics and help man to get what he cannot get alone—a just and stable government. These, Mrs. Cady Stanton says, are the views of glorious old Mr. Wade on the woman question. Perhaps they are. But we had very explicit accounts from a press writer of Mr. Wade's views on the working-man question, taken down in short-hand as the words left Mr. Wade's lips, and it afterwards turned out that the correspondent and the whole party travelling with Mr. Wade had grossly misunderstood him. Indeed, Mr. Wade declared still further that the correspondent had grossly misrepresented him. However, Mrs. Stanton may be correct, and may be uncontradicted. The *Courrier des Etats-Unis* seems to think so, for it attacks Mr. Wade with violence—a violence called out probably by his slighting mention of the French. It stigmatizes him as an unveracious man, as a man of the Puritans, "with the hat ever on the head but when he speaks to you of his Bible," as a "Cameronian," as an illiterate person, and one addicted to profanity, as turbulent, cross-tempered, and so on. It is unmeasured abuse, but of an amusing kind, being only half in earnest after all. But Mrs. Stanton's praise is all in earnest, and "future Presidents" and other aspirants for honors will do well to flee from her as a new peril in politics.

There is little news of importance from Europe, except that of the defeat of the Disraeli ministry in the House of Commons on the Irish Church question. The probable consequences of this, as regards the State Church both in England and Ireland, we have discussed elsewhere. The consequences to the Disraeli ministry it is more difficult to forecast, owing to the peculiar mental and moral constitution of its leader. Under ordinary circumstances, he would doubtless appeal to the country by dissolving Parliament. He is not likely to do this on the present occasion for two reasons. One is, that the country would be almost certain to sustain the opposition if it was appealed to, as it would be in case of a dissolution now, on the single question of the Irish Church. The other is, that there will be a dissolution in due course next year under the Recent Reform act, so that to force members to go to the trouble and expense of another election now would be looked on as a pecuniary penalty inflicted on the House for its failure to support the ministry, and would, therefore, be as unpopular amongst Mr. Disraeli's followers as amongst his foes. There is little doubt that he would like to repeat the "little game" of last year, refuse to resign, throw the whole responsibility on the House of Commons, and set himself to work to carry out its will without regard to his own convictions in the matter of the Irish Church, as he did in the matter of Parliamentary reform. But it is tolerably certain that this mode of sticking in office is no longer available. Most of those who followed his lead about the Reform Bill are somewhat ashamed of their course and ashamed of their leader. Moreover, the circumstance that he was once "a gentleman of the press," that he has risen under "the cold shade of aristocracy," and is not ashamed of his origin, as well as the other affecting particulars of his career, do not wear well as political forces. Goldwin Smith, in what would have been a very effective, if it had not been a very ferocious, attack on him, has really laid bare the arts by which he has risen, and they are not arts of which "gentlemen of the press" need feel particularly proud. It is true that, like Burke, "at every step in his life he has been traversed and opposed," that "at every turnpike he has been obliged to show his passport," but it is not true that "all his arts have been manly arts."

In France, the only incident of much importance has been the issue of a pamphlet, either from the Imperial pen or that of somebody in the "Cabinet particulier," entitled, "Les Titres de la Dynastie Napoléonienne," which contains an account of the various popular votes, or "plébiscites," as it is now the fashion to call them in Europe, taken in France on the claims of the Bonapartes to the Imperial power, showing that their authority has been again and again confirmed by overwhelming majorities. The pamphlet, as it only repeats what everybody knew already, would have little importance, if it were not considered to be put forward as a counterblast to the gale of discontent and distrust which is just now blowing against the Imperial dynasty, and which the conscription under the new law is aggravating seriously, having already produced serious disturbances in the south, and which the Emperor's advancing years and growing physical infirmity render doubly alarming. His immediate followers, who owe their all to his rise, are anxious to meet the crisis by increased repression, but he himself is said, either through loss of nerve or growing love of peace and quiet, to be more inclined to conciliation than he has ever been. One indication of the continued ascendancy of the "Mamelukes," however, is the promotion of the Chief of Police to be what is called "Director-General of Public Security," a new office with great police power, and independent of the Ministry of the Interior.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this Journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

NATIONAL DEBT IN EUROPE.

IN speaking some weeks ago of the degradation that would follow any attempt to evade the full payment of the national debt according to the understanding on which it was contracted, we expressed the opinion that, if the United States followed the advice of the repudiators, its companions in disgrace in the money markets of the world would be Turkey, Spain, and Greece only, and that it would not enjoy the society and sympathy of any first-class powers. We are now, however, enabled to state, for the consolation of the repudiators, that it seems likely that Austria and Italy will, before long, to use General Butler's elegant phrase, "take all seeming or actual wrong from their debt" by clapping a heavy income-tax on the interest paid to the public creditors. We cannot say that either of these powers stands high amongst the nations of the world. The first is a decayed trickster and bully, which is not, correctly speaking, entitled to be called a nation at all, but is a conglomeration of races, built up in the Middle Ages and projected into the modern world, rather as a relic of things long passed away than as a living political organization, with an honor and aspirations of its own. Italy, too, has not much to boast of as a nation either in the past or present. It has struggled into independence by foreign aid, and, thus far, has not shown its ability to hold its own single-handed against any of its neighbors, and is beset by internal difficulties such as most other countries have taken centuries to overcome, and which it would certainly not reflect any great discredit on Italian statesmen to be foiled by.

There is no denying that Austria at least enjoys the style and title of a first-class power, and Italy, if in the second rank, may be said to stand at the very head of it, inasmuch as her population and the size of her army would, were she united and organized, place her in the first rank. Therefore, there is some consolation in the fact that both governments are said to be about to tax the interest on their bonds—Austria to the tune of ten per cent., and Italy of about eight. The thing is a flagrant breach of faith, for the simple reason that their creditors are nearly all foreigners, and that the loans were all raised in London, Paris, and Amsterdam, in return for bonds like our own, bearing a certain annual interest, or, in other words, for fixed annuities; but the takers certainly never undertook to share the fortunes of the Austrian empire or Italian kingdom, or to take the chance of their taxation being light or heavy, or their finances well or ill managed. Of course, the class of persons who buy government securities which are already subjected to taxation, or which are well known to be liable to it, have nothing to complain of, be they native or foreigners, as long as the burden is inflicted on all kinds of income equally. They know their risks before they take them. But when a government says to a foreigner, Lend us one hundred dollars, and we will pay you six dollars a year for it as long as we keep it, and pay you off at the end of twenty years, or pay you fifteen dollars a year for twenty years, and then be quits—and after he has advanced the money, and the bargain has been closed, and old men and widows and orphans have settled down into dependence on it, it suddenly turns round and says that it finds itself rather straitened, and has determined to retain sixty cents a year out of the six dollars by way of interest, it is simply guilty of what in a private individual is called swindling. Yet this is what the Italians and Austrians talk of doing.

The reason they talk of doing it is not that they are ignorant of the nature of the transaction they propose. They understand it perfectly well, and discuss the matter both in the Parliament and Reichsrath with all the moaning and groaning which become honorable men. But the fact is, that money they must have, and money is not to be had in any other way. The alternative presented to them, they say, is death or cheating, and the public creditor, they say, surely cannot hesitate between total loss and partial loss. Ever since Louis Napoleon ascended the French throne, the increase of armaments which his existence has everywhere made necessary, has driven all European governments into borrowing, and, unluckily for them, they for many years found borrowing easy. The thirty-five years of peace between Waterloo and the *coup d'état* were a period of extraordinary prosperity, and the accumulation of capital which took place during these years in England, Holland, Belgium, and France, as the result of the rapid growth of commerce and manufactures in all these countries, was enormous. The consequence was, that when Europe settled down after the establishment of the Empire, governments found that they had only to stretch out their hands, in all the great markets, in order to have their treasury filled, and they certainly have not failed to improve their opportunities. There has not been one of them, except England and Prussia, which has not gone on ever since making a deficit every year regularly, and filling it with a loan. The increase in the sum total of their debts has consequently been something frightful. Even Turkey has found the means of borrowing, and Spain has given some signs not of honesty, but of reviving hope and unabated impudence, and the Southern Confederacy began to borrow before it was three months in existence.

Things have gone on swimmingly until now. The interest has been regularly paid by the aid of fresh loans, and the ingenuity of the human race has been taxed, as it never has been taxed before, for the invention and production of fresh instruments of destruction. Ease in borrowing begot and stimulated ease in spending; and the confidence and extravagance of the governments seemed to communicate itself to all fields of enterprise, till the crash came at last in 1866, after the battle of Sadowa, and now no government has a chance of a loan on any foreign market. To use Mr. Goschen's words, in his article, "Two per Cent.," in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, "capital has struck" against all kinds of investments. The loan markets were closed to ministers of finance. Capitalists have begun to see that the only result of their confidence and liberality has been to provide their debtors with enormous fleets and armies, with which they are now waiting to fly at each other's throats, with a fair prospect of destroying what is left of their substance.

The means to which Austria and Italy are resorting to get out of their difficulties is, however, a striking illustration of the growth of public morality and of governmental power and organization. Five hundred years ago, a monarch who found himself short, and unable to pay his creditors, either adulterated the coinage, or increased its nominal value by proclamation or legal enactment. These were the only modes of cheating creditors then in use, as obligations having a long period to run were, for obvious reasons, unknown. The burden of taxation he could not increase, because, in his easiest times, he raised every cent on which he could lay hands. Nowadays, however, there is no government in the world that would dare to resort to this device; there is probably no public man in Europe who would venture to propose it, well knowing the ridicule and opprobrium of which he would make himself the object. The nearest approach made to it in our day is the Western proposal to pay the public debt in greenbacks, but the advocates of this scheme are blinded to its real nature by the fact that the new greenback they would issue for the purpose would, to the natural eye, be precisely the same thing as the greenback which they every day see passing as good money. Governments, therefore, either raise forced loans, by the issue of legal-tender paper, or they clap on taxation where they promised not to tax, or where people never expected them to tax. They do as Spain and Greece have done—refuse to meet their liabilities on the simple plea of want of funds, and inability to raise them. Either plan shows some progress in morality; and the amount that may be realized, or rather saved, by clapping on an income-tax, is a striking evidence of the progress of society both in wealth and confidence, inasmuch as it shows the amount of money which people in our day put in the power of governments without any tangible pledge or security.

With regard to the future, the Duc de Broglie, in a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, pointed out what he considers a source of insecurity with regard to all diplomatic engagements, from which many European economists fear there will flow, for a while at least, similar insecurity with regard to all financial engagements contracted by governments. His theory is that heretofore the monarch, or at

least a very small knot of statesmen, in every European country, represented the nation, and to all intents and purposes were the nation, and thought of themselves as the nation. Moreover, their successors, with their power, inherited their traditions and reputation, and regarded all their engagements very much in the light of their own engagements, and, if they violated them, had to incur personal odium, and vindicate their conduct before a small and therefore powerful circle of their fellows. Now all this is changed or changing. Statesmen are, owing to the rise of democracy, becoming more and more nearly the agents of the people, and do not pretend to do more than execute the popular will.

Now the people, these financiers say, are as yet too new to the work of government, and too unfamiliar with the idea of national responsibility, to be very particular about breaking pecuniary engagements which they find inconvenient. The shame of the breach of faith, too, has to be distributed amongst so many persons, that no individual feels it sufficiently keenly to rouse him into any decided action against a course from which he derives material benefit; and therefore, it is said, we may confidently look for a period both of great extravagance and widespread repudiation, until the democracy, having got settled firmly in its seat, begins to respect itself, and learns to reverence its own plighted faith. Any sign of moral weakness on this point in this country strengthens these apprehensions; but judging from the effect produced by the discussions of the last two months, we cannot help feeling that the democracy on this side of the water will show that the morality of the masses, when applied to public affairs, is not only as good as that of oligarchies, but vastly better.

THE FALL OF THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

The vote in the House of Commons on Mr. Gladstone's resolutions providing for the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, do not ensure its immediate abolition, nor do they even ensure its being finally and completely dealt with by the present Parliament. They simply put a stop to any fresh appointments to livings in the gift of the Government, or to the appointment of bishops to any sees that may hereafter become vacant. In fact, it is not at all likely that even the reformed Parliament will put it out of existence at once. The plan adopted will probably be to dispose of the various livings as they become vacant by the death of the actual incumbents—thus avoiding all perplexing questions of compensation. But where the livings are the property of private individuals—which, we believe, in Ireland is rare—or of corporations like Trinity College, Dublin, which holds a great number of them, compensation will of course have to be made on some fixed scale. The effects of the change on the spiritual condition of the people will be small. In districts in which the establishment really supplies a popular demand, the worshippers will be able to maintain the church and clergyman by their voluntary contributions, with diminished dignity perhaps, but still with quite as great efficiency as now. Dissent in Ireland is practically extinct, though thirty years ago both Methodism and Congregationalism may be said to have flourished. In a very large portion of the country, however, Protestantism will totally disappear with the downfall of the Church, and the handful of Protestant worshippers be left without any religious ministrations whatever. Whether they will suffer by this is, however, more than doubtful, as the ministers paid by the state to instruct congregations of this size are very rarely of much value from a spiritual point of view. In fact, the Irish clergy, except in Dublin and one or two other large cities, have themselves been for long years a standing illustration of the badness of the system to which they belong. What with their want of intelligent society, their unfortunate relations with their Catholic neighbors, who look on them as the outposts of a foreign army, their close connections with the Protestant gentry, whose relations with their Catholic neighbors are nearly as bad, and the demoralizing influence of a false position, they may be said to have done nothing for religion, and little or nothing for learning. A more deplorable history than theirs, considering what the state has done for them, from a literary point of view, no body of clergy in Europe has to show. The Irish bishoprics, too, have, when not given to Englishmen, been generally bestowed as rewards for political service of a low order rendered by the appointee's relatives. One or two great houses may be said to have had bishoprics in the family. In fact, taken for all in all, a viler abuse, one with fewer redeeming traits, fewer historical claims to the sympathy or consideration of any intelligent human being, than the Irish Church, has never fallen before the reformer's axe.

Its downfall is undoubtedly the indirect result of the war in this country; and that this should be one of the results of the war is another singular illustration of the reactionary influence of this country on the history of England. The success of the Revolution undoubtedly prevented a serious change in the form of the English Government under George III. The success of republican institutions had much to do with rousing and keeping alive the discontent which ended in the passage of the Reform Bill and the triumph of Catholic Emancipation in 1830–2. It is now certain that the success or failure of the renewed struggle for an extension of the franchise, which began after the repeal of the corn-laws and continued very freely during the ensuing ten years, turned on the result of the rebellion here. Had the rebellion ended in a disruption of the Union, and a consequent breakup of the North into one or more confederacies, there is hardly a doubt that no change in the distribution of the franchise in England would have been made, at least during the lifetime of this generation, and it was the secret consciousness of its bearing on English affairs which excited the interest with which Englishmen watched the struggle—an interest such as they have never shown in any foreign conflict since the contest of the Dutch with Philip II. and Louis XIV., when England was believed to be looked on by the Pope and his vassals as a choice morsel to be devoured last. The war here bred the Fenians, and the Fenians, to the eternal disgrace of English statesmen, have secured for Irish affairs a kind and degree of attention such as they have never before received from English legislators.

It is difficult to believe, however, that the effect of the abolition of the Irish Church will be confined to Ireland. In abolishing it, two important principles which have long formed the subject of controversy are conceded. One is, that church property has not the rights or incidents of private property, and may be disposed of by the legislature on general considerations of expediency. The other is, that the maintenance of a state church which is not the church of the majority, is not justifiable. Now, the last of these principles, placed in the hands of the reformed Parliament, must lead—and one might almost venture to say before long—to some serious state-meddling with the English Church itself. Owing to a variety of circumstances, the hold of that Church on the country of late years has been seriously weakened. In the first place, the feeling of the uselessness of all ecclesiastical establishments has greatly increased under the influence of the general growth of political radicalism, which the writings of "the philosophers," as they are now called—meaning Mill, Goldwin Smith, and their followers—have of late years done so much to promote, even amongst the middle classes. In the next place, the religious revival, or—as this is a technical phrase already appropriated by a very different phenomenon—the increasing interest in religious questions which the growth of political radicalism has done much to promote, has made a serious rent in the Church itself. The Broad Churchmen have, during the last ten years, been becoming more and more heterodox, and while increasing, if anything, in earnestness, have embraced and are proclaiming opinions on such questions as the atonement and future punishment, which they insist upon holding, and have successfully vindicated their legal right to hold, within the pale of the Church, and they have almost, if not quite, succeeded in taking possession of Oxford University.

This, combined with their own natural tendencies, has driven the High Churchmen into still more advanced positions, and they now make pretensions and have adopted ceremonies which have secured for them the character, as well as the name, of a new sect. The Ritualists of to-day, in fact, are as far in advance of the High Churchmen of twenty years ago as the latter were then in advance of the Low Churchmen, and the gulf between them and the Broad Churchmen is perhaps wider than any that has ever divided men belonging to the same religious organization. A feeble attempt is now being made to restrain the former within limits satisfactory to the public, by the appointment of a commission of enquiry, which has recommended the

bestowal on the bishop of the power of controlling clergymen in their use of forms without appeal. But this will hardly be very effective, for two reasons: Some of the bishops are Ritualists themselves; others will be too timid to push the Ritualists to the wall lest it should precipitate what everybody now begins to fear is at hand—a complete schism.

In the meantime, the effect of the conflict on the general public mind is very injurious to the Establishment. It is getting the country into the habit of looking at the clergy as foolish and quarrelsome persons whom Parliament and the courts will have to take in hand, and is exposing them every day to the contemptuous denunciations of the secular press—even to those of papers like the *Spectator*, which make an open profession of strong religious feeling. Moreover, it is completing that alienation of the body of the people which began with the rise of Nonconformity more than two centuries ago, and which, under one form or other, and with varying degrees of force, has ever since been sapping the foundations of the Establishment. The accounts one hears at present of the effect of Ritualism in driving away from the parish church in large districts all but a few farmers who are in some way under obligations to the clergymen, and sending them to the dissenting chapels, or keeping them at home on Sundays, are very striking. Moreover, the growth of the sacerdotal character amongst the clergy, which Ritualism promotes, increases their intolerance of temper and manner, thus widening the breach of feeling between the clergy and the people which the social position and training of the former have always created, and which has been one of the curses of the Church and of the country. And—though this is, of course, a minor cause of irritation—those of the clergy who are justices of the peace administer the law, especially under obnoxious acts, with more than usual stringency—a circumstance which can be readily accounted for by certain features in clerical education which we have not time to discuss here—which, when commented on by the press as it is now, fans the flame of popular dislike.

It is hardly possible, therefore, that the English Church, with all these causes of dissolution at work within it, can long escape disagreeable overhauling at the hands of the reformed Parliament, particularly as the very first work that Parliament will be called on to do will be the abolition of the sister Establishment in Ireland. The strength of the English Establishment lies almost wholly now in the fact that it is property—a fact which, in the days when men were hanged for petty theft, was sufficient in England to cover almost any abuse, but which has of late years lost a great deal of its strength. Still, when one remembers the enormous sums invested in Church livings—the number of scions and dependents of wealthy families that hold them—and the close alliance of the landed gentry with the Church, as a political institution and moneyed corporation, one cannot look for any change without a desperate struggle, and perhaps a protracted one.

THE LAW OF POPULATION.

The last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence* contains an article, by Dr. Nathan Allen, on the "Law of Population," in which he repeats at considerable length the opinions on the same subject which made so much stir when produced by him before the Social Science Association some time ago in Boston. He gives the various theories of population propounded by Matthews, Sadler, Doubleday, Herbert Spencer, Richards, and others, and pronounces them all erroneous, for the somewhat singular reason that they are "so variable and contradictory." He then brings forward his own law, which, though not thrown into a formula, as it ought to be, is, as nearly as we can make out, that where women are properly trained, they will be healthy, and will marry and bear children in such numbers that population will increase; that where they are not properly trained, and are consequently not healthy, they will marry as much as usual, but will have few or no children, and population will decrease.

He has deduced this law "from the evidences of the ill health of New England women, as gathered from travellers, miscellaneous writers, newspapers, journals, and medical books and physicians," coupled with the decline going on, as he believes, from his own examination of certain town registers, in the size of New England families; and he fortifies his position by an elaborate exposition of the condition of the female frame in health, and the departures from this standard which are discoverable in the physical condition of the average New England women of our day. This departure he ascribes to the faultiness of the present style of dress, to the abstinence of American women from household labor, to their general neglect of exercise, and, finally, to over-cultivation of their minds both during their school-days and afterwards:

"Nowhere else," he exclaims, "is female education carried to such an extent as in New England. It is true there have been at former periods, and are at the present day, among the European nations, women distinguished for a profound knowledge of books, of the sciences, and for learning generally; but with no nation or people upon the globe can so large a number of highly educated young women be found as in New England. Now this education seems a noble, a grand, a magnificent thing for the female; but in obtaining it what are the effects upon her physical system, and what are to be the results upon posterity?

"The nervous temperament becomes altogether too predominant, the brain and nervous system are cultivated in undue proportion to other parts of the body. There is an excessive activity of the brain, a kind of precociousness in its development, a smartness and a brilliancy in the mental training and character of our girls, that can nowhere else be found. It is a growth too much like that of plants reared in a hothouse, that cannot bear outside exposure."

Now, the apparent difference in the fertility of the native and foreign-born women in New England is a difference which is observed in all countries between the women of an educated, thoughtful, prudent, and somewhat fastidious race and those of a comparatively ignorant, unreflecting, improvident, and coarsely-bred one. The lower a race or class stands in the scale the faster it breeds, provided its food is sufficient to maintain a low state of health. This may not be universally true, but it has been observed in such a number of cases that Dr. Allen's theory, that the native New Englanders have fewer children than the Germans or Irish around them because their physical condition is inferior and their mental culture higher, is shown to be nearly worthless. The women of the Irish or English aristocracy are not noted for their bad health, and yet their families cannot be compared to those of English hinds or to those of Irish laborers during the potato period. There are certain cantons of Switzerland in which the women are as strong and ignorant as Dr. Allen could desire, and in which population has remained stationary for generations, owing to the simple fact that few parents have more than two children. We have rarely seen stronger or more robust-looking women than those of the Saxons of Transylvania, and they are as stupid as any friend of humanity need wish to see, and yet the population of the colony has not increased for over a century, and it is now declining rapidly, while the wretched Slovacks and Wallachians around them are breeding like rabbits. Ever since the Revolution the population of France—not in Paris simply, but in the country districts—has increased but very slowly if at all—very slowly, indeed, compared with the days when grass-fed peasants reared their swarms of brats to cover the roads with beggars, and whiten the battle-fields of the Low Countries with their bones. Dr. Allen notices this circumstance himself. "One hundred years ago," he says, "the birth-rate of France was equal to that of any of the nations in Europe, but since the present century commenced, the number of births has been every year approximating nearer and nearer to that of the deaths." "Fifty years ago the average number of children to each married woman in France was five; it was afterwards reduced to four, and now to three in the rural districts and provinces, and to only two in Paris and other cities." "What can be the causes of such a change?" he then asks, and answers that "he can allude to only a few of them." As a matter of fact, however, he "alludes" to one only, and that one is a pure assumption of his own, set up apparently to support his theory about the population of New England, viz., "that the French women"—whom he pronounces very like the New England women—"are very much given to the enjoyments of society, to amusements and light literature," and "have tried to make domestic labor and household duties as easy as possible."

If Dr. Allen had gone about his work in the right way, he would have asked himself whether, about the time that the size of French families began to diminish, any great change occurred in the social condition of the people; and, having thus put himself on the right scent, a very little reading would have shown him that about fifty years ago the French were suddenly raised from a condition of abject misery into one of comparative comfort and independence; that their food and clothing were greatly improved; their intelligence greatly stimulated by their relief from feudal burdens; that the standard of living has ever since been steadily rising amongst them, and the proportion of the national wealth to population steadily increasing. He would then have asked himself whether this has not had something to do with the decline in the size of French families; whether the various careful students of French society who have discussed the sub-

ject have been totally mistaken in thinking that this and the great standing armies combined have had everything to do with it; and he would then in his enumeration of causes probably have "alluded to" the French Revolution, and said nothing, or next to nothing, about the French women's love of "amusements and light literature," and their devotion "to fashion in dress."

In fact, judging from Dr. Allen's "allusion" to the case of France as one of his proofs, we are afraid he knows very little about French women. If he did, he would certainly not charge the mass of them with such devotion to "amusements or light literature," or dress, as to cause them to neglect their children, or not wish to have children. Out of Paris there are probably no more careful, painstaking, and economical mothers in the world. The women of the provinces are devoted to their children with a devotion such as is certainly very rare either in England or America. They take an amount of pains with their education, and make exertions to provide them with a dowry or a good start in life, such as are seen in no other country. So far from being extravagant in their dressing, they are models of simplicity, of neatness, and of good taste, which American women, who go to France, would do well to copy, but don't. Moreover, we venture to say that more marriages are due in France to the desire of having children, and fewer to the desire for companionship merely, than in any other European country; and that the relations between parents and children, and especially between children and their mother, are nowhere marked by greater tenderness, sympathy, and intimacy. In fact, it is as well established as anything of the kind can be, that the great cause of the falling off in the French population has been the growth of a feeling of responsibility about children, about their education and their career. We admit this feeling may readily become morbid, and we think in France it is becoming morbid, and, of course, there is a considerable admixture of simple selfishness in it, but it has always been sadly deficient amongst the Anglo-Saxon race, and, we honestly confess, we should like to see it in greater measure amongst those Irish and German breeders in Massachusetts to whose performances Dr. Allen points with so much satisfaction. Let us add that, as the world grows in moral and religious culture, this feeling of responsibility is sure to increase, and, wherever it increases, men and women will hesitate more and more about charging themselves with the burden of large families, no matter what the state of their health may be. We are certainly not able to say in what way the demands of their moral and physical nature are eventually to be reconciled. That they will be reconciled somehow we do not doubt, but we can say with certainty that God never intended people to bring human beings into the world to whose physical, mental, and moral training they were unable to pay proper attention, and for whose happiness they were unable to make reasonable provision.

What Dr. Allen says about the effects of over-cultivation in the health of New England women must also be taken with great caution. On this point he talks with just the same looseness and want of exact knowledge as about the character and habits of French women. There are no statistics to show what is the effect of book-learning on women's brain. What has been said about it thus far is all guesswork, and Dr. Allen seems to guess with more than common wildness. He has heard of girls being overworked at school and falling into bad health afterwards, and he has probably known cases in which married women of a literary turn had no children; but how much their devotion to literature had to do with it, or whether it had anything whatever to do with it, he had not, and could not have, any means of knowing; and yet he has no hesitation in making in a professedly scientific essay such extravagant assertions as this: "In the whole range of history very few instances can be cited where a married woman distinguished for talent and devoted to literary pursuits had a large, or even medium-sized, family of children." To expose the fallacy and inaccuracy of this would require, easy as it would be, more space and a deeper descent into details than we can here afford. He uses, too, the phrase "higher education" evidently without attaching any exact meaning to it, just as many newspaper writers use the phrases "ripe scholar" and "accomplished gentleman." There are very few "highly educated" women in the absolute sense of the term either in Massachusetts or anywhere else—not, we venture to say, one in every thousand. Women are usually spoken of as "highly educated" in comparison with other women, but in order to know what this means or form an idea whether "high education" has injured woman physically, we must know what the standard by which they are judged is. Many women are called "highly educated" because they speak French, play on the piano, and are familiar with "the use of the globes;" but Dr. Allen will have some trouble in persuading us that this kind of learning impairs women's vitality.

The fact is, that the absence of all machinery for the supply to women of a really "high education," and the absence of all motive for devoting themselves to severe brain labor, has left us without any means of judging what the effect of deep and protracted mental labor on women *as a class* would be. As matters stand, we have no means of forming any conclusion on the subject worth the notice of a scientific man. On the other hand, abundant materials exist for forming a conclusion of true value as to the effects on female health of the want of mental training of any kind, of the want of any absorbing pursuits, or of all incentive to strenuous and protracted effort, with its attendant nervous strain, and we venture to say if Dr. Allen will go to work in this field he will produce results of considerable importance. Within the area of our own observation, which has been of about average extent, we have known many demonstrable cases of women made delicate from want of anything particular to do, but we have never known one in which the constitution was injured by hard study. We presume most of our readers have had the same experience.

Dr. Allen's theory with regard to the effect of mental culture on women's physical condition would, if true, open up a very gloomy future, because it would show that, in order to prevent the extinction of the human race, one half of it will have to be kept from exerting their highest powers. We do not think that any doctrine should be repudiated because it is disagreeable; but this one is not only disagreeable, but, as we believe, has no foundation in facts. We know that cultivation has not diminished the physical powers of men. The male portion of the species, in fact, seems to gain in physical endurance as it gains in intelligence. The educated man, taken from the college or the counting-house, is found in our day to bear even the exhausting demands of service in the ranks in time of war more readily than the peasant from the plough. The officer, too, in nine cases out of ten, bears fatigue, cold, and hunger better than the private, and although the sudden and prodigious demands made on human energies by the recent improvements in transportation and other communication are bearing hard on the present generation, and slightly increasing the number of cases of nervous disease, this strain will hardly last very long. Society will adjust itself to the railroad and the telegraph, and the social pulse will gradually fall and enable men to live more healthily. In fact, modern history is full of proof that the human brain adapts itself to circumstances; that it does not outgrow the rest of the body, but carries it along with it, and makes it a sharer in all its triumphs; and that we may fairly count on the ability of the muscular and nervous systems to answer in the long run all the demands made on them by the understanding.

If this be true of men, we think we may confidently predict that it will be found true of women also, and that we may call on them to do with their brains everything of which the Almighty has made their brains capable, without the least fear that any function of the body, and particularly the most important one of all, will in the long run suffer thereby. We no more believe that He intended women to be kept uncultivated in order that they might bear children than He intended laborers to be kept ignorant that they might dig and delve more effectively, and yet this last doctrine was for centuries firmly held by persons as wise as Dr. Allen. It may be safely said that in all that regards the preservation of the species and its moral and material improvement, if each individual will do his own duty, the general result will be perfectly satisfactory. As Mr. Austin has well remarked, the sentiment of love is one of the strongest and most valuable of the social bonds; but it is, nevertheless, not necessary that every time a lover kisses his sweetheart he should do so with an eye to the general weal.

ITALIAN LIBRARIES.

INTIMATELY connected with the question of general education is the question of the maintenance of public libraries, whose florid existence under the old dynasties was generously and permanently secured. To go no further back in our researches, and to allow them no wider range, than Florentine libraries in the grand-ducal times, we find that one and all were maintained with decency, not to say affluence. The Palatina alone cost the state 40,000 francs; the Magliabecchiana, idem; the minors were proportionately fostered. In these days, with an Italian parliament sitting in the capital, the entire sum allotted to the National Library (the Palatina and Magliabecchiana united) is 16,000 francs, of which 8,000 go in wages, keeping the building in order, etc., 7,000 in subscriptions to serial publications, so that but 1,000 francs—two hundred dollars—remain for the purchase of books! This fact, commented on by moderate as well as radical papers, has caused the public to ask, "Who 's to blame?" This time it is impossible to cause "the responsibility to ascend," as the phrase goes, to either Government or King. The libraries are regulated by the municipal authorities,

and, if they were to vote the enormous sums that go in *official* fireworks and illuminations to the library, the current literature of Europe might be purchased—and if in reality their funds do not suffice, they could appeal to Parliament, who, for shame's sake, would vote a subsidy. The question raised has led me to turn to the volume published by Natoli on Italian libraries, and, assuredly, if *numbers* of works count, Italy is ahead of all the nations in the world.

The first library was founded in Italy by Cassiodorus, minister of Theodoric, King of the Goths, at Squillace. It contains the ancient authors of the sixth century. From this first library to that of the manuscripts preserved by the churches, especially at Milan, Lucca, and Vercelli, in the ninth and tenth centuries, to the celebrated ones of Montecasino, Bobbio Pomposa, Nonantola, founded in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, to the libraries of the Renaissance in the fourteenth, chief among which was that of St. Mark, in Venice, founded by Petrarch by the gift of his own books in 1362, that of the Dukes of Urbino (fifteenth century), those of the Medici in the Vatican (sixteenth century), down to our own time, the number of libraries has increased to 210, of which 164 are public. The total number of volumes contained in them is 4,149,281, whereas Great Britain possesses but 1,771,493. Among these, theological and religious works figure largely, modern books bear but a small proportion, and foreign works are almost excluded. This anomaly is explained by the fact that up to 1860 Italy had left her libraries in the exclusive keeping of the priests, who shared their custody with police commissaries. Since 1860, it is true that the purchase of theological works may be said to have ceased, and what works have been added are scientific and literary; but alas! these have been few indeed, owing to two causes: 1st, That the men who superintend the public libraries spend such sums as they have at their disposal in the acquisition of rare editions oftener than they ought; 2d, That Italy, or rather her legislators, lavish in all else, are parsimonious in all that relates to intellectual pursuits; and while the British Museum has an annual sum of $50,000, the Berlin Library $100,000, the Paris Bibliothèque Impériale $30,000, the entire sum spent in Italy for her 164 public libraries is $153,264, the larger portion of which sum goes in the repairs of buildings, pay of servants, handsome bindings, etc.

As a statistical curiosity, we may observe that the average of readers from September to April is 551,194; from May to October, 386,276; that the annual average of books demanded is 989,000, of which 262,000 are works on fine arts, 183,528 on mathematics and natural science, 70,537 philosophical, 194,000 legal, 10,179 encyclopædic, and but 54,491 "sacred" works—which figures prove that the study of "sacred things" is at a great discount in Italy. The province of Campania is the most studious; next comes Lombardy, then Piedmont, then Sicily; Tuscany, richer in libraries than any other province—Tuscany, which claims to be the Athens of Italy, has fewer students than any other portion of the peninsula. All the libraries are rich, of course, in manuscripts and *incunabula*, or editions of the fourth century, the rarest editions of succeeding ages, and in autographic works. The Montecasino Library (sixth century) contains 800 volumes of manuscripts of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, 100 diplomas and Papal bulls dating from the year 744, and 45,000 of the most ancient records. The Lorenziana, of Florence, founded by Cosmo il Vecchio, contains, among other gems of illuminated manuscripts, a prayer-book in four volumes, illuminated by Bartolomeo and Giov. di Antonio; a New Testament, with 37 miniatures, by Filippo Torelli; a parchment missal, illuminated by the brothers Gherardo and Monte del Faro; and a diary by Ottavante degli Ottavanti. Among its manuscripts we find Justinian's Pandects (sixteenth century), a Virgil (of the fourth), the Amiatura Bible (of the sixth), Tacitus (ninth), Æschylus and Sophocles (eleventh), Cicero's Letters (of the twelfth), and the copy of both these by Petrarch; a Greek Bible, of the ninth; a Homer, of the tenth; a Boccaccio, copied from the original, by Mannelli; the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini; Petrarch's original letters; one hundred manuscript copies of the Divina Commedia, etc., etc.

The National Library includes the Magliabecchiana and the Palatina, united in 1862; the former possesses 9,000 manuscripts, the latter 3,000, forming the collection of Galileo and his school. I must not be tempted into a description of the treasures of either—of gems which look dull enough on paper, but whose very names would make a bibliomaniac's mouth water. What is more to the purpose of the general public is to know that the library is being gradually reduced to serviceable order; that the attendants are civil; the reading-room warm, airy, and well lighted, and that the authors' catalogue is well-nigh completed. Only in the British Museum Library is perfection yet attained in this respect; there you have but to know "what's your subject," and the object-catalogue gives you a list of all the books that treat of it, while the authors' catalogue gives you date, edition, and place in the library; and, as England owes all this to an Italian—Panizzi, of Modena—there is no reason to doubt that his countrymen may achieve the same result at home, if only the sinews of war be furnished. One very convenient system for borrowers, but very injurious to the general preservation of the library, is that of allowing readers to take books home; true, each has to furnish the name of a respectable referee, but the librarian tells me that no end of books get lost, while I have verified frequently the absence of valuable maps and plates. Still, taken as a whole, the capital has brought no greater boon to students than the National Library in the splendid halls of the Uffizi.

Reluctantly I must also slur over the National Library of Milan, with its 1,916 fourth-century volumes; its 913 Aldine editions; its fourteenth-century novel, "Jehosaphat in India," illuminated by Bons, Duchess of Savoy, when she came as bride of Galeazzo Visconti; its entire collection of the engravings of the *Cabinet du Roy au Louvre*, many by Albert Dürer; its six autograph letters of Galileo, its Fra Paolo Sarpi manuscripts, etc.

The Ambrosiana, also in Milan, boasts of 1,035 fourth-century volumes; a Virgil, printed in Venice, 1470; Valdarser's Decameron, 1471; a Virgil with marginal notes by Petrarch—and grieves over the theft of a volume full of writings and drawings by Leonardo da Vinci by the "Liberators" in 1796.

Modena has her Palatina, with 67 of the rarest Eastern manuscripts, her Latin and Greek parchments.

Cesena boasts of her Malatestiana, and the store set by that city on her antique gems may be guessed by the casket in which she keeps them. She possesses 344 of the rarest parchment manuscripts, some of the ninth century exquisitely illuminated, and many gorgeously bound in gold and set with jewels, and keeps them in a special hall, in the form of a basilica. The three naves are separated by columns of Grecian marble; between the columns of the side aisles are *plutei* or reading desks, of the finest ancient workmanship, 29 on each side, and the manuscripts are chained to the desk after the custom of those times when, before the invention of printing, each volume cost on the average, $116. On either side the desks is the escutcheon of the Malatesta family, and the crest and name of Novello Malatesta, who founded the library, is cut in marble on the pavement in various places.

Space forbids me to even touch on the Trinità of Cava dei Tirreni, on the Ventimiliana of Catania, on the famous University Library of Bologna, on the Nazionale of Parma, the Nazionale of Naples, the Comunale of Palermo, the Universitaria of Pisa. Each city of Italy possesses its own library, and all that relates to the local history, ancient and modern, may be found therein—a valuable fact this for the historian who, from the separate life-history of the "hundred cities," shall set himself to the gigantic test of compiling the history of united Italy. Something of this kind, by the way, has been effected by the wayward, wondrous, gifted Ferrari, who, in order to complete his "Guelphs and Ghibellines," travelled from city to city, and made notes of the origin, stories, manners, and customs of each.

Of the Vatican Library Mr. Murray gives all necessary information. Of St. Mark's we have as yet no precise information, but from the few days I spent there last year I should say that for contemporary literature, home and foreign, it beats all the other libraries put together. Of German books there is naturally an ample supply, and every book that I asked for in English I found.

W. M.

FLORENCE, March 20.

Correspondence.

FRANKLIN'S COURT DRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In your remarks upon the costumes of our foreign ministers—"the great dress question"—you very naturally refer to the well-known fact that Franklin, while representing this country at the Court of Versailles, appeared before the King at a drawing-room, or whatever the occasion may be called, in the dress of a private citizen instead of a court dress, which the etiquette of the court required.

A great deal has been said about that circumstance, and I imagine it has had no little influence upon the minds of our Secretaries of State and other public men when dealing with the question of dress.

Are all the facts and circumstances of that case known? How came Dr. Franklin, who had had much experience of court etiquette, who, we have reason to believe, was particular in the matter of dress, and who, up to

that time, had conformed to the etiquette of the courts where he appeared, to appear at court at that time in citizen's dress? Is the subject spoken of in any contemporary letters from Paris? I think not. The subject of dress had not, at that time, attracted any attention in this country. Our public men had been reared under a regal government; were accustomed to court manners, court usages, and court dresses—Dr. Franklin among the rest—and they did not look upon such things as we do now. General Washington, even, established something like court manners and court etiquette—a "Republican Court," as Griswold calls it—which, at that time, seemed quite proper to the American people.

But to return to Dr. Franklin: I think there must have been some special reason why he appeared at court at that time in citizen's dress, and the circumstances which I am about to relate, if not entirely true, may have much truth in them. In June, 1824, I was in this city for the first time, and here became acquainted with Col. Lee (Henry, I think his name was), son of Gen. Lee, of Alexandria—known in the Revolution as "Light-Horse Harry"—and brother of Gen. Lee, late commander-in-chief of the rebel armies. In the course of a long walk which I took with Col. Lee and Col. Gilbert C. Russell, of Alabama, Col. Lee spoke of Washington and many Revolutionary characters, of whom he told us interesting personal anecdotes. Among others of whom he spoke was Dr. Franklin. He said that Dr. Franklin had been given a vast deal of credit which did not belong to him in reference to his appearing at court in citizen's dress. He said that was an accident, and was never designed; and that Dr. Franklin, who was very particular in his dress, was one of the last men who would designedly attempt to appear at court except in the usual court dress. He said the Doctor had ordered a court dress, which he was to wear on a certain evening when he was to be presented to the King. It had been arranged that the Minister was to call for the Doctor at a certain hour, and take him to the court; that he called punctually at, or a little before, the time, and found Dr. Franklin in great anxiety, as his court dress had not been sent to him. The Doctor had sent for it, and only got a promise that it should be sent in a few minutes. But minute after minute passed, and each seemed an hour; still no dress came, till the Minister finally said he could wait no longer; but kindly suggested that Dr. Franklin should go in his citizen's dress. The Doctor enquired if he thought he would be received in such a dress? His reply, characteristic of French politeness, was, "Dr. Franklin will be received at court in any dress." After some hesitation, the Minister agreeing to take the responsibility and explain the case to the King, Dr. Franklin consented to go. He was received by the King as Dr. Franklin should be received in any garb, and by the ladies of the court especially, with whom he was always a great favorite, with éclat, attracting more attention probably than any other individual present. Had Dr. Franklin designed to set at naught the etiquette of the court, and be presented in citizen's dress, it is more than doubtful whether the Minister would have presented him in such a dress, or the King would have received him. His court dress not being finished in time was an accident which French politeness excused, and even turned to a pleasant incident.

If these circumstances are true, and I have related them as they were related to me, Dr. Franklin's case cannot properly be quoted or considered as a precedent for others, but stands by itself, as different from all others as Dr. Franklin himself was different from our present diplomatists.

N. SARGENT.

WASHINGTON, April 6, 1868.

[If this story be correct, it will ruin the Anti-Court Dress party in this country. Franklin's example was all it ever had to stand upon, and this gone, it will have to turn its attention to hair-cutting or cookery.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce "Ante-Bellum: Southern Life as it Was," by Mary Lennox; "Daisy," by the author of "The Wide, Wide World;" republications of Folkestone Williams's "Lives of the English Cardinals;" "The Hermits," by the Rev. Mr. Charles Kingsley; and an American "Treatise on Rural Architecture," compiled by Lieutenant-Commander Richard M. Meade, of the United States Navy.——G. W. Carleton & Co. have in press a book called "Behind the Scenes," by Mrs. Elizabeth Keckley, who is said to have been a confidential servant of Mrs. Jefferson Davis while Mr. Davis was preparing rebellion, and to have been afterwards Mrs. Abraham Lincoln's *modiste*. Messrs. Carleton & Co. say that they can produce "unimpeachable references in regard to the character, ability, and standing" of Mrs. Keckley. Miss Adah Menken's "Poems" are claimed by Messrs. Carleton, and the same firm will publish Mrs. E. O. Smith's "Heart of the Cook Books," "Cousin Paul," "An American novel" by "Jessie Glenn," and a translation—a decent one, let us hope, or else one that will be superseded by a decent one from some other publisher—of Renan's "Contemporaneous Questions."——J. Munsell has in press, for subscribers only, a work that will be of much interest to students of American Revolutionary history. It is "The Life and Journals of Major-General Riedesel," translated from the German by W. L. Stone. It contains numerous letters, now first printed in English, from Heath, Burgoyne, Gates, and Washington, throws new light on many passages of our history, and is full of descriptions, by the General, of American manners and character. Mr. Munsell seems to think that these will be peculiarly interesting, as being the observations of "so distinguished an individual." The friends of the dignity of history will see the force of this remark. Really, the Hessian baron, living for many months among the people, a prisoner on parole in various parts of the country, and being a man of sense and reasonably impartial between the contending parties, was well qualified to say something worth hearing about the men and the life of the colonies. The work is published for subscribers only, and will be in two volumes. It is proper to recollect here Mr. Stone's recent translation of Madame Riedesel's "Memoirs and Letters," a work never before his time properly translated, and long out of print. Another book that Mr. Munsell announces is "Some Materials to serve for a brief Memoir of John Daly Burk (author of a 'History of Virginia'), with a Sketch of his only Child, Judge John Junius Burk." Burk was an Irish refugee, who fled from prosecution for an attempted rescue of a prisoner and came over here to Virginia, and was then by-and-by killed in a duel. His history of his adopted home was published in Petersburg in 1805. The memoir is one of a contemplated series of biographies of notable Americans whose personal history is not very well known to the public. One among such men is the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, the author of "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," and the compiler of the "Massachusetts Body of Liberties," the first code of laws established in New England. Mr. John Ward Dean, the genealogist and antiquarian, is the writer of the life. Still another forthcoming production of the Albany press is "The Fairfaxes of England and America in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," including letters from or to Bryan, Lord Fairfax, Colonel George William Fairfax, and their father, William Fairfax, the neighbors and friends of Washington.——Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia, announce, without announcing its author's name, a book entitled "Vulgarisms, and other Errors of Speech; including a Chapter on Taste, and one containing Examples of Bad Taste."——McCalla & Stavely, of Philadelphia, announce a "Manual of Ecclesiastical History," by the Rev. Dr. C. M. Butler, Professor in the Divinity School in West Philadelphia, a work in two volumes.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish in the course of this month the "Sketch of the Official Life of the late Governor Andrew," by his former military secretary and close personal friend, Col. A. G. Browne, Jr., which originally appeared in the January number of the *North American Review*. This reprint is greatly enlarged and improved by additional original matter, and by the insertion of letters and documents now for the first time presented to the public, and with it is also printed the valedictory address of the Governor on the reconstruction of the South. It forms a book of over three hundred pages, which is dedicated, by permission, to General Grant, who, it is known, was in close personal and political sympathy with the late Governor.

—Dr. Hammond's *Psychological Quarterly* for April is one of the most interesting numbers yet issued. It opens with an unnecessarily long article by Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, on the "Law of Human Increase; or, Population based on Physiology and Psychology." It seems to us much more pretentious than is warranted, and we have not gained much light from reading it. It restates and reaffirms the author's well-known belief in the decrease of the native New England population, and, so far as we can make out, is a protest against a high intellectual activity among the women of the present day. Neither do we learn much from another promising title: "Education Anterior to Birth." Mr. Simon Stern makes remarks on Dr. Storer's paper on the "Law of Rape," and expresses regret that the latter should have confounded in the same guilt and condemned to the same punishment the man who forces and the man who only seduces. The editor describes an interesting "Case of Epilepsy due to Cerebral Anæmia." Dr. Roberts Bartholow discusses very lucidly the question of "Aphasia," and reports three new cases in favor of the doctrine of Broca.

Dr. Chas. F. Taylor, in what is both by its length and its merit the *pièce de résistance* of this number, treats of "Carnomania"—a new name for an obscure because multiform disease, in which, as the writer contends, it is not, as commonly supposed, the mind which is diseased, but the flesh, which makes a false report to the mind. The typical case is the bed-ridden woman—"carnomania" is oftenest seen in women—whom all her friends believe to be shamming the invalid for the sake of supposed pleasure in confinement, and whose limbs are, in fact, perfectly sound, or spine or other part free from all disease. What such a person wants is not will but confidence, and this she cannot have so long as she heeds only the impression transmitted by the "insane" member. The great number of these unhappy cases, several of which are detailed by Dr. Taylor, makes his conclusions of especial value, strengthened as they are by his successful treatment. The appendices of the *Quarterly* are, as usual, full of profitable reading.

—To gratify a very reasonable curiosity, Mr. Brady has photographed in single group the Impeachment managers, with unusual (for groups, not for Mr. Brady) success. Mr. Butler is seated on the extreme left of the picture, his countenance marked chiefly by great energy and resolution, traces of which are visible also in the face of his neighbor, Mr. Stevens—the dead ash of a great fire. Next to them is seated Mr. Williams, apparently a well-to-do gentleman, who, perhaps, would not be picked out as a politician. Mr. Bingham is, or seems to be, the handsomest of the party, his features exhibiting culture and geniality, while his nervous temperament is somewhat concealed by the shadows of the photograph. He is the only one whose expression is not decidedly grave. Behind these elders stand the three youngest prosecutors. On the right is Mr. Logan, with a rather ordinary face and much military *aplomb* and self-confidence. In the centre, a shade the tallest, and the only evidently Eastern man, is Mr. Boutwell, his head inclined a little forward, his eyes raised above their level, and looking not into space, but at an abstraction—as palpable to him as the chandelier above him—and his whole air pleasantly significant of modesty and earnestness. Last of all is Mr. Wilson, his shock of light or gray hair contrasting with his short black beard—the extremes of a "long head," suggestive of judgment and of self-restraint or of reserved strength. If we were believers in phrenology and were asked to name the most striking quality revealed by his portrait, we should say it was reverence—*e più non dimandare*. Taken together, the managers are creditable specimens of the people whose cause they are conducting. They are, of course, all lawyers by education, and it is a curious fact that though not all born in the States which they represent in Congress, the seven of them still represent in effect not more than seven States. Messrs. Williams, Boutwell, and Logan were born in and are Representatives of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Illinois respectively. But Mr. Stevens was born in Vermont, and General Butler in New Hampshire, while Mr. Wilson was born in Ohio, and Mr. Bingham in Pennsylvania. Mr. Stevens is the veteran, born in 1793, and thirteen years older than his colleague, Mr. Williams. Mr. Wilson is the youngest, born in 1828.

—Mrs. M. C. Ferguson, an Irish lady, the wife of Professor Ferguson, who wrote for *Blackwood's* the lyric entitled "The Forging of the Anchor," has written a work which she calls "The Story of the Irish before the Conquest." For the erudition of the book it is reasonable to suppose that she is indebted, in part at least, to her husband, who has lately been appointed Keeper of the Records for Ireland. The legendary period of Irish history is glorified in it. It is a book that will please Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose own "Study of Celtic Literature" would put one into something like the proper mood for reading the true Irish minstrelsy, and might well be read by way of preface. Publishers—a certain percentage of publishers, at any rate—know their own business; but we should imagine that sound and instructive as Mr. Arnold's book is in its treatment of the main subject—the part which the Celtic element has played in British literature—interspersed as it is with valuable criticisms of modern authors; readable and pleasing as it necessarily is, having been written by Mr. Arnold when not too "vivacious," "The Study of Celtic Literature" might be profitably republished in America. Humphreys' "History of Printing," a beautiful book, of which only 300 (numbered) copies were printed, is to appear in a new edition which will be cheaper than the first impression, but inferior in value and beauty as in price. An English bibliographical work has just appeared, and may be found at Scribner & Welford's, which will be found entertaining to the general reader. It is, of course, not complete, but, till a better takes its place, may serve as a companion to Mr. Wheeler's little dictionary of the "Noted Names of Fiction." Its title is as follows: "Hand-Book of Fictitious Names: A Guide to Authors, chiefly of a recent day, who have written under assumed names, and to Literary Forgers, Impostors, Plagiarists, and Imitators." A work belonging to the same branch of learning is one mentioned by Mr. Welford in his last London letter—Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's "Bibliography of the Popular Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration in 1660." Hundreds of unique, or nearly unique, volumes Mr. Hazlitt claims he has in this book set down and described for the first time. The same accomplished student of books is now engaged on a new work about Charles and Mary Lamb, for the preparation of which he has the advantage of being in possession of his grandfather's correspondence, to say nothing of other new and important matter. Another work connected both by its nature and by its subject with these just mentioned is one not spoken of by the *Book-Buyer*—Mr. Alexander Ireland's "List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt." Mr. Ireland began by preparing for his own use a complete list of the works of two of his favorite authors, arranging them chronologically, and indicating their contents. Having made the list, he printed it for the use of his friends. Barry Cornwall's memoir of Lamb appearing, and Hunt and Hazlitt being in that work brought forward as intimate friends and companions of Lamb, Mr. Ireland added a catalogue of Lamb's works to the other catalogue, and added also an essay on the three authors, and a selection of such magazine, review, and newspaper criticisms on them as the critics of those days used to purvey for an audience less intelligent and more brutal than the reading public of to-day. When finished, the book seemed to its readers so valuable that Mr. Ireland was solicited to publish it, and has done so.

—For several years the chambers of commerce of the United Kingdom, led by that of Edinburgh, at the head of which is Mr. George Harrison, have been urging the English Government to take control of the British telegraphs and work them in combination with the post-office. These are the reasons in favor of the project: The public is badly served by the telegraphic system now in vogue; there are not more than one thousand places in the kingdom that are in connection with the wires; the charges are not only too high, but are capricious; charges for delivery are piled on charges for transmission; there is no telling into what a message will be transformed by muddle-headed clerks, and there is nothing like the same certainty in delivery of a telegram that there is in delivery of a letter; the business of the country as imperatively demands that the state should serve the people in the matter of telegrams as that it should undertake the carrying of letters; the experiment desired has been tried in Belgium and Switzerland with the best results, for in both these countries the telegraph may be said to be brought to every man's door, the messages may be sent very cheaply and yet with decided profit to the Government, and a telegram is as sure to reach the person to whom it is addressed as a letter is. The two English administrations preceding the present have committed themselves in favor of the plan, and the present administration also favors it and is about to bring in a bill which will no doubt receive the assent of Parliament. Central telegraphing offices will be opened at each of the ten district offices of London and in the chief offices of all the principal towns; the sorting and receiving offices everywhere will be subordinate stations, and each group of these will be connected with the central district station, which in turn will be put in communication with the more important of the other central offices. Pillar posts and all post-offices not stations for transmission of telegrams, will be offices for deposit of them, and a man may deposit his telegram as a letter and prepay it for transmission and free delivery by special messenger within the town delivery of the terminal office in towns, or within a radius of one mile from the terminal offices in the country. If the person addressed does not live within the limits above-mentioned an additional charge of 6d. per double mile (going and returning) will be made for the services of a special messenger. The charge for simple transmission and delivery as above-described will be one shilling for twenty words, and sixpence for every ten words additional, sent between any two places in Great Britain or Ireland. Thus 10,000 post-offices and 20,000 postmen will at once become available for the collection and delivery of telegrams; the telegraphic system will be worked with greater economy than before, by better officials, and with vastly increased power, and no one who knows the effect on the finances of the postal department of lowering the rates of the postage can doubt that an immense increase in the number of telegrams will at once follow the adoption of the scheme. As a case in point Parisian experience may be cited; on the reduction of the charge for a message from one franc to half a franc the number of messages was multiplied ten fold in the course of six months. It is observed that, foreseeing the coming evil, the English companies are no longer pleading for prolonged existence on the ground that they have been performing a great public service at a

very small profit, but are now in the mind to confess to handsome revenues. The Government is to buy the lines.

—The romance of travel is excellently illustrated by the journey into Thibet recently made by a pundit whom the English Government sent into that country. His researches and the story of his wanderings have not been officially made public as yet, for it is intended to send him out again, and to let his name be known or to tell fully what he did and where he went would endanger his future success. To a newspaper correspondent, however, not much is sacred. A letter-writer in the London *Times*, who seems to have met the pundit after his return, and to have listened while he told his adventures in a manner like that of "the old translations of Herodotus or Marco Polo," has given some of the facts antecedent to the journey and a brief statement of some of the results attained. The man is a native of a semi-Thibetan province, and belonged to a class to which the jealous Chinese have always allowed the privilege of trading in the upper basin of the Sutlej. The work laid out for him by his English employers was to make a route survey of the Brahmapootra and of the great road, 800 miles long, from the Manasarowar Lake to Lassa or H'Lassa or Lhasa, the Thibetan capital—a region almost unexplored, and, now that the Nile has given up its secret, the part of the world which perhaps most needs investigation. The pundit was, with much labor, instructed in the art of surveying and making astronomical observations, and then in company with another dispatched on his way. His companion made only an attempt at entering Thibet. For when the two crossed the frontier they were turned back by the Chinese officials, and one of them, being known to the governor of Kirong, thought it wise to desist. The other, however, did not give up. Returning to Nepaul he set out again, at first travelling in the service of a Bhoot merchant, afterwards with a party of traders, with a servant of the Maharajah and with various other companions, and making observations as he best could. His compass and field notes were concealed by an ingenious device of his patron, Captain Montgomerie, R.E., in a "manichuska" or Buddhist prayer-wheel; any error in counting his paces he prevented by the use of his rosary—and all the more easily because no Buddhist will interrupt another while the beads are in use; for latitude observations he carried quicksilver hidden in the wooden bowl which all Bhooteeas sling at their waist; his sextants, thermometers, chronometers, and so on, were kept in a box with a false bottom, and he was enabled to read the sextant at night by the aid of a bull's-eye lantern, until one of the monks—with whom that country abounds to a very remarkable degree—at the monastery of Tadum "annexed" the last-named article. His observations have been tested by Captain Montgomerie, and he has been pronounced a most trustworthy observer. The results obtained are an elaborate route survey of 1,200 miles from Khatmandu to Tadum, and from Lhasa to Gartokh; the fixing of the course of the Brahmapootra from its source to the point where it is joined by the Lhasa, and a determination of the altitudes of thirty-three points by observation of the temperature of boiling water. In brief, he has made the only exploration of which there is any knowledge among Europeans of the high level tracts in which the Brahmapootra takes its rise, and which is drained by the northern affluents of that river. We have hardly space to give any of the more popular sort of information which he collected in his eighteen months of journeying. This, however, is too curious to be omitted: The government couriers in Thibet are required, when bearing despatches, to travel continuously night and day. They never, even when making a trip of 800 miles in length, stop longer than to change horses or to eat. An 800 mile journey they have been known to accomplish in twenty-one or twenty-two days. It is no wonder that they reach the end of their road with cracked lips, haggard faces, and bloodshot eyes, for their only sleep has been what they could catch in the saddle, and they have been in active exercise with but the briefest intervals of rest for something like 500 successive hours. What is the need of so great haste we are not told; doubtless, it is a tradition of the Chinese civil service. In default of others one might almost find a sufficient reason in this fact, that their clothes are sealed over the breast—the despatches probably being put into the bosom. As no one may break the seal except him to whom the messenger is sent, the unhappy postman cannot undress or wash himself while on his way, and his flesh at the end of a long journey "is eaten into large raws" by vermin. Evidently it is only natural that he should not spare the spur.

—Byron's ghost is lively this year. It has extorted the poet's autobiography from the Countess Guiccioli, and it has brought about in a queer manner the discovery of some new letters of his in an out-of-the-way place. Readers of Mr. Howells's "Venetian Life" will remember the pleasant account of his visit to the Armenian Convent of Machitarists on San Lazaro Island, in the lagoons of Venice. Hither Lord Byron had preceded him, in the days when he was the solitary horseman of that city, and had a notion of learning the languages of the Orient; and here many of his later letters were preserved. For a long time, however, they were mislaid. Recently a pet ape of the monks, escaping from his master, took refuge on the top of a bookcase. Followed by one of the brethren and seized from below, he caught up a dusty roll of yellow letters and launched it at the head of his pursuer. The roll was opened, and the Byron correspondence disclosed. It is to be presumed that the ape was forgiven, and that the letters will be published in due time. We have no hint as to the nature of them.

—A history of the rise and spread of associations for rescuing the lives of shipwrecked men, and an account of the present *Deutsche Gesellschaft zur Rettung Schiffbrüchiger*, are to be found in a German work, "Das Rettungswesen zur See," by Dr. H. A. Schumacher, general secretary of the society just named. Description is also given of the life-saving apparatus employed in various countries, and a greater diversity, of course within certain limits, than would be supposed is exhibited. A distressing shipwreck off Shields, on the coast of England, in 1789, was the occasion of the first organization for preventing like wholesale destruction in sight of shore and help. But these were purely local at the different ports, and lacking both in means and in system. They sufficed, however, till 1849, when the *Royal National Life-Boat Institution* was founded, supported by contributions from all parts of the kingdom, and the British example was presently followed by America, Holland, Denmark, and later by Germany, Sweden, Russia, France, and Spain. On the German coasts of the North Sea and Baltic last year, 615 out of 706 persons were saved from drowning, and a fifth of them would inevitably have perished but for the boats, rockets, guns, and other appliances brought to their relief. They were taken from the wrecks of 128 vessels.

A SOUTH AMERICAN STATESMAN.*

Few lives recorded in history, of warriors or statesmen, have been as eventful and checkered as the life of the Venezuelan warrior and statesman, José Antonio Paez. Of that eventful career, which embraces half a century of military or political activity, interrupted only by about a decade of exile, he now, for a third time an exile among us, publishes a detailed account, which is not only, as it could hardly fail to be, an interesting narrative of memorable events, but also a valuable contribution to the history of the great struggles of this continent. The introduction to the first volume of this "Autobiography," which is now before us, and which embraces the earlier half of the author's life (1790–1829), is dated (New York) the 19th of April, 1867, the fifty-seventh anniversary of the rising of the capital of Venezuela to strike for liberty and self-rule. Paez, then an illiterate *llanero* of the plain of Apure, the overseer of a cattle-farm, became one of the earliest, most undaunted, and most successful champions of the popular cause. Of aboriginal descent, but trained to hard service by a cruel negro slave; early inured to brave with stoic heroism the wild beasts, the scorching heat, the alternate droughts and floods of his tropical *llano;* a perfect master of the horse, the lasso, and the lance; followed with enthusiasm by men similar in birth, habits, and character, but accustomed to yield to his superior mind and will; alternately chasing and fleeing the Spaniards across the immense wilds to the west of the Orinoco—he soon became the foe most feared by the Spanish tyrants; remained constantly in the field when terror or despair had disarmed all around; joined Bolivar in the liberating campaign of 1813; fought and conquered when "the Liberator" fled (1814); placed himself under his banners on his return (1817); saved the shattered remnants of his forces in 1818; refused to supplant him at the demand of the army; guarded the plain when Bolivar crossed the Andes (1819); was by him, on the battle-field, proclaimed the hero of Carabobo—a victory which sealed the independence of Colombia (1821); received the chief command of the department of Venezuela; besieged and reduced Puerto Cabello (1823); and, after a period of peace not undisturbed by plots and attempts of various kinds, during which he zealously exerted himself to cultivate both his mind and his state, he finally rose to the highest dignity in the gift of his countrymen, at the moment when the Colombian confederation was dissolved and Venezuela proclaimed an independent republic (1830). This consummation is to open the narrative of the second volume, which, if completing the work, must bring us the history of Paez's first and second presidential terms, ending respectively in 1835 and 1843; his first dictatorship in 1846, during the civil war of that year; his flight before Monagas (1848), and subsequent attempt to overthrow the arbitrary sway of that president; his surrender at Coro (1849), imprisonment and banishment (1850); his first re-

* "Autobiografía del General José Antonio Paez." Vol. I. New York: Hallet & Breen. 1867.

turn from exile on the fall of the younger Monagas, in 1858; his speedy return to the United States; his recall to Venezuela by President Tovar, who entrusted him with the chief command of the army (1861); the military insurrection in his favor, against Tovar's successor, Gual; and, finally, his second dictatorship and his death-grapple with the revolted Federalists under Falcon, which ended, in 1863, with the victory of the latter chief, and closed, perhaps not finally, the long political career of Paez.

His character and activity, chiefly as displayed in that earlier period, our readers may allow us to sketch here in the words of the great German historian of the "Nineteenth Century,"* Gervinus, of whose work the exhaustive narrative of the South American struggles forms some of the richest chapters. It reflects equal credit on the writer and the subject of that sketch that its traits find their confirmation in the characteristics of the Venezuelan, as unostentatiously, but unmistakably, developed in his own plainer pages:

"A native of the region of Araure, he had even in his boyhood given proofs of courage and decision, and, as a youth, while serving on a farm, of skill and devotion to duty. On the outbreak of the revolution he entered the militia of Barinas, was for a while a prisoner of the Spaniards, and, after recovering his freedom, everywhere and daily more distinguished himself by his intrepidity and boldness, as well as by admirable skill in using his knowledge of the localities, and in dealing with the *llaneros*. He was superior to all these men of force in bodily strength, in valor, and in genuine courage, a courage sometimes cold and prudent, and sometimes almost wildly vehement; but his intercourse with them was plain and modest, cordial and familiar, in natural equality. Even the refractory he chose to subdue in single combats rather than by ordered chastisements; he vied with his companions in gymnastic sports, in throwing the lasso, in managing the horse; he shared their food, their drink, their privations; he played with them on their musical instruments, and danced their dances, and won the applause of all when representing the drunkard in the *marri-marri*; he partook in their jokes, and, on a holiday, when custom demanded it, he would perform the horse-race through knee-deep mud, without sparing either himself or others. This won him the blind attachment of the best sons of the plain. . . . As each of these cavaliers had trained his horse for every exertion on every whim, so also this leader his horsemen. His mere presence inspired them with the most confident courage, and renewed their vigor for almost incredible exertions. His own, as well as their common deeds, even in the time when they occurred, assumed, instead of the historical, the mythical garb. Those stories were on everybody's lips—how he chased away the Spanish foot, here with the prairie-fire, and there with wild oxen; how, when astray in the pursuit and alone, amid hostile squads, he entirely dispersed the fugitives by shouting loud words of command as if standing at the head of his cavalry; how he captured, through his swimming horsemen, four or six gunboats—soon multiplied by the legend into sixty—amidst the floods of the Apure; how, in the terrific shock of his assaulting horse, he would slay twoscore of the foe with his own lance, and then sink exhausted in epileptic fits! This exuberance of daring recklessness prevented him not from fully appreciating the discipline and moral courage of the Europeans, from becoming a devoted friend to his British allies, or adopting from them many a civil or military custom, without, however, becoming faithless to the simple habits of his ancestors. Even when invested with the highest dignity in the state, he was glad to regale his friends at his rural estate, Trinidad, with dinners in the plainest *llanero* style, in pious remembrance of his origin. This clinging to ancient habits and customs, as well as to the unschooled simplicity of condition, this mode of companionship in-arms, and this fatalistic daring, remind one of the early conquerors, the Pizarros and Almagros, who, however high they rose in external honors, remained plain and simple, agreeably to their descent. Like them, Paez struggled up to the highest merits and dignities, by far the most conspicuous of the many self-made men of color, who, from overseers of cattle-farms like him, worked themselves up to be generals; who, descended from the formerly down-trodden zambo, mulatto, or mestizo races, but now lifted up by the exalting nature of the events of time, rose to views and aims, knowledge and actions, such as we look for only among the most advanced classes of mankind. And how much nobler than those ancient conquerors, how much purer than most of his contemporaries, appears this Paez in his moral as well as civil qualities—he who, free from selfishness and greediness, uncorrupted by false ambition, untouched by ill-will or envy, stands alone unmaligned among his otherwise envious countrymen, without a single enemy among so many otherwise indignant foreigners, all without an exception *his* extollers and admirers! It was amiability united with an exuberance of force, modesty coupled with merit, mildness joined with the warrior's sagacity and courage, that won him undivided affection; this reckless soldier had never been an advocate of war to the knife; the military dictatorship never divested him of his regard for law and order. That, like Victoria in New Spain, he was not intellectually too eminent, and not to be dreaded on that score, may also have contributed no little to disarm the envious. To penetrate vast combinations with profound insight, that gift so rare among men of his race, was not given to him. Impulsive and unsuspecting as he was, he stumbled into many an inconsistency. At one time he was a centralist, and at another a federalist; at one time a hater of anarchy, and again an advocate of the right of revolution. From the same cause he also became guilty of many a hasty action, easily becoming the tool of advisers, and sometimes of bad ones. But in all such cases his better nature soon recovered itself, and then he would not hesitate, even as the first man in the state, publicly to acknowledge his faults in frank repentance."

This last statement finds a vivid illustration in the "Autobiography" (ch. xviii.), where in introductory remarks to the events of Valencia, in 1826, by which Paez was forced, for the first time, into a revolutionary attitude toward the federal Government of Colombia, he repeats what he on a solemn occasion told the Venezuelans: "I have committed a thousand errors, the painful feeling of which has been mitigated by the indulgence of my countrymen, but the events of 1826 . . . . . still fill my heart with keen sorrow and regret" (amargura i repentimiento). Once more "sacrificing his pride on the altar of justice," he pleads guilty to errors of judgment, so natural in a herdsman of the *llanos* suddenly called to deal with "revolutions and the complicated science of politics," and only protests the rectitude of his "heart and will." This partial self-vindication, which, ten years ago, when Gervinus wrote his parallel of Paez and Bolivar, seems to have been entirely superfluous, is now a main object, we believe, of the "Autobiography" before us, having been made necessary by the events of 1861-1863, in consequence of which the hero of Carabobo has long lost the glorious immunity from envy and detraction. "Tempora mutantur," sigh his friends. "Quantum mutatus ab illo!" maliciously exclaim his enemies.

With this object in view, Paez has made his work an historical biography rather than a book of memoirs. He omits almost all that concerns the man, and relates minutely all that belongs to the history of the soldier and statesman, frequently substantiating his narrative by extracts, letters, and public documents. He writes for his countrymen, and only of *his part* in things known to them. Of men and events not belonging to his own sphere, even of the earthquake of Caracas, in spite of its general political bearing, there is no mention. Bolivar's march over the Andes, the most wonderful feat, perhaps, in the annals of this continent, is hardly alluded to. Miranda is nowhere spoken of. The simultaneous war scenes of Peru, Ecuador, or Bolivia do not even loom up in the background.

But in spite of these defects of the book for the general foreign reader, we know of few works of the same kind that are more interesting. The unadorned simplicity of the narrative, its freshness and variety, the warmth of feeling that breathes through it, the almost antique character of the combats described, the absence of exaggerations, the symmetry of the whole—in spite of numerous digressions—the frank and kind tone of the political remarks, the interest constantly kept alive in the cause and in the central figure—all these together make it highly attractive. Little artistic skill or scholarship is displayed, but enough of both to convince the reader that the former *llanero*, having laid aside his lance, has well employed his time with books, and in learning to use the pen. His more elaborate digressions on the coast defences of Venezuela, on the Monroe doctrine, on the liberation of Cuba, etc., evince study and mature thought. His occasional remarks, as on slavery, show an early liberalism and generous sympathies. Of the many episodes, however, none is, perhaps, more interesting or touching than the following, which we may be permitted to quote in conclusion, as at the same time characteristic of the narrative, its principal figure, and the bloody revolutionary drama it unfolds:

"Among the royalist prisoners was the commander, Vincente Peña, captured by one of our soldiers while trying to swim across the river. Brought before me, he said:

"'Commander, I do not ask you to spare my life—I neither ought nor desire to do it. The only favor I beg for is permission to take leave of my señora.'

"'We are no murderers,' I replied. 'If we do our best to destroy the enemy on the battle-field, we are generous to the vanquished.'

"The defiance and serenity of the man, who well knew what awaited him in that time of war to the knife, made me intensely interested in him. I endeavored to win him over to our cause, representing to him how wrong he had been in his choice of party—being himself an American—and warmly speaking of the service his valor and undaunted spirit could render in the defence of the principles and sacred cause of our common country. But he repeatedly and firmly protested that he looked upon life with the greatest contempt, but regarded it as glorious to die for the cause of his king, which he believed to be the juster. It was impossible for me to allow the sacrifice of so valiant a soldier. I, therefore, against the usage of that time, sent him with the other prisoners to Pore, recommending him more especially for mercy. Among many eminent patriots whom that place united in itself were Señor Mendez and Dr. Yanez, who made long and strenuous efforts to convert Peña, though with little effect at the beginning. In the end, however, unable to resist the powerful influence of those men, who were as eloquent as self-sacrificing for their country, he decided to fight under the flag of independence.

"The government of Pore sent him back to our camp, where I received him with the greatest joy; but President Serrano, then established in Guasdalito, would not believe that Peña accompanied us in good faith, and afraid lest he should escape to inform the Spaniards of the critical condition in which we then were, ordered me peremptorily to have him put to death.

* "Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Verträgen." Vol. III., pp. 305-308.

All my efforts to persuade Serrano of Peña's sincerity were useless. Finally I had to obey, and made the necessary dispositions for his execution. But when he was conducted to the fatal spot, I could not resist the desire to save him, and, assuming all the responsibilities of the case, I commanded the suspension of the order.

"Peña remained impassible.

"I returned to Serrano's house, and asked and begged and implored him with fresh fervor to grant me the life of that brave man. Serrano showed himself inflexible. Only after great exertions, and having pledged myself personally to answer for the good behavior of my *protégé*, I succeeded in saving his life at the last moment."

The subsequent brilliant services of Peña in the cause of freedom fully justified and rewarded the faith and humanity of Paez.

SIEGE ARTILLERY AT RICHMOND.*

This handsome book contains No. 14 of the series of "Professional Papers of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army," published by authority of the Secretary of War. Its author was graduated at West Point the year 1854, with the second rank in a class in which General Robert E. Lee's son, G. W. Custis Lee, was first, General Huger third, and General Howard fourth. In January, 1863, he was appointed colonel of the First Regiment of Connecticut Volunteer Artillery, and from that time till it was mustered out of service in September, 1865, the regiment remained under his command. It constituted the basis of an artillery brigade which sometimes exceeded an aggregate of thirty-five hundred men. From the opening of the campaign of 1864 to the capitulation of Lee, the siege artillery brigade, under the command of General Abbot, served all the heavy guns in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and its extensive operations were turned to excellent account in developing the theory of the aim.

General Abbot begins with a statement of the record of the First Connecticut Artillery and a full description of its organization. His first chapter treats of mortars, including their beds, platforms, and projectiles, precautions to be observed in the use of mortars, and the character, effect, and importance of vertical fire. The second chapter treats of smooth-bore guns, the projectiles used in them, the precision of their fire, and of experiments with the 15-inch gun, and contains an elaborate analysis of the problem of rebound and of the deductions obtained from the study of the elements of observed trajectories. The third chapter is devoted to rifled guns, the projectiles and fuses used for them, their precision and penetration. The fourth chapter treats of earthworks, obstacles, shelter from projectiles, magazines, and boyaux.

The appendix contains reports by different officers upon the siege train of 1862, which was put in use before Yorktown, upon siege guns with the army on the march, and on the ordnance department of the siege train of 1864–5. The book ends with six plates, which give numerous representations of United States and Confederate siege and field rifle projectiles and fuses, and also contain a considerable number of miscellaneous diagrams. The curious reader may derive much entertainment from the use of these plates in connection with the text, particularly from the readiness with which he may thus form some idea of the characteristics of the Whitworth, Blakely, Brooke, Armstrong, Schenkl, Hotchkiss, Parrott, Dyer, and Sawyer inventions.

Although this book is a scientific paper, and a part of it is caviare to all but accomplished mathematicians, there is so much interesting matter scattered through it by way of illustration, that it is agreeable reading for any one who has a taste for books on military subjects. Statements of the effect of vertical fire and the penetration of rifle projectiles are made to attract and hold the attention by the mention of incidents in the sieges of Yorktown and of Petersburg. The organization of the siege of the latter place is made more real to us when we read, not, as is usually the case, of corps and major-generals, but of the manner in which the batteries were posted, protected, approached, and supplied through the front of seventeen miles which they covered. The description of the effect of mortar fire is not limited to the material damage it may work, but extends to its influence on the imagination and nerves of men. The rules which should govern the posting of batteries and the concentration of their fire are impressed upon the mind by references to what was attended to and what was neglected at Dutch Gap and at other places. The efficacy of spherical case is illustrated by an account of the silencing by its use of a formidable battery of the enemy at the explosion of the mine. It is laid down that the mortar is not only useful, if well served, in land operations, but that it is rapidly becoming *essential* to harbor defence, especially when monitors are used in the attack, and this proposition is supported by a statement of the consequences to Fort Fisher of the want of this fire. A striking example of the value of the howitzer for defending positions is found in the repulse of an assault made on Redoubt Dutton, on our Bermuda front, in June, 1865. The superiority is claimed for the system of defensive lines adopted by our engineers in the siege of Petersburg, and the results of the Confederate attack on the defences of Hare Hill and the capture and recapture of Fort Steadman, on the one hand, and of our successful attack, a week later, near Fort Mahone, on the other, are adduced in proof. In little more than a page a most concise and soldierly description of the Fort Steadman affair is given.

More might be said to show that there is much that is interesting in this work, but its interest to the general reader is the smallest part of its value. It is interesting because it is written by a man who knows all about his subject, and who is at once an accomplished scholar and an accomplished soldier. With rare opportunities for personal observation and for directing and systematizing the observations of numerous competent subordinates, he combined entire scientific fitness and zealous interest. His treatise is full of practical and theoretical information, which cannot but be of great value to our artillerists and engineers. His tables of the consolidated results of firing, both in target practice and actual service, are far in advance of any others known in this country, and the author claims that he has presented tables of practice never before attempted in actual service. He has also prepared tables showing the probable ranges and accuracy of fire of some of the artillery now in use. By the application of the higher mathematics to the results of careful and extended observations he has made an analysis of the problem of ricochet on water, and has thus framed certain formulæ which he believes to be correct in principle, and between which and the observations he found an accordance which exceeded his expectations, and which he judges sufficient to establish the claim of the formulæ to the possession of practical value. He claims that they are useful in the solution of some of the most perplexing problems now offered to the Corps of Engineers—for instance, the degree to which the efficiency of ricochet fire is sacrificed in proportion as the guns are raised above the water. His performance of his task is such that his work is attracting the respectful attention of educated soldiers, and it will probably long hold a high place among scientific military treatises.

THE MASTERY OF LANGUAGES.*

Any American who has travelled on the continent of Europe and witnessed the frequent discomfiture of his countrymen in their attempted use of foreign tongues, or who has found himself at the mercy of valets-de-place and interpreters, simply because he could not pronounce the language of the country of his sojourn, will appreciate the value of a work that points out the means by which adult persons, not specially apt in linguistic acquirements, may in a comparatively brief period secure fluency and precision in the use of other languages than their vernacular.

Mr. Prendergast does not pretend to have discovered a "royal road to learning;" he does not claim to teach French or German perfectly "in three weeks without a master;" he does not offer a premium for superficial effort. On the contrary, he requires honest, faithful work of his disciples, but aims so to direct their energies that no force or time shall be wasted or misapplied.

The initial point in his argument is the combating of the idea so widely acquiesced in as to have become almost a truism, that young children have a greater power of acquiring foreign languages than adults. He then proceeds to analyze the child's process, and to show that adults, if they will condescend to imitate the children, may as far surpass them in the acquisition of language as they excel them in general development and maturity. "If it be true," says the author, "that a great increase of power results from the development of our faculties by education, whence arises the supposed inability of adults to compete with children in respect to the employment of idiomatic forms of speech? There is one very obvious reason which outweighs everything that can be put in the balance against it. It is because we do not pursue the same course they do. Let us, therefore, track them closely; for if we tread in their footsteps we must be in the right path, and the result will show that we have not lost the aptitude of childhood. The most notable characteristic of the child's process is that

* "Siege Artillery in the Campaigns against Richmond. With notes on the 15-inch Gun, including an Algebraic Analysis of the Trajectory of a Shot in its Ricochets upon smooth water. With illustrations. By Brevet Brig.-Gen. Henry L. Abbot, U. S. Army, Major Corps of Engineers, late Brevet Maj.-Gen. Volunteers, commanding Siege Artillery before Richmond." New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1868.

* "The Mastery of Languages; or, The Art of speaking Foreign Tongues idiomatically. By Thomas Prendergast, formerly of her Majesty's Civil Service at Madras." London: Richard Bentley. 1864.

"The Mastery Series." By the same author. Hand-books for French and German. London: Longmans, Green & Co. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

he speaks fluently and idiomatically with a very small number of words." Therefore, "every foreign language should be epitomized for a beginner by the framing of a set of strictly practical sentences, embodying two hundred of the most useful words, and comprising all the most difficult constructions."

Mr. Prendergast's theory is thus seen to be in direct contradiction to the practice most in vogue among language-teachers, of beginning with the simplest forms of speech and advancing towards the most difficult. He brings the sheer force of memory to the attack of involved constructions in the very outset, and comes off victorious because he attempts to conquer but a small number of words at each effort. A cardinal principle of the process he recommends is the *complete mastery* of every step undertaken, no advance being allowed except after the attainment of *absolute* fluency in what has gone before. The study of grammar is not permitted. The pupil is not even suffered to look ahead in his book, lest he should clog his memory with half-remembered, disconnected words, which are worse than useless. Our author makes much of the idea advanced by certain writers on linguistic science, that language is not made up of words, but of sentences. Hence he prohibits the use of the former except as they are grouped into the latter.

The manuals for French and German, prepared evidently with great labor and in strict conformity with the theories of the treatise, invite to a most novel course of study.

The first step, for example, in the German manual is the mastery of the following sentence :

"Da er, der junge Freund des reichen Mannes dem Diener den Brief nicht hat geben wollen, so werden Sie mir ihn gleich holen lassen müssen."

"Since the young friend of the rich man would not give the letter to the servant, you will be obliged to send for it for me directly."

This the author divides into three parts, making each division the subject of two lessons, and each lesson to consist of five distinct sentences; using, however, in the thirty thus formed no words save those found in the original sentence. These subdivisions are to be taken in regular order, memorized and repeated until they can be uttered with the same fluency and ease as their corresponding English sentences. Then, and not till then, is the learner permitted to advance to the second sentence, which is dissected and to be memorized in like manner with the first. The manual contains eighteen such sentences, from which by divisions and modifications the author has derived six hundred and twenty, grouping them into one hundred and twenty-four lessons. Only about two hundred words are used in all these combinations, and yet so carefully have they been prepared that they illustrate every construction commonly used in German. It is claimed by the author that one who faithfully pursues his method, with a competent living guide as to pronunciation, will in a few weeks be able to converse fluently and idiomatically, within a limited range of course, and will possess a complete series of illustrations of the rules of the grammar, which he may then study with safety, profit, and pleasure.

The "Mastery System" is not to be understood as affording the student all that is necessary to a perfect acquaintance with a foreign tongue. It proposes only to lay the foundation; but to do this with absolute thoroughness and success. One of its most important and attractive features is the ready confidence it inspires in the student in the use of what has been acquired, be this ever so little. No doubt existing in the mind of the learner as to the correctness of the forms of speech he has at his command, he uses them with far more freedom than would be the case were he to depend on sentences of his own construction, be his knowledge of the *rules* of grammar never so perfect.

We do not hesitate to venture the opinion, that if Mr. Prendergast's works can be brought to the attention of teachers in this country, they will effect a great change in the methods of teaching foreign languages. For it was our good fortune to put the "Mastery System" to the test last summer while spending some time in Germany. Its practicability and value were, we may say, fully proved, and we were satisfied of its very great superiority over any of the methods of studying German commonly recommended, so far as these are known to us.

Landmarks of History. Part III. Modern History. By Miss Yonge. Edited by Edith L. Chase. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.)—"This little book," says the Preface, "aims at no originality of views nor at revelations of new facts. It is a mere compilation of the more memorable events recorded in standard histories." It should rather say, of the more sensational facts, anecdotes, and sayings collected by historical compilers more or less regardless of authenticity, probability, or good sense. It tells how Gustavus Adolphus (whose sudden death is still wrapt in mystery) first told the marauding Croats said to have killed him, "I am the King of Sweden;" then said, "I seal with my blood my religion and the liberties of Germany;" then exclaimed, "My poor Queen!" and then "with one cry on his Maker's name . . . expired, under five wounds given after his fall." It tells us how poor little Louis XVII., "on the 8th of June, as he lay stretched on his bed . . . opened his large blue eyes in ecstasy, and cried: 'The music is so fine;' then, with a start of joy, 'I hear my mother's voice among them!'" and "for more than an hour he lay listening to that music, lost to all sense of pain," etc., etc. It gives us in exact lines the order to Spinola to take Breda, and, in verses, Suwaroff's report to Catharine II.: "Glory to God, Glory to you, Tutukay is taken, And I am there." Thus it is certainly not "a mere record of dates, names, and events." If it were, it would probably give us also such dates, names, and events as the 4th of July, 1776, Jefferson, Adams, Gates, Greene, Pulaski, Arnold, André, Boston harbor, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Trenton, Saratoga, surrender of Yorktown, etc., etc., which it does not, though it—incidentally—mentions George Washington in connection with Lafayette, and Benjamin Franklin in connection with the French Court, fans, bracelets, and wigs—probably "in the hope of letting history fulfil its true purpose, namely, of being a great lesson in principle." Contempt for dates, in the service of principle, is probably the reason that made the author choose her headings of "parts" in this loose prospective and retrospective way: "Gustavus Adolphus, 1630–1635" (Gustavus died in 1632); "The Siege of Vienna, 1679–1687" (it took place only in 1683); "Charles XII. in Turkey, 1709–1715" (Charles returned from Turkey in 1714); "Latter years of Peter the Great, 1715–1730" (Peter died in 1725); "War of the Austrian Succession, 1740–1746" (it terminated in 1748); "The National Assembly, 1786–1792" (it opened in 1789); "Napoleon in Italy, 1795–1798" (Bonaparte went there in 1796 and returned in 1797). Contempt for names makes her call the same princes, promiscuously, François and Francis, Francis and Franz, Charles and Carlos, Ferdinand and Fernando, Friedrich and Frederick, in an amusing manner; and makes her spell historical names of towns without pedantic accuracy, thus—Wittemburg or Wittemberg, Hamburgh, Konigsburg. Contempt for events makes her tell the story—perhaps not apt to be a lesson of principle—of *the second and third* partitions of Poland, in 1793 and 1795, and of the *two* wars preceding them, in the following wonderfully combined and concise narrative, without a date:

"Catherine proceeded to summon Leopold of Austria and Frederick William of Prussia to make another division of Poland, saying the former had been but child's play. They were not unwilling, and the poor craven Stanislaus scarcely attempted resistance to the final destruction of his kingdom. A brave gentleman named Thaddeus Kosiusko, collected his countrymen, and made a gallant stand against the enemies, who closed in on all sides, but it was too late; Suwaroff was sent against him with an overwhelming force, and at Prague made him prisoner, desperately wounded. Stanislaus was sent to Grodno, where he died, despised and forgotten."

To which let us be allowed to add the following remarks: Leopold did *not* take part in either of the two partitions, dying early in 1792, before the first took place. Frederic William, during the lifetime of Leopold, refused to join Catharine, and only much later betrayed the Poles. Kosciuszko (or Kosciusko, but never without a *c*) collected his countrymen only in the war followed by the third partition; in the war of 1792 he fought under Poniatowski, the nephew of King Stanislaus. There is no Prague in Poland; the suburb of Warsaw, stormed by Suwaroff, is called Praga. Kosciuszko was not made a prisoner at Praga, but weeks before at Maciejowice, not by Suwaroff, but by Fersen, and not desperately wounded. Stanislaus died not in Grodno, but in St. Petersburg, and but too well remembered.—With all of which we do not mean to say that the book is not likely to impart a great deal of historical information, and that, too, in a pleasant, perhaps also moralizing, way, to readers who have not access to more carefully-written compendia of universal history.

Lady Alice; or, The New Una. A Novel. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.)—Lady Alice Stuart, the daughter of the Duke of Lennox, who, of course, Mr. Huntingdon says, must not be confounded with the head of the house of Lennox-Richmond, was to have been married on the 12th of January, 1842. Thus, as everybody knows, the wedding would have taken place just one month before Septuagesima Sunday, so the honeymoon would have fallen wholly within the festive season of Epiphany, and the three weeks of preparation and Quadragesima would have been all available for religious exercises. But there are pitches of happiness that are not to be reached in this vale, and the new Una was not married in 1842 nor in the season of Epiphany. On the other hand, her wedding day fell, if we are not mistaken, some time in the Trinity season,

for it came in June when it did come, and it did not come for several years. For somewhere within the octave of Christmas in the year above mentioned, she was abducted by a heavy villain in the employ of a noble marquis, was carried to sea, was wonderfully preserved from harms, took mysterious oaths not to communicate with her family unless the noble lord permitted her to do so, wore male attire, lived an artist's life in Rome, much as Cecil Dreeme did in New York, and in various ways of being, acting, and suffering became the most unaccountable person in the whole range of false fiction.

We have no intention of trying to do so much as sketch her story, and the almost equally dizzying story of her various high-born and exorbitantly wealthy and genteel connections—kings, queens, dukes, countesses, marchionesses, and so on. As regards his plot the author is beyond us entirely, and we are as a child before him. This we know, however, that "Lady Alice" is a most genteel Puseyite novel, the hero of which, a man of the most powerful mind, of the most extraordinary personal beauty, of unspotted purity, who reads illuminated Persian volumes, has never known a day's illness, and is cousin to the queen, is converted from Romanism to Anglo-Catholicism of the most æsthetical sort. The heroine, for her part, had from birth peculiar advantages in the way of reredosses, magnificent canopied sedilias, albs, stoles, piscinas, and other things which enabled her and her chaplain, the Honorable and Rev. Herbert Courtenay, to attack the hero with an assurance of success that an ordinary member of Convocation could no more have felt than a mere Protestant could. The book was first published some twenty years ago, we believe, and, doubtless, it is to the present activity of the Ritualists that we owe its reappearance now. We should not be disposed to regret the publication of the new edition if "Lady Alice" was only a very feeble ritualistic novel singularly involved in plot, destitute of force of argument, and extremely unnatural as regards its characters. There is something amusing in its absurdity in these respects. And to almost all those persons who are in such a position that its religious views would touch them at all and lead them astray, it would probably be enough to say that the author, in converting his imaginary Romanist to Puseyism, actually converted himself to Romanism and soon "went over." But this fault we find with him, that in order to induce his readers to swallow his doctrine, he made up the most of his book of scenes that G. W. M. Reynolds might envy. What with its sensuousness and sensationalism, and the Oriental magnificence of its upholstery work and its peculiar Puseyism, the novel strikes one as having been produced by the joint efforts of "Ouida," Reynolds, Miss Evans, E. Z. C. Judson, and a youthful Ritualist whose clothes were too much for his brain.

Stella. By Elbridge Jefferson Cutler. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.)—Of the great number of books in verse that come into our hands we let most go unnoticed, for most are so bad that it would be not possible to praise them, and yet so little likely to be of sufficient influence to do harm to anybody that the duty of condemning them cannot be said to be imposed upon us. "Stella" is one of fifty poetical works before us, and the only one, we believe, not worthless. It is a gracefully told story of a young girl's unfortunate passion for a young man who could give her in return only respect and brotherly affection. As if this were not sufficiently embarrassing to the hero, it happens that he is the intimate friend of the lady's brother, a friend, too, of her parents, and that they know that he is aware of her love and their knowledge of it. Naturally the father, mother, and brother begin to look on him with some coldness, and the situation becomes an awkward one for all parties. Still he cannot love her. The war breaking out he enters the army, whereupon Stella shortly dies. So much for the picture. It has a sort of frame which we may describe thus:—The soldier sits in the room of a friend of his, conversing. The room is described as adorned with statuary and with pictures by Brown, Stillman, and Kensett, to each of whom a discriminating compliment is paid by Mr. Cutler in passing. The friend asks the soldier why he does not marry, and by way of reason the latter relates the somewhat sentimental tale which we have given above. It is a reason that wears an air of improbability, we should say. It might have come well enough from the friend in answer to the question propounded, for he says of himself:

> "I, loving quiet more than storm,
> Content to praise while they perform,"

and was probably not quite robust enough in mind, body, or soul; but it is hardly to be believed that the soldier—

> "He, one of those keen souls who crave
> A cause to serve, a land to save"—

should not have had more sense and less excessive tenderness. The versification of the story is smooth, and something more than nearly smooth; it has a simple and appropriate melody that falls pleasantly upon the ear. It is far better finished than planned, we think, and the sort of morbid sentimentality that pervades it we find not much to our taste; but, as we have said, it is superior to most of the new poems we see, and is evidently the work, or the play, of a man of cultivation.

Anthracite and Health. By George Derby, M.D. (Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1868.)—The object of this pamphlet—originally a paper read before the "Boston Society for Medical Improvement"—is to explain the reason of the well-known difference between the sensations caused by a wood and by a hard-coal fire respectively, and to what product of the combustion of coal are due its depressing and painful effects upon the system—headache, languor, difficult respiration, nervous derangement, etc. Dr. Derby considers one by one the common theories on this subject, and finds them all insufficient. The cause is not, as he fairly proves, a dryness attributed to the supposed capacity of red-hot iron to withdraw moisture from the air; for the hygrometer placed in houses warmed in various ways shows the mean humidity of those having hot-air furnaces to be greatest, besides that dry air may be as wholesome as moist. Neither is it the abstraction of oxygen by the same agent, which is inappreciable; nor the charring of the particles of dust, which, by destroying minute organisms, may be presumed to be rather beneficial than otherwise. Nor is it, at least in any considerable degree, carbonic acid gas, whose action is now known to be not poisonous to the lungs, but rather obstructive. But it is, in the author's opinion, carbonic oxide—which is carbonic acid relieved of a part of its oxygen on its way to the surface of the coals—that so injuriously affects the health; so insidiously also, since it is a colorless and odorless gas. We are, happily, preserved from inhaling all the carbonic oxide that is produced in our grates, stoves, and furnaces. Most of it escapes through the flues, but too much directly and indirectly from the fires themselves. We know, for instance, by the sense of smell, that sulphurous acid gas and other volatile matters thus escape, and it is reasonable to infer that, when the draught is insufficient, or the flue obstructed, or the stove joints separated, carbonic oxide may accompany them. Cast-iron, too, is often imperfect in structure, and liable to be permeated by gases; and recent investigations leave no doubt that even flawless iron and other metals, when raised to a dull heat, "permit the passage of gases directly through their substance." Our last defence, therefore, against the enemy is thus taken away, with no immediate prospect of assistance from science. We can, it is true, resort to steam or hot-water pipes, or wood-furnaces; but these have their drawbacks of expense and inconvenience, and afford no remedy to the great host of coal-consumers. Ventilation might do something for us if the demand for it were anything more than a sentiment, and the possession of it regarded as anything more than a luxury. Dr. Derby suggests illuminating gas as among the future means of heating dwellings, and undoubtedly there is to be a progress, both in heating and lighting, away from the clumsy processes which we now endure. For light we may reasonably look to electricity, if not for heat as well.

To know our peril is the first step to deliverance from it, and for this we are certainly greatly indebted to Dr. Derby. His pamphlet deserves the widest circulation.

The Law Register (1868). Prepared from Official Returns by John Livingston, of the New York Bar. (New York: Merchants' Union Law Company. 1868.)—This book, well and favorably known to the legal profession, will be found useful not only to the lawyer, but to the world of business men. It purports to contain in Part First a list of all the lawyers in the United States and the Territories. Part Second, which begins p. 525, gives what is called the Official Register of each of the States and Territories—that is to say, a list of the executive officers, the judges, the justices, the other judicial, county, and municipal officers, boards, and commissions, with the amount of their salaries, terms of office, and so on; the organization, powers, and times of holding the courts, whether State or Federal, and much similar information. Part Third gives the law of each State as regards the collection of debts, the forms that obtain in the various States for the execution, acknowledgment, and proof of w[illegible]en instruments, and for executing commissions and taking depositions. Part Fourth is a mine of miscellaneous knowledge, which is described as an Official Directory of the United States. One may learn from it, speaking roughly, the names, salaries, places of residence, duties and offices of everybody in Washington, from the President to the foreman of the folding-room in the Government printing-office. Furthermore, one may learn whether or not we keep a consul at Zacatecas, and who he is; whether this or that senator or repre-

sentative has his wife with him in Washington, or is accompanied by his daughters only; who are the aldermen of the Seventh Ward of Washington; when the mail leaves Washington for Port Tobacco; who are regents of the Smithsonian Institute; who represents the Worcester *Spy* in the Reporters' Gallery of the House, and what the number of his seat is—in short, almost everything about everybody and everything at the capital.

The compiler might very easily have made his book, as a book of reference, much handier than it is. For example, it would be far more convenient if he would keep the lawyers of his thirty-nine principal towns under the States to which the towns belong, and not in separate lists. And the towns ought, we should say, to be arranged in alphabetical order and not under the names of counties. As for inaccuracies, of which we have found some, they are pardonable in such a work, and they are not numerous, we think.

Grammatical Diagrams defended and improved, with directions for their proper construction and application, accompanied by a comprehensive outline of classification, and a complete scheme of examples for practice. By Frederick S. Jewell, Ph.D., author of "School Government." (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1867.)—The purpose of this book is to teach English syntax by means of diagrams, expressing chiefly by their position the function and relative importance of each of the elements of a sentence. The objections to such a system are so obvious, except in so far as it may, in its simpler forms, be a convenient means of testing in the class-room the proficiency of students in the ordinary analysis, that it hardly demands a serious criticism. One of the most important of these objections is stated by the author himself, though quite unintentionally: "There is no difficulty in the analysis which does not ultimately emerge in the diagrams." Other objections, hardly less grave, are found in its complexity and its entire inadequacy to meet the wants of involved constructions, or even of simple ones whose elements express slightly varying shades of emphasis or meaning. The elaborate system of nomenclature adopted would, we are confident, offer quite as many terrors to the beginner as the simpler one now commonly used. The author shows considerable ingenuity in adapting his scheme to the necessities of complex sentences, though, if our space permitted, we should be disposed to take issue with him with regard to the consistency of some of the applications of his system as well as with regard to the correctness of his analysis of certain of the examples quoted. It is, or ought to be, surprising to find a professed teacher of grammar suggesting as one of the advantages of this system the superior facilities which it offers for the comparative study of the styles of different authors. We are disposed to doubt whether the pursuit of so intangible a quality would be materially helped by enumerating, under our author's guidance, the proportion of "qualifying, quantitative or causative modifying circumstantitives," which a page of each author might contain. The system is, as we have said, an ingenious one, but it can hardly be of much practical use.

Transcript Pieces. By Frank Foxcroft. (North Adams, Mass.: J. T. Robinson & Co.)—This is a little book which it is no great discredit to a boy to have written. But the older offender, the *Transcript*, of Boston in which about half the poems were first published, certainly has a great deal to answer for. It is hardened, and will laugh us to scorn for saying so; but we mean it all perfectly seriously when we say that it is surely a piece of wickedness to encourage young people to engage in pursuits so enervating and profitless as this of turning out very poor verses with next to nothing in them. Though, if that were all, it would be nobody's business, we suppose, except the editor's, and the verse-writer's, and the subscribers'. But American literature, groaning and travailing under the inflictions of hosts of pretenders and foolish persons, is going to get better than it is more slowly than it might so long as papers of the pretensions of the *Transcript* lend themselves to weakliness in verse and prose, instead of resisting it and even actually fighting it.

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The Week.

ON Wednesday Mr. Trumbull's bill regulating the qualifications of jurors came up in the Senate. There has been some talk about the bill as directed specially against Jefferson Davis, but it wears an innocent appearance, and, as Mr. Reverdy Johnson and Mr. Trumbull pointed out, the law, as now existing in many States, allows judges, in the exercise of their discretion, to do all that the new bill permits. It is provided that a man is not to be held necessarily incompetent for service as a grand juror, nor for service as a juror in trials of offences against the United States, by reason of his having formed and expressed in regard to the matter in issue opinions founded on public rumor, newspaper reports, and so on, provided he can make oath that he can and will do his duty impartially. But the court may in its discretion put aside any such juror. Mr. Bayard and Mr. Garret Davis opposed the bill as a dangerous innovation, but it passed by a vote of 37 yeas to 8 nays. Mr. Sumner introduced a joint resolution, identical with others introduced at various times, proposing a constitutional amendment to the effect that no President, and no Vice-President who has acted as President, shall afterwards be eligible to either office. It went to the Committee on the Judiciary. In the House, on the same day, Mr. Robinson, of New York, came forward with a resolution—privileged, as he said—to rescind the resolution impeaching Andrew Johnson, and to recall the honorable managers. The Speaker avoided the peril, however. He ruled that the resolution was not privileged, as the House had already, on the 31st of March, ordered the previous question on a motion to print Mr. Butler's opening address to the Senate. On Thursday and Friday neither Senate nor House did anything but go on with the trial of the President, except that the House referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs a proposal to ask the President to send a special mission to the contending South American powers to urge peace. On Saturday Judge Woodward, in the House, introduced a bill to test the constitutionality of questionable acts of Congress. It provides that when Congress has passed a bill over the President's veto, the veto having been given because of the alleged unconstitutionality of the bill, it shall be lawful for the President to cause the Attorney-General to draw up and file on record in the United States Supreme Court a feigned issue with such pleadings as may be necessary to raise the questions of unconstitutionality suggested by the veto message, and no other questions whatever. Further, the bill provides that the Speaker of the House shall be served with a certified copy of the feigned issue and pleadings and shall appear by counsel or in person to defend the constitutionality of the enactment. On Monday, in the House, Mr. Washburne said that as there was a prospect of a speedy resumption of legislative business, he should on Thursday (to-day) move a call of the House. On the same day, it being proposed to vote on the matter of printing 40,000 copies of Mr. Butler's speech, it was found that there was not a quorum present.

Judge Curtis's speech before the Senate in defence of Mr. Johnson is pleasant and yet unpleasant reading. It is pleasant, because no matter to which side one's sympathies may incline, everybody, except our friends the enthusiasts, feels the immense importance, from a moral point of view, of having the trial conducted in a manner worthy of the nation. No cause so great has ever been tried before a legal tribunal. The only approach to it was that of Charles I., but he was not tried before a legal tribunal or in accordance with forms previously prescribed by law. It is unpleasant, because there can be no question that the people have not thus far been worthily represented before the Senate. We have nothing to say against the ability of the Managers, but we have much to say against the use they have made of their discretion in committing the greater part of the conduct of their cause to that one of their members who cares least for courtesy, for decorum, and for the dignity and fairness of the trial. The contrast in demeanor between those who represent the President and those who represent the House has been already sufficiently marked, and it is a contrast on which few people will look with anything but mortification after the trial is over. If there was to be a lack of decency on either side, certainly it ought to have appeared on the side of the defendant, the more particularly as the case against him is largely made up of a charge of bad language and rowdy behavior.

Judge Curtis's opening speech for the defence, and the arguments of the Managers and the respondent's counsel on the admissibility of General Sherman's testimony, have been the principal incidents of this week of the President's trial. There was, besides, the examination of Adjutant-General Thomas, which attracted a good deal of popular attention, but which, after all, was not of vital importance. It showed plainly the mental incompetency of the gentleman whose services Mr. Johnson thought would be of peculiar advantage to the public service; and it gave Mr. Butler an opportunity to display fully the arts that make him feared in criminal courts, and not greatly respected or admired elsewhere. As to the evidence of General Sherman, the case is this: The President's counsel intended to prove by him that at the time when he was asked to take the War Office, he was told by Mr. Johnson that Mr. Stanton was to be removed in order that the validity of the Tenure-of-Office Act might be tested before the Supreme Court. The first question put to the general, when he appeared on the stand, was the signal for battle between the two sides. The Senate decided, reversing the Chief-Justice's decision, that the answer could not be admitted. The President's counsel—the evidence they so much desired having been thus shut out—endeavored to get it before the Senate indirectly. In this attempt they were very persistent, and the Managers in opposing it were equally persistent. Witnessing the anxiety of the Managers to keep out the testimony, one would have supposed the Senate an ordinary "intelligent jury." The strategy of the counsel was frustrated finally by an overwhelming vote, and on Saturday night the Managers had been successful, as no doubt on strictly legal grounds they ought to have been. On Monday, however, the

Senate, by a close vote, resolved that the testimony should be admitted. Of this decision we are glad. As we have stated elsewhere, the Senate was not legally bound to admit as evidence of the intent of a violator of law words that he used months before he committed the violation. But, as Mr. Butler insisted in his opening for the prosecution, the Senate in this business of impeachment is a law unto itself, and nothing can be clearer than that it is wise to admit whatever evidence tends at all to throw light on the case. Even in ordinary criminal cases it is already the practice in some of the States to allow the prisoner to lay before the jury, as an aid to right judgment, his own statement of the facts. And the people will surely not be satisfied if Mr. Johnson is either convicted or acquitted on technicalities drawn from the practice of the least enlightened criminal courts. As a matter of fact, we suppose, no sensible man now believes that what Mr. Johnson chose to tell General Sherman when he wanted to use him is of the least value as throwing light on his real intent. The Senate seems to have been actuated by some such considerations as we have mentioned. And, in judging of the course of the Senate throughout the discussion of this question, it must be remembered that senators are accustomed to take time for their deliberations; that they may let, and habitually do let, weeks pass before definitively settling doubtful points; and that now, in this trial, very nice and doubtful points are submitted to them for almost immediate settlement. It is no wonder, then, if there is apparent vacillation in its action. But we believe, and the history of the trial thus far is our ground of belief, that the court is honestly trying to do its duty impartially, and that no American need be ashamed of its record.

The election in South Carolina is at an end to-day, and it is probable that the new constitution is ratified and the Republican candidates for State officers elected. It is worth recording that one of them, Mr. T. L. Cardozo, candidate for the Secretaryship of State, is a colored man, a native of Charleston. He is a man of ability, and, if we are not mistaken, has had the advantage of receiving a university education in Glasgow. For some years he has been at the head of the largest of the Charleston free schools, and has managed it to the satisfaction of his assistants, of whom some were young women who in the North would be—in fact were—considered accomplished teachers. It is worth recording also that the Democrats of South Carolina have reached this point:

Resolved, That under the action of the State of South Carolina, heretofore taken, *we recognize the colored population of the State as an integral element of the body politic;* and as such, in person and property, entitled to a full and equal protection under the State constitution and laws; and that, as citizens of South Carolina, *we declare our willingness, when we have the power, to grant them, under proper qualifications as to property and intelligence, the right of suffrage.*

The *World* will have to read these ideologues out of the party. From North Carolina news comes that the campaign is most active; speeches by the hundred being delivered each day, and the result being doubtful. Arkansas ratifies the new constitution by a majority, officially reported, of 1,679.

The *Tribune* has received from a special correspondent in Georgia, and prints in fac-simile, one of the documents with which the "Ku Klux Klan" are intimidating their political opponents. It is described as a handbill printed on pink paper and adorned with symbols such as a backward schoolboy of twelve years old might invent after he had just gone through the "Pirate's Own Book." There are cannon printed on it, a coffin with a white cross, a skull and cross-bones which bear a striking resemblance to those of Solonois the Black Avenger, a dagger, a chain, a coiled snake, a sword, a heart, two crescent moons, a black flag with "K. K. K." upon it, a hound, a bugle-horn, and such inscriptions as these: "Klansmen—The deed without a name is done;" "Many thanks, O Ghenghis Khan, thou whose Crown is" [device of skull and cross-bones]; "Attend the Cabala, and the curse of Nemesis upon him who speeds not the foot at its mystic summons." It is never agreeable to any one, we dare say—never to any American citizen at any rate—to have his throat cut by people on the mere ground that he voted the wrong ticket; but to be put to death by persons of the mental calibre of the inventors of these placards—to furnish in one's own person the tragic conclusion to so trivial a farce as the "Klan" performances would be if cowardly murder were not the end of them—this must be peculiarly trying to a victim whose taste is not wholly unformed. We do not know which is really the more unfavorable and depressing sign as regards the condition of the South—the formation of a secret society for the purpose of killing or intimidating political opponents, or the fitting it out when formed with these marvellous paraphernalia. However that may be, we sincerely hope that, pending the establishment of common schools throughout the Southern country, the military commanders will catch and hang all the "Klansmen" who are old enough. General Meade's order has reached us, and seems tolerably well adapted to the end he had in view in its preparation. The assassination of Mr. G. W. Ashburn and the plentiful indications that other similar murders are intended by a secret gang of ruffians, were the reasons for its promulgation. It directs military commanders who think it desirable, to organize a force of law-abiding citizens, whose services shall be paid for by a tax levied on the district put under surveillance; it forbids the publication of articles in newspapers tending to produce riot and bloodshed, and enjoins the political speakers to refrain from incendiary language. We are bound to say that we believe General Meade will have the good wishes of a large majority of Georgians in his endeavor to stop the violence of the Klan; and we are bound to say that we do not believe their good wishes will be of much service to him. The really respectable public opinion of the South was never yet able to restrain the lawlessness of the worst part of Southern society.

We do not know if there are any politico-personal intrigues behind the recent singular action taken by the Pennsylvania Republicans. If there were no special reasons to set them upon doing it, we should imagine that members of the Legislature and other presumably sensible men would have hardly done so unbecoming a thing as Governor Geary and other prominent Pennsylvanians have been doing. They asked that Senator Cameron, when Mr. Johnson should be found guilty and Senator Wade should become President Wade, and changes began to be made in the Cabinet, should urge on the President the claims of Mr. Stanton for the post from which, it is taken for granted, Mr. McCulloch will be at once removed. Mr. Stanton has published a letter, which we dare say expresses his real mind, to the effect that, having heard of the proposal, he hastens to request earnestly that Mr. Cameron will not make the desired recommendation. Enough of his life, he says, has been devoted to public duties, and he intends ceasi g to hold office as soon as his successor is appointed and confirmed.

Sergeant Bates reached Washington on Tuesday with the flag which he has publicly borne and waved ever since he left Vicksburg. By this journey he has proved to a demonstration the loyalty of the South and the security of men who reside there making no concealment of their loyalty. It disposes of the mythical stories of a "Ku Klux Klan," and henceforth the New Orleans riot comes out of history and Mr. G. W. Ashburn does not go into it. It makes General Meade's order a hoax that he ought to be ashamed of. Inasmuch as the sergeant was permitted to wave his flag from the capitol at Richmond, but was turned away from the Capitol at Washington, it is clear that the fiery love of the Union which animates Virginian souls far exceeds that in District of Columbian souls. We should like to hear Mr. Mungen or Mr. Eldridge—or Mr. E. O. Perrine will do—extending this sort of reasoning to the impeachment trial. Mr. Johnson, it is well known, went through the North displaying his "policy" without being assassinated, or even so much as brought before a police court. It follows that Congress is not fit to act in the name of the people, and that the President has uniformly kept himself within constitutional limits.

Wendell Phillips has, in the last *Anti-Slavery Standard*, entered into detailed proof of General Grant's "drunkenness in the streets." It consists of a speech of William E. Dodge, the President of the National Temperance Society, in which that gentleman, after having visited Washington, "assures the temperance men they need have no fears." The thoughtful teetotaller, Mr. Phillips thinks, will consider this conclusive; but if he does, all we can say of "the thoughtful teetotaller"

is, what Bumble said of the law—"that he is an ass." But Mr. Phillips furnishes cumulative testimony, in the shape of a letter from Senator Wilson, in which he says that he "had seen General Grant in his camp, in his office, at his own house, and at dinner-parties where liquors were freely used by others, but had never seen him drink even a glass of wine, nor had he ever seen him when he had the slightest reason to believe that he was in any degree under the influence of drink." Mr. Wilson's failure to say that he has never heard from trustworthy sources of "the public drunken exposure of his candidate," combined with Mr. Phillips's knowledge of Mr. Wilson's character, is to him (Mr. Phillips) sufficient; or, to use his own words, "to me no further evidence is necessary"—an admission which leads us to fear that Mr. Phillips is himself a "thoughtful teetotaller," and shares in the mental peculiarities of that species of citizen. The part which poor General Grant plays in this discussion would be rather annoying to him if it were not so very amusing. He is held up to the country in the newspapers as "a street drunkard," because William E. Dodge says he is satisfied with him, and because Wendell Phillips, having the worst possible opinion of Henry Wilson, thinks he is guilty of evasion when he says he never saw General Grant drunk. Those who remember Mr. Phillips's criticisms of Abraham Lincoln and his ardent eulogies of Andrew Johnson, will sympathize with the philosophic sadness with which he remarks that he "considers the success of Mr. Wilson one of the most alarming results of democratic institutions."

The *Anti-Slavery Standard*, through whose columns Mr. Phillips enlightens "the thoughtful teetotaller" on so many subjects, is a journal which has many good features, but whose claims to public support have been somewhat shaken by the legal abolition of slavery. It has, however, stoutly and certainly successfully maintained its right to survive slavery, without, however, satisfying those who wished to see it die with the abuse which it had so long and so ably assailed. We ourselves have at times had doubts about its utility, but they were, if not entirely removed, very much weakened by a letter signed "J. T. S.," in the number of April, which called attention to the number of "mysterious disappearances" which have been reported to the police in New York during the last four months—two hundred and thirty-nine in all—and asking, "Who shall dare affirm that the chattel system of slavery is wholly extinct among us?" if these statements are true. It then says:

"Now, after making all due allowance for a possible exaggeration in this statement, there is no doubt that in a crowded city like New York, and even in the good old Puritanic city of Boston, there is a sytem of *kidnapping*, as it were, certain laborers, whether young or old, and a catering to brothels and other haunts of servitude, which substantiates our charge that slavery, or at least the essential virus of it, is not dead yet, and fully justifies our claim that the *Standard* should be vigorously sustained as the uncompromising advocate of human rights, and for all classes, whether black or white."

Mr. Bancroft's completion of a treaty with the North German Confederation, releasing German subjects from their allegiance after five years' residence with intent, shown in the prescribed mode, to become citizens of this country, has settled what was the most thorny and difficult branch of the expatriation question. It now remains to deal with the British branch of it, which is also important, but which has been made pressing solely through the Fenian operations. Great Britain does not conscript returned exiles, but her courts do claim the right, under the old doctrine of allegiance, to take cognizance of acts committed by British subjects on foreign soil, no matter what measures they may have taken to cast off their allegiance. There is, however, no reason to anticipate any difficulty in settling this question also, whenever there is a sincere desire to have it settled. The difficulty now is that few Americans feel that it possesses much practical importance, and the Irish, we suspect, would, on the whole, if the truth were known, sooner have it left as it is. It now furnishes materials for a good many "enthusiastic meetings," which otherwise could hardly be got together.

The Cable news of the week has been unimportant. Dr. Livingstone's safety is confirmed beyond question by an autograph letter which has reached Sir Roderick Murchison *via* Zanzibar; and it is a fact of much more interest than the continued progress of the British forces in Abyssinia towards Magdala and King Theodorus, as reported in two despatches. The existence of considerable uneasiness among the rural population of France, owing to the terrors of the new army law, would appear to be substantiated by the telegrams from Paris. The *Liberté* alleges that the U. S. Legation in that city is overrun with applications from Frenchmen for American naturalization papers, with the not very enlightened view of escaping in this way from military service. However this may be, it will be safer to anticipate from the popular discontent an increased emigration to this country, rather than an explosion in France. At least, if we were members of the society—which we believe is still alive—for promoting European emigration to Louisiana, we should think the present the most favorable opportunity for getting the ear of the French people. We only fear that it might be embarrassing to explain to them why, in fleeing the conscription at home, they must not only come under military rule at the South, but must depend upon it for security and for most of the other blessings of good government.

The acknowledged evils of the resident system of the English universities, owing largely to the increased cost of living, led last year to a proposal of reform from Mr. Ewarts, which was granted a select committee by the House of Commons, and resulted in the taking of a good deal of testimony that decidedly strengthened the claims of the chief innovation. This was to allow students to reside in the city without being connected with any college or hall. The principal objections which it encountered were, that it would remove the outsiders from parietal discipline, and also interfere with their religious training, while they would be asked to humiliate themselves by subscribing to a statement setting forth their poverty. Nevertheless, the debates in the House clearly foreshadowed the change contemplated, and the universities have wisely gone out to meet it instead of stubbornly resisting or delaying by inaction. The proposal has actually been adopted by the Congregation of the University of Oxford, and, though this does not put the reform beyond hazard, it is probably the beginning of the end. At Cambridge the Syndicates appointed last November to consider the matter have recently reported in its favor, and their report has been discussed by the Senate, without conclusion. Greater opposition was developed than was to have been expected, inasmuch as, if we remember the tenor of the debates last year, the most stress was laid upon Oxford as needing extension. Undoubtedly, when the gates are down, a class of students with more brains than money will come in to compete with the sons of fortune and position; and that this should happen simultaneously with the extension of the suffrage seems—since the latter is irrevocable—to be the fittest and most desirable consummation possible. It would not be strange if the temptation to students in this country to complete their education in England, which has always existed to some extent, should, with the increase that must be thus given it, make an appreciable addition to the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

The constitutional inability of Englishmen to believe in the feasibility of the French ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez has just been rebuked by the Duke of St. Albans, who, in a letter to the *Times*, says of his visit to the works, that he came a sceptic and left a true believer in the early completion of the canal. It is tolerably well known that there is a small fresh-water canal, on which two barges may pass each other, that already serves for communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; but it is less notorious that the maritime canal is half completed and filled, and that at Portsaid, its northern terminus, is a city of ten thousand inhabitants, where, eight years ago, "there was a narrow strip of sand between the sea and the lagoon, without a hut on it." And not only a town, but a port full of shipping, with a breakwater built of stone, made by a most ingenious process from the sand of the desert. It is curious to think of the Pacific Railroad as a rival of this canal, of course only for the eastern coast of Asia, China, and Japan. The distance to these countries, across the United States, will in fact be, when the road is completed, several days shorter from London than by the Red Sea.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

THE most remarkable feature connected with the impeachment trial—a feature which completely overshadows all others—is the fact that it can take place at all. If republican institutions have proved their strength to carry on a civil war of unexampled magnitude, they are no less proving their ability to withstand a political strain to which no other government has ever been subjected. Kings have been deposed, and have been submitted to a judicial trial for their crimes against the people, but only after they have been deprived of all power by successful revolutions. Here is the spectacle of a President, commander-in-chief of the armies and navies, possessing the sole executive power of the nation, supported in his opinions and acts by the assent of a considerable majority of all those persons who, five years ago, were deemed to be citizens, under trial for alleged offences against the Constitution and the laws; all the machinery of government moves on as usual; no one suggests resistance; the accused obeys all process of the court, yields to its authority without a murmur, attempts no measures of violence, submits a defence entirely upon the merits. We repeat, this is *the* remarkable fact; and it is one which may make every thoughtful citizen both proud of his country and hopeful of the permanence of its institutions. It shows that the Government is still based upon a universal respect for the laws. The American people are not slow to discuss all questions of policy and of power with a zeal which sometimes appears dangerous; but when the Constitution is plain and express, when the measure is one provided for beyond all doubt by the organic law, the assent to its legality is universal. No thoughtful American, whatever be his party affiliations, can look upon the impeachment trial as an event inferior in moral grandeur to the war waged to suppress the rebellion.

The trial itself has presented some questions of constitutional law hitherto untouched or unsettled, and the decisions thereupon will doubtless become precedents for all future action. One of these points involves the position of the Chief-Justice as presiding officer of the Senate. We confess ourselves unable to appreciate the importance which has been attached to the official character of the Chief-Justice. It seems to have been taken by many, both in the Senate and without, as symbolizing some theory which would enlarge or diminish the jurisdiction of that body. It has been suggested that the Chief-Justice is the sole judge of the law and the Senate are the sole triers of the fact. But such a suggestion has been made by no one connected with the trial, and its absurdity is apparent. Two questions have arisen, entirely distinct from each other and depending for their solution upon entirely different considerations. The first is the right of the Chief-Justice to rule in the first instance upon incidental points which arise in the trial, subject to the revision of the Senate. This claim is based not upon any authority residing in him as presiding officer, but simply upon a construction given to the rules of procedure which the Senate adopted. That body assented to the construction, and to remove all doubt made the rule more explicit. The second question is more important, and involves the official character of the Chief-Justice. Has he the right to an absolute and peremptory vote under any circumstances? The claim is simple, and the argument in its support seems to us conclusive. Generally, the Vice-President presides. The Constitution clothes him with authority to give the casting vote in all cases of a tie. When the President is tried, the Chief-Justice shall preside. It would appear from this language taken alone that the Chief-Justice was substituted in place of the Vice-President, with all his powers, no more and no less. This conclusion is strengthened by the motive which probably led to the provision in question. As the Vice-President succeeds upon the removal of the President, it was considered improper that he should form any part of the court, and the Chief-Justice was substituted in his stead. We do not understand that Mr. Chase has claimed anything more than the right to vote in case of a tie, and his casting vote can only be used in deciding interlocutory questions; in the final result he can have no voice, for the majority must be two-thirds in order to convict.

It is evident to any one who has carefully examined the proceedings from day to day that the Senate has uniformly acted with great impartiality, and that its rulings in respect to the admission of evidence are, with one or two exceptions, absolutely unobjectionable. The only occasions when there has been any real contest between the Managers and the President's counsel were the offers to prove declarations made by General Thomas, to prove the appointment of Mr. Cooper as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and to prove on his behalf declarations made by the President. The first decision, admitting General Thomas's statements made after his appointment, seems to have been in entire accordance with settled principles of the law of evidence. It is true that generally the declarations made by one person cannot be received against another. To this rule there are exceptions; and none is more familiar than in the case of an alleged conspiracy. If the prosecution has laid the foundation by giving some proof of the conspiracy, they may follow it up by introducing the admissions of the assumed conspirators against each other. It cannot be said that the prior proof of the conspiracy must be absolutely conclusive; it can, in the nature of things, be only matter for a jury to weigh. Had such proof been offered? We think it had. The removal of Mr. Stanton, the appointment of General Thomas, and the particular directions of the President to the latter, may make out but a weak case of conspiracy, but they certainly make out a case sufficient to be submitted to a jury. The decision admitting General Thomas's statements prior to the removal of Stanton and his own appointment was, in our opinion, wrong, and wrong for the same reason that the former ruling was right. No evidence of any conspiracy existing at that time between the President and Thomas had been given. We were glad to see that most of the able lawyers on the Republican side of the Senate voted to reject this evidence. To be sure, the declarations proved were perfectly immaterial, and cannot be used to prejudice the case of the respondent.

The proposal to prove the appointment of Mr. Cooper as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury was very properly overruled. The fact itself seems simple enough, but Mr. Butler announced that the Managers intended to raise such an enormous superstructure of hypothesis upon it that they would be, in fact, adding another distinctive charge to the articles of impeachment. The Senate, in deciding that they would not try the respondent upon any new allegation, decided in strict accordance with law, as well as with common sense and common justice.

The questions raised by the counsel for the respondent, in their offers to prove the President's declarations, in order to show his intent, are much more grave, and go to the bottom of one entire branch of the defence. The criminal law, as administered by ordinary tribunals against ordinary offenders, invariably demands the presence of a wrongful intent as the very essential element of every crime. Although the Managers have denied the necessity of proving such an intent against the President, yet their actions contradict their avowals, and there can be no question that this feature of guilt must be established, and may be disproved. As intent is a mental condition rather than a physical fact, the evidence for or against its existence must be circumstantial, and on the actual trials the aid of presumptions is always invoked. Thus, the President having removed Mr. Stanton, the presumption is conclusive that he intended to do so. If the removal was in violation of the Constitution or of a statute, the presumption would also arise that he intended the violation. This latter design is the actual criminal intent which makes his act a high misdemeanor; but the presumption is not, like the former, conclusive; it may be overcome, and may be strengthened by ancillary evidence. The President claims that he is not guilty of a criminal design, because the validity of the Tenure-of-Office statute is, at least, fairly open to doubt, because the only method by which it can be questioned is for him formally to violate it, in order that the judicial machinery may be set in motion, and because he did, in fact, violate it for that purpose, and for no other. The first two of these propositions are matters of law, and are to be established by argument and not by testimony. The third is a matter of fact, and he proposes to prove it

by showing what he has said to different individuals on the subject. The Senate permitted him to introduce the statements made to General Thomas, but shut out those made to General Sherman. Is there any inconsistency here? Every tyro in the law knows that as a general rule a party cannot prove what he has himself said in order to explain the nature of an act. To this rule there is the exception that, if the act and the saying were simultaneous, or were so closely connected as to form parts of the same transaction, they shall not be separated; the act shall not be shown and the language shut out; both shall be admitted to explain each other. Under this exception the Senate permitted General Thomas to detail the conversations between the President and himself. But when the counsel for the respondent passed to conversations which took place two months before the act charged in the articles of impeachment, we think the exception does not apply, but that the general rule comes in play. It could hardly be contended that similar evidence would be received on behalf of the prisoner in a trial for murder or any other crime. But we think the Senate ought to have admitted the proposed declarations on Saturday as it did on Monday, when senators had had time to consider the matter. The rules of evidence which prevail in the English and American criminal law were contrived solely for trials by jury; they were designed to shut out immaterial matters which might confuse triers unacquainted with the law; they are not necessary when the same tribunal decides the law and the fact. The Senate would not be at all prejudiced by the admission of improper evidence; each senator would for himself separate the good from the bad, and give a judgment according to his convictions. Again, the Senate should preserve the appearance of the utmost fairness; a verdict of guilty will do no good unless the people are satisfied that it was rendered upon a view of the whole case; all errors should be on the side of the President, not on the side of the Managers. Now, the great mass of persons uneducated in the technical rules of evidence would consider statements made by the President, in reference to his design in removing Mr. Stanton, as throwing great light upon his intent; they will regard the rejection of those statements as an act of injustice. We are satisfied that Mr. Butler, by his vehemence in applying the doctrines of criminal evidence with which he is so familiar, is injuring his cause with the people.

The trial itself has developed few facts of importance which were not well known before its commencement. All the articles which are based upon the removal of Mr. Stanton and the appointment of General Thomas rest for their decision upon two considerations. The charge of conspiracy cannot be treated as raising an independent issue. The first of these two considerations is the pure question of constitutional law, In whom does the power of removal reside? We do not intend to discuss this question. It can hardly be expected that the Senate will reverse their former action and fail to pronounce the Tenure-of-Office statute a valid law, by a majority of at least two-thirds. The position that Mr. Stanton's case is not covered by that statute seems to us so technical that we may call it a quibble. But the defence will be largely rested upon the issue of wrongful intent. The true construction is certainly a matter of doubt. Mr. Curtis maintains the exact position heretofore assumed in the *Nation*, that in regard to most laws the President should not interfere, but in regard to some he must interfere or their validity cannot be tested. This statute falls within the latter class, and if the respondent violated it merely to set in motion a judicial proceeding, he is innocent of any misdemeanor. We agree with these views. The trouble is that the facts do not appear to support them. There is not the slightest evidence, except his own declarations, that the President desired a judicial investigation. All of his acts look in another direction; he was endeavoring to get possession of the War Office, and to compel the *other* side to commence proceedings if they pleased.

We cannot leave this subject without saying that one fact was proved which ought to result in the President's conviction — his direct official communication to the Alabama Legislature advising a defeat of the XIVth Amendment. Here was a bold and plain violation of his official duty; a bold and plain interference with the exclusive functions of Congress.

SQUANDERING THE NATIONAL PATRIMONY.

It is generally acknowledged that, next after class-hatred, the great difficulty in the way of the social regeneration of Southern society is the landlessness of the negroes. If there be any well-established principle in political economy, it is that the possession of land has an elevating effect on the character, and that whatever influence the multiplicity of small holdings may exercise on the gross amount of production, there can be no question as to its influence in promoting independence, industry, frugality, and prudence amongst the cultivators. No argument is needed on this point. It was settled long ago, by the mere comparison of the countries in which large landholders abound with those in which small landholders abound. All that is claimed for the former is that they produce larger crops and use better machinery; what cannot be denied to the latter is that they produce better men, which is, after all, the great end of crops and machinery. When one compares the French peasant, even in districts in which vine-culture is unknown or unprofitable, with the English hind, in any district whatever, one feels that the difference is such that neither the large yield nor improved processes of the English farm can compensate for it—and yet the French peasant is by no means the best specimen of the class of small holders.

Wendell Phillips and Thaddeus Stevens both got hold of this principle, and, two years ago, urged it with considerable energy with regard to the Southern negroes. They said, and with great truth, that there was no means of raising a man—and, above all, a degraded and dispirited man—either in his own estimation or in that of his neighbors, so good as that of giving him land of his own, in sufficient quantity to enable him to live on it in comfort. But they spoilt the effect of all they said by parading their desire that the measure should be only in part a philanthropic or reformatory one, and that the remainder should be purely penal; in other words, that they sought through it the infliction of vengeance on the South as well as the elevation of the negro. They proposed to secure the necessary amount of land by confiscation, and Wendell Phillips cited in support of his doctrine various historical precedents, whose sole value, unfortunately, lay in the lesson they afforded of the curse which even "mild confiscation" inflicts on any country in which it is carried out, especially when the sting it leaves behind is felt by a large class. In short, we cannot go to the source from which we draw the conclusion that small farms are a benefit to the community—human experience—without finding it covered over with warnings against allowing men to acquire small farms by means which look like spoliation of their neighbors. There is one thing more essential to a community than even small holdings, and that is the absence of any extraordinary cause of envy, hatred, and malice amongst its members.

It is, however, undoubtedly the duty of the Government to encourage by every means in its power the diffusion of landed property—or, in other words, the dependence of as large a proportion of the population as possible on farming for its support; for the farming class, if it be in the enjoyment of a good system of education, is undoubtedly the most valuable class, both politically and socially, and will continue to be so till co-operation in some shape or other shall have raised the artisan out of the position of a hired laborer. We have already too many men in the cities living from hand to mouth, and forming after each commercial crisis or panic a great mass of suffering and discontent; and one result of the enormous accumulation of capital in a small number of hands, which seems to be one of the inevitable incidents of our civilization, is to aggravate this drift of population to the great cities. Government can counteract it in a measure by the judicious use of the enormous area of public lands now remaining in its hands, and we hope some day to see an attempt either by State or Federal legislation to make the holding of large masses of land not under cultivation unendurably burdensome by taxation. The holding of land as it is now held at the South, in larger quantities than the owner can cultivate, or intends or hopes to cultivate, is against public policy, particularly when, as is largely the case in that region, it is done for political ends; and it would be difficult to think of a fairer object of differential taxation. It is not only a luxury but a mischievous luxury.

How terribly this legitimate means of redressing the balance between the city and the country, between classes and the masses, between large capitals and small ones, has been wasted, has been recently exposed in the House of Representatives, in a very able speech, by Mr. Julian, of Indiana—the author, we may say, of the Homestead law—to prevent the further sale of public lands except in accordance with the provisions of the Pre-emption and Homestead laws and the laws for the disposal of town sites and lands. Some of the facts he brings to light are almost astounding, and are full of instruction. Thirty millions of acres of land sold by the Government since its foundation, and which would have made 187,500 farms of 160 acres each, have not been reduced to farms at all, but have passed into the hands of speculators. About seven millions of acres have been sold under the Homestead laws, represented by 59,000 farms, while in the year 1835 about eight millions of acres passed into the hands of speculators and remain still unimproved, thus creating immense barriers between the tide of population and the wilderness beyond, which emigrants were forced to pass over in search of settlements, and leaving great tracts of unpeopled country between them and civilization, thus doubling their hardships by raising the price of everything they needed, and increasing the difficulty of securing all civilizing influences—churches, schools, books, lectures, and roads. We have more than once spoken in these columns of the barbarizing effects of great sparseness of population. Mr. Julian's revelations give all we have ever said on this subject additional point and force. The bad effects on the civilization of the whole country, on politics, society, and literature, of the way in which we have allowed great regions of the far West to be settled, are already visible, but we are satisfied we have not yet seen them in their full extent.

The Government has sold, in all, over one hundred and forty millions of acres since its foundation. Mr. Julian calculates that the country has not derived from them one-half the agricultural wealth that might have been derived had a care been taken from the outset to ensure the bringing of this vast area under cultivation as fast as it was disposed of, thus making it fulfil the end for which land, politically considered, exists—not the enrichment of individuals, but the increase of the number of happy and comfortable homes.

But it is not the private speculators alone who have to bear the responsibility of the withdrawal of these large tracts from cultivation. Mr. Julian calculates that about two hundred millions of acres have been granted in aid of railroads and other improvements, and under such conditions that the companies can withhold from the market the alternate odd numbered sections for an indefinite period, and can put on the even numbered ones the high price of $2 50 an acre. The sum total of these grants exceeds the entire area of the six New England States, together with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, by more than five millions of acres! They are almost equal to the entire area of France, and nearly twice the size of the British Isles. Now, the construction of the railroads is most important, but it is not so important as the proper settlement of the country through which they run; and Mr. Julian proposes, and a bill embodying his proposal has been introduced, that the companies should be compelled to dispose of the odd sections to actual settlers only, and that such of the even sections as remain undisposed of at the end of ten years should at once become subject to the laws regulating the disposition of other public lands.

The Agricultural College grant, laudable as its object has been, is also being made the instrument of the wildest waste and jobbery. The total amount of the land thus granted is calculated at nearly ten millions of acres. Where the States have public lands within their limits their grants will, of course, be settled with a view to raising the largest revenue possible for the colleges; but we hardly think, as Mr. Julian does, that this can result in much mischief. We suspect that wherever a college makes it a point to get the largest possible revenue at the earliest possible moment from its land grant, whatever it does for the purpose will consist with the public interest, if it attends to the settlement itself. When a State only gets scrip, and is left to "locate" the grant itself, the case is different. In nine cases out of ten this scrip passes at low prices into the hands of speculators, and is used to delay settlement and cultivation. A company of speculators actually advertise that they have bought up the college scrip of nine States, amounting to 2,482,000 acres. The Mexican bounty warrant lands, amounting to thirteen millions of acres, have gone in the same way. The "swamp or overflowed lands" of the Southern States have had a similar fate; a large proportion of them—fifty-two millions of acres, it is calculated—are now held by speculators. Mr. Julian thinks that these, as well as confiscated estates, should have been used to settle the landless class at the South. With regard to confiscation, we, for reasons already given, entirely disagree with him; but his own statements with regard to these speculative monopolies furnish a more powerful reason for disagreeing with him than any which had occurred to us. To touch property long and legitimately held, when so many speculative tumors invite incision, would be anything but good statesmanship.

Another great land job—the scheme of granting bounty lands to soldiers who had served in the war—has just been exposed, and we hope squelched, by a report from the Committee on Public Lands, to which the bill embodying this scheme was referred. The sum and substance of it was, that about three hundred and thirty-five millions of acres, or about one-third of all the lands now remaining in the hands of the Government, be granted to soldiers. The distribution would, of course, be made in assignable land-warrants, which the soldiers would sell to speculators at prices probably, all things considered, as low as twenty-five cents an acre, and we know what would follow. Any soldier who wants land with a view to cultivating and living on it ought to have it; but if he is entitled to any reward for his services, and does not want to become a farmer, he ought to get it in money. The distribution of land-warrants is simply another mode of bestowing the prize of his valor and sufferings on a set of people who passed the entire period of the war in Wall Street, and if they helped him at all, did it by simply praising his exploits.

A NATIONAL BUREAU OF LIFE INSURANCE.

THERE is now going on in some of the daily papers of the city a discussion more than usually important, but which meets with even less than the usual attention from the parties principally interested. The subject under discussion is the propriety of establishing a National Bureau of Life Insurance at Washington, in place of the separate bureaus of the individual States in which they already exist or may yet be established—a plan which has been suggested in the Life Insurance Chamber of this city, and which must, sooner or later, come up in Congress for practical action. For the moment, the principal parties in interest *seem* to be the Life Insurance Companies themselves; but, in truth, the party most interested is the great public. But it does not readily appear how this question concerns the public so much, and that is one of the principal reasons why the discussion itself attracts so little attention. There is also another reason, a far more forcible one—namely: the general ignorance on the whole subject of life insurance. Unfortunately the press, to which the community looks for information on such matters, is consciously, or unconsciously, enlisted on the side of the companies, who are, if any one is, interested in maintaining the prevailing ignorance. The competition among the insurance companies for new business is naturally great; notoriety consequently is one of their great elements of strength. Hence the insurance companies are among the most liberal advertisers, and managers of newspapers, depending for their income upon their receipts from advertising, would be more than human if their sympathies in any open question did not naturally incline to the side of their important clients and business friends. Far be it from us to insinuate that such base motives could influence the respectable portion of the fraternity to defraud or connive at any wrong or injustice; but it is unquestionable that, unless some real palpable public advantage is to be gained, newspaper men, like other men, will abstain from raising a discussion that does not seem likely to benefit their friends or themselves. Until lately it has not appeared that any such general public advantage was to be gained by the discussion of life insurance management, and hence the silence of the press, hence the general ignorance. But lately a difference of opinion among the different companies as to the legislation most likely to benefit their individual objects and purposes has brought about declarations and assertions that absolutely cry out for a free and full enquiry. We have ourselves received several enquiries on the subject, and we

hasten to lay before our readers such facts and thoughts as we have gathered.

We have recently shown at length why available capital abounds at the East; we need not, therefore, explain why insurance companies of all kinds are principally established in the East, and carry on the business of insurance in all the other States of the Union by means of agencies. These agencies, though always found ready to represent their companies for the purpose of receiving premiums, were frequently found unready to represent them when it came to pay losses, and insurers thus became involved in difficult and expensive litigation, which they were compelled to carry on in a distant State and at a great disadvantage. To guard against this wrong, to compel foreign companies to plead in the courts of the State where the loss is incurred, and to guarantee to insurers the responsibility of the company for the acts of its agents, some of the States have provided by law that no foreign insurance company shall do business within its limits without first depositing a large sum of money as security in the hands of the State and entering into such other engagements as have been thought likely to guarantee the insurer against fraud or mismanagement. Again, some of the States in which companies exist have established regular official departments for the purpose of superintending the companies within their limits and furnishing to the public generally some sort of guarantee against gross mismanagement. Now it must, of course, be to the advantage of the public that every facility shall be given to the business transactions of all sound and responsible companies, instead of which, the present legislation, it is claimed, throws unnecessary obstacles in their way. They say if a central bureau were established in Washington by act of Congress, empowered to investigate the affairs of all companies in all the States, and empowered to wind up the affairs of every concern on its first departure from the most correct business management or its first failure to comply with its engagements, that then the same security would exist for the insured in all parts of the Union; that the necessity for different laws in different States and for a number of superintending bureaus managed upon different principles and at considerable expense would be done away with; that companies established in States where now no superintendence is provided by law would at once become amenable to the same supervision; that the restrictions placed by some of the States upon the business of outside companies, which in many cases are vexatious only to responsible organizations and advantageous only to the unscrupulous, would be at once removed, to the benefit of all concerned; and that the whole of this important business would be at once established on a basis easily understood, entirely national, and perfectly alike in all parts of the country. It is this proposition, that such a central Bureau of Life Insurance should be established in Washington, which has led to the discussion and the enquiries above referred to.

The practical point at issue in this discussion seems to be, whether it is wise to force upon the General Government the care of interests which the individual State governments can provide for equally well. Apart from the general principle involved, it is safe to assert that individual State governments can *not* guard certain interests as well as the General Government can. We have right at our own doors a striking illustration in the case of the Erie Railroad war. Here is a corporation, established under the laws of the State and bound by its charter to submit to an investigation of its affairs, actually refusing to be bound by its charter, committing acts which a court declares to be of doubtful legality, and then removing its organization, its office, its books, and its property to a neighboring State, and repudiating the authority of the State to which it owes its existence. The Erie Railroad runs partly within the State; its road-bed, its rails and equipment cannot be removed, and these the State may seize and hold. But if no part of its property lay in the State, what redresss, except after endless litigation, would any innocent buyer of its recent issue of stock get, supposing that issue to be declared illegal? It is becoming evident, day by day, that there are men and corporations in our country stronger by far than all the authority of any single State; men and corporations that may some day test even the strength of the General Government.

There are life insurance companies in this city whose available cash means far exceed those of the Erie Railroad, who have little or no property over which the State can obtain control. What would be the result, if one of these companies should repudiate its obligations and set the State at defiance?

There is no disguising the fact, that in our times submission to lawful authority is not to be relied upon from powerful corporations, unless the power is at hand to enforce the authority. The life insurance companies are gradually developing into bodies of the most extraordinary power and importance. Those doing business in New York alone have assets to the extent of nearly one hundred and fifty millions of dollars; their fresh liabilities entered into last year reach nearly five hundred millions of dollars; *their aggregate liabilities will, in a few years, far exceed the total of our entire national debt; the legislative restraint placed upon them is feeble, ignorant, and inefficient; and there are not wanting men of thought who assert that in less than twenty years every one of them will be bankrupt.*

Reflections such as these, assertions such as these, unintentionally developed in the course of the discussion about the Central Bureau at Washington, seem to show that it is high time for the public and the press to look somewhat more closely into the subject.

Every one understands the general principles of life insurance. If one hundred men, at the age of twenty, put each one hundred dollars into a common fund, and put it out at interest, and each year add the same amount to the common fund to be similarly employed, there will be at all times money enough in the common fund to pay for each of the partners the sum of five thousand dollars at his death. We have chosen arbitrary figures, but the principle is correctly stated. It is easy to see that the success of the principle will be very much modified in practice. If the hundred men are all healthy, strong, and of good constitution, there will be a smaller number of deaths at an early age, and consequently smaller payments to be made by the partnership; the capital will be less early diminished; the increase of the capital, both from interest and from annual receipts, will be larger; and the partnership will be able to fulfil all its obligations. But if the selection of partners be not carefully made, the result will be totally different; there will be found among them some who die early; their death diminishes at one and the same time the capital of the partnership, the income from interest, and the subsequent annual receipts. The result depends, therefore, very much upon the prudence and care exercised in the admission of members to the partnership.

If the one hundred men have the good fortune to reside in healthy localities, to follow healthy avocations, to live in years free from pestilence and contagious diseases, the result will be one; but should the country, during the fifty or sixty years which their partnership may be presumed to last, be desolated by famine, cholera, or other infliction, the result will be totally different.

If the one hundred men are born within this section of country, are fully acclimated, and continue to reside here, the result will differ from what it would be had part of them been born in other climates or removed to them in after-life.

It is evident that in order to calculate exactly what each member's annual contribution should be, in order to procure the desired result, it is absolutely essential to be able to tell beforehand how many of the hundred will die in each year. No process of reasoning can give this knowledge; it can be obtained only, and then only approximately, by experience. In long-settled countries, where social changes are not rapid; where no important movement of the population is taking place; where, in consequence of the long practice of life insurance or from other causes, the necessary facts have been carefully gathered and sifted for many years, extending over periods of manifold vicissitudes, the average life of men has been ascertained with considerable exactitude, and it is upon this knowledge, almost exclusively, that the business of life insurance is carried on with us. Experience of our own, we may safely say, we have none. How the peculiarities of our various climates, our restless activity, our constant migration from State to State, our opening up of new territories, and development of new occupations, our constant accessions of peoples from climates differing from our own—how all these and many kindred influences affect and change the results of other people's experience, we are only very slowly and dimly beginning to perceive. To quote a single example of recent discovery, it is demonstrated by the few years' experience of a German

company of this city that the lives of our German fellow-citizens born in Germany are positively shorter than those of Americans at home.

It is clear, then, that the business of life insurance in America is carried on upon a very uncertain and very insufficient knowledge of its most important element, the average length of life of the insured. We have said enough in what precedes to show that this knowledge cannot be obtained by any one company, by the companies of any one State, or even the experience of one generation. It is a knowledge the acquisition and possession of which are of great national importance, which can be obtained only by long-continued, careful, and persistent collection and comparison of all the facts resulting from the transactions of all the companies throughout the Union, and which should be open at all times to all classes of enquirers. This object can only be reached by a central bureau at Washington.

The question of the average length of life, or rather, as insurance men call it, the *death rate*, though the most important, is far from being the only one of importance. Of the total income of the companies doing business in New York one-tenth is derived from interest on the accumulated premiums of former years. The merchant and business man need not be told, but others may not be aware, how greatly the obtainable rate of interest on capital varies in different years. Of course, if the premium demanded by a company be based upon the expectation of realizing seven per cent. interest on its accumulated income, and it obtains but five per cent., it will be found that the premium asked is insufficient to maintain the company solvent. This is another very uncertain element that enters into the calculations of a life insurance company.

Far more important than the rate of interest, and almost equal in importance to the death rate, is the question of expenses. For these scarcely any reliable data existed in the earlier years of life insurance, and such as were known have been entirely upset by the enormous increase of expenses consequent upon the war, by the prevailing spirit of extravagance that characterizes almost all corporations, and by the competition among the companies themselves, which tempts them to pay enormous commissions, and to spend almost incredible sums for advertising, agencies, and kindred machinery. It is confidently asserted that of all the New York companies not more than two have succeeded in keeping their expenses within the limit upon which their premiums are calculated, and that all the rest are actually every year, by their excessive expenditures alone, and without taking into account other deficiencies and errors, eating into their substance and preparing themselves for irredeemable insolvency.

We cannot better close this article than by copying the following note of warning from a speech of the English ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gladstone, delivered in the House of Commons some time in 1864—a speech which did more than anything else written or spoken to reconcile the English people to the system of national life insurance advocated by him:

"Consider for a moment the peculiar nature of life assurance. This is a business that presents the direct converse of ordinary commercial business. Ordinary commercial business, if legitimate, begins with a considerable investment of capital, and the profits follow perhaps at a considerable distance. But here, on the contrary, you begin with receiving largely, and your liabilities are postponed to a distant date. Now, I dare say there are not many members of this House who know to what an extraordinary extent this is true. When an institution of this kind is founded, so far from having difficulties at the outset, that is the time of its glory and enjoyment. The money comes rolling in, and the claims are at a distance, almost beyond the horizon. In the first year of the society the premiums far exceed the death claims. This is also the case in the subsequent years. For how long a period does the House think the premiums to be received are in excess of the death claims? For thirty-seven years."

"FINIS POLONIÆ."

A FEW weeks ago a cable despatch informed us of the final absorption, by decree of the Czar, of the Polish provinces of Russia in the body of that empire. Thus Russia's part in annihilating the once powerful kingdom of Poland, begun by an armed intervention of the Empress Catharine II., in 1767, ostensibly in the interest of religious liberty, has been consummated, after a full hundred years, by Alexander II., her great-grandson. In order to understand the right meaning and the import of this consummation, in its bearings upon the question of the further existence or non-existence of the Polish nationality in general, as well as other East-European complications, it is necessary to cast a glance upon the history of the various dismemberments of Poland, the actual condition of the severed parts, and the present relations of the dividing powers to each other.

By the first partition of Poland, executed in 1772–73 by Catharine, Frederic the Great, and Maria Theresa, or rather her son, Joseph II., Russia received some territories of the Grand-Duchy of Lithuania situated on both sides of the upper Düna and Dnieper, and now included in the governments of Vitepsk and Mohilev; Frederic annexed the bulk of Royal or West Prussia and some adjoining parts; Austria took the extensive territories now forming its province of Galicia, besides some minor ones. The second partition, in 1793, gave Catharine the Lithuanian, Volhynian, Podolian, and Ukrainian territories, now forming or embraced in the governments of Minsk, Zhitomir, Podolsk, and Kiev; Frederic William II. took Posen and other parts of Great Poland, Dantzic, and Thorn; Austria received no share. In the final dismemberment of 1795, which followed the insurrection under Kosciuszko, Catharine took the remainder of Lithuania and Volhynia (Wilna, Grodno, etc.); Francis of Austria the districts lying between the Bug, the Vistula, and the Pilica; and Prussia all the rest, with Warsaw, the capital.

For twelve years the name of Poland remained effaced from the map of Europe. A partial restoration took place in 1807, when Napoleon, having vanquished Prussia by the battles of Jena and Friedland, and compelled her to accept the humiliating terms of the treaty of Tilsit, transformed the larger part of her share of Poland into a Duchy of Warsaw, at the head of which he placed Frederic Augustus of Saxony. This new Polish state, enlarged in 1809 by parts of Austrian Poland, fell on the retreat of its founder from the disastrous campaign of 1812 in Russia, and was held during the deliberations of the Congress of Vienna by the armies of Czar Alexander I. By the final decision of that assembly Prussia received back a part of her share, including the present Grand-Duchy of Posen, while the bulk of the Duchy of Warsaw was annexed to Russia, as a semi-autonomous constitutional state, under the name of the Kingdom of Poland, the river boundaries of which were the Niemen, the Bug, and the Prosna. Only the town of Cracow, with its surrounding territory, was constituted a nominally independent Polish state, under a republican form of government. The arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, to which some of the powers gave their adhesion only with reluctance, thus contemplated and stipulated the continued existence of the Polish nationality, but only on the ruins of Poland.

The aim and hope of the quartered nation, however, continued to be the recovery of its national life and independence throughout the vast domain of its ancient fatherland. This natural tendency, which constantly manifested itself in agitations and demonstrations of a more or less threatening character, soon led to reactionary and repressive measures on the part of the dividing powers, in violation of promises, constitutional pledges, and treaty stipulations. The total or partial denationalization of the Polish provinces gradually became the object of the rulers, conspiracy the weapon of the oppressed. Bloody insurrections and cruel chastisements were everywhere the result. The Russian Kingdom of Poland had its grand revolutionary tragedy of 1830–31, which cost it its national army and its constitution, in spite of marvels of heroism; Galicia, its outbreak in February, 1846, immediately stifled in the blood of its nobility, victims of a terrible *jacquerie*; Cracow, its short revolutionary drama of the same month, which terminated with the annihilation of the republic and the annexation of its territory to Galicia, in open violation of the treaties of Vienna and in spite of protests from France and England; Posen, its wild fight of 1848, under the lead of Mieroslawski, after which it remained, bleeding and exhausted, a helpless prey of the Germanizing power; Russian Poland, again, its desperate insurrection of 1863–64, which drenched its soil with blood hopelessly shed, filled Siberia with victims, and in some provinces almost entirely broke the Polish element.

The territories occupied by Russia on occasion of the first dismemberment became denationalized almost as soon as detached from their former connection, this, too, having been based on the right of conquest, and the bulk of the population being more Russian than Polish.

Nearly the same was the case with the provinces annexed by Catharine in 1793. Neither was the predominant religion in these two divisions —the Greek United Church—an obstacle in the way of Russification. Descendants of Orthodox Greeks more or less violently converted by Polish masters or Jesuits, a part of the inhabitants were easily persuaded or compelled to return to the creed of their forefathers, wholesale conversions taking place chiefly during the reign of Czar Nicholas. It was also this monarch who made the first efforts for denationalizing the Lithuanian and Volhynian provinces occupied in the third partition, efforts contrary to the policy of his milder predecessor, Alexander, and stimulated by the dangers with which the widespread rising of 1830–31 threatened the integrity of the Russian empire. These efforts were successful among the mixed rural population, but less so in the towns, in which the pure Polish element prevails. But determined, as he was, to crush any new attempt at insurrection with the iron hand, Nicholas never endeavored to destroy or impair the Polish nationality in the Kingdom of Poland, created by the Congress of Vienna, though he arbitrarily abrogated its constitution. He left it its separate existence, under a viceroy, with a separate administration, separate finances, and a tariff of its own, protective even against the competition of the other provinces of the Russian empire. The language of the administration, of the courts, of the schools remained the Polish, the rights of the Catholic clergy remained almost unimpaired.

The early years of the reign of his successor, Alexander L. were characterized by still greater mildness in the government of the Kingdom. But when the stimulus given to patriotic enthusiasm by the inspiration of a reviving press, and still more by the events of 1859 and 1860 in Italy, followed, as they were, by liberal movements in Hungary and Galicia, brought about a series of national demonstrations in favor of a reunion of all Polish provinces under a free government; when the exertions of Marquis Wielopolski to win over his countrymen to the cause of Panslavism under the lead of the Czar not only proved a failure, but led to outbreaks of repugnance, the Russian Government soon again returned to measures of vigorous repression. The most violent of the latter, the wholesale conscription of the patriotic youths of the cities, finally led—perhaps not unintentionally—to the internecine struggle of 1863–64. Of small beginnings, this desperate strife soon assumed vast proportions, and when transient threats of interference by France, England, and even Austria added to its magnitude, the existence of Russia as the great empire of Eastern Europe seemed for a moment to be again in question. This unwonted hostile interference, the religious character which the struggle assumed in some parts, its extent and duration, the appeals of an otherwise liberal prince, of a frantic priesthood, and a no less frantic press, lately unshackled—all combined to exasperate the Russian people to a degree never experienced before. Aristocrats and freedmen, serviles and radicals, vied with each other in sacrifices for their empire, religion, and Czar; the threats of foreign powers were spurned, and the insurrection was crushed. But this time the mere crushing out of rebellion was not deemed sufficient. The Polish nationality altogether was now doomed, by the demands of the Russian people as well as by the undisguised policy of the Government, to total and final destruction. The gibbet, Siberia, confiscation, conscription, and all the means of refined despotism aided by popular fanaticism, were to do the work —and it is now being executed without mercy, without regard for treaties, for national, religious, or private rights, or for the opinion of the world.

In Lithuania and Volhynia this work—of expatriation, dispossession, and denationalization—is nearly complete. It was executed by a few bold, rapid, and deadly strokes. In the Kingdom of Poland, however, where the task is immensely vaster and the difficulties immeasurably greater, no less sweeping but milder measures, more numerous and subtler means, had to be used for the achievement of the same object. Landmark after landmark was removed. The Catholic clergy were deprived of a large part of their institutions, and subjected to a rigorous surveillance; the nobility were deprived of all influence in public affairs; all higher offices were filled with Russians; the Russian language replaced the Polish in the bureaus, the courts, and the schools; the Polish press was gagged; every branch of the administration was remodelled after the Russian pattern; the government and district divisions were repeatedly altered and received new names; the internal tariff lines were abolished; the financial system was assimilated to the Russian; the separate existence of the Kingdom was made first entirely illusory, and then altogether nominal; and now, we are informed, even the shadow of its existence has been swept away, even the name has been effaced; Russia contains no Poland any more, no Polish provinces, but among her governments some hewn out of Polish ruins.

This final step Russia, we believe, would have delayed longer, from her wonted prudence and slowness, and perhaps also from regard for public opinion abroad, had not recent changes in the political complexion of Eastern Europe, consequent on the war of 1866, quickened her impulses and actions. It is true the late increase of Prussia's power has not altered the attitude of that monarchy towards Russia, and least of all, perhaps, in the Polish question; and Bismark, with his well-known cynicism *à la* Frederic the Great, has but lately declared Poland to be a phantom living only in heated brains. It is true the national position of the Poles in Prussia has become but more difficult and more untenable for the enlargement of that kingdom and the creation of the North German Union. But the sudden, thorough, and vital metamorphosis of Austria after its late defeat; the total change of system in that empire, which has placed its new foundations chiefly on the sympathies and needs of the Hungarian and Polish elements, but late so hostile to its existence; the reorganization of Galicia on a Polish national basis, simultaneously with the restoration of the Hungarian constitution; the security of the permanence of this new system which lies in the common peril to those nationalities and Austria in Russia's no-longer-hidden Panslavistic tendencies; the hostile attitude of Austria in the Turkish question, backed, as she is, by the sympathies of both France and England; the approaching crisis on the Danube; the danger of a general conflagration; and, finally, the reviving hopes of the Poles—these considerations urge Russia to finish her work in her Polish provinces thoroughly and speedily; and to the song, "Poland is not yet lost," already resounding anew on her border, she hastens to answer, "Finis Poloniæ!" To prove the correctness of these words, she must conquer Galicia.

HERALDRY IN CONGRESS.

Mr. Chanler, of New York, proposes that Congress should levy a tax on armorial bearings. We, for our part, do not say no, though we are not in ardent sympathy with Mr. Chanler's probable motive in making the proposal. He was sacrificing, we take it, to the Genius of Democracy as he understands it. As we understand it, the Genius of Democracy does not delight in such offerings. To trample on coat-armor in presence of the simple and stern republicans of our Sixth Ward is not a more genuine tribute to the grand truths of the founders than the late Mr. Cass's appearance on the Bowery stump in his shirt-sleeves; or than the apparition of Mr. Belmont's Federal-Republican dress-coat amid the despotic governments of the Hague; or than it would be for the United States consul at Barbadoes to go barefoot, because in that island a man is set down as rather aristocratic if he wears shoes and stockings. Our America, so far as we know her true nature and her better mind, no more asks than she needs that her sons should render her any such aggressive services as these. We believe she does not ask too much thought as to what her children shall wear, and that she is as serene in her contemplation of Kings of Arms as we know her to be in her contemplation of real potentates. Real potentates, we say, for it is true that in most countries the professors of the science of heraldry are falling into disesteem; and the science itself, devoid now of most of its old significance, tends towards disuse. In England, where pedigrees are probably the longest of any in Europe; where arbitrary conventional distinctions have had most of the real substance of power behind them, heraldry has already fallen into almost hopeless decay. Every Briton who wants it enough to buy it, or be at the trouble of inventing it, can provide himself with a coat-of-arms; Melchisedec himself, "without father, without mother, without descent," if he were now alive, and lived in England, and cared to make application to the College of Heralds, could purchase hereditary ensigns armorial; or, if he preferred it, could put on his panels a device of his own manufacture, and there would be nobody to say him nay. Mr. Chanler then need not give himself over-much uneasiness about these in-

signia; they mean so much less than they meant once that the austerest foe of aristocracy is not called on to go out of his way to attack them.

Then there are other persons, it seems, who have been giving this subject some consideration, and who, for other reasons than those which we have conjectured to be Mr. Chanler's, have come to his conclusion. They are the genealogists. Mr. W. H. Whitmore, who is one of them, and perhaps the one of them most learned in heraldry, has recently published a pamphlet, in which he argues in favor of Mr. Chanler's plan, and gives us the rough draught of a bill to carry it into effect. He would have Congress prohibit the use of coat-armor to all but those citizens who pay an annual license-fee—say ten dollars. He would make the person intending to assume a coat-of-arms, or the person already in possession of one, file a description of it in the United States District Court, paying for the privilege of entering it a fee of not less than fifty dollars—provided, however, that no military or naval officer, or person who has ever been such, be compelled to pay anything for recording his arms. Private soldiers also, and seamen, he would, we suppose, be willing to exempt from making this payment. He would insist that the date of the year when the arms are assumed be made a necessary part of them; and this could be conveniently done, he says, by painting the figures on the scroll at the foot of the shield. In the case of the arms of military and naval men, who had shown especial gallantry in some battle, Mr. Whitmore would allow the name of the battle to be substituted for the date of assumption. Finally, he would make an infraction of the law punishable by a fine of five hundred dollars.

Mr. Whitmore's reason for urging legislation on this subject it is not very hard to guess. What he really wants is that Congress should take on itself the duties of an efficient college of heralds, and protect the possessors of hereditary coat-armor in the undisturbed enjoyment of it. Doubtless he cherishes the hope that, even in case the law he desires should fail to create and foster an American heraldry, it would at least put an end to the degradation of the noble science by prohibiting that mournful aping of foreign heraldry which has been prevalent for generations in this country. Now to us, we confess, the heraldic transgressions of our fellow-citizens are not on the whole really afflicting. On the contrary, we discover in ourselves amusement rather than genuine grief when they are brought to our notice. When we are told that an American lady is persuading her husband to adopt a pretty pattern of an escutcheon, with a neat bend-sinister among its bearings, we always say, Let her. Almost nobody has any clear notion of what is meant by the charge in question; and of those who do know so much, almost everybody is unable when he sees it to take his oath that it really is a bend-sinister; so for her purposes the shield of her choice is as good as any other. And for referring the matter to her own choice, she has as good authority as she needs; nearly every one of the States of her native Union displays armorial bearings as entirely fantastical and as little amenable to heraldic law, or any law but its own liking, as was the whimsical coat-armor of a Norman of the time of the Conquest. But such blunders shock Mr. Whitmore, and he no doubt is often shocked by other blunders to the commission of which there go an equal amount of ignorance and rather more of what a herald would call impudence. We should freely forgive a coal-man who should assume arms of dominion, or a *feme sole* who should undertake to bear arms of community, but Mr. Whitmore would certainly punish them severely if he could get the law of them. A sight of the service of plate presented to Mr. Supervisor Tweed the other day, adorned with the Marquis of *Tweed*-dale's arms, would affect him most unpleasantly.

For, as a genealogist, he has found a knowledge of heraldry serviceable to him in his researches amid the obscurity of family histories. It is natural and proper, then, that he should rate his knowledge at a high value. And it is not surprising—for we observe that it constantly happens in the case of men who are masters of any branch of rare or occult learning—that he should set a somewhat exaggerated value not on his knowledge only, but on the very subject-matter of it. The antiquary is proud of the knowledge he possesses in regard to the old Roman wall, or the Indian mound, or the Greek coin, and this is not odd; but it is a little odd, or rather it is not purely reasonable, that he should entertain, as he is very sure to entertain, a particular affection for the coin itself, and for the bit of ground that contains the relics of the fort or the sepulchre. As we suppose, it is to this feeling, due to his special knowledge of an out-of-the-way subject, that we owe Mr. Whitmore's advocacy of Mr. Chanler's measure.

Expectations of the usefulness of heraldic distinctions in the United States would not in themselves, we imagine, be of force enough to lead any one to attempt breathing into the system, never vigorous here, the breath of new life. Perhaps the age of chivalry has passed away; only perhaps, for it is only perhaps that any such age was ever here. But it is as certain as that we have newspapers and co-operative stores, that the age of the showy externals of chivalry as the badges of class rule is gone beyond recall, and that if it were possible to bring it back this is not the country likely to witness its resuscitation. It will be a good while before we see Grant and Sheridan and the rest of our fighting-men boxed up in iron. And till we see that we shall not see them painted on the outside in streaks and other striking figures; or, in other words, we shall not soon reinvent coat-armor. And till we have done that, and, furthermore, have accepted the doctrine that a citizen is to be honored not for his own worth to the State but for his father's, we shall not transfer the labels of our warriors from their full dress uniforms to escutcheons which shall serve their descendants as warrants for ruling over us. And till we have thus reinvented escutcheons and then behind them as symbols put something of the substantial power, and remodelled our political and social system, we shall not get respect for armorial bearings from any American except such a one as in some special way has hooked himself to the past, or such a one as may pretty justly entertain a contempt for the specimen of republican most intimately known to him.

But though neither Mr. Chanler's nor Mr. Whitmore's theory of burdening coat-armor commends itself to our minds; though we should decline to tax it with a view of punishing the bloated aristocrat, or teaching him a lesson in sound democratic doctrine; and though we should decline also to tax it with a view of preventing the desecration of chivalric signs that all men ought to employ with reverent care; still we are far from denying, as Mr. Whitmore at least does, that a tax may not be justified on general principles. We should lay it down for true, that shields being assuredly needless luxuries, and the United States being assuredly in need of a revenue, there is sufficient reason for Congress, if it chooses, to impose a tax. It is saying nothing, we hold, to say with Mr. Whitmore, that government cannot in decency derive revenue even from the foolish vanity of the citizen, unless it renders him some special service in the matter of gratifying the particular form of vanity which it taxes. This principle he lays down, in order to deduce from it the rule that Congress is under obligation to guarantee undisturbed possession of a taxed coat-of arms to the man who pays the annual ten dollars for the right to display it. But what particular service to the citizen as smoker does government render to the man who pays for his cigar two prices—one in payment to the dealer, and one by way of contribution to the revenue? He shares in the general shadow of the eagle's wings; he has around him forts and arsenals, and the army and navy of the Union, to secure him that immunity from the attacks of foreign despots which is essential to the highest enjoyment of manufactured tobacco in any of its varieties; but he gets no peculiar return for his disbursement to the collector. Indeed, in the case of any pursuit whatever, purely luxurious or entirely otherwise, governments in levying taxes do not at all necessarily commit themselves to the proposition that such pursuits are worthy of protection. They may be worthy or unworthy; it is sufficient that they are in existence, and that revenue can expediently be extracted from them. So our government, in putting an impost on the use of heraldric devices, might be far enough from informing the civilized world that it assented to the general agreement as to the meaning of certain combinations of marks, and equally far from promising the man who paid a tax on some such combination that nobody else should engrave it on his spoons, or paint it on his carriage door, or prick it into his forearm with india-ink. It is quite within the competency of Congress, we take it, to tax a gentleman in Oil City for displaying the royal arms of England, without previously expressing any opinion on the question whether or not the Garter King at Arms would recognize his right to use them.

However, we do not anticipate or strongly recommend immediate Congressional action on this subject. There are other courses open. A judicious modification of the tax on whiskey, and something sagacious in the way of a civil service act to provide for a supply of tolerably honest officers of internal revenue, will enable us to get on for a good while yet without any Bureau of Heralds in the Treasury Department. Besides, we don't mind confessing, no matter what we have said, that we have a little regard left for heraldry.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, March 27, 1868.

THE political situation just now is so remarkable that I must say a few words upon the subject. The main results of the Irish debate may be said to have been these: Mr. Bright made a speech distinguished by his usual eloquence and by more than his usual moderation. The effect may be judged of by the simple fact that the *Saturday Review*—generally most bitterly opposed to him—now declares that no Liberal ministry could be com-

plete without him; and not only this, but that he would be an excellent corrective to some of Mr. Gladstone's eccentricities. But is a Liberal ministry probable? In the Irish debate one point was brought out with great distinctness, namely—that all sections of the Liberal party, from Mr. Lowe to Mr. Mill, unite in nothing else, but unite in condemning the Irish Church Establishment. It became almost necessary, as a test of the sincerity of the party, that a motion should be introduced pledging Parliament to the abolition of the Establishment. As the Liberals are theoretically in a majority, they ought to be in a position to carry this motion without difficulty. The injustice of the present system is one of the primary articles of the Liberal creed, to which even Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his ecclesiastical sympathies, has given his unconditional adherence. But the practical difficulty depends upon this, that Mr. Disraeli can threaten the expiring Parliament with a premature dissolution. He can say: "You must, under all circumstances, come to an end next spring to allow the new constituencies to vote. You have an immense deal of business to transact, financial arrangements, educational changes, Irish and Scotch Reform bills, and a variety of other matters of less importance. Now, if there is a majority against the Government, and I dissolve Parliament, all this business will be thrown out of gear; you will have to go to your constituents and spend heaven only knows how much on a new election, and all for a life of only a few months before a new dissolution. In short, I can fine you heavily for your disobedience, and put all the country to great inconvenience." These threats, which are more or less obscurely made, have a great influence upon the weaker members of the Liberal party. A large proportion of them would be heartily glad of a good excuse for postponing the decision. The question is, whether Mr. Disraeli, as a skilful tactician, will be able to furnish them with some pretext for evading the point, or whether Mr. Gladstone and the constituencies will succeed in bringing the refractory members up to the mark. At present the result is admitted to be uncertain. This power of dissolution is one which gives a minister great advantages occasionally towards keeping his party in order and frightening his opponent. It may, as in this case, produce a very awkward result by substituting personal considerations for the plain political issue. We generally consider, in England at least, that the power of dissolution offers advantages as compared with the American system of giving a fixed term of life to a legislative assembly. The question, however, is open to discussion by constitution mongers, and our present complication may afford some hints for one party in the dispute.

I will now turn to the question, noticed in my last letter, arising from the report of the Education Commission. Two or three discussions have taken place in Parliament, and Government have produced their scheme for primary education, of which it can only be said that it is a disappointment to every reformer. It proposes to do little beyond modifying in a very slight degree the existing system. Still less have we any satisfactory proposals as to the improvement of secondary education; and it is pretty evident, from the report of the Education Commission, that there is at least as much room for improvement in this as in other branches of education. I do n't know whether American readers are sufficiently aware of the merits of English blue-books. They have a proverbially bad name for dulness; but I really do n't know where greater masses of useful information are to be found, and often in a very entertaining form. The present book is a most elaborate and admirably-written report, giving the fullest details as to English education, in a compressed and yet very intelligible shape, and backed up by an enormous mass of evidence from England, with smaller reports from France, Prussia, Switzerland, and America. If any one wishes to understand our university system, I could not do better than refer him to the report of the Oxford and Cambridge commissions of (about) 1854; for the elementary education, the fullest details may be found in a similar report of 1858; and our great public schools, Eton, Harrow, etc., have been described in another report published about two years ago. The gap between the parish schools and Eton is filled up by the present blue-book, and it is one of the most curious illustrations of the kind of work which administrative reformers have still to accomplish in England. It will, as the commissioners themselves say, take years to bring our secondary schools into really good working order, and the cause of their present chaotic condition is instructive. It may be described, shortly, as the total absence of organization. Self government is an excellent principle when it means that people really take an interest in their own affairs, and are capable of conducting them. When it simply implies that they do n't manage them decently, but won't let any one else interfere, it is not so obviously desirable; and nothing can be plainer than that in every department of life we require more centralization and better system. We have proceeded in the spirit of letting things alone till a good deal of our social machinery has become terribly rusty and disjointed. Take these schools for example.

First, there are the old grammar-schools, some of them dating back nearly from the time of William Rufus, and with considerable endowments. In their statutes are still to be found regulations for paying the master "potation money" and "cockpennies." The first name explains itself. A cockpenny was the subscription of the scholars to get up a kind of benefit for the master. He took the pence and provided the cock-fight, the balance of profit forming part of his regular pay. This and other queer regulations have of course fallen into decay, but we still keep as close as possible to other rules made in the state of society indicated by this ingenious provision. Naturally they do n't suit the times. Some of the schools have fallen into utter decay. At Thame, two masters with good salaries and a house are employed in teaching one boy. At another school the trustees, on being asked why no pupils were to be found, replied by producing a photograph of the master—which fully accounted for the absence of scholars. At some towns there are very large charities which tend actually to spoil the education. Education is given free to any inhabitant. The endowment is not sufficient, however, to provide good masters. The competition of the free school prevents private schools from competing, whilst the education offered is worse than that in the ordinary national schools. The only people who profit are the landowners and clergy, who would otherwise subscribe to set up a decent school. At other places, again, a successful school gets a reputation and immediately sets up as a classical school of the highest class. It thus ceases to give what is wanted by the middle classes, and becomes a second-rate rival of Eton and Harrow. There is no system of inspection, and the master of an endowed school holds his place as a freehold, from which he cannot be ejected, however incompetent.

The endowed schools are thus bad in themselves, and very unequally distributed over the country. The commissioners declare that, unless reformed, they will do more harm than good. The deficiency is partly supplemented by a large number of private schools, some excellent and some execrable. The great difficulty is that, in the absence of any efficient system of inspection, the parents cannot distinguish between good masters and bad; and the advertising scholastic quack has as good a chance as the really able master. Moreover, the want of any combined system has left a singular deficiency of schools at one important part of the system. The better class of artisans and the small tradesmen and farmers are almost without any decent provision. This is specially important in regard to our manufacturers. It is now constantly pointed out that we are losing ground in competition with foreigners because there is so little chance of attaining a reasonable technical education. The education given in elementary schools is said to be better than that of the several strata immediately above them; but it is a difficulty that, owing to class prejudices, the small farmers and tradesmen refuse to send their children to the same school with their laborers. Some recent experiments tend to show that this prejudice may be surmounted with less trouble than has been supposed; but it is one element of trouble in all our educational arrangements.

The commissioners propose to remedy these defects, or rather to begin to attack them, by a rather complex piece of machinery. The main features of their proposal are to form certain county boards which may divide existing schools into three grades, each of which shall be compelled to restrain itself to its proper province, to allow a rating system for the supply of new schools where wanted, and to provide for an efficient system of inspection and examination. That all these things are extremely advisable is obvious without much argument. That they should have been hitherto so utterly neglected is the natural result of the happy-go-lucky way in which we had trusted to "laws of supply and demand," or, in other words, to the unassisted efforts of individuals to establish a satisfactory system. But whilst people are talking about the Irish Church and about reform and about the Abyssinian expedition, it is difficult to persuade them to pay any attention to the claims of our children to a decent amount of knowledge. The middle classes have since 1832 been the ruling power in England. It is curious that they have never used their power to provide themselves with a tolerable set of schools, but, on the contrary, have allowed themselves to remain the worst taught in proportion to their needs of any class of the community. The phenomenon suggests some problems which I leave to others to consider.

Correspondence.

THE WEST AND REPUDIATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

I admire the earnestness with which you fight the phantom of Western repudiation, and rejoice in the conviction that if it were a thing existing in

the flesh you would very soon make it throw up the sponge; but I begin to think it a pity to see so much hard hitting wasted on the empty air.

There is certainly no party in Illinois, nor are there many individuals, in favor of repudiating the principal of the national debt. The idea of refusing to pay interest, or, in other words, of taking up the interest-bearing bonds with greenbacks bearing no interest, was talked about here, as it was in your neighborhood, and was countenanced by a few men of all parties for a time; but it has not been adopted by the Republicans, nor will it ever be adopted by them, if one may judge of the future from present appearances. Democrats of the Copperhead stripe would put that idea into the creed of their party if they could, and possibly they may be able to do so; and in that event they will be beaten by greater majorities than ever.

My information is derived from the reading of many Western papers, and the hearing of many speeches made by Western politicians; and it is my belief that what I have stated as true of men and parties in Illinois is true also of men and parties generally in the Mississippi Valley north of Cairo. The Indiana resolutions are already seen by the Republicans of that State to be wrong in principle, and have been substantially abandoned by them.

We believe improvements can and ought to be made in the financial affairs of the country. We think the United States ought to be able to borrow money at as low a rate of interest as any nation or corporation or man can borrow it. We want to see the national credit established in the estimation of all lenders of money, so that they will pay a higher price from week to week for our outstanding bonds, until the bonds begin to bring a premium over gold; and then we want a new class of bonds, bearing a lower rate of interest, put upon the market, and the proceeds used in paying off the present ones. To this end we should be glad if Butler and Stevens, and all such wise men of the East, would make an end of calumniating the West, and devote their talents to praising somebody—themselves, if they can praise no one else. To the same end, we want the current expenses of the Government reduced to a minimum, and the management of the revenues committed to honest men.*

If it be true, as Butler says, that nine-tenths of the bonds are held east of Lake Ontario, and if it be true that we are paying a rate of interest higher than the average rate paid by other nations, it would seem natural that attacks on the public credit should come from the East rather than from the West. When money-lenders are getting extraordinary interest from a responsible customer, they are liable to the temptation of hurting his credit with other lenders. Have you people east of Lake Ontario got a good thing, and are you trying to keep it by blackguarding the rest of us? If that is the little game, the cheek of Messrs. Butler and Stevens must reach at least to the shoulder.

Get more and better information, Mr. Editor, and you will rest assured that no man who advocates repudiation in any form can receive the support of the West for any office or place of trust. S. C.

PEORIA, Ill., April 7, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce "The Charities of New York," by H. G. Commanse and H. W. Camp.——D. Appleton & Co. announce the sixteenth volume—the last but one—of their cheap, paper-covered, "Plum-pudding edition" of Dickens. It is "Bleak House," and "Little Dorrit" is to follow. The equally cheap edition of Scott has reached the fifth volume, which contains "The Antiquary"—the favorite of the middle-aged and judicious. It is bound in tartan-plaid, as will be its successors, the twenty volumes which will complete the set. On the 11th of April the same house published "Not Wisely, but Too Well," by the author of "Cometh Up as a Flower"—of which latter the publishers say, "No work since 'Jane Eyre' has met with greater success"—a bold assertion. What, for example, would Messrs. Appleton say to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who declare in *Every Saturday* that more than one hundred thousand copies of "Mugby Junction" were sold in this country alone, and that the sale of that particular work of Dickens's was comparatively small? On the 18th of April Appleton & Co. add to their "Globe" editions of "Dante" and "Tasso" the "Globe" "Hudibras," and to Louis Figuier's other works on natural history his newly-translated "Ocean World: a Descriptive History of the Sea and its Inhabitants." On the 25th instant the translation of Max Ring's historical novel, "John Milton and His Times," will appear, embellished with eight designs by Gaston Fay.——Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, propose to publish a series of works relating to the early history of the valley of the Ohio River. This part of the great Mississippi Valley includes Western Virginia, Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois, and its early history must tell of explorations by missionaries and hunting pioneers; of intrigues of the French and English for its possession; of wars with the Indians, and of the labors of settlement. Messrs. Clarke & Co. do not intend giving us the artistic history, or even the consecutive annals, of the valley; they rather hope to make a collection of materials for history. They express themselves astonished at the amount and value of the material which they have found accessible in print and manuscript, and as parts of the series which they have begun—and which everybody will hope they may find as profitable to them as it is honorable to them to have undertaken it—they are already able to announce these works: "An Historical Account of the Expedition against the Ohio Indians in the year 1764, under command of Henry Bouquet. By Thomas Hutchins;" "A Topographical Description of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and North Carolina, comprehending Rivers Ohio, Kenhawa, Sioto, Cherokee, Wabash, etc. By Thomas Hutchins. 1778;" "The Journal of a Tour into the Territory North-west of the Alleghany Mountains, made in the Spring of 1803, with a Geographical and Historical Account of the State of Ohio. By Thaddeus Mason Harris. 1805;" "A Topographical Description of the State of Ohio, Indiana Territory, etc. By Major Jervis Cutler. 1812;" "History of the Late War in the Western Country. By Robert B. McAfee. 1816;" "A Collection of Some Interesting Narratives of Indian Warfare in the West. By Samuel C. Metcalf. 1812;" "Topographical Description of the Western Territory of North America. By G. Imlay. 1797;" "Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucky. By John Filson. 1784." The maps and other engravings in these works will be carefully reproduced in fac-simile, by the photo-lithographic process.——Messrs. John Wiley & Son announce "Lectures on Ventilation," by Lewis L. Leeds, who is the agent of the Government in the matter of ventilating hospitals and heating and ventilating the Treasury Department buildings. "Man's own breath," says Mr. Leeds, "is his Greatest Enemy."

—As an aid to the formation of sound public opinion on a matter which we have treated at more length in another part of this week's paper, we are glad to refer the reader to an article entitled "The Public Land System," which appears in the *American Law Review* for the current month. The writer does little more than set forth lucidly the law in regard to the acquisition of title by the settler; still he does do something more than that, and at any rate he clears the way for a fuller understanding of the whole subject, for a more popularly effective treatment of it—a treatment which we hope it may receive in some of the larger periodicals for the general reader. Too much cannot be known about it, nor known too soon. Besides the article in question, the *Review* has an essay, readable, but too brief and too exclusively dealing with his legal career, on Lord Plunket. It is based on the excellent life of that very able man not long since published by his grandson. Other articles in the April number are on "The Legal Tender Acts: Their Constitutionality and Effect," and "The Liability of Common Carriers beyond their own Route."

—Some weeks ago we printed a letter—the manuscript of which we found on sale at Mr. J. W. Bouton's—that was written by Thackeray to a friend of his in this city. We did not then give the name of the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed—Mr. W. D. Robinson—who now authorizes, indeed requests, us to do so. The original letter is still in the possession of Mr. Robinson, who is not responsible for its being made public except in so far as this: He lent it to Mr. Robert Balmanno, well known in London and in this city as having been an enthusiastic collector of literary curiosities, and Mr. Balmanno, doubtless without intention of passing it off as genuine, made a fac-simile copy. Rather, he made a copy almost in fac-simile; in the original the signature is "W. M. T.," while in the copy the surname of the writer is given in full. Mr. Balmanno dying, his copy passed with the rest of his collection into other hands, and now turns up as an original. Mr. Robinson is, of course, unwilling to appear as a revealer of private correspondence. We hope forgiveness for supposing him in a better world, and for our consequent publication of his friend's letter.

—The arrival in this country of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, of London, is a matter of congratulation among those aware of his claims to respect as an artist and naturalist. His knowledge of comparative anatomy is probably not excelled by that of any naturalist of the day, while his skill as an artist is equalled by few. This rare combination of talent has enabled Mr. Hawkins to be of great service in putting visibly before us extinct animals, of

* Our correspondent can hardly refer to the Secretary of the Treasury. Our belief is that we have never had, and are not likely ever to have, an honester man in that position. If Congress would place at his disposal, by reforming the Civil Service, a force worthy of him, we should have little to complain of either on the score of honesty or efficiency.—Ed. *Nation*.

which only a few fragmentary bones, found in the recent geological formations of England, are actually in existence. It was he who restored and built up in masonry, in their natural proportions, the *elephas primigenius*, the Megatherium, the Iguanodon, the Megalosaurus, and other monsters of the past. To do this it was necessary to possess an intimate knowledge of comparative anatomy, as, in some instances, no more than a bone or two could be obtained by the artist for his guidance. The unlearned reader may form some idea of the size of these animals, whose effigies, so to speak, are now standing in the Crystal Palace Park at Sydenham, when told that Mr. Hawkins once entertained a party of twenty naturalists in the interior of one of them. At a recent meeting of the Lyceum of Natural History, in this city, Mr. Hawkins exemplified the methods he would employ for conveying to lyceum audiences a knowledge of his branch of natural science by such a skilful use of the black-board that the audience, although composed of cool, scientific men, frequently broke out into enthusiastic applause. It is to be wished that his abilities as a lecturer could be displayed before every lyceum audience in the country.

—"The statistics of New York," says Dr. Robert Hunter, "during the period of my former residence here show a diminution of fully thirty *per cent.* in the mortality from consumption alone." If this is so, and we are unable to say that it is not literally true, Doctor Hunter is a public benefactor of a high order. But we can tell him how to lessen the incredulity with which many persons will receive his statement: he might leave out of his little book from which we have quoted the thirty-six pages from p. 144 to p. 179, both inclusive. They contain evidence given before the Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster. But the evidence is that of Dr. Hunter's own witnesses, and of them only; there is not the first word from the other side. Now, to many persons who have not heard of Dr. Hunter's sanitary influence on the bills of mortality in New York, but who have heard a good deal of him as a party to a suit at law against the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it will seem as if it were a mistake on his part and on the part of the publisher to give us a mass of purely *ex-parte* testimony in his favor. To give none at all or to give all would seem to be the better course to take if such persons are to be made believers. And as "few parents," to quote again from Dr. Hunter's treatise, "are indifferent to the sufferings and health of their children," and as not many people are indifferent to their own sufferings and health, it strikes us that the omission of the pages we have designated is no more than may properly be demanded in the interest of fair play—fair play as between the physician and possible patients, fair play as between author and publisher on the one hand and readers on the other.

—Among late English books of interest we notice these: Lord Lytton's "Miscellaneous Prose Works," containing a number of his semi-philosophic essays; the Bishop of Oxford's life of his father, William Wilberforce; an essay by Dean Stanley on "The Connection of Church and State;" "Sermons Preached at Brighton," a second series, by F. W. Robertson; a new edition of Lyell's "Principles of Geology;" the second volume of the new edition of Robert Browning's works—which will be found to contain some poems with which Mr. Browning's admirers are not as yet familiar. The Reverend Orby Shipley has collected into a volume, with the title "Tracts for the Day," some of the essays which he, as editor, has been for two years or so putting forth for the edification of the school of Anglicans, known as "advanced," who go back, trampling, twelve hundred years for their doctrine and ceremonial. Unflinching Ritualism—priest, sacrifice, extreme unction, auricular confession, purgatory, seven sacraments: Ritualism, in short—may be found in this book fully presented within small space. "Doctor Campany's Courtship," by the author of "Doctor Jacob," is a book of short stories, highly praised by the critics, which may be expected soon in an American reprint. Two books that seem likely to be of much interest are a volume of essays by Mr. B. Cracroft and the fourth volume in English of "The Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini." Among Mr. Cracroft's essays is one on "The Jews of Western Europe"—a most suggestive theme. Mazzini in this volume treats mainly of topics not political—if anything is non-political in his view—as "Dante's Minor Works," "The Philosophy of Music," "Carlyle's French Revolution," etc. He has also an essay on Carlyle as a philosopher, and expresses no very high opinion of him. Expressed, we should say, and not expresses, for the essay was written a score of years since, and what is now a fair statement of admitted facts was then a prophecy. Carlyle's irreverence for the established order of things was, of course, pleasing to Mazzini; and so were his sincerity and candor; and he saw that the writer of the essays on Diderot and Jean Paul and Voltaire subordinated the exterior life to the spiritual, and believed in the government of the visible by the invisible. But he saw, too, a defect which overbalanced these good qualities. He perceived, what many besides discovered later, that Carlyle sympathized with all men indeed, but that it was with men as individuals, not with man; that he had no true sense of the unity of the race, and no belief in its progress. Thus, then, as he surveys life and history, "faith and discouragement alternate in his works as they must in his soul." He has his heroes, believes in them as incarnations, so to speak, of ideas; but he is devoid of faith in a "supreme idea," represented by the life of the race, in a divine law and in a human progress which embodies it; there is for him no order in the past nor hope in the future; hence his worship of force and success and his praise of victory as the divine intervention from which there is no appeal.

—Novel-readers who got a sensation as of something fresh and new when they made the acquaintance of Ivan Turgénef's "Fathers and Sons," will be pleased to hear that another of his very clever books has been translated into French. Its Russian title is "Duim," which means "smoke" or "vapor." The smoke and steam flitting past the window of his railway carriage seem to young Gregory Litvinof, in his despair, the best emblem of "his life, Russian life, all that is human, and especially all that is Russian." The romantic part of the book, the story proper, tells of Litvinof's love for Tatiana, and his twice unhappy passion for Irene Osinine—a woman who seemingly might be the wicked, or wickeder, sister of the Madame Odintsof whom we met in "Fathers and Sons." But the romantic part of the book, delightful as Turgénef is in passages of poetry, is not the only interesting part of it, nor indeed the larger part. The scene is laid chiefly in St. Petersburg and Baden, and sketches of Russian character—of which also "Fathers and Sons" was full—make a great part of the book. The Russian democrat, the travelled Russian colonized in some headquarters of gambling, the progressive female Russian, the revolutionary politician, the "Holy Russia" Russian, are drawn by the vigorous hand that sketched for us Bazarof the Nihilist, and Paul Petrovitch, and Nicholas Petrovitch among his newly freed serfs. People likely to read "Fumée" are perhaps people not likely to be carried away by the not very intelligent love for Russian things that is, or was, common among us. But Turgénef's descriptions of his country and their institutions will be profitable even to those persons who know enough of Russia not to be ardent Philo-Russians, and to many other Americans they will be the lifting of a veil, or like light in a dark place. It would take a very great many of the *Herald's* correspondent's peculiar Letters from our Iron-clad Fleet in the Baltic to give us much information of this kind; it relates to fines imposed by the Russian Government in Lithuania: on a citizen of Wilna for leaving a Russian church before the service was ended, 100 roubles, or more than a hundred of our paper dollars; on a tradesman, because a servant entering his shop asked him in Polish the price of oil, 25 roubles; on a house owner, because in frescoes adorning his house there appeared the figure of a crow, which the authorities pronounced the eagle of Poland, 500 roubles; on certain men who, without permission from the police, attended the funeral of a neighbor, 25 roubles each; on a lady for venturing to give, without permission, a ball to celebrate her daughter's marriage, 300 roubles—and that although each guest was provided with the necessary permit. Now Turgénef, who, let it be said, is far enough from being unpatriotic, and who by no means despairs of his country, helps one to see clearly the country which thus insults mankind by its paternal government of Poland. And surely information was rarely before so pleasantly conveyed.

—Times of revolution are almost always characterized by a spirit of superstition and prophecy. In 1848 many people saw with alarm the curious coincidence, noted by some enemy of the bourgeois king, as being contained in the figures of some of the notable dates in the lives of Louis Philippe and his wife, and the really remarkable way in which the sinister prophecy was fulfilled has only strengthened the superstitious belief in the potency of figures. Louis Philippe was born in 1773, his wife was born in 1782, and the pair were married in 1809. It will be noticed that the figures of each of these different dates foot up 18, which, added to 1830, the year of Louis Philippe's accession to the throne, gives 1848, the year of his abdication and flight from France in the guise of a *valet de chambre*. The prophecy caused at the time a good deal of excitement, and is now called to mind by a similar but doubly striking prophetic coincidence in precisely the same events in the life of the present ruler of France. Louis Napoleon was born in 1808, his wife in 1826, and his marriage took place in 1853. The figures of these dates again sum up alike, 17, and 17 added to the date of the Emperor's ascending the throne, 1852, give the year 1869, which therefore, if one likes, may for some months safely be set down as the year of dethronement for the Man of December. It is said that no French paper has yet dared to publish the prophetic figures—which seems credible enough.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE COAL-FIELDS OF THE FAR WEST.—In the forthcoming report of the U. S. Geological Survey of Nebraska, Professor Hayden gives an account of the coal or lignite beds west of the Mississippi which cannot fail to attract the attention of all who are interested in the success of the several projected Pacific railroads, and in the development of the mineral and agricultural resources of our Territories.

One of these lines, the Union Pacific Railroad, has already struck the first range of the Rocky Mountains, more than 530 miles west of the Missouri River and within four miles of its highest elevation, and passes through a region where both iron and coal are found in workable quantities.

In the upper valley of the Missouri River and the Yellowstone there are beds of coal of even seven feet in thickness, which were known as long ago as the time of Lewis and Clark, but which will not be of much practical importance till the Northern Pacific Railroad is carried through that region. It is to the coal beds of Dakota and Colorado that the mining interests of the far West, and the inhabitants of the vast and fertile but almost treeless plains, must look as a source of fuel. The advancing Union Pacific Railroad has created a new interest in these long known deposits, for the coal of Iowa and Missouri is limited in quantity, and generally of inferior quality. In the Laramie Plains the coal-beds are from five to eleven feet in thickness, and occupy a basin of about five thousand square miles. This coal is of excellent quality, burns with a bright red flame, leaving scarcely any ash, and is as good as wood for domestic purposes, and, in fact, might be called condensed wood. Here and there there are seams of jet from one to twelve inches in thickness, which look much like cannel coal.

South of these beds, in Colorado, in the vicinity of Denver, there are others which are probably the most valuable in the West. In some places as many as eleven beds are exposed on the mountain-side, having from five to thirteen feet of thickness, and giving from thirty to fifty feet at least of solid lignite. They crop out in many places all along the eastern base of the mountains, and Professor Hayden estimates that they occupy, north of the Arkansas River, an area of not less than five thousand square miles. The coal is superior to ordinary Western bituminous coal, and ranks next to anthracite for domestic purposes. In a sanitary point of view it has the advantage that it produces no offensive gas or odor. Dr. Torrey, who has made an analysis of it, states that it contains a very large percentage of carbon, and is superior to lignite found in any other quarter of the world, and sees no reason why it should not be eminently useful for generating steam and for smelting ores. The real value of these deposits is seen when we reflect that they are of from ten to twenty thousand square miles in extent, and are in the midst of a region where, in all directions, for a distance of 600 or 1,000 miles, there is no fuel of any kind either on or beneath the surface of the ground. These beds are much younger than the anthracite beds of Pennsylvania, for they belong to the Tertiary, the geological period immediately preceding the present epoch, and there are no coal-beds west of the Mississippi older than these. They are found by examination to be composed of the remains chiefly of poplars, oaks, maples, hickories, lindens, buttonwoods, dogwoods, buckthorns, and magnolias.

THE ANCIENT TREE OF TENERIFFE.—Everywhere, both in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, we find ourselves in our investigations at a loss to arrive at the real essence of the vital principle. We witness its workings all around us and in us; and we are conscious of its existence even where there is total inactivity. As a latent life we find it concealed in the germs of plants, waiting for the proper time for its activity; and we have evidence of its great patience and endurance when seeds which have been long stored up in tombs and catacombs are restored to suitable conditions of soil and atmosphere. Dr. Lindley, the learned botanist, asserts that raspberry seeds, found in Celtic tombs, and which numbered at least seventeen hundred years of existence, germinated perfectly, and produced plants which still exist in the Horticultural Society's garden in London. M. Desmoulins says that seeds of heliotrope, lucerne, and cornflower found in some Roman tombs of the second and third centuries after Christ, when planted, germinated, flowered, and fruited; and in England patches of wheat are quite common, said to have been originally derived from seed obtained from Egyptian mummies.

There are instances where the vital principle has endured through ages and ages, excluded, in a great measure, from the natural changes of the atmosphere; but Hemmingway states that seeds of the elder germinated after being twice boiled in making wine, and remaining twenty months in the dregs of the cask; and Payen found that the spores of the red-mould, in the interior of barrack-bread at Paris, some twenty years ago, did not lose their vitality on being heated to a temperature of even 248° F., but germinated and produced red-mould or fungus.

It is not alone in the seed that we find this remarkable tenacity for life showing itself, but the vital principle possesses the same power of lying dormant in the *plant*, and of enduring great changes of temperature. The Lewisia rediviva of Oregon and California, of the Purslane family, will sprout when dried specimens have been two years or more in an herbarium; and Edwards and Colin found that some leguminous and cereal plants would bear hot water or air of a temperature of 167° F., and still germinate. Dr. Lyall, of the British Navy, immersed a specimen of Lewisia in boiling water to stop its growing propensity before drying it, and yet it showed symptoms of vitality more than a year and a half afterwards; and in 1863 it flowered in the Royal Kew Gardens. On the southern face of the Himalayan mountains dicotyledonous plants reach to about 17,500 feet; lichens are found as high up as the snow line of 19,000 feet; and some plants have been known to germinate after being subjected to a dry cold of 70° F. below zero.

This tenacity of life in the vegetable kingdom is sometimes shown in still another way. We can see no reason why exogenous trees, or those whose growth is all on the exterior, as oaks, elms, firs, and larches, should not live on for ever; for the bark is capable of indefinite extension, and each ring of annual growth soon becomes independent of all that is within, so that the death of the interior does not, so far as we can see, necessitate a diminution of vitality in the circumference; hence, as lumbermen know, the most vigorous looking trees are often hollow. But they also know that, in spite of theory, all the different kinds of trees have a certain average term of existence, and that it is not profitable to let them stand beyond a certain age, for they decrease in their rate of growth or laying up of woody material, and their vitality weakens.

But now and then an individual seems totally to disregard this law of growth, and to live on and on for ages, successfully resisting the attacks of time. When the Benthencourts, the French adventurers, conquered the Fortunate Isles in 1402, they found there a tree venerated by the inhabitants, the Guanches, of forty-eight feet in circumference, and of from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter; and in the same century, during the early periods of the Norman and Spanish conquests, we are told mass was performed at a small altar erected in the hollow trunk of the tree. When Humboldt ascended the Peak of Teneriffe, in 1799, he found this monarch had not materially changed in size since the fifteenth century, bore flowers and fruit, and seemed to be enjoying eternal youth; and a few years later he published a drawing of this tree, made in 1776 by F. d'Ozonne, which he discovered among the posthumous papers of the celebrated Borda.

It is an evergreen, with leaves clustered together at the ends of the branches, belonging to the same order with the asparagus and the lily of the valley. In the storm of July 21, 1819, it lost one side of its leafy top or crown. All travellers to Teneriffe visit this gigantic lily. In 1856 Mr. Bunbury writes: "The famous Dragon-tree of Villa de Orotava is still in existence; a ruin, indeed, but a noble ruin. The foliage is still fresh and vigorous; but the tree has been much shattered, and has lost many branches within the last few years; and a gentleman who has long known it is of opinion that it will not last another century."

And now the news comes that this King of the Monocotyledons, the Draccena Draco, is no more! Fenzi, of Florence, tells us that it was blown down, and charges the Spanish authorities with culpable negligence in not making an effort to prevent the destruction of this venerable historical monument by means of proper supports or props. He visited it a year ago, when it was still in good health, its crown covered with panicles of scarlet fruit; and its huge trunk, though completely decayed in the interior, sustained vigorously the spreading mass of fleshy branches and sword-like foliage.

It is the opinion of the most distinguished as well as the most cautious botanists, that this tree, which has fallen in our times, was probably 6,000 years old, and may have been one of the earliest wanderers from the Garden of Eden.

There are other instances of remarkably prolonged vitality among trees. In the autumn of 1860, Dr. J. D. Hooker, the well-known botanist, visited Mount Lebanon with Captain Washington, of the British Navy. They found the cedar grove, of four hundred trees, disposed in nine groups, on as many hummocks or ancient moraines of eighty to one hundred feet in height, which were formed when the climate was quite different from the present, and when the whole summit of Lebanon was covered with perpetual snow, and the basin in which the grove now is was filled with mighty glaciers. The oldest tree is forty feet, and, strange to say, the *youngest* is eighteen feet in circumference. Judging from a branch, which, by the use of the lens, was found to have one hundred and forty rings of annual growth in a diameter of eight inches, the oldest tree may be 2,500 years old; and Dr. Hooker thinks that the grove has not materially decreased since the days of Solomon.

The cedar of Lebanon has a wide range, being found on Mount Atlas in Northern Africa, and forming immense forests of imposing aspect in Central Asia and on the slopes of the Himalayan Mountains; for it is believed that these varieties all sprang originally from one form.

Of all trees in Europe, the yew probably attains the greatest age. One in Derbyshire, England, is thought to be over 2,000 years old; one at Fortingal, Scotland, is computed to have an age of from 2,500 to 2,600 years; and one in Bradburn churchyard, Kent, is said to be at least 3,000 years old.

Among African trees, Adamson thought the Adamsonia of Senegal reached an age of 6,000 years; but later travellers considered this estimate quite enormous, and reduced it by one-half, if not more.

During the past twenty-five years no trees have attracted so much attention on account of their size, grandeur, and age as the great Wellingtonia or Seguoya, of California. There are eighty-five of these mammoths standing on an area of about fifty acres; and the base of one, called "The Old Maid," which is over 26 ft. in diameter, serves as a dancing-floor. Professor Gay estimates the highest probable age of one which was felled about fifteen years ago, having a height of 322 ft. and a diameter of 29 ft. 2 in. at five feet from the ground, to be not over 2,066 years, or antedating the Christian era by two centuries. A portion of the bark of this tree was for some time on exhibition in the Atlantic States, and now stands, we believe, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. One of those still remaining has a height of 350 ft., and near the ground a circumference of 97 ft.; and some of the grove rise to a height of 200 ft. or more without a limb. The trunk of a tree lying near these has a cavity, for 250 ft. of its length, of from 10 to 12 ft. in diameter, being ample room for a horse and his rider; and it is estimated that this tree was 400 ft. high and 35 ft. in diameter.

There is another tree in California called the redwood, which is much slower in growth than this, and which some botanists think reaches a far greater age, though belonging to the same family; yet none of these are as old as even the hollow of the great Dragon-tree of Orotava.

PHYSIOLOGIES.*

We presume that, within the past five years, as many as thirty different works on physiology, designed for the use of families, schools, and colleges, have appeared in the United States; and we think we are not far out of the way when we state that the authors of most of these have each, during the same time, also published at least three or four other works on different branches of science and literature. We have among us a class of men who contribute nothing themselves directly to the advancement of science, but, understanding the market and the publishers, live on the labors of others. Hundreds of books are written and published yearly expressly to go in certain directions, where it is known that trustees or school committees are "all right," or can be made so. It is to this state of things that we owe most of the physiologies now in the hands of the young.

How few have any idea of the training necessary to enable a man, of even superior natural abilities, to prepare such a work that will be worth the publishing! More than fair attainments in natural history, comparative anatomy, physics, chemistry, and the use of the microscope are required; and also not only a power to appreciate, but a willingness to accept the labors of those of acknowledged authority in the different sciences connected with physiology. The author must himself be a physiologist, able and desirous to contribute to the advancement of his special branch of knowledge. No other can write a work that will do credit to himself, or that will stand the test of time. And to these scientific he must add certain literary qualifications, or his work fails in an essential point. Compare Dalton's Physiology with those of the class of which we have spoken, written by men who have published, and are ever ready to publish, works on any department of science or literature. What a marked difference is immediately perceptible! And in order to show that this difference is even far greater than at first appears, we propose turning over the pages of this distinguished physiologist's book. We shall see that, though we have before us a work written by one who is solely a physiologist, and whose valuable contributions are well known to all who pay special attention to this branch of science, nevertheless most decided errors and defects have passed unnoticed in it, notwithstanding it has gone through four editions, and has been subjected to the careful revision of the author.

On page 64 it is stated that, "at a point on the *surface* of every starch grain there is a minute pore or depression called the *hilus*, around which the circular markings are arranged in a concentric form." Now, all starch grains begin as minute spherical bodies, and increase in size by the addition of concentric layers; but many diverge from the spherical form by the preponderating growth of one side of the granule. The *hilum* (*hilus* being neither Latin nor English) or nucleus is this starting-point of growth, which is either solid or hollow, and is not on the surface, but is the innermost of all the concentric layers. Henfrey is the undisputed authority on the subject.

On page 114 we find that, "if a dog, with a gastric fistula, be fed with a mixture of meat and boiled starch," in portions of the fluid withdrawn "the starch is easily recognizable by its reaction with iodine;" while on page 129 we meet with the contradiction, "If one dram of such gastric juice (containing albuminose) be mixed with one dram of iodine water and boiled starch be subsequently added, no blue color is produced." It is clear that the former statement needs qualification; and on pages 155 and 157 there are two other assertions which in the same way conflict with one another. The first is that "while passing through the pulmonary circulation, however, they [fatty substances] disappear;" and the second is that "it [fatty matter] is found in considerable abundance throughout the entire vascular system." Such statements could hardly bring contending parties to an agreement.

On page 357 there is a remarkable original figure of the nervous system of the starfish, unlike that of any species which has ever come under the eye of the naturalist. The branches in the arms are represented as forked, instead of being composed of one median nerve with a succession of branchlets coming off in pairs opposite one another. In alcoholic specimens it is next to impossible to distinguish blood-vessels from nerves, and we should judge that such were used for dissection in this case. As long ago as 1816, the lamented Tiedeman published an anatomy of the starfish which has not been since materially added to; and, in fact, Professor Milne-Edwards has illustrated the great work, "Le Règne Animal," of his master Cuvier with figures taken from this well-known monograph of the distinguished German anatomist. Professor Dalton might have found enough in it for his purpose, which would also have prevented him from publishing so serious a mistake.

On page 366 there is another original figure, made to show the nervous system of centipedes, but a naturalist would immediately suspect its accuracy in this respect from the fact that it is clearly faulty in almost every other structure represented. The feet should originate from the sides of the rings, not *alternate* with them; and the great claw-like fang-feet should be turned not backwards but forwards and inwards. It would be just as correct to represent the natural posture of a man standing to be with his arms extended horizontally and directly backwards—a position not more torturing to the biped than the one here figured to the centipede. The nervous ganglia should be within the rings, not alternate with them, and should be connected by a nerve-cord, which, though double in structure, is single in appearance. The professor has mistaken a furrow for a total division of the cord into two threads. Here again we have high authority which might have been consulted. In the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society" there are to be found several valuable papers by Newport on the development of the nervous and circulatory systems in myriapoda and other articulates, which are well known to every naturalist, and which furnish figures that would serve in the present instance most fully.

Lastly, we have to notice the section on reproduction, and shall be obliged to use terms, we fear, quite unfamiliar even to the ears of many liberally educated persons; for though instruction in physiology forms a part of the system of education in most of our schools and colleges, the text-books used are most of them carefully expurgated of all that relates to the origin and development of life.

On pages 532 and 533, both in the text and in the wood-cuts, the *true* vitelline membrane is ignored entirely, but the *zona pellucida*, which is stated to be but another name for this membrane, is figured. Now, in all vertebrates the zona is an accessory, formed against the inner face of the tunica granulosa of the Graafian follicle, and outside of the vitelline membrane; and the two exist together, especially in reptiles, for some time.

On page 590 we find the "two extremities (of the allantois) coming in contact with each other and fusing together over the back of the fœtus, just as the amniotic folds had previously done." The extremities do not fuse together and become continuous, but only overlap one another; and, moreover, the outer lamina of the amnios, after being cut off from the inner one, *remains*, and does *not* "allow it (the allantois) to come in contact with the external membrane of the egg."

In figure 211, page 591, which is repeated on page 654, the vitellus

* "A Treatise on Human Physiology; designed for the use of Students and Practitioners of Medicine. By John C. Dalton, M.D." 4th edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1867.

"The Elements of Physiology and Hygiene. By Huxley and Youmans." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

should be close up to the inner face of the shell, and, at the age and extent of the vascular area represented, it should be considerably larger, and not spherical but spheroidal.

In figure 212, page 592, the yolk sac should also be represented as still increasing in size, for it finally fills the whole shell, excepting the space occupied by the embryo; and the latter should be sunken in the upper part of the yolk. Long ago the illustrious Von Baer and the immortal John Hunter described these features. Nor does the allantois come out at *one side*, as in the figure, and turn over the back, but it folds upwards on both sides at once, and then forwards around the neck of the yolk sac, and up over the head, also on both sides. The folds, meeting on the bac, turn outwards and downwards, all around, and, passing close to the shell membrane, the persistent outer lamina of the amnios alone intervening, finally concentrate below the yolk sac.

It will be observed that we have noted chiefly those errors which, on turning over the pages of this work, were suggested by the wood-cuts, and we have to remark that the author might have greatly increased the value of his book had he aimed a little less at originality, and consented to use more freely figures drawn from other works of high authority. Our aim has been in this review not to decry the merits of Professor Dalton's Physiology, for we consider it, perhaps, the best book which we possess for the medical student—Professor Flint's being more serviceable to one who intends studying the subject beyond what is required at an examination by the faculty of any of our medical schools—but, by pointing out its errors, to show how difficult it is, considering the present activity in science, for any one, not strictly a physiologist, to write a physiology worthy of public confidence.

In the fall of 1866 Professor Huxley published in London a little work entitled "Lessons in Elementary Physiology," and designed, as he states in the preface, "to serve the purposes of a text book for teachers and learners in boys' and girls' schools." His object in writing the book was "to set down in plain and concise language that which any person, who desires to become acquainted with the principles of human physiology, may learn, with a fair prospect of having but little to unlearn as our knowledge widens —and to separate the well-established and essential from the doubtful and unimportant portions of the vast mass of knowledge and opinions we call human physiology." He has succeeded excellently well in all he aimed at. His style is clear and compact, and the whole subject is presented in a systematic and interesting manner. Those who are acquainted with the author's various contributions on the anatomical, embryological, and physiological relations of man to the lower animals, will find the work in perfect keeping with his reputation; and we are sorry that we have not an exact reprint of it, for not only is it adapted to schools, but most persons who wish to review their studies in this department of science may take it up, and in a few hours' time digest the whole of it with pleasure and profit.

Unfortunately, Professor Huxley "confided the early sheets of the work to Professor Youmans" (as the latter tells us in his preface) "to make such additions of matter" as he thought best, and to "adapt it to the circumstances and requirements of American education." In what respect the requirements of the American education of boys and girls differ from those of the English we are not told, but the American author thinks it necessary in order to meet these special requirements to contribute, of the four hundred and twenty pages, between one and two hundred of his own, in the form of an opening chapter and several chapters under the head of Hygiene. Why he did not add a succession of hundreds of pages on physiological chemistry, embryology, histology, and so on, we do not see, for Professor Huxley has only noticed them, as he has the subject of hygiene, or the laws of health, in accordance with the character and limits which he thought best to give the work. Professor Youmans's method and style differ entirely from those of the professor with whom he has associated himself. He dwells on the most commonplace subject at great length, and introduces points still in dispute as established facts. He writes with great enthusiasm and, we may say, momentum, but with a corresponding lack of conciseness.

Huxley's little work, freed from this incubus, would certainly meet with a cordial reception if reprinted here, even though the "requirements of American education" differ from those of his own country.

Les Origines du Sermon de la Montagne. Par Hippolyte Rodrigues. (Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.)—This is an octavo volume of 200 pages, the avowed object of which is to "prove scientifically, to those eyes which do not shun the light," that there is nothing new in Christianity, and that there is not a single moral precept recognized and practised by civilized nations that is not traceable to the Jewish Scriptures. More than two centuries ago Grotius observed, in regard to the Lord's Prayer, that the single phrases composing it were current in rabbinical forms at the time of Christ. M. Rodrigues (*le Secrétaire Perpétuel* of the Israelitic Scientifico-literary Society organized at Paris) selects for the same purpose the Sermon on the Mount, as being the highest and fullest statement of Christian morality, and endeavors to show that it enunciates no new truths, but only embodies maxims which were in the mouth of every Jew before the Saviour uttered them, or, in the language of our author, *le discours de la montagne courait les rues de Jérusalem bien avant qu'il eût été prononcé.* The beatitudes themselves he regards only as an anthology of Israelitic piety and morality. The assertion that "the people were astonished at his doctrine" because he taught "as one having authority," and not as the scribes, is explained as referring to the earnestness of Jesus in reproducing in the form of pungent and incisive maxims the doctrines of the sacred books, instead of overloading them with long and obscure dissertations, as the authorized orthodox interpreters were wont to do. The method pursued by M. Rodrigues is to print on alternate pages (facing each other, so as to render a comparison between them easy) the Sermon on the Mount, as contained in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew, and the corresponding passages from the Old Testament and the Talmud. But he does not prove satisfactorily that all his citations from the Talmud are "anterior to Jesus." It is not enough to affirm that Shammai and Hillel, the most distinguished heads of the Talmudic school, lived a century or less before the Christian era; or that "the Talmud contains the tradition of doctrines preached since the third century before Jesus;" or that Gamaliel and Johanan ben Zaccai, contemporaries of Jesus, "preceded him, *according to every probability*, in teaching the law." The Mishna was composed, or at least reduced to writing, by the Rabbi Judah Hakkadosh about A.D. 189, the Jewish Talmud about A.D. 396, and the Babylonian Talmud, which is most highly valued by the Jews, about A.D. 500. It is not always, and indeed very seldom, possible in such compilations, which are the growth of centuries, to fix the authorship of any one precept, or to say what doctor first gave it utterance. To endeavor, therefore, to establish the date of a citation by appending to it the name of a doctor (and even in most cases the author has to content himself with the title of a treatise), is not to proceed so *scientifiquement* as a professed *ami de la vérité* ought to do. In the "postface" we have numerous extracts from Reuss, Renan, and others, corroborative of the author's views. The conclusion at which M. Rodrigues arrives is, that the principles proclaimed by Moses and Jesus being the same, the two religions should adapt themselves to the scientific and philosophic progress of the age, and thus become *une seule et même religion.* Every step which they take toward reform is a step toward unification. In this country the tendency of Judaism to fraternize with certain forms of Christianity is strong, and seems to grow stronger. The Rabbi Lilienthal, for example, makes no difficulty about throwing overboard every dogma except those of the unity of God and the brotherhood of man, and thus affiliates with Unitarianism; his synagogue at Cincinnati, built in the form of a cross, with the domes of a mosque, and its interior walls inscribed with Hebrew legends, fitly symbolizes the catholicity of his religious belief. But M. Rodrigues must wait some time before all Christendom or much of it becomes Unitarian.

The Bankrupt Law of the United States. Edited by Edward Avery and George M. Hobbs, Counsellors-at-Law. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.) —The general plan of this work is briefly set forth in the preface: "In preparing this edition of the 'Bankrupt Law' the editors have not intended to present a treatise on bankruptcy, but simply to take the statute as it stood, and so arrange the notes and references as to present the leading cases under their appropriate heads." This plan has been carried out with unusual fidelity. Though the editors, by the form of their work, disclaim all pretence to originality, yet they have furnished an amount of well-selected material which would do credit to a book of much greater pretensions, and would need little more than proper arrangement in order to become what is commonly called an original work. The difficult subject of assignments in section 14 perhaps illustrates as well as any other in the book the careful attention which has been bestowed upon the editorial task. The book has two appendices—one containing the General Orders and Forms of Proceeding in Bankruptcy, the other the United States Bankrupt Law of 1841. The index is unusually exhaustive. As a manual for daily use as well as a convenient digest of the most important cases on the subject, Messrs. Avery and Hobbs's work seems to us superior to any of its rivals, and eminently deserving of the approval and patronage of the profession.

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The Week.

THE evidence for the defence in the impeachment trial closed on Saturday; nothing now remains but the summing up of counsel; and probably before this reaches our readers the whole case will be in the hands of the Senate, or perhaps even the verdict will have been delivered. Of the unimportance of the evidence we have spoken elsewhere, and, if we are right in our estimate of it, the shutting out of the testimony offered by the defence, of Mr. Johnson's having been advised by his cabinet that the Tenure-of-Office Act was unconstitutional, and that he ought to disregard it, can hardly seriously affect his case. The fact that he was so advised is an important one, and the Senate knows it, and the public knows it, whether it was proved or not. The Tenure-of-Office Act is one of those acts the constitutionality of which, as we showed some weeks ago, cannot be tested unless the President himself violates it, and the advice he received from his cabinet about it undoubtedly has an important bearing on the question of his intent in violating it. This advice does not legally exonerate him, but it is something for the Senate to consider in making up its mind as to whether it will punish him or not. Mr. Wilson's point, that the cabinet is not a constitutional body, was able and sound, but, nevertheless, perfectly irrelevant. The advice of counsel would not justify a man in resisting the sheriff; but if he killed the sheriff in resisting him, the fact that counsel did so advise him would be a very important one in an enquiry whether he was guilty of wilful and preconcerted murder or only of manslaughter.

The only other noteworthy incident in the trial since last week has been the refusal of the Senate to give Messrs. Stevens and Logan what, in the language of good nature, is called "a chance." In short, each of these gentlemen wanted to deliver a speech at the close, of indeterminate length, and upon divers subjects known and unknown. We think we do them no injustice in surmising that, in addition to the legal reasons for convicting Mr. Johnson furnished by the lawyer managers, they wished to supply others by drawing the attention of the Senate to his violations of "eternal justice" and of "the rights of man," and his disregard of the "eternal veracities." The refusal of the Senate to hear them on these subjects has, we admit, a narrow-minded look; but then the Senate is pressed for time, and the country is impatient, and the House will listen to the speeches. We were asked some weeks ago to forbear criticising Mr. Stevens's performances on account of his physical infirmity, which, we were told, incapacitated him for business after eleven or twelve o'clock every day. If this infirmity does not prevent his delivering speeches, however, it hardly furnishes a claim to immunity. Nobody's opinions, because they are *his*, ought to influence the Senate in this proceeding. It should listen to nothing but arguments; and if Mr. Stevens is as ill as he seems, or as his friends represent, he is not in a condition to argue or to claim a hearing from either the Senate or the public, and a proper sense of decorum would keep him in the background. The House paid a sufficient tribute to his fortitude and past services by placing him amongst the Managers; it is now for him to take care that he does not occupy the time and place which the interests of the country claim for men in possession of all their powers of mind and body.

Congress has been only very intermittently in session during the past week, but it is understood that the committees are working hard, and that when once the trial is over a good deal of legislation will be done in a short time. The Ways and Means Committee is said to have a new Tax bill nearly ready. On Monday last the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, through its chairman, Mr. Banks, offered and defended its bill in regard to the protection of American citizens abroad, and after considerable debate, in which Mr. Banks was very remarkably inefficient, the bill passed. It is declared that the right of expatriation is a natural right; that this Government, recognizing the right, has freely received emigrants from foreign countries and made them citizens; that such American citizens, no matter what theories of indefeasible allegiance may be upheld by foreign nations, owe no allegiance, except to the United States. So much by way of preamble. It is sound doctrine, and the press and our State Department in its various branches have for some years maintained it. As Mr. Jenckes pointed out, however—and he received a rebuke from Mr. Banks for doing it—our courts have been compelled to state the law as it exists, the common law on the subject, and there has been a variance between our claims, as urged abroad by our officials, and our declaration of the law and our action upon it in the courts. The new bill removes this inconsistency by expressly declaring null all opinions, decisions, and so on, which tend in any way to impair the right of expatriation. This also seems perfectly well. But next comes a provision that a naturalized American is to have the same protection abroad that a native-born American has—a principle not to be laid down without qualifications; and, finally, comes the absurd Third Section—an appropriate ornament for Mr. Banks's political, though hardly for his personal, tombstone. It provides that when an American citizen abroad is arrested on the allegation that naturalization in the United States does not dissolve his allegiance to his native country; or, when any American, arrested for any cause, is kept too long imprisoned, the President is authorized to suspend commercial relations with the offending country (this was Mr. Pile's amendment), or catch any citizen of the offending country that he can find over here and put him in jail. There is now, as is well known, little or nothing in the way of a sensible settlement of the whole question, and there is hardly a doubt that it will be but a little while before we shall be recording such a treaty with England and France as we have just concluded with North Germany. The bill

passed the House by one of those votes which are ominous of the failure of the measure in the Senate. There were but 5 nays to 99 yeas. On the same day a resolution was agreed to which directs the Committee on Commerce to enquire whether Congress has power to legislate for the prevention of the great loss of life on railroads, and, if they find such power, to enquire into the expediency of Government inspection of railroads. Previously, on the 15th, the petition of a large number of citizens of New York, praying for a national railroad between this city and Washington, was referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals. The House passed a bill appropriating $10,000 for impeachment expenses.

The election returns from Michigan, official for fifty out of the sixty-two counties of the State, and estimated for the rest, pretty well establish the following facts: The total vote—and this happens seldom in constitutional elections—is the heaviest ever cast, and shows that great interest was felt in the result. That this should be so is reasonable enough, there being at least two exciting issues before the people. One was the question whether or not it shall hereafter be unlawful in Michigan to buy and sell intoxicating beverages. It is a question that comes home eloquently to men's business bosoms everywhere, and especially in a State in which much of the hardest of hard manual labor is done, and where, also—though Michigan is perhaps the most cultivated and enlightened of the newer States—"drinking" holds an important place among the too few means of pleasure. The "prohibition" clause of the new constitution is defeated, it seems, by something like 13,000 majority. The other question was not submitted to the people separately, and undoubtedly the defeat of the constitution in general is to be attributed to the clause granting suffrage to the negroes. The adverse majority is more than 40,000, or about one-half what it would have been if the vote had been taken ten or eleven years since; and ten years is not long in the life of a race, even when "unrighteous men," and unsagacious voters, oppose it.

The Press dinner to Dickens, in spite of some conspicuous drawbacks, was a success. It gave Dickens what he probably strongly desired, an opportunity of making a hearty acknowledgment of the warmth and delicacy and "magnanimity"—this last word is his own—of the reception he has met with in this country, of avowing his intention on his return to England to append to the "American Notes" some marked modifications in the judgment therein passed on American persons and things, and of uttering a really eloquent protest against whatever tends to prevent the closer union of America and England in thought and feeling—all of which the audience received with genuine enthusiasm. The speeches, too, were more than usually good. Mr. Greeley's at the opening was both happy and graceful; was, in short, done in his best vein—which, whatever one may think of his worst vein, is in most particulars admirable. The speech of the evening was, however, Mr. G. W. Curtis's, which was a combination of sentiment and thought rather unusual in after-dinner speeches, and was in every way such an expression of the feeling of cultivated Americans towards Charles Dickens as we should all wish the great author to carry away with him as a last farewell. There was one passage in it which we cannot help reproducing, and which we earnestly commend to the consideration not only of all foul-mouthed friends of humanity, but to all those "gentlemen of the press" who want to see the press become a profession which honorable and educated men will deliberately choose, instead of being, as one speaker at the dinner called it, "a resort" to which men betake themselves when other things fail, and which successful writers who have once belonged to it make a boast of not being ashamed of:

"The paramount duty of the Literary Press is purity; of the Political Press, honesty. Our Copyright law, as you are aware, Mr. Chairman, inflicts a fine for every repetition of the offence, so that the fine is multiplied as many times as there are copies of the book printed. So the man who, as a writer for the Press, *says what he does not believe, or defends a policy that he does not approve, or panders to a base passion or a mean prejudice for a party purpose, is so many times a traitor to the craft represented at this table* as there are copies of his newspaper printed. And as honest or even dishonest difference of opinion is entirely compatible with courtesy, as even *denunciation is a thousand-fold more stinging and effective when it is not vituperation, decency of manner becomes the Press no less than decency of matter. When the manners of the Press become those of Tombs pettifoggers, or Old Bailey shysters, or the Eatanswill Gazette, its influence upon society will be revealed by a coarse and brutal public opinion.* While we boast of the tremendous power of the Press, let us remember that the foundations of its power as a truly civilizing influence are, first, purity, then honesty, then sagacity and industry. It may sometimes seem otherwise; but it is an illusion. A man may build up a great journal as he may amass any other great fortune, and seem to be a shining miracle of prosperity. But if he have neither love, nor honor, nor troops of friends, his prosperity is a fair orchard bearing only apples of Sodom."

Mr. Norton was the only speaker at the dinner who made any response to that portion of Mr. Dickens's speech—and it was certainly not the least important—in which he touched on the relations of England and America. Although what Mr. Norton said was well and eloquently said, the omission on the part of the others is to be regretted, because one of Dickens's uses, and, let us add, one of his highest uses, is as a softener of international asperities, grudges, and hates. It is the more to be regretted as the *Tribune* is the only paper which published a full report of the proceedings. The *World* omitted all mention of Mr. Curtis's speech—a circumstance which suggests some curious reflections as to the influence of newspaper editing on human character. Journalism is said to be an ennobling profession; most editors of the leading papers are adult males, and they profess to present the public with accurate, if not full, reports of the leading events of the day; and yet one of their commonest modes of displaying personal or political dislike is to suppress or turn into burlesque speeches delivered at public meetings—a kind of hostile demonstration which is only worthy of that type of vulgar, weak, and vindictive woman, so common in society, and the extirpation or great diminution of which is one of the great objects of the movement in favor of higher female education.

The *Tribune*, by printing an article with the pleasant heading of "Horatio Seymour as a Liar," and ringing changes on that gentleman's "lying" and other evidences of depravity, *apropos* of some alleged misstatements of his, about the cost of reconstruction, in a public speech recently delivered, has furnished the daily papers during the week with materials for several articles on Mr. Greeley's peculiarities of diction, and Mr. Greeley with an opportunity of repeating once more his somewhat startling, but now well-known, opinions as to the propriety and expediency of calling opponents "liars" on all possible occasions. As we have often taken the liberty of saying, we consider the practice not only silly and useless, but under certain circumstances—as, for instance, when it is committed in the columns of a "great daily"—often brutalizing and always barbarizing. Nobody can read such articles as the one referred to without being the worse of it. They do not make liars more odious; they simply make lying seem a more trifling offence. What makes the practice all the more deplorable in the present case is, that the offender is a gentleman who occupies himself largely with delivering lectures to young men on "the conduct of life" and cognate themes, and is actually an active and prominent member of the board of management of a university intended to teach the youth of the West the humanizing, civilizing, and refining arts. Nor is this the worst of it. The practice of calling men "liars" is rarely met with amongst people who place a high value on truth. It is commonest of all in places, like gambling saloons and brothels, where truthfulness is a synonym for imbecility. A charge which a man would deeply feel if made against himself, he is seldom quick to make against others. Nobody who has seen much of the world has failed to observe the close connection there commonly is between foulmouthedness and bluntness of the moral perceptions. To those who have not thought on this before we would respectfully recommend the perusal of the interesting observations on the reflex action of language on the mind which Mr. Marsh has inserted in his valuable book on "The English Language" (pp. 234–7). The unfortunate person who, two years ago, in the *Boston Commonwealth*, accused Henry Ward Beecher of "having turned his back on morals and religion," because, after a life of devotion to freedom, he had made a mistake about the terms of reconstruction, probably did not mean half what his words implied, and

was not, after all, very deeply penetrated with a sense of the enormity of Mr. Beecher's offence. Long indulgence in extravagance and vituperation had doubtless driven from his mind all distinct impression of what "morals and religion" were, and as well led him to mistake sputtering for force, and to fancy billingsgate a good vehicle of what he thought was righteous indignation. Of the disgrace which this sort of thing reflects on American journalism we say nothing. People who are not troubled about their own reputation or their own moral condition are not likely to be affected by the consideration of the influence of their conduct on the social standing of the profession to which they belong.

Reconstruction just now gets not very much attention, and excites little interest, the fact of the matter being that people in general wait for the administration of Grant to close up the business thoroughly and speedily, and hardly look for anything final till after November. They probably are not very much mistaken in this view. Still, some irrevocable things are doing now. Arkansas is already on her way to Washington with a ratified constitution and a demand for immediate admission to Congress. Some of the other States are not far behind her; and, from present appearances, some are not yet started on the road which Arkansas has almost entirely traversed. In spite of the earnest protest of General Schofield, backed by an array of indisputable facts which his official position has brought within his knowledge, and in spite of good advice from many leading Republicans of the Radical wing of the party, the Virginia Convention, under the guidance of its least instructed politicians, has put into the constitution a test of loyalty that will ensure the failure of ratification, will keep Virginia under military rule for some time to come, and will tend to put it under Conservative rule when military rule is over. Louisiana has, perhaps, ratified the new constitution, though full returns have not yet been received. In South Carolina, which voted last week, the result is not doubtful. As we write, Georgia is voting, and the indications are that Mr. Bullock (Radical) may have been successful. General Meade's late orders show how he has worked—and how hard he has had to work—to make a fair and peaceable election at all probable. Make it certain he could not, we imagine, with the force at his disposal. He begins by forbidding the opening of the ballot-boxes, or the counting of votes, or the giving of information about the progress of the election, until after the final closing of the polls. The polls being finally closed, two men of character, chosen by the managers from the opposite party, are to be admitted to witness the counting. The next order relates to the resignations of sheriffs of counties. Such resignations have recently been pouring in on him, the General declares, and they came on the eve of an important election, when there is not time enough to make new appointments. He declines, therefore, to accept them, and threatens punishment to sheriffs who do not faithfully continue in the performance of their duties. In the same order the intimidation of voters, of which complaints are said to be numerous, is forbidden, and fine or imprisonment is denounced against offending employers. Order No. 58 forbids the calling off of laborers from their work in order to attend political meetings; prohibits nocturnal assemblages of armed voters; and requires that notification of intent to hold political meetings shall be given either to the military or to the civil authorities. Arms, concealed or otherwise, are not to be carried or worn on the days of election. The officers of the Freedmen's Bureau are to instruct the freedmen as to their duties and rights. And, finally, it is ordered, as the General hears complaints that the registrars have stricken from the voting lists names of good legal voters, that all persons whose names have been stricken off during the last five days of revision shall be allowed to vote. Their ballots, however, are to be kept separate to be sent separately to headquarters, where the status of the votes shall be determined. Louisiana seems to be yet in doubt, and North Carolina is voting.

The news from England is mainly composed of divers small signs of the rising of the democratic tide. An effort which began thirty years ago to abolish flogging in the army, has at last been crowned with success. It was one of the indications and bulwarks of the aristocratic constitution of the military system. As long as it was kept up, men whom it would be a shame and scandal not to promote were not likely to enter the ranks, and the purchase system remained tolerably safe. Now that it is gone, the purchase system will probably not last another session, and the purchase system gone, the British army loses its time-honored privilege of being led by "gentlemen." In short, it will go into action under the same breed of men who led it at Naseby and Worcester. Another "old landmark," as the reporters say, has disappeared in the abolition of proxies by the House of Lords. The old gentlemen have grown frightened by the hubbub made last year about the small attendance of peers at their debates, and, with the view of infusing some life into their sessions, have deprived absentees of the privilege of commissioning others to vote for them. But the spirit of the Lords is clearly broken. The debate on the proxies was feeble to the verge of inanity; the amendment to the Mutiny Bill abolishing flogging, which, under the leadership of the "illustrious Duke"—the Commander-in-Chief—they would have thrown out with contempt twenty or even ten years ago, they have swallowed almost with a beggar's meekness. The awful shadow of the "Compound Householder" is upon them, and they are trying to make ready for him. The general impression in England seems to be that nothing but their consent to the creation of a large number of life peers will save them; but there can be little doubt that any such creation would tend before long to the abolition of the hereditary principle altogether.

The Disraeli Ministry obtained a breathing space after its late defeat by the intervention of the Easter holidays. What they will do on the reassembling of the House there is as yet no means of conjecturing; but, if we were to judge from the language both of the Premier and Lord Stanley during the debate, we should say they would try to stay in, and do whatever the majority wanted either about the Irish Church or anything else; in other words, play over again the game which was so successful in the case of the Reform bill. The House was so disgusted, however, with their performances in the debate on the Irish Church, that it is hardly likely this will be permitted. Lord Stanley made a complete failure. His arguments were not only weak, but the speech had been apparently written out beforehand in anticipation of points which Mr. Gladstone did not make—a fatal defect, of course, in a reply, and it gave such unmistakable evidence of readiness to surrender the Irish Church that the Tories were stricken with consternation, and listened in amazed silence. Mr. Disraeli's speech was hollow and rambling and feeble, and his whole manner a marked contrast to Gladstone's fire and enthusiasm. In fact, the "gentlemen of the press" will probably be furnished by Mr. Disraeli's career, before it is over, with as striking an illustration of the value of principle as of the value of pluck and cleverness.

The disputes between masters and workmen in England have taken a new turn, and rather a singular one, by the resort of the masters to a weapon hitherto untried, and, we imagine, unthought of. The workmen of the Springhead Spinning Company struck against a reduction of wages. The company tried to fill their places, but all their efforts were foiled by the posting of placards and publication of advertisements by the strikers, explaining the nature of the quarrel. The advertisements and placards were traced to two operatives named Riley and Butterworth; and the company, having obtained proof that they had prevented persons from entering their employment, have filed a bill in Chancery asking for an injunction restraining Riley and Butterworth from issuing any more placards or advertisements, and asking for damages for the loss already sustained. The Vice-Chancellor has accordingly granted a temporary injunction until the case can be heard. The bill contains the following verses on co-operation, extracted from the work-people's address, which are perhaps as good as are often heard at the Chancery bar:

"Man, poor and feeble when alone,
The sport of every passing wind,
In war, in trade, in art has shown
He's all-resistless when combined.

"If, then, when fear or interest plead,
Sustaining crowds together press,
Why may not social kindness lead
Mankind to join for happiness?"

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE EVIDENCE IN THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

There has probably been nothing about the impeachment process which has disappointed so many people as its being treated by the Senate as a judicial process. By many of those who were most earnest in advocating it, it was evidently regarded as a mere form, somewhat like an act of attainder, for giving effect to a determination at which the legislature had already arrived. The solemn manner in which they always spoke of the Senate as the "*High* Court of Impeachment" was not intended to impress people with the idea that the Senate was a court of justice, so much as with the idea that its decisions could not be questioned or overruled by any other tribunal; in other words, the object of the phrase was rather to magnify its authority than describe its nature. Everything that was said by these persons to or of the Senate, also, after the trial became certain, showed that they were as far as possible from regarding the senators as judges, or from wishing the public so to regard them. The conviction of the respondent was always spoken of as "a duty," and the "High Court" was told every day that it was a duty which the country would insist on having performed—a kind of talk which strongly suggested the inference that the impeachment was looked upon not even as a legislative process, but as one purely administrative.

What meaning those who were of this way of thinking attached to the attendance of the Chief-Justice, the examination of witnesses, the appearance of counsel, and the adoption of rules of procedure, we have never been able to ascertain, though we have read their speeches and articles pretty carefully. That they considered them mere forms, there is plenty of evidence; but we have never been able to make out why they did not deny their necessity, and insist on having them dispensed with. To maintain that the Senate ought to have its mind made up on the first day, and that the country ought to insist on its acting as if it had, and yet make no objection to the waste of time in listening to speeches and examining witnesses, was, to say the least, inconsistent; but it is an inconsistency which we can only explain by ascribing it to superstition. People who imagine that the adoption of bran-new constitutions will pacify and "regenerate" the South, might naturally suppose that there is some occult virtue in legal forms, and that Mr. Johnson could not have been got out of the White House, even by a judgment of the Senate, unless he had been heard by counsel. There is another explanation to which, however, as it is less charitable, we prefer not to resort, and that is that they took the mass of the people for fools, and imagined that outward signs of a judicial proceeding could be made to disguise effectually a merely legislative act.

We are glad to say the Senate has thoroughly disappointed them, as indeed from the outset we hoped it would. It has never shown the slightest forgetfulness of the real nature of the process or of the real nature of its own duties. It has treated the Chief-Justice not as a man of straw or bundle of clothes set up in the president's chair to impose on the vulgar by tawdry imitation of European forms, but as a real magistrate, brought from the most venerable bench in the world, to assist by his learning and experience in the deliberations of the greatest of criminal tribunals, during one of the most solemn and imposing of legal processes. It has examined witnesses and heard the speeches of counsel for the purpose of informing its judgment, and not for the purpose of amusing the timid or stupid with a caricature of a court of justice. It has respected at every stage not only the demands of abstract justice, but the great traditions of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. As far as lookers-on can judge, the exciting contests of the last eighteen months have exercised as little influence on the Senate as human nature will permit such contests to leave on those who have borne part in them. Certainly there is no lawyer who has watched the proceedings but must have been proud of his profession, and proud of the training it gives, on seeing the lawyers in the Senate split, without reference to party ties, on nearly every question of procedure, hot Radicals like Mr. Sumner just as constantly lawyer-like as cool Conservatives like Mr. Fessenden; and it is only the constant spectacle of this impartiality and this devotion to legal rules which has opened the eyes of those who clamored for impeachment to its real nature.

The evidence is now, as we write, all in, and nothing remains of the proceeding but the summing up of counsel. We are bound to say, however, that we think the evidence sheds absolutely no light on the case; and, as we look back on it, one can hardly help concurring with the Enthusiasts, though for a different reason, in thinking that it might all have been dispensed with on both sides. The managers brought nothing to light; proved nothing that was not notorious. The defence also has proved nothing that was not already known, or that would not have been just as effective if mentioned by counsel in the course of a speech as if sworn to on the stand. It is safe to assert, too, that all the time spent in arguing on the admissibility of evidence, though not wasted, was not spent in furnishing materials for a decision. Nothing has really been shut out that anybody wanted to get in. The rules of evidence, on the application of which so much argument has been expended, are all based on the theory that whatever is shut out by the rules will be really kept from the knowledge of the jury, and, in ordinary cases, this theory has a real foundation in fact. It might have been borne out even in the present case had the "high crimes and misdemeanors" with which the President is charged been acts of private iniquity, now for the first time brought to light. The charges against him are, however, of such a nature that the attempt to apply to them the technical rules of evidence has occasionally been almost ludicrous, and always a little absurd. Some of the greatest fights between counsel have been over points of about as much practical importance as the admissibility of evidence of Andrew Johnson's residence in the White House. If, for instance, the managers had succeeded in excluding all evidence of the declarations by which his alleged illegal acts were accompanied, they might have given a striking illustration of their own skill and energy; but they would hardly have succeeded in withholding from the consideration of the Senate one iota that would be likely to influence its decision. The Senate does not need evidence to show it that Andrew Johnson talked like a high-minded constitutional patriot when he was planning the removal of Mr. Stanton; and no suppression of evidence will leave it under the impression that Stanton's removal was part of a dark conspiracy against the Government. So, also, as regards its late refusal to admit evidence of what passed at the cabinet meeting before Stanton's removal was resolved on. This is spoken of as a great triumph for the managers, and a heavy blow and great discouragement to the defence: and so, if the trial were a mere match between counsel in forensic skill, or if the Senate had never heard of Mr. Johnson or of Mr. Stanton till the articles of impeachment were filed, it might be so considered. But the fact is, the Senate knows, and has long known, perfectly well what passed at that cabinet meeting. Everybody now knows it. The mere proffer of the evidence was just as effectual for all practical purposes as its formal reception. It may, of course, be said that the Senate will not permit anything to influence it in finding its verdict but what has been sworn to in open court. But then senators are but men, and their powers of self-abstraction are, therefore, limited. We have as high an opinion as anybody of the capacity of the human mind, but it is not high enough to induce us to believe that there is a single senator in the body who, acting honestly, can shut out from his mental vision, in deliberating on this case, every circumstance of which no formal proof has been put in. That the court will allow itself to be influenced by irrelevant considerations we do not for a moment believe; but a great many things that are perfectly relevant have been excluded under purely technical rules. Mr. Sumner's proposal to admit everything was in reality a sensible attempt to adapt the rules of procedure to the facts of the case, and get rid of what everybody has felt all along was a sham.

Now, it was undoubtedly under the impression that there would be in the proceedings the same field that there is in trials before ordinary courts, in ordinary cases, for the display of dexterity in getting facts before the jury, and shutting them out from its sight, or in other words,

keeping it in ignorance of them, that Mr. Butler was put amongst the managers. In this sort of work, and in that mixture of badinage and insolence and readiness by which juries are always entertained, and often deceived or hoodwinked, he is beyond question a master. His course during the trial has not belied his reputation. Few matches for him, and certainly no superior, are to be found in the records of the Old Bailey bar. But owing to the peculiarities of the present case, which make it as different as can well be even from most of the great impeachment cases of history, his peculiar talents have not only been useless, but have been well-nigh wasted. The managers begin to see now that he has kept nothing from the knowledge, and brought nothing to the knowledge, of the Senate, while his professional conduct has been such as has steadily, little by little and day by day, been disgusting the Senate, and, what is if possible worse, disgusting the public; and they are, if we are not mistaken, very near the conclusion that it would have been somewhat better if the case had remained in Mr. Wilson's hands from the beginning.

The fact is that the brunt of the battle has still to come. The senators are at this moment about as wise, and know about as much, as when the trial commenced. The only new light they have received has come from Mr. Curtis, whose lucid and powerful address, worthy in every way of the best days of forensic argumentation, was the first coherent presentation that had ever been made of the President's case, and for this reason was both valuable and important, whatever may have been its real force. In so far as their decision will be affected by what they hear at their bar, it will probably be by the summing up on both sides; and in this smartness and dexterity will count for nothing—weight, learning, and logic for much. In all these things we are bound to say the President's counsel can hardly fear comparison with their adversaries. The case of the people is, in fact, now where it ought to have been all along, in the hands of Messrs. Boutwell, Bingham, and Wilson. They have escaped one great danger by having their colleagues shut out from making speeches. They must have watched the movement to unseal the fountains of Messrs. Logan's and Stevens's eloquence with no ordinary anxiety; but this passed, we may doubtless look at their hands for a stronger and abler statement of the case for the prosecution than we have yet heard.

THE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

The state of France at the present moment is, on the whole, more interesting than it has been since 1847, and the present crisis in many particulars closely resembles that which preceded the overthrow of Louis Philippe, though there is of course not much likelihood of its terminating in the same way. The Mexican failure, the aggrandizement of Prussia, and the Luxembourg check, followed closely by an immense increase in the national armament, with a corresponding depression in business, has at last ended in great political uneasiness. All the news from France speaks of a general apprehension that something is going to happen—though nobody undertakes to say what the something will be. The overthrow of the actual government by force is not now talked of, or even thought possible, as it was so constantly from 1815 to 1851. "A descent into the streets" is something which nobody now looks for, and which nobody thinks likely to succeed. Moreover, Louis Napoleon enjoys a prodigious advantage over his predecessors, and particularly over the Republic of 1848, in the increased intelligence, good sense, and education of the working-men of all the large cities. The wild dreams which led to the horrible struggle of June, 1849, have almost entirely passed away. The working-men as a body have ceased to expect anything from the state except liberty, and are completely absorbed in the experiment of co-operation. The plan of a state organization of labor, state supply of popular loan banks, and all the rest of the machinery for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes, and their withdrawal from the operation of the law of competition, which formed so large a part of the fruits of the Revolution of 1848, have vanished like a mist. The great principle even, "To everybody according to his wants—from everybody according to his capacity," which was the watchword of the last Republic, is now no longer heard of. The experience which the co-operative associations have supplied, and are supplying, of the difficulties which human nature throws in the way of conducting any business on purely humanitarian principles, or of leaving it to each individual to fix the amount of the contribution he will make to the work of civilization, has proved to be of the highest political importance. It has, in fact, ruined the "social republic," and brought the working-men into closer political sympathy with the educated bourgeoisie than they have ever been before. Moreover, by diminishing the dread of the "Rouges," and of their theories about property, which so readily drove the shopkeeping bourgeoisie in 1851 into the arms of the dictator, it has robbed the Empire of one of its strongest supports.

Accordingly, we venture to say that, in spite of the restrictions on the press, there has not been since the Restoration so great an amount of good political writing—writing displaying the political sense, the restraint, the moderation, the appreciation of difficulties, which come from experience and reflection, as is to be found in the French newspapers and reviews of to-day. There has never been so little rhetoric, extravagance, and wild generalization; and the discussion of social problems to be found in the publications of the working-men, which, prior to 1848, were about as valuable as Andrew Jackson Davis's account of the "Summer Land," are now such as no political economist can pass over, and such as but very few can study without profit and instruction. Of course, in saying all this we are simply comparing Frenchmen with Frenchmen, and not with Americans or Englishmen or Hungarians. To complete the political education of a people the entire freedom of the press, the habit of listening to oral discussion and of local self-government, are absolutely necessary. Nothing else will give the patience and the capacity of waiting and trusting to the power of talk, and talk only, to accomplish what is wanted, and the distrust of all political panaceas—in which what is called "the political sense" may be said to consist, and this the French as yet have not. Let us say also, and we believe it can be said in perfect soberness, the history of the United States during the last ten years has powerfully aided the French in their political education, and done a great deal to render Imperial tutelage not only unnecessary but irksome. The mere spectacle of the impeachment, especially if it be followed by the deposition of the President, will perhaps exercise an influence on French political thought such as no other event of foreign politics has ever done, for France has, politically, hitherto learnt little or nothing from other nations. The only country she has ever made any attempt to copy has been England, but the difference in the constitution of English and French society has always made the attempt a failure.

The prevalent uneasiness now is revealed in various ways, and has made so much impression on the Government as to extract from the Emperor what is perhaps the weakest of all his appeals to the people—the pamphlet of which we spoke a fortnight ago, adding up the various majorities which the Napoleonic dynasty has received in the various "plebiscites" for which it has called. In the first place, the army bill which is now going into operation, and which is very oppressive, has excited riots of greater or less violence in most of the departments. There has, of course, been no difficulty in suppressing them; but then the grievance which excited them remains, and is sure to be felt a year hence more deeply than now, and is perhaps the only grievance which has seriously weakened the hold of the Empire on the peasantry. Along with the increase in the armament and the depression in business have come at last revelations about the increase in the national debt which has been made by the Imperial régime, which, strange as it may appear, have taken the public by surprise. A pamphlet giving the figures in full is running through edition after edition, and this is, of course, a form of attack against which the Government is powerless. It cannot prosecute a man for publishing the public accounts in a popular form, and it cannot produce any countervailing facts that would be likely to lessen the impression which the exposure makes. We gave the figures of this increase some weeks ago in the *Nation*. Moreover, the Emperor and his supporters in the legislature are at loggerheads. He is either sufficiently alarmed by the condition of the country or sufficiently satisfied of the wisdom of change, with reference to the more remote future, or sufficiently weakened in the nerves, to be desirous of making concessions to the liberals. His followers in both branches of the legislature are determined that he shall not, if they can

help it. The Corps Législatif has just passed two bills of considerable importance, under strong ministerial pressure: one releasing the press from the arbitrary control of the Government, the provisions of which we have more than once explained already; and the other creating a limited right of holding meetings for political discussion during a short period before each election. The bills are now in the Senate, but there they seem to have stuck fast, for some unexplained reason. The truth seems to be, however, that the imperialists are making at last a firm stand against what they consider the Emperor's weakness, the senators refusing to go any farther, and the majority in the Corps Législatif demanding as the reward of their compliance in voting against their inclination that the Chamber shall be now dissolved, and a new election held, before the new laws come into force—that is, an election on which neither the proposed right of meeting nor the proposed freedom of the press shall be brought to bear. This proposition has been anxiously discussed at the Tuileries, but, at the date of the latest news, without any decision, the Emperor fearing the result of an appeal to the country during the prevalence of the existing discontents. The alternative proposed by the inner circle of the imperialists is said to be war, but whether with Russia or Prussia seems as yet undetermined. The seeds of a petty quarrel already exist in the Prussian controversy with Denmark, in which France is endeavoring to act as a mediator. There is also talk of a renewal of the demand for a "territorial compensation" on the Rhine, which Prussia so contemptuously rejected shortly after Sadowa. The probable ground of quarrel with Russia does not yet appear, but Russia seems to be slightly preferred as an antagonist, as, in a conflict with her, Austrian aid might be counted on with tolerable certainty.

The conclusion at which the French conservatives—that is, the clergy, the large landholders, and the old legitimists—are said to have arrived, is that there is nothing for France but a return to pure despotism like that of Louis XIV., and that the mixed system, half despotic, half constitutional, has proved a failure, and must be abandoned. The liberals, on the other hand—and under this term must be included in this matter a large body of supporters of the present dynasty—maintain that a people as intelligent and highly educated as the French cannot be governed by even as much despotism as is now brought into play, for the simple reason that no emperor, however able and enlightened, is equal to the burden of responsibility which results from failures and mishaps, and that if the dynasty is to be saved a ministry responsible to the people must be set up, to draw off from the throne the fire of popular indignation, and furnish by resignation or dismissal a ready and harmless mode of appeasing discontent. The amount of outspokenness which the discussion is producing is something extraordinary, and unless it should be all silenced for the present by war, which there is some reason to fear, cannot but produce before very long some serious results.

A PRECIOUS OPPORTUNITY.

For a nation which pretends to be civilized the United States has already a deplorably bad credit. Compared with the credit of England, France, Prussia, and most of the secondary states of Europe, the credit of the richest and most powerful of republics is humiliatingly low. It would be quite superfluous to quote the prices of the loans of these empires, monarchies, and aristocracies in comparison with the prices of the republican loans; the fact is patent and admitted on all hands. The primary cause of this condition of things is not far to seek. Educated Europe does not believe in republican honor. Looking down at its own laboring classes, it says: "Republican honor is practically nothing better than the honor of the majority of the common people. It is impossible that the masses of the people should have that delicate sense of honor which is the best possession of the enlightened few who in reality control European governments. All history is against such a supposition. The vulgar cannot comprehend the sanctity of a promise. Majorities under universal suffrage must always be vulgar." Following out this train of thought to its legitimate conclusion, educated Europe does not believe in the stability of republican institutions. Most European thinkers believe that the republic will go to pieces; some think the wreck will be complete without possibility of regeneration; others, more hopeful, look forward to the seizing of the fragments of the dishonored republic by the richer and more honorable classes of society. These views rest upon an axiom and a mere opinion: the axiom is this, that in the long run there is but one guaranty of the permanence of a government, namely, the pre-eminent public virtue of the governors—which failing, confusion and disastrous changes are inevitable; and the opinion is this, that where the majority of the male population are practically the governors, public virtue as embodied in legislation will certainly fall below the standard of the better classes of the community. When European capitalists lend money to the United States of America, they demand two or three times as much interest as they obtain from England or France, in order to compensate themselves for the greater risk they run in view of the untrustworthiness and uncertain tenure of the debtor. Even Chili, a little republic with a restricted suffrage, can hire money on better terms than the United States.

It is not to be denied that many educated Americans share these doubts, or at least are sometimes visited by horrible qualms of distrust, concerning the uprightness of popular majorities. History is uncomfortable reading on this subject. The bankruptcy of the first French republic, the fate of our own continental currency, the neglect of the French Spoliation Claims, the temporary repudiation of their just debts by several of the States of the Union, the recent payment in paper of the interest upon State loans contracted before the war (a fraud which only Massachusetts and the Pacific States are guiltless of)—these are indeed bad omens.

Under these circumstances, a providential opportunity is vouchsafed to the Republic. The question of paying the five-twenty bonds in coin or in paper is emphatically a question of honor. The word coin is not in the act; the strict legal obligation does not exist. But never was obligation more binding in honor. All the officers of the Treasury and spokesmen for the Government, including the spokesman of Congress on such subjects (the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means) believed and proclaimed that the loan was payable in gold. Such was the universal understanding of all buyers and sellers the country over. No man of honor who has once made himself acquainted with the history of the five-twenty loan can entertain a moment's doubt of the obligation to pay those bonds in coin. Honor never could pronounce more clearly, though the letter of the law fails. Here is a precious opportunity to assert by telling deeds the purity and inflexibility of republican honor. Let the nation insist upon the payment of these bonds in gold, and Lee's surrender was not a greater triumph for the cause of free government. Let the people consent to have their bonds dishonored, and the national disgrace will justly rejoice all enemies, foreign and domestic, of republican institutions.

The Government of the people of the United States, for and by the people, rests upon two broad foundations, constructed with infinite pains, and both essential: the traditions and practices of free government, gradually developed and transmitted from generation to generation through two hundred years, constitute one basis; the other basis is the average character of the people, growing, changing from day to day, inherited in part, and in part moulded by school and church, by public discussion, by the recognized rules of trade, and the reflex action of legislation. To undermine the public character by dishonorable public acts, justified by sophistical and demoralizing argumentation, is to make sure of the fall of the whole superstructure of government.

We do not propose to say a word upon the economic aspects of the subject, although nothing can be more fallacious than the expectation that dollars will be saved by destroying the credit of the Republic. Arguments on this aspect of the subject have their place, but it is a humble one. Questions as to who the bondholders may be, and what they had better do to defend their rights, are all of secondary importance. If all the five-twenty bonds were held by a single Liverpool blockade-running Jew, the honor and the true interest of the Republic would demand their payment in coin just as much as if they had been distributed among the widows and children of our fallen soldiers. To make the question one of dollars chiefly, though they were counted by hundreds of millions, is to belittle it. "Thus Esau despised his birthright." The vital question is, not whether the country shall save or spend a few millions of dollars more or less, but whether republican honor shall be polluted and shrivelled or purified and braced.

The public conscience would be less corrupted by impudent and defiant robbery of the national creditors than by the cowardly cheating which takes on a cloak of law and honesty. Propositions to force the holders of five-twenty bonds to exchange them for less productive property, are at the bottom as dishonorable as total repudiation of the debt. Promises cannot be kept more or less. A nation's word pledged in honor is either absolutely good or it is rotten. No specious phrases, fair appearances, or ingenious devices can deceive even the present generation, much less history. If the five-twenty bonds are paid in gold, the world will say: "The United States were honest when in great straits, true and honorable when tempted of the devil." If the five-twenty bonds are not paid in gold, the just verdict will be: "The great Republic was a cheat; see what comes of government by the people."

One of the arguments of the advocates of repudiation is so piously base as to deserve special mention; it is really worthy of Rachel and her subtle son Jacob, when they conspired to cheat blind Isaac and absent Esau. These tender guides of the people urge that the present generation has no right to entail upon their children a debt which no letter of law makes binding; that in the veritable interest of the children the fathers ought to take advantage of the absence of a strict legal obligation to pay their just debts. Are, then, the rules of public honor so unlike those of private uprightness? Is a fair name, of nation or individual, really to be weighed in the balance with dollars and cents? A father, who has conducted great enterprises and laid up much goods, dying, summons his numerous and hearty children about him, and thus addresses them: "My children, for love of you I have piously cheated much. I leave you a tarnished name; but you will be consoled. The encumbrances on your vast estates are five or six per cent. smaller than they would have been had I been honest." The free nation of to-day can prepare for its heirs no heritage so precious as an unspotted public honor; with this, all burdens will be bearable; without it, all other inheritances will be little worth.

The payment of the five-twenty bonds in paper promises, dishonored in advance, is not very likely to be made an immediate party issue. There is time for discussion, for consideration and reconsideration. No public question is so important, excepting only the question of keeping faith with the freedmen. The people need to be persuaded that it is not a question of mere money, but a question of national uprightness, whose final answer will either fearfully weaken or greatly solidify the foundations of all republican government. If the public honor proves to be purer and more sacred under monarchical or aristocratic forms of government than it is under republican, then monarchy or aristocracy is actually to be preferred to the republic, and those forms of government will ultimately prevail over the freer; for in the long run the loftier character will dominate the baser among nations as among individuals.

With time on their side, we have confidence in the power of the press, the pulpit, and the honorable men and women of the country to save the national honor. No snap-judgment is going to settle this question. We have not given our sons and brothers to the cause of free government that it should be so soon lost on a question of integrity in money matters. History will not say of the revolution through which the country has been passing since 1860—the Republic saved all, except its honor.

A FEW WORDS WITH THE "THOUGHTFUL TEETOTALLER."

THE "Thoughtful Teetotaller," the gentleman to whom Mr. Wendell Phillips addresses himself in the matter of General Grant's drunkenness, is not a person with whom on ordinary occasions we care to reason or remonstrate. Our object in addressing him now is simply to remind him, and those who arraign public men at his bar, that in enquiring into the truth or falsehood of charges of drunkenness, he must act under the control—we will not say of technical rules of evidence—but of the laws of the human mind, and in accordance with the established canons of induction. General Grant is now before him, brought there by the indefatigable pursuit of Wendell Phillips, and the case against him, as Wendell Phillips makes it out, is this: That there is a report abroad that General Grant has been seen at some period not mentioned, but certainly recent, "drunk in the streets of Washington;" that General Grant has not contradicted this rumor; and that William E. Dodge and Henry Wilson have not formally declared that they have not heard and do not believe it.

Now, we would warn the Thoughtful Teetotaller against convicting the General on this charge, for two reasons: one is, that General Grant's silence, in spite of Mr. Phillips's challenges to him to speak, is, for reasons the knowledge of which we should prefer, if we could, to confine to General Grant, Mr. Phillips, and ourselves, perfectly reconcilable with the theory of his entire innocence. Not only have charges on various occasions been made against Presidential candidates which they have never denied, and of which they were, nevertheless, entirely and notoriously guiltless, but things have on various occasions been said of public men by Mr. Phillips himself of which Mr. Phillips kept back the proof. Therefore, a rumor about a man may circulate, may be believed and supported by Wendell Phillips, and may meet with no denial from the man himself, and yet the Thoughtful Teetotaller may not be justified in crediting it. Let nobody say that this position of ours indicates hostility on our part to the temperance cause. It rests on the laws of the human mind, which we had no hand in framing and for the working of which we are not responsible. If they trouble either Mr. Phillips or the Thoughtful Teetotaller, let them not throw the blame on us.

We come now to the fact that Mr. William E. Dodge, the president of the National Temperance Association, has been at Washington, and comes back and says not that the rumor aforesaid is not true, or not that he has not heard it, but simply that, as a temperance man, "he is satisfied with General Grant." Now, it may seem at first blush that this has an ugly look for Grant; but from this, also, he, it seems to us, has the means of escaping. To make it fatal for him, it must be shown, first, that Mr. Dodge has heard the rumor; next, that he enquired into its truth; and next, that a law of nature obliges him to communicate in detail the result of his investigations to Mr. Phillips and the public. That there is no such law we infer from the fact that Mr. Dodge has, on various other occasions, passed over rumors which affected both Wendell Phillips and himself unpleasantly without making a public declaration of his sentiments thereupon. Mr. Dodge is, therefore, we conclude, a free agent in dealing with reports about street drunkards. He may speak out his mind about them or he may keep silent. He may satisfy Mr. Phillips or he may not; but if he does not, his neglect or refusal cannot logically conclude third parties. As we have said before, we are not responsible for this position. Favorable as it may appear to the secret consumption of ardent spirits by public men, the seeds of it are to be found in all elementary treatises on the art of reasoning, and not simply in our own brain.

There remains Senator Wilson's manner of dealing with the rumor. He says not that the rumor of drunkenness in the street is untrue, but that he has seen Grant exposed to various temptations, and has never seen him drink or give any signs of having drunk. To this Mr. Phillips replies that the rumor must be true because his (Mr. Phillips's) opinion of Senator Wilson is very bad, and he considers his rise to his present position "an alarming result of democratic institutions." Now, this is doubtless a plausible argument, but we feel bound to warn the Thoughtful Teetotaller that there is a fallacy in it. It proves too much. If it follows from Mr Phillips's bad opinion of Senator Wilson that a rumor that General Grant has been drunk in the streets is true, the same conclusion may be drawn with regard to *anybody* whom Mr. Wilson represents as sober, and whom Mr. Phillips considers a drunkard. The argument is this: There is a report that A. has been beastly drunk in the gutter; Henry Wilson, who has an interest in showing A. to be sober, does not deny the report, but says he has seen A. exposed to all kinds of temptations and has never seen him drink any intoxicating liquor; but Wendell Phillips considers Henry Wilson a bad man, and therefore A. must have been drunk in the gutter. There is nobody with whom Mr. Wilson is acquainted whose drunkenness might not be proved in the same way.

This brings us to a point to which we wish to draw the Thoughtful Teetotaller's careful attention. The proof which Mr. Wilson has offered of General Grant's sobriety is the only proof which can be offered of anybody's sobriety. This may seem a startling fact. The proclamation of it may be injurious to the young, but our duty is none the less clear. Out it must come. Human testimony in support of the temperance of any free man must be negative testimony. The only reason we have for believing that anybody has never been drunk in the streets is the strong improbability created by the fact that no trustworthy person has ever seen him in this situation, or that many trustworthy persons who have enjoyed frequent intercourse with him have never seen him drink at all or drink to excess. The only reason, for instance, we have for believing that Mr. Phillips is not frequently carried to bed in a helpless condition is that no credible witness has ever come forward and asserted that he had assisted at such a painful

and humiliating spectacle, and that those who see Mr. Phillips frequently have never seen him indulge in wine, beer, spirits, or cider, bang or opium. No person in the enjoyment of his personal freedom is ever so closely watched that he can produce a person to swear that he has never on any occasion taken more than was good for him. Even the wife of a man's bosom cannot account for all his time night and day, or present more than negative proof that he has never been thrown into a ditch by over-indulgence. Therefore, when Henry Wilson says that he has never seen Grant drunk, though he has seen him frequently amongst drinkers and never seen any signs of drinking about him, he bears as strong testimony to his sobriety as any of Mr. Phillips's friends can bear to his. This is so clear that we trust it will be considered unnecessary to discuss the bearing on Grant's character of Mr. Phillips's poor opinion of Senator Wilson's character.

There is one other matter which the Thoughtful Teetotaller will do well to bear in mind. There is hardly a man of any prominence in public life who has not at one time or other been brought before him for drunkenness. During the next six or eight months, the number of such cases is likely, for obvious reasons, to be largely increased. From this ordeal, too, as we all know from experience, no abstinence, and no constitutional dislike to intoxicating drinks, will save anybody. Men such as General McDowell, who from their boyhood have completely abstained from all kinds of stimulants, even from tea and coffee, are nearly as much exposed to the charge of drunkenness as the teetotaller's *bête noire* the "Moderate Drinker." The reason of this is that the temperance people are now a powerful body in the country, and that a charge of drunkenness is always easy to make; whenever made, is likely to tell, and is, from its very nature, hard to refute. Moreover, it is readily believed, not simply because drunkenness is very common, but because it is a vice against which, inasmuch as it does not at once taint the general character, and is often found in company with great integrity as well as great genius, even good men are not always on their guard, and which the general public, for the same reason, is disposed to look at with indulgence. That it is, however, a great curse to society, and especially—for reasons which we have not the time to discuss here—a curse to American society, and that it is disgustingly prevalent in political and military circles, there is no denying. The result of this prevalence is that the zeal of a good many temperance people has, as is not uncommon in such cases, outrun their discretion, and developed amongst them a kind of monomania about drunkenness, which makes them care less about wounding or injuring the innocent than about bringing the guilty to justice. Many of those, too, who are most diligent in hunting drunkards down and bringing them before the Thoughtful Teetotaller for condemnation, are persons whom either nature or education has entirely unfitted for the examination of evidence of any kind, especially evidence in cases of drunkenness. They are apt to be either philanthropists who have most of their lives avoided drinking circles as they would a witches' feast, or women who have never been in drinking circles at all, and have no more practical acquaintance with the symptoms of drunkenness than with the symptoms of meningitis.

A curious illustration of the way in which their horror of this vice, combined with their ignorance of its phenomena, leads them to spread reports injurious to character, is well told in another column by a correspondent with whose name and reputation for accuracy our readers are very familiar. We publish it as a warning both to the Thoughtful Teetotaller and to the public at large. To the former it may prove especially useful, by suggesting that whatever support the temperance cause derives from the disgrace attaching to drunkenness, is likely to be lost if charges of drunkenness are made so carelessly and indiscriminately, and with so little foundation, that the Moderate Drinker gets into the habit of laughing at them. Whatever helps to make them a subject of derision undoubtedly destroys one of the strongest sanctions of sobriety. But then truth is better than temperance; slander is worse than drunkenness. Whenever a good character ceases to have any value, and the honest or temperate man holds his reputation at the mercy of any reckless reviler or excited enthusiast who chooses to assail it, it will very soon be a matter of indifference to the community what men drink, or how much they drink. After all, it is what comes out of the mouth, and not what goes into it, which defiles a man. The soul of the individual is killed just as readily by untruthfulness as by whiskey, and the soul of a nation, we suspect, more readily. When a people has ceased to respect and cherish private character as the very highest of its possessions, it matters little how many of its citizens pass their nights in the gutter.

We beg to add that we trust we shall not be told in reply to this article that in writing it we "practically place ourselves on the side of the drunkards." This is a euphemistic formula with which some people disguise the assertion, "You differ from me, and therefore you must have a sneaking tenderness for immorality." We are *not* on the side of the drunkards. We detest drunken politicians just as we detest ignorant ones. Whenever a candidate is accused of drunkenness, and proper evidence is produced in support of the charge, we think he ought to meet it or be cast aside. We think the shameless refusal of the Massachusetts Convention, which nominated Mr. N. P. Banks, to investigate a charge of this sort distinctly made against him, with place, dates, and circumstances, was one of the most discreditable incidents in the history of the Republican party. But the proof ought to be forthcoming before the charge is made. There is a worse offence against morals and government than even drunkenness, and that is availing yourself of a glib tongue, a ready pen, and a thick cuticle to spread rumors damaging to private character which you have no means of proving, and which you have never taken the trouble to investigate, and it is aggravated by the impudent assumption that your victim's silence, or the silence of his friends, supplies you with the needed justification of your assertions.

Correspondence.

THE GENESIS OF A RUMOR.

To the Editor of the Nation:

One day in the spring of 1863, Mr. Frederick Knapp and myself were guests of General Grant, at his headquarters, on a steamboat lying at Milliken's Bend, a few miles above Vicksburg. A curtain had been hung in such a way as to give a certain degree of seclusion to the after-part of the main cabin, and when we rose from dinner we were asked to sit with the General behind the screen, where there was a writing table with a pitcher and glasses. The General then told us that he had a few hours before received unfavorable intelligence from General Sherman's expedition up the Sunflower. Inviting our enquiries, and replying to all we thought it proper to make, with an unexpectedly generous freedom and painstaking thoroughness of explanation, he was gradually led into a comprehensive review of the existing conditions of his campaign, which it was easy to see were of the very gravest character. We were impressed as much by the remarkably methodical clearness of the narration as by the simple candor and ingenuousness with which it was given to us who, the day before, had been strangers to him. He took up several hypotheses and suggestions, and analyzed them in such a way as to make prominent the uncertainties and uncontrollable elements which were involved in them, and I could not but think, so musing and quietly reflective was his manner, and yet so exact and well-arranged his expressions, that he was simply repeating a process of "thinking it out," in order to assure himself that he fully comprehended and gave just weight to all the important elements of some grand military problem, the solution of which he was about to undertake.

(The last attempt to attack Vicksburg on the north ended that day, and a few hours after our interview the first step was taken looking toward the approach from the south; but of this no hint was given us, and we only heard of it the next morning.)

All at once he stopped short, and, with an expression of surprise, if not of distress, put his cigar away, rose, and moved his chair aside. A moment before we could not have imagined that there was a woman within many miles of us; but, turning my eyes, I saw one who had just parted the screen, comely, well-dressed, and with the air and manner of a gentlewoman. She had just arrived by a steamboat from Memphis, and came to present General Grant with a memorial or petition. In a few words she made known her purpose, and offered to give in detail certain facts, of which she stated that she was cognizant, bearing upon her object. The General stood listening to her in an attitude of the most deferential attention, his hand still upon his chair, which was half in front of him as he had turned to face her, and slightly nodding his head as an expression of assent at almost every sentence she uttered. When she had completed her statement, he said, speaking very low, and with an appearance of reluctance: "I shall be compelled to consult my medical director, and to obtain a report from him before I can meet your wishes. If agreeable to you, I will ask him to call upon you to-morrow; shall I say at eleven o'clock?" The lady bowed and withdrew; the General took a long breath, resumed his cigar and his seat, said that he was inclined to think her proposition a reasonable and humane one, and then went on with the interrupted review.

A week or two after this, having gone up the river, Mr. Knapp met this lady at a hotel, when, in the course of a conversation, she referred with much sadness to the deplorable habits of General Grant, and the hope-

lessness of success while our army was commanded by a man so unfit to be charged with any grave responsibility. Mr. Knapp replied that he had the best reason for stating that the reports to which she referred were without foundation, and proceeded to give her certain exact information of which he happened to be possessed, which, as far as possible, refuted them. "Unfortunately," said the lady, "I have certain knowledge that they are but too true." She then described her recent interview with General Grant, and it appeared that, from her point of view, the General was engaged in a carouse with one or two boon companions when she came unexpectedly upon him; that he rose to his feet with difficulty, could not stand without staggering, and was obliged to support himself with a chair; that he was evidently conscious that he was in an unfit condition to attend to business, and wanted to put her off till the next day; that his voice was thick, he spoke incoherently, and she was so much shocked that she was obliged to withdraw almost immediately. The next day, being ashamed to see her himself, he sent his doctor to find out what she wanted.

Mr. Knapp then told her that, having been one of the boon companions whom she had observed with the General on that occasion, and that having dined with him and been face to face with him for fully three hours, he not only knew that he was under the influence of no drink stronger than the unqualified mud of the Mississippi, but he could assure her that he had never seen a man who appeared to him more thoroughly sober and clear-headed than General Grant at the moment of her entrance.

Notwithstanding his assurances, the lady repeated that she could not doubt the evidence of her own senses, and I suppose that to this day Mr. Knapp and myself rank, equally with General Grant, in her mind as confirmed drunkards.

This experience is by no means a unique one, and the zealous devotion with which I have often heard both men and women undermining the character of others for temperance on equally slight grounds, has often led me to question if there are not vices in our society more destructive to sound judgment and honest courses than that of habitual overdrinking.

Yours respectfully,

FRED. LAW OLMSTED.

ITALIAN FINANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your issue of 9th April contains an article, entitled the "National Debt of Europe," in which extended references are made to Italy, which, if allowed to pass unnoticed, would tend to depreciate her reputation for national honor and good faith towards her creditors. The publication of an article of this nature, in a journal of the character of your own, so usually well-informed on Italian matters, is calculated to do great injustice to my country as well as to those of my fellow-countrymen here who, like myself, give much attention to the tone of American opinion in regard to the political and financial development of Italy. I therefore hope you will allow me sufficient space in your esteemed paper to correct the errors of the article in question.

Among other remarks not pertinent to the present purpose, you say:

"We are now, however, enabled to state, for the consolation of the repudiators, that it seems likely that Austria and Italy will before long, to use General Butler's elegant phrase, *take all seeming or actual wrong from their debt* by clapping a heavy income tax on the interest paid to the public creditors. We cannot say that either of these powers stands high amongst the nations of the world. . . . Italy, too, has not much to boast of as a nation either in the past or present. It has struggled into independence by foreign aid, and thus far has not shown its ability to hold single-handed against any of its neighbors, and is beset by internal difficulties such as most other countries have taken centuries to overcome, and which it would certainly not reflect any great discredit on Italian statesmen to be foiled by. . . . The thing is a flagrant breach of faith, for the simple reason that its creditors are nearly all foreigners." . . .

I do not propose to take the advantage of your kindness to argue upon the standing of Italy among the nations of the world; nor do I intend to force upon you my opinions as to whether my country has or has not much to boast of in the past or present. It is sufficient to know that she occupies a somewhat prominent place in the great history of human events, and to impartial history we may leave the judgment as to the importance of her position; neither is it becoming in an American citizen to reproach another country for struggling into independence by foreign aid. The United States, to her credit be it said, has never publicly repudiated her obligations to those friends who assisted her in her struggle for independence, nor has the fact of such aid detracted from the honor justly paid to the memory of her own people who were then engaged in the effort to establish what has since proved to be the model government of the world.

That Italy, however, is now beset by internal difficulties, the speedy overcoming of which is obstructed by this same "foreign aid," it were useless to deny; but, inspired by the spectacle lately exhibited by the people of this country in the suppression of the intensest internal dissensions that ever agitated any nation, I do not despair of the final triumph of liberty in Italy, having confidence that the ability of her statesmen and the patriotism of the people will eventually give her a place among the nations of the world second only to the acknowledged champion of human rights.

My main purpose, however, in now addressing you, is to inform you and the many readers of the *Nation* that the repudiators have no cause for consolation so far as Italy is concerned, for she neither proposes to swindle nor cheat her foreign creditors. *What our Parliament intend doing is to demand of the people of Italy alone a further sacrifice as a proof of their good faith towards their foreign creditors;* and this intent may be best expressed by quoting the words of Count Cambray-Digny, the Finance Minister of Italy, at the sitting of Parliament, March 25:

"It is just and according to law, to apply the income tax to the interest on bonds owned by Italian citizens; but it is not just or according to law to apply it to the interest of bonds which are owned by foreigners, because they are in a situation quite different. Out of 328 *millions of lire of interest that we pay, but* 28 *millions suffer the income tax. By the working of this bill I am confident of augmenting our revenue eight millions."*

It is hardly necessary to point out the difference between your version of this matter, as expressed in your journal of April 9, and that of the Finance Minister above quoted; and I am sure, from the previous manifestations of interest taken by you in Italian affairs, you will not hesitate to give place to the correction of an error which has unquestionably arisen from the want of proper information on the subject.

I have the honor, sir, to be your most obedient servant,

GRASSI.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1868.

[We spoke, of course, of the Kingdom of Italy. We are not so foolish or ignorant as to assert that the Italians have "nothing to boast of in the past." It still remains to be seen whether Count Cambray-Digny can enforce his views.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

"LIFE in the Argentine Republic in the days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism," is the title of a work by Colonel, and Minister Plenipotentiary, Sarmiento, which will be published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. It is translated from the Spanish by Mrs. Mary Mann, who also furnishes a biographical sketch of the author.——A. Roman & Co. announce a new novel, "Aldeane," by Laura Preston, and "Going to Jericho; or, Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East," by John F. Swift.——T. B. Peterson & Co. announce a translation of Dumas's "Count of Moret; or, Richelieu and his Rivals;" a translation by W. W. Thomas, Jr., of a Swedish novel, "The Last Athenian," by Victor Rydberg; and a new book, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, entitled "Doubly False."——"Lake George: Its Scenes and Characteristics, with Glimpses of the Olden Time," by B. F. De Costa, is announced by A. D. F. Randolph.——Messrs. Eldridge & Brother, of Philadelphia, have in press a work which will be issued in about a month, entitled "In the School-Room; or, Chapters on the Philosophy of Teaching," by Professor Hart, of the New Jersey State Normal School.

—The Bopp Library, to whose approaching sale we called attention a few weeks since, has been secured for the Cornell University, and will give that young institution, in the department of comparative philology, an advantage over many of our long-established libraries. The Prussian Government acknowledges its lasting indebtedness to the great philologist, and atones in a measure for its want of liberality toward him while living by a pension of five hundred thalers to his widow. It was, in fact, as we are informed, partly his modesty and uncomplaining reticence that caused the seeming injustice of the Government toward him in making insufficient provision for the wants of his declining years. But the scale on which support and encouragement are everywhere in Germany doled out to men of science and literature is shamefully niggardly. It would, we doubt not, astonish and horrify our readers to learn what pittances are paid there to some of the men whose reputations are among the chief glories of their respective states.

—Carl Knortz communicates to the *Michigan Journal* a highly interesting sketch of the life of Father (Friedrich) Baraga, Bishop of Marquette, who died at that place on the 23d of January. This good man and scholar was born June 29, 1797, in the Austrian province of Krain (Carniola), of wealthy

parents. In his ninth year he was sent to the Gymnasium at the ancient city of Laybach, where, besides the classics, he studied also with diligence and remarkable success German, French, and Italian, and cultivated his mother-tongue, the Slavonian, so far as to compose in it. The years 1816–1821 he spent at the University of Vienna, and to gratify his parents made a thorough study of the law; but immediately afterwards he devoted himself to the more congenial study of theology, and on the 21st September, 1828, was elected priest. Earnestly desiring to preach the Gospel to the poor, he did so to two congregations in his native place for seven years, and in this time published his Slavonian writings, which have taken great hold on the people of Krain. In January, 1831, Baraga came to America, and passed the spring of that year in Cincinnati, performing his spiritual functions. As a missionary to the Indians he labored in the Lake regions uncessingly from the date last-mentioned to his death, and is said to have baptized (half-breeds included) about three thousand Ottawa and Ojibway Indians. Before leaving Europe he had divided all his property, save a small annuity, among his relations, and in his new position he thoroughly adapted himself to the Indian mode of life, hardening himself to exposure and dispensing with all luxuries; nor did he make any change in his living when he was appointed Bishop of Marquette and Sault St. Marie. With a single exception, at every station he was a pioneer, and even at La Pointe every trace of the once active Jesuit Mission had disappeared before his arrival. When the copper mines of Upper Michigan were opened in 1844 he made the round of them at great risk to satisfy the religious wants of the miners. Often he would preach in one day in four languages—German, French, English, and the Ojibway; he could speak seven with fluency. Thus his reputation grew immensely in those parts, and he was welcome to the captains of vessels and an object of superstitious reverence to the Indians. The following is a list of his works while among them: 1. *Anamie-Masinaigan*, a prayer-book in the Ojibway language, with an appendix of songs and a catechism. Many editions of this were published, and the work was finally stereotyped. Baraga also published a version of it in the Ottawa dialect, which ran through several editions. 2. *Gagikwe-Masinaigan*. Excerpts from the Old and New Testaments, containing chiefly Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and holydays. The last edition was published in Cincinnati (Heman). This too appeared in the Ottawa dialect. 3. *Nanagatawendamowinan*. A complete exposition of Christian doctrine. 4. *Kagige Debwewinam*. "Some Truths:" a book of meditations, consisting of short sermons. 5. *A Theoretical and Practical Grammar of the Otchipwe Language*. Pp. 576. Published in Detroit by Jabez Fox. 6. *A Dictionary of the Otchipwe Language, Explained in English. This language is spoken by the Chippewa Indians, as also by the Ottawas, Potawatamies, and Algonkins, with but slight differences. For the use of Missionaries, etc.* Cincinnati: Jos. E. Heman; 1853; 12mo, pp. vii., 662. Nos. 5 and 6 are the most important works of Baraga, and are a highly valuable contribution to comparative philology. They surpass similar undertakings by English observers in employing the precise scientific notation which the Continental *savans* are agreed in using for aboriginal languages, in default of which such works as George Gibbs's vocabulary of Californian dialects, the "Chinook" Dictionary, and Schoolcraft's collections lose a great part of their worth. Unfortunately, just as the Smithsonian Institution was preparing to reprint them with the author's revision, he has passed away, having been stricken down at the time of the Baltimore Council in 1866 and having since lingered in great debility till now. The republication, however, will not be given over, but the revision will be confided to Mr. John Chebul, Bayfield, Wisconsin, "well known," as Mr. Knortz states, "as the most thorough living scholar in the Ojibway language."

—"Some writers of note," says Mr. John Torrey Morse in his *North American Review* article on "Expatriation and Naturalization," "have interpreted as corresponding to our own the French law relative to the claims of France upon Frenchmen who have become naturalized American citizens. Mr. Morse expresses an opinion adverse to this interpretation. The French law seems to him, he says, to impose a species of penalty on the French subject for having expatriated himself—become a renegade; it takes from him the right to demand the protection of the country of his birth, and remands him for aid and countenance in trouble to the country with which he has chosen to cast in his lot. But while thus taking from him his character as a French citizen, France does not, by the law in question, as Mr. Morse construes it, forego her rights in his case should he ever return to his native country; he is then to be held to all the duties of a French citizen, and even he may think himself lucky if he receives no specific punishment for his act of renunciation. This view of the French law is borne out by a decision just rendered by the Military Tribunal of Bordeaux. A young Frenchman, twenty-seven years of age, left France for this country ten years ago. He made a fortune, became naturalized, and is at the present moment, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the head of a large commercial house in New Orleans. On the death of his father he was obliged to make a visit to France for the purpose of settling certain family affairs, and was there arrested as a deserter, having, during his residence in America, been drawn as a conscript. It is not stated whether, at the very time of his having been drawn, he was an American citizen or not. The court gave him the light sentence of imprisonment for six days.

—It is well known, or it may be well learned, if one will diligently peruse the Conservative English reviews of twenty and thirty years ago, that we have never had any real eloquence in this country. How should we?—when in "that travesty of the Imperial Parliament," the Yankee Congress, the fatal custom obtains of elaborately preparing speeches beforehand instead of trusting for manly, flexible eloquence to the inspiration of the occasion—as most of the greatest orators, by the way, have not done at any time. Perhaps it is not very profitable to revive these little recollections. Perhaps it is as well, first as last, to concede cheerfully that we do "possess, in common with *us*, a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, and a Milton." But perhaps, again, it is not altogether unprofitable to just mention old affairs. Our English friends have not yet wholly made an end of "sitting down on us;" and that truly noble revenge we are taking for the contumeliousness of the Britisher, that Americanizing of him which we are engaged in, is inevitably coming, of course, but it comes a little slowly, and meantime it comforts the natural man to take certain small revenges whenever it happens that he can get at them. We confess it, we feel great delight and triumph whenever we see our British relative "in what Jonathan calls 'a fix.'" But the particular fact which led us to recall the memories of the Monthly and Quarterly Past, as Bulwer would say—himself a speaker of written speeches—is this: Lord Stanley, of the historic Stanleys, from his place "in the greatest deliberative assembly that the world has ever seen," has been delivering, *more Americano*, an elaborate oration which he had written out and learned by heart, quite in the manner of a "member for Buncombe." He came down to the House of Commons ready primed with this reprehensible document, supposing that he knew what Mr. Gladstone would say in regard to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. Unfortunately, Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were anything but vague and general, and his speech as far as possible from being violent. So Lord Stanley's reply forcibly reminded Mr. Lowe of those guns in the Bosphorus, built in the wall, which will blow a vessel into the air if it will only get precisely in front of them, but which otherwise hit nothing. Seriously, this affair has been unfortunate for Lord Stanley's reputation, which has declined greatly since Mr. Disraeli has partly had charge of it.

—"At present large towns grow up because of the facilities they offer mankind for a voluntary exchange of service in the form of merchandise; but nearly all the older European towns of importance, from which we have received the fashion of our present street arrangements, were formed either to strengthen or to resist a purpose involving the destruction of life and the plunder of merchandise." These sentences are in the opening part of one of the most readable little treatises in the nature of an official report that we have seen. It is a report presented by the architects to the Commissioners of the new park in Brooklyn. The Commissioners in the outset of their labors felt the necessity of securing better approaches leading from the more thickly populated districts of the city to the park, and called on Messrs. Olmsted, Vaux & Company for suggestions as to the best method of meeting the difficulty. They got by way of answer what may be called a philosophical sketch of the general history of the street from the Middle Ages till now, accompanied by a plan, much more extensive, probably, than they were expecting, for the laying out of the desired roads. The report describes three stages in the history of street arrangements. First, in order of time, were the narrow foot-ways between the ill-ordered houses of walled towns—towns that really were fortresses, and which it was therefore desirable to keep as small as possible. At this period any highways deserving a better name than foot-paths were for purposes of defence. Such, for example, were the comparatively straight and broad roads which in old Paris led across the city, and by which was effected the rapid transfer of reinforcements from one part of the fortifications to another. And towards the close of the first period the powerful began to build strongholds, and later, in more peaceful times, the rich to build villas just outside the cities, and to these the trader, with his pack on his mule's back or his own, brought the few articles of consumption which the owner of the villa or the stronghold needed and did not himself produce. At this same time the poor, who had, so to speak, overflowed the city walls, built their dwellings in the suburbs, and, of course, built them on the plan with which the architecture of cities had made them familiar. In the second stage of road-development, wagons took the place of pack trains, but the streets were not materially enlarged, and

so far from being improved, became much worse. The writers of this report refer to the fact that so late as the time of George the Third bundles of fagots had to be laid in the streets through which his state carriage passed on its way from the palace to Westminster. The foot passenger in any of the capitals of Europe was really in constant danger when he ventured into the filthy, ill-paved, narrow streets. His discomforts in London are immortal in the most readable—except his "Shepherd's Week"—of Gay's poems, "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets." To this period belong the lines of posts set at intervals a little way from the houses to prevent the pedestrian from being crushed, and, we believe, the raised walk in the middle of the way. In the third period traffic demands room for streams of vehicles, and we have the middle walk split into two and carried back with its curbstone to the place of the posts. The report shows how slow and how unnecessarily expensive was the change from the early arrangement of streets to the present, and presents the reasons, drawn from many considerations, for abandoning entirely the old theory of towns and town life, and for henceforth working intelligently in accordance with the new conditions. The essay ought to be scattered broadcast. The American of to-day may be called the greatest builder of towns the world has ever seen—or might be if he would build well; and this report ought to be the cause why future generations should bless the names of hundreds of selectmen between here and California.

—We have just received the first volume, issued since the beginning of the year, of the Memoirs put forth by the Linguistic Society of Paris. This is a new society, founded but two or three years ago, but numbering among its fourscore members some whose names are well known all over the world. Its organization presents one peculiar feature. By its constitution, it "admits no communication concerning either the origin of language or the creation of a universal language." Here, it seems to us, is a very odd confusion of two wholly heterogeneous matters under a common condemnation. That an association formed for the historical and scientific study of the varying tongues of men should decline to take any part in the attempt—fairly to be qualified as utopian, if not worse—to supersede them all by a new fabrication, is natural and defensible enough; but what should justify such an association in setting an arbitrary limit to its researches among the past phases of human speech by declaring that it will allow no account to be taken of the earliest phase, is more than we can discover. We wonder with what feelings its president for 1867 conducted its deliberations—M. Renan, whose eloquent and *spirituel* volume, "Of the Origin of Language," has deservedly passed through several editions in France. Must not his face have tingled a little, as if gently slapped by his colleagues, at each meeting? There can be no denying that the origin of language is a perfectly legitimate scientific question, and one which even thrusts itself upon the attention of every profound linguistic student. It is, to be sure, also a greatly contested one; there is a right and fruitful method of approaching it, and there are many wrong ones, resulting in nothing but windy debate; a vast deal of trash and nonsense has been and is written upon it; but this is because it has most often fallen into the hands of men possessing insufficient linguistic knowledge and training—men who were in gross error touching the history and nature of speech. We should, then, expect of a Parisian "Société de Linguistique" that it would do all in its power to remedy this unfortunate condition of affairs by setting an example of discussion on the right basis and in the right spirit. Can it not trust its own members to avoid vain babblings, or itself to put them down if offered? Or since when has it been the way with French men of science to blink important questions for the sake of peace, harmony, and orthodoxy? So Darwinism is a subject which is setting another class of students by the ears, and calling out floods of nonsense from ignorant assailants and presumptuous defenders; but who would not regard the zoölogical society as stultifying itself which should, by its fundamental law, rigorously exclude from its deliberations the question of the origin of species? The volume of Memoirs (containing somewhat less than a hundred closely printed royal octavo pages) is made up of half-a-dozen articles, of high character and value. Two of them are of a more general interest; the first, by the veteran Egger, discusses the present condition of the modern Greek, and points out the inconcinnity and futility of the attempt now making by a certain party to bring it back to conformity with the ancient classical standards, or to convert it from modern Greek into ancient Greek; the other, by Bréal, one of the soundest and most esteemed of the younger philologists of France, treats of the "Progress of Comparative Grammar," and is a careful and suggestive exposition of the errors into which students in this branch are liable to fall. The rest deal with matters of detail in etymology and the comparative study of language.

—We had been thinking that the days were gone when any one would venture on that line of sarcastic remark, so common once, which kept authors in their proper place by allusions to Grub Street duns and so on. But even the deadest of jokes it is next to impossible to bury, and we find in a recent English publication a revival of the old gibe that so constantly recurs in the literature of a hundred years ago, and the constant recurrence of which has much to do with a disagreeable impression which that literature produces on its readers—a general impression of sordidness and wretchedness, such as the literature of almost no other period produces in anything like the same degree. The joke is not worth repeating. What called it forth was the statement, made at the annual meeting of the corporation known as the Royal Literary Fund, of the number of persons to whom grants were made during the year 1867. There were forty-three in all, of whom what seems an undue number, sixteen, were women. Seven recipients were writers of tales or essays; six were poets; six were classified under the head of historians and biographers; and there were six writers upon science and art; five were writers upon topography and travel; four were writers on classical literature and educational subjects; two were dramatists; and two are described as writers for periodicals—writers of rejected communications, these latter, we suppose; one was a medical writer, one a writer on law, and under the head of Biblical Literature there is also only one. The sums given ranged from ten pounds to a hundred, and some of the recipients were relieved for the tenth time. Most, however, last year received aid for the first time.

—Mr. Joseph Parkes, the collector of Juniana, died almost too soon for complete happiness. "Der Statthalter von Bengalen" is a German drama, just published in print though long on the stage, which deals in an ingenious and amusing manner with the famous anonymous letter-writer. In the year 1770, the play informs the audience, the political world of England was thrown into a state of extreme agitation by certain communications that appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, a journal in the hands of a sturdy, independent Briton named Woodfall. Just at the same time the governor-generalship of Bengal was to be filled, and the three prominent candidates for the office were Sir Richard Blunt, betrothed to Junia, niece of the Duke of Grafton; Lord Adolphus Waterford, married to Sarah, sister of the duke; and Sir Philip Francis, beloved by Junia, and also by the improper Lady Waterford, whose husband, Lord Adolphus, was a very feeble-minded specimen of an effete aristocrat and is the comic character of Herr Heinrich Laube's play. It is represented, however, that he wants the governor-generalship, but is justly diffident of his ability to pass the severe oral and written competitive examination which all candidates for that office must be prepared to undergo. For the written examination he provides by hiring Henry Summer, Sir Philip's secretary, to write him an Essay on the True Mode of Governing Bengal. But Henry Summer is in love with Esther Sackville, and desires the success of Sir Philip, who, he hopes, will then take him and Esther to India; so he fills Lord Adolphus's essay with the most nefarious sentiments, sentiments extremely odious to the wise and moderate "Lord William Chatham"—the elder Pitt—who is one of the examiners. The Duke of Grafton is in great indignation on account of the *Advertiser* letters, and in the council-chambers avers that he will surely bring the writer to the gallows. Chatham reminds him, however, that trial by jury is the palladium of British liberty, and that only a judicial tribunal can put the British subject to death. Thereupon the duke calls to himself three gentlemen of the press—Swinney, Shoking, and Sweep—and, promising to give them large sums of money, urges them to the discovery of his libeller. Swinney thinks Sir Philip Francis is probably connected with the attacks, and hopes by the expenditure of a thousand pounds to procure part of the manuscript of the next letter. This he does. But, before he does it, Shoking comes with part of a letter already published in the *Advertiser*. It is seen to be in the handwriting of Lord Adolphus's essay, and that wretched nobleman, threatened with the terrors of the law and with a separation from his wife, the offended duke's sister, finds himself in a bad enough scrape. But now comes Swinney with another bit of manuscript, in quite a new hand. It seems, more certainly than Shoking's, a veritable "Junius," for the duke has it some time before it appears in print, and it appears in print exactly as written. Lady Waterford, however, has got hold of a love-letter written by Henry Summer to Esther, and, seeing that Shoking's manuscript and the billet-doux are in the same hand, she feels sure that this Henry, who has constantly professed entire ignorance of the art of penmanship, is employed by Sir Philip to copy the Junius letters for the printer. She holds her tongue though, intending by-and-by to let Sir Philip know that he is in her power, and to extort his love. Meantime the competitive examination is over. Lord Adolphus has broken down very badly in the oral, Sir Richard Blunt has done but poorly, and Sir Philip, whose love affair has

come to an unfortunate termination, and who has resolved to live for his country alone, has been completely victorious; having not only sketched a noble scheme for the government of Bengal, but thrown in besides a prophecy of our Revolutionary War. Lady Sarah and her passion would doubtless have made much trouble, but the play was not to be a tragedy, and just in the nick of time the Grafton Ministry falls from power, and Sir Philip goes out as governor-general—Warren Hastings and history to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.*

WISE Catholics, we imagine, would be glad to obliterate much of the history of the sixteenth century—not that of the Reformation, but of the attempts to suppress it. What was gained by the burnings and torturings, the assassinations and the massacres instigated or sanctioned by popes and prelates, perpetrated by zealous princes, a fanatical clergy, and an unchained rabble? As a means of re-establishing the shattered supremacy of Rome and restoring the unity of Christendom, these acts were worse than fruitless. Considered simply as defensive measures, they are now seen to have been superfluous. The mere existence of the Church as a religious institution might have been, and was in fact, preserved by other means. Its vitality was greatly strengthened through the effect of the attack it was called upon to repel. But for the Reformation—had Tetzel triumphed and Luther succumbed—the corruption which had given occasion for the schism would have gone on until regeneration would have been impossible. As it was, the Church, roused by its peril, gathered up its waning strength, reformed its discipline, manifested something of its old energy, and thereby gained a new lease of life. Grounded in antiquity, panoplied with logic, interfused with the spirit of many generations of saints, mystics, and martyrs, it proved, and still continues to prove, that, in the power to touch every chord, to satisfy every craving of the religious sentiment, it has no rival. Its only foe is the human understanding—the common enemy of all creeds, more hostile doubtless, yet far less dangerous, to Catholicism than to other forms of belief which offer it a vantage ground and invite its approaches. Rationalism eats into the heart of many religious systems; it only wears away the edges—slowly diminishing the bulk without at all affecting the substance—of Catholicism.

It was, however, natural that the Church, assailed in a period of degeneracy, should have immediate recourse to the weapons which the authority it had so long wielded over governments and nations, as well as individuals, placed at its command. The decree went forth. Princes were to drive back their erring subjects into the fold; erring princes were to be dethroned by their subjects; states that continued faithful were to join in reducing rebellious states to obedience; persecutions, civil discords, universal war, were the agencies through which the world was to be reconverted to the true faith.

Where heresy had broken out only in isolated spots, the simple remedy of exterminating the heretics was generally feasible. In Spain, for example, a slight cauterization sufficed, the patient being recumbent and quiescent, the operators skilful and unflinching, the apparatus and instruments absolutely perfect. But in cases where the application was less timely, a succession of frightful scenes ensued—desperate struggles, treacherous coaxings, wild gashes inflicted by a nerveless hand. Such was especially the state of things in France, where Protestantism did not, as in parts of Germany, seize upon the mass of the community, nor obtain the control of the government, as in England, but where the efforts for its suppression were thwarted by a variety of causes, two, we think, being chief.

One was the legal spirit that swayed the parliaments and the states—those bodies which made France not indeed a constitutional monarchy in the modern sense of the term, but yet a country governed, in the main, by well-established principles and under settled forms of law. The jurists of France had no love of popular liberty and no sympathy with free opinion. They were opposed to toleration, chiefly because an organized Church disconnected from the state seemed to them dangerous to the authority of the state—an *imperium in imperio*. But they were equally jealous, and on the same grounds, of the encroachments of Rome. They were bent upon maintaining the rights of the Gallican Church as independent except in matters of faith, and upon confining the ecclesiastical authority at home within due limits. Hence they refused to accept the Inquisition, or aid of any kind, in enforcing submission—that would have been derogatory to the rights of the crown or subversive of the regular tribunals and forms of procedure.

The other great impediment lay in the activity of the French intellect, which, whatever its deficiencies or its excesses, makes it impossible for the nation to be kept in a state of torpor. Whatever there was of genius in France, instead of soaring into the region of the pure imagination, busied itself with the questions of the day both in their abstract and practical aspects; and hence in all ranks of society there was constant enquiry, discussion, and agitation, often favorable to Protestantism, always adverse to the claims of the Church.

Hampered by these and by many minor difficulties, the Government was unable to keep up a steady prosecution of the work. It acted by fits and starts, was now cruel and now indulgent. After a short season of sanguinary zeal, it relaxed its hand, opened the prison doors, and winked at the violation of its bloody edicts. At length, however, under the guidance of the Guises, it was determined to abandon half-way measures and bring the matter to a swift conclusion. The Huguenots, on their side, saw that the time for patient endurance had passed, that henceforth their only hope lay in armed resistance. They were numerically weak, and they were scattered through all the provinces. But, though generally defeated in the field, they showed such a power of surviving defeat that the Government, gaining little by its victories, gave up the attempt and retraced its steps. Toleration, within certain limits, was conceded, and a general pacification proclaimed.

It was, however, clear that the dominant party were only temporizing, and that the Protestants had no sufficient security for the observance of the treaty. How was security to be obtained? Only by gaining influence in the royal counsels, instilling a new spirit into the government and reversing its policy. The Huguenots had for their leader the best soldier, the ablest statesman, the purest patriot, and, despite his forced rebellion, the most loyal subject in France. With such a guide the country might hope to enter on a new career. With such a servant the young king—whose natural instincts, as far as they pierced through the mists of a diseased constitution and a depraved training, appeared to be noble, and whose choice had hitherto lain between the wily policy of his Italian mother and the violent domination of the Guises—might look forward to a reign distinguished by other triumphs than those of faction.

The policy proposed by Coligny and accepted by Charles was one that appealed to the nation at large. Dispassionate observers had long been of opinion that the contending parties might be reconciled to the extent of living together in peace and ceasing to hate each other as idolaters and unbelievers, if they could be engaged in a common enterprise which would lead them to remember that they were all Frenchmen. What the enterprise should be needed no deliberation. The civil wars had merely suspended the long rivalry with Spain, in which France had been stripped of territories and degraded from its place as the foremost power in Christendom. The moment was most propitious for renewing the struggle. England, which, in the last contest had been the ally of Spain, was now ready to become the ally of France. The Netherlands, which had furnished their Spanish rulers with a base of operations and ample resources, were now ripe for revolt. A league with Elizabeth and the Prince of Orange would ensure the recovery by France of Flanders and Artois, the liberation of the Netherlands at a single blow, the overthrow of Spanish dominion on a foreign soil and of Spanish influence in foreign courts, and—if not as the direct object, yet as a necessary corollary—the triumph of Protestantism in Europe.

The triumph of Protestantism—herein lay the obstacle to the prosecution of such a scheme. The clergy of Paris denounced the war with Spain as, under the circumstances, a crusade in behalf of heresy. The Catholics, Guise and his adherents, had been forced aside, but they waited only for an opportunity to intervene. Yet it is doubtful whether, if the interests of the Church alone had been involved, the plans of its enemies would have come to naught. Purely personal motives have, in many crises of history, a decisive influence. The queen-mother, with principles as pliant as her character was domineering, would apparently have been willing to exert in the interests of the Protestant party that ascendency over her son which she had hitherto exerted in the interests of the Catholic party. But she soon perceived that Coligny was seeking not to use, but to undermine her influence. His aims and her agency were in truth irreconcilable. If his power were firmly established she must become a nullity. He was, therefore, in her eyes no longer the mere chief of one of those factions which she had skilfully balanced, but a rival who must be removed, an enemy who must be destroyed. For matters had advanced so fast and so far that no common means, no mere intrigue, would avail to arrest them. A sudden, desperate, foul, and bloody stroke could alone save the game.

* "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By Henry White." London: Murray; New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.

Meanwhile, a declaration of war against Spain was fully expected by the world. French volunteers had been allowed to join the standard of Orange. Louis of Nassau had been received at the French court, and had carried away written assurances of support. A special envoy had been sent to engage the co-operation of England, and when the wary Elizabeth demanded additional proofs of the king's sincerity, she was told that, within a few days, she would have ample reason to be satisfied. The marriage of the Huguenot King of Navarre with Margaret of Valois, celebrated without a Papal dispensation, afforded as strong a pledge as could well have been exacted of his intention to inaugurate a new policy. Alva, Philip, the Pope, were in despair.

Instead of the expected event, what took place, without notice or previous indication, was the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew—the slaughter, under the royal orders, of the Huguenots in Paris and in the provinces, to the number, on a moderate computation, of twenty thousand. The suddenness of the act, its atrocity, and its perfidy, not only astounded but bewildered mankind. The monstrosity was almost forgotten in the mystery that enshrouded it. It became one of the puzzles of history.

Yet the puzzle was mainly one of history's own making. The situation and the characters being known, there was nothing that needed to seem inexplicable. But though the deed was notorious and the actors stood revealed, there was little evidence as to how, when, and by whom the plan had been arranged. There was therefore a field for the imagination to work in. Protestants believed, and there were Catholics who boasted, that the plot had been contrived months, and even years, before it was put in practice; that the king had been a party to it from the first; that the Pope and the King of Spain had been privy to it, had been, indeed, the first to suggest it; that every step taken by the government in the pretended conciliation had been merely a lure; that the pacification had been made in order to disarm the Huguenots, the pretended change of policy to lull them into a false security, and the marriage of the King of Navarre to ensnare them. Gradually, however, this theory has been dropped by both parties —by Catholics, because it heightened the guilt of the transaction; by Protestants, as discreditable to the intelligence of the chief victims. Impartial criticism has shown that it rests on no sufficient proofs, and that the theory which is intrinsically the more probable is also the most accordant with all the well ascertained facts.

In two Venetian *relazioni*, which are among the authorities for the story, we find the two opposite views presented. Contarini, who was the resident envoy at the French court, rejects the notion of a long-prepared plot. He considers such a stupendous piece of *prudenza* as incredible; thinks that, if a trap had been laid, Coligny was too sagacious to have entered it, and adduces as proof of the absence of deliberation beforehand the subsequent irresolution of the government, and its failure to proceed to a complete consummation. On the other hand, Micheli, who arrived in Paris on a special embassy shortly before the massacre, asserts his belief, founded on information derived from the persons most nearly concerned, that every movement had been preconcerted, as already described. He states that this was openly declared by the queen-mother, who appealed to the Papal nuncio, Salviati, to say whether she had not given him a previous intimation of what was intended. At the first blush this seems strong evidence. It is to be noted, however, that Contarini himself had at first, as he mentioned in his relation, made the same report, and that, if he afterwards changed his opinion, it must have been because he had seen reason for rejecting statements to which he had previously attached weight. Moreover, this evidence, like all the rest that has been adduced, exhibits merely declarations made after the event. These declarations all centre round that of Catharine herself. It was quite in the character of that wretched woman to have assumed a deeper infamy than really belonged to her. Having, apparently, no conscience of her own to guide her, she judged her acts simply as she saw them judged by the world. At first she attempted to disown the responsibility. When she found the deed applauded by the Papal court and Catholic princes, she was eager to claim all the merit which they were ready to assign her. She buried the personal motives which had really swayed her, and gave out that she had acted as the agent and champion of the Church.

Having sketched the outlines of the subject, and indicated the debatable questions connected with it, we can the more easily convey to the reader our estimate of Mr. White's treatment of it. His narrative of the details is a very readable one. His materials are copious; the matter is well arranged; the story is carried on without circumlocutions or digressions; and the style, though never forcible, and often vapid, is always a faithful reflection of the sense, not a straining of language to cover the want of sense. It is obvious, however, that the subject required for its due presentment far higher qualities than these—the power to exhibit men of stormy passions and subtle intellects contending for great prizes and important principles; the skill to penetrate hidden motives, to unravel the skeins of intrigue, and to trace the broader current of general causes; the art to delineate in fitting colors some of the most graphic scenes which the pencil of the historian has ever touched. In all these respects Mr. White seems to us very deficient. His descriptions are tame; his comments and reflections are puerile; his portraitures are feeble in the extreme. He condemns the Huguenots for having taken up arms in self-defence, because they had always professed the doctrine of passive obedience. They should, it seems, have allowed themselves to be slaughtered for the sake of being consistent. Mr. White occasionally speaks of the duplicity and deceitfulness of Catharine and the Guises; but the best proof he exhibits of their powers in this respect is his own readiness in becoming their victim. When they are most artful he is most credulous. Thus, he treats the conference at Poissy not as a scheme for dividing the Calvinists and Lutherans, but as a serious effort to reconcile both with the Church of Rome; and when the Cardinal of Lorraine declares emphatically that his own views on the Eucharist are in full accordance with those of Beza, we are not invited to admire the histrionic fervor so characteristic of the speakers. In short, character is, with Mr. White, no index to acts. It is a shifting attribute that varies with the circumstances. Alva, yet "unstained with blood," was simply "a statesman possessing great capacity." As a general his capacity appears to have been doubtful, for we are told that, "as viceroy of Naples, he foiled all the efforts of the Duke of Guise to recover the throne of that country for France," and that he "afterward waged a fruitless war in Italy against Francis of Guise and the Pope." As there was only one war in Italy in which Alva and Guise encountered each other, we must consider the two remarks as conflicting judgments of the result.

In his preface Mr. White speaks somewhat elaborately of explorations among unpublished sources, especially in the provincial archives of France. But there is nothing in the body of his book to justify the expectations thus raised. He has collected more details and cited a greater number of authorities than any former writer; and the additions thus made are not only creditable to his industry, but valuable as contributions to our knowledge of the period. But he has not brought to light any manuscript documents; he has given no fresh evidence in regard to the transactions, their causes or consequences; and he has presented no striking or original views. We do not reproach him for this. The views which he has adopted were formed by able critics, and we do not think they are likely to be shaken by the researches of keener investigators. There is, however, one point on which we could have wished for some elucidation. The common accounts of what took place in the royal cabinet when the massacre was determined upon, of the arts by which Catharine stifled the sentiments of honor and humanity in the breast of her son, are derived from a narrative known as the Duke of Anjou's. Ranke has denied the authenticity of this document, but without fulfilling his promise to give the grounds of his opinion. The question probably might be settled by a careful scrutiny. Mr. White has not discussed it. Perhaps he has done as well in refraining.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR APRIL.

THE opening article of the April *North American* is Dr. Dalton's essay on the "Metropolitan Board of Health." Though not particularly attractive, perhaps, it is useful, occupying as it does a middle place between literature and the official reports, the substance of which it puts before the general reader better than he could himself; if indeed he were likely to try. And the importance of doing this will not be gainsaid. For the life of our Board of Health depends on the intelligence and good-will of the Legislature; and it is not too much to say that the next year's lives of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of our fellow-citizens depend on the continued existence of the board. One reflects with gratitude on what has already been done, though much remains to be done, for the people who live in the eighteen or nineteen thousand "tenement houses" of New York, of which you may almost say that living in them men can practise no virtue but fortitude, and that they are cut off from almost every comfort and decency of life; that they are the dens which have succeeded in making repub lican government in this city a bad failure.

The second essay is by Mr. Norton, and is entitled "The Church and Religion." Mr. Norton begins by asserting the historical fact that, of the two main principles in religious affairs, the principle of authority and the principle of liberty, the latter is gaining ground. And this although the other

was never more ardently and uncompromisingly asserted than now, when *the* Church of authority, the Romanist, fairly, in the Papal Encyclical of 1864, flings defiance at the enlightenment of the age; and he points it out as a fact that not only the Romanist but the Protestant also requires the submission of the intellect to an authority pronounced infallible. Without going into any argument as to the existence of an infallible teacher—with an infallibility resting for proof on fallibility—but accepting as axiomatic the proposition that the individual will should be free of external dominion in religious as in secular thought, Mr. Norton goes on to pronounce the Church of the present an anachronism, which fails to perform the functions which the supernatural theory allots to it, and which fails as obviously in the natural order. This part of his essay relates not at all to the Roman Catholic Church, between which and the essayist there is the apparently widest gulf while he speaks of the two main currents in religious affairs, but rather is a sharp criticism on the modes of worship and the character and services of clergymen of the various Protestant denominations. Then follows, what will be of less popular interest and is rather vague, an answer to the question, How is the Church of the future to be made in fact what it is in idea—namely, "the natural instrument for securing those ends to the pursuit of which individuals in society are directed by the religious sentiment;" how is it to become what it is not now, the complete expression of that moral order which underlies the political? An answer, we said; but an answer is not given, for the process of the change is not to be determined beforehand. The essay concludes with a general statement of the ends which the Church of the future will have in view, and declares that already such a church is potentially in existence wherever men, having discarded the notion of true religion as something external, to be got by special experience, as a system of dogmas to be accepted and forms to be regarded, have arrived at the conception of religion as absolute, utter devotion to whatever each knows and feels to be best.

Mr. Emerson contributes an article on "Quotation and Originality." It consists of chat about the indebtedness of all of us in general to all the rest of us, and in particular about special debts of certain famous writers to other writers. It might be extended indefinitely, in depth and length; but, as it stands, will be found a very agreeable essay of the talkative kind. There is readable matter also in Professor Evans's article on "Pompeii," in which, among some things not fresh, there are several interesting pages on the inscriptions that may be read on the walls of Pompeian houses. On the whole, it would be not easy to find anywhere else, within the same compass, an equally full and accurate account of the burial of the city and of the excavations. The sketch of the bibliography of the subject is comprehensive. There is nowhere in English, so far as we know, anything like a tolerable paper on the general subject of the exhumations to which we owe so great a number of all extant works of ancient art. Professor Evans would be doing good service if he would take it up, and do for it what he intended to do, and partly has done, for the Pompeian excavations.

Mr. Lowell's "Shakespeare Once More," excellent for instruction and entertainment throughout, as well in its minuter as in its more general criticisms, is especially good in its examination of the character of Hamlet. The reader of Shakespearian criticism may very likely feel when he has finished the essay as if he knew before all that there is in it; there is no display of over-ingeniousness seeking new views of Hamlet's nature; the view accepted by the most judicious, indeed accepted by most critics, is the one held by Mr. Lowell. But he brings out with a fulness not elsewhere matched, we think, every shade of the wonderful picture; he fills out, as only a learned and sympathetic touch could, the outline drawn correctly by others. The effect on the reader is as if he saw, by means of a powerful glass, every feature of the face which he had previously been seeing only dimly.

Mr. Adams completes the presentation, begun in the January *North American*, of his views in regard to the decline of Boston. He is convinced that it may yet be saved, and he tells how, as it seems to him, the thing may be done. It all looks to us very reasonable; unless foreign fields of enterprise have drawn off all the best business blood of Boston—and we should say that the man saying so would have to account for Mr. Adams's residence there before he could be held to have made out his case—it would seem as if the city had seen its worst days.

The other articles in this number are by Mr. F. B. Sanborn ("Poor Laws of New England"); Mr. Raphael Pumpelly ("Western Policy in China"); Mr. J. E. Cabot ("Hegel"); Mr. J. T. Morse ("Expatriation and Naturalization"); and Mr. Norton addresses a brief parting word—kind as parting words may rightly be—to Mr. Dickens.

Professor Whitney, after some remarks, characterized by his accustomed lucidity of statement and lightened by the agreeable subacidity of his sarcasm, on the Vedic literature in general, proceeds to a brief examination of the controversy, now pretty much at an end, between the opponents and the champions of the theory, that in order to the fullest understanding of the Vedas that is possible for the western student, it is only necessary for him to seat himself in docility at the feet of the Oriental commentators. Professor Whitney ranges himself among the disbelievers in this doctrine, giving what seem conclusive reasons against it.

Mr. Pumpelly, who has studied the subject on the spot, gives an account that will be welcomed of the position now held by the western nations in China. That the representatives in China of the United States and the European Powers should be able and willing to keep their fellow-countrymen in order, should restrain the tendency now too common among them to resort to violent and dishonest courses in their dealings with the Chinese people, this seems to be the duty of the moment. It is a duty our due fulfilment of which seems to promise immediate and large rewards. The article is of such a kind that it has especial value for journalists.

Mr. Cabot's "Hegel" we have not yet read with the attention which it apparently deserves. Mr. Sanborn's well-known acquaintance with his subject is a guarantee that his advice in regard to the management of the pauper class is worth the attention of every one whose duty or inclination it is to investigate the matter. One never fails to get from his papers a fair and full exhibition of the facts and clear conclusions from them orderly arranged. Mr. Morse's essay we read easily and with profit, as a layman doubting nothing his correctness. In another place we give a fact, occurring since his essay was written, which confirms his judgment on a disputed point. We advise Mr. Banks, if he ever does any reading, to look into "Expatriation and Naturalization" before drafting any more bills for the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.

In the "Critical Notices" only thirteen books are reviewed. But the last quarter has been a dull one in the book market. And of the thirteen reviews most are careful and valuable. Altogether we have found this number of the *North American* more than usually good reading, and usually we find it better, we should say, than any other quarterly.

The Chimney Corner. By Christopher Crowfield. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.)—Mrs. Stowe brings to the discussion of social questions a great deal of practical good sense and good temper; her chair of philosophy stands in its proper place, we think, when it stands in the chimney corner. But we should say that, as a matter of taste, she has made a mistake in putting a male professor in it. Such men as Christopher Crowfield, when they do occasionally make their appearance in real life, are apt to receive a title somewhat less complimentary than that of philosopher, and are certainly the men whom women most instinctively abhor. Not in New England any more than in other regions where social philosophy is cultivated does the male moralizer habitually take his observations of life through the kitchen window, or preach persistently the ethics of cupboard and pantry.

From the internal evidence afforded by these papers, we infer that they have caused considerable discussion among the readers of the *Atlantic*. Essay writers do not, we presume, talk much about the letters they receive—without some good reason; and we conclude that Mrs. Stowe has interested her public and supplied a real need—which is a very sufficient reason why her papers should have been written. The need was not, we should say, a literary one, and the response to it hardly comes under the head of literature. Bound up with Miss Mulock's and Mrs. Ellis's advice to mothers and daughters and housekeepers, it would be a suitable present for young brides who might be supposed to be entering on their new duties with inadequate preparation.

Mrs. Stowe's idea of the functions and sphere of woman is hardly ours—to perform the works laid down by Iago as the duty of the "true woman," and to perform them in a neat and utilitarian Yankee fashion, is about the scope of her advice. She discusses the woman question at length and under various aspects, but by whatever road she travels she reaches in the end one constant bourne. The delights of a well-kept house, the lively comfort of seeing one's face reflected in a series of well-scoured pans—this or something essentially like this forms the endless refrain of her song. She seems to share, in part at least, and in larger part than altogether pleases us, Dr. Allen's belief, that girls' brains are cultivated at the expense of their muscles; like him, also, she apparently believes in the total depravity of the French woman, and deduces thence the conclusion that to follow her fashions is to court contagion. She believes that women ought to vote—in order to ensure clean streets. She has not, however, as much faith in the ballot as a means of elevating her sex as in domestic service. She recom-

mends the thousands of half-starving American seamstresses and shop-girls to seek employment as servants "in good families," as a training for their own future family life. The suggestion, if it were at all likely to be followed, if spirited women could be got to put themselves under the rule of their own sex, would be a good one, as affording a remedy in some important respects for the condition of our native women, and at the same time leaving the woman question to the small moralists, whose sympathies, if they are not bounded by geographical lines, would then be left to flow freely in the direction of the superseded Bridget.

The Crowfield philosophy has a good deal to recommend it, and when preached in Mrs. Stowe's good-humored and sensible manner is not disagreeable. It puts things, however, on a culinary basis, which in time dissatisfies to some extent even those people who accept with due meekness the service of the cooking-range and clothes-basket. One may be permitted, after studying life in this chimney corner, to turn, not without a feeling of relief, to Thoreau's counter-irritant Walden housekeeping, and sympathize with him in his rejection of the foot-mat because it would waste precious time to shake it; to pick up Montaigne and perhaps find his easy contempt for woman healthier than the feeling which enthrones her as the goddess of the kitchen and the sitting-room, the highly cultivated nymph of the innocent greenhouse. Good dinners, well-ordered households, neat and appropriate toilets, fireside chats about dress and politics and patriotism—all of them of the housekeeping order—are good things; there is no doubt of it; we have no wish to depreciate them. But we have no wish to see the work of exalting them—a work decidedly of supererogation—performed by a clever woman.

One does n't, after all, believe that the pursuit of material comfort is the highest end of life, and that men best fulfil their destinies in becoming good providers, and women theirs in performing the duties of good housekeepers. These things are not ends, but means. It is very well to train girls in the manner recommended by Mrs. Stowe—to make bread-making, plain sewing, and household economy a part of their school education, for every woman is better equipped for life in understanding these things. But if it were possible to train them at the same time so that they could read intelligently and lay to heart the lesson taught in such essays as Emerson's on Self-Reliance, or Stuart Mill's on Liberty, it seems to us that the housekeeping would by no means suffer, although it might cease to be regarded as the chief end for which God made women. If, on the other hand, they are taught that the first question to be considered in their case is that of sex, and then the special duties entailed by it, their education is begun in the middle, and ends only in making them suitable companions for the men who believe that they on their part were born to watch rising and falling stocks.

The fact of personality comes before the fact of sex. Its total neglect leaves both men and women in the condition of more or less well-fed and well-cared-for animals; its partial neglect leaves men and women the needlessly incomplete beings we see. One's first duty is to one's self, even when one happens to be a woman; and, absorbing and necessary as is the question of work, it may be doubted whether the natural order of things is not precisely reversed when work is assumed to be the object of growth. There would be no fault to find with philosophers who discuss merely practical affairs—charities and politics, the dress question, the suffrage question, the woman question—if they recognized the fact that they discuss only the grammar of life, and seldom, or never, offer any useful hints as to its worth and significance.

Mozart. A Biographical Romance. From the German of Heribert Rau. By E. R. Sill. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.)—This book belongs to a class whose usefulness we consider somewhat problematical—the kind of small historical novel of which Mrs. Clara Mundt has furnished so many examples; the idea of which seems to be to import into the pages of a story some well-known personage, to detail with sufficient accuracy the prominent events of his life, and to press imagination into the service of inventing minor ones, of describing his love affairs with more or less warmth of color, and of furnishing an occasional flow of "fine writing" to the extent supposed to be necessary to show enthusiasm on the part of the writer, and to produce it on that of the reader. The plan appears, on the outside, to be a promising one, and we do not wonder that it is so frequently adopted by people who have a vague, general desire to write without having anything particular to say—people who are in much the same predicament with those of whom Thoreau complained that they wanted to be good without being good for anything. We suspect, however, that to the production of a genuinely good historical novel there must needs go even more imagination than to one made, as the saying is, "out of whole cloth." The plot, it is true, is ready to one's hand, and so are the characters, but they are inexorable and admit of no tampering; and the question how to adjust them to each other without patchwork and botching must be a serious one.

With this particular novel we have no especial fault to find beyond that which is to be found in general with the class to which it belongs—that there seems to be no necessity for its existence. Mr. Rau adheres with a good deal of accuracy to the facts of Mozart's life—we judge so, at least, from the numberless foot-notes which say "historical," "this is a fact," "his very words," "see Jahn," etc. We should say, however, that his book would be absolutely worthless to the intelligent enthusiast in music, to whom the bare facts, without embellishment, would be sufficiently suggestive; and almost as much so to those who, being unversed in what Mr. Rau calls the "tone art," care more in a novel for its literary excellence and its general truth to nature than for any special adherence to the facts of a particular case. The book is not enthusiastic enough to excite enthusiasm. Perhaps some of our readers may remember "Charles Auchester," Miss Elizabeth Sheppard's historico-musical, or, rather, biographico-musical novel, and be able to recall how, without knowing even their musical a b c's, they were ready to say with Disraeli, "If it were not for music, we might in these days say, 'The Beautiful is dead'"—and to feel that to be a Jew and a musician was to have drawn the highest prizes of life. The perusal of "Mozart" will not renew that pleasing experience. Miss Sheppard understood the requirements of a romance better than Mr. Rau. Very probably, however, Mr. Rau's enthusiasm was held in check by the fact that he contemplated selecting other composers as themes for future romances—which shows what may be some of the incidental disadvantages of writing historical novels.

The Lost Galleon, and other Tales. By Fr. Bret Harte. (San Francisco: Towne & Bacon. 1867.)—Perhaps by itself this book would not give one so distinct an impression of Mr. Harte as is given by his volume of parodies on popular novels, but it confirms the pleasant impression which one gets from that agreeable little book. In his serious pieces, which are all patriotic, Mr. Harte does not shine, though he is always the man of sense and of considerable delicacy of taste, and shows to advantage beside the mass of his rivals, wholly evading one, and escaping unruined from the other of the two besetting dangers of patriotic poetry—which is pretty sure to be not poetry at all, and which is apt to make one sincerely hate his native land. In the most successful of the serious pieces, however, there is at least a touch of the comic; "How are you Sanitary?" we call the most successful. And it is in the pieces purely comic that we find Mr. Harte at his best. He is then exercising the special faculty in which he excels, probably, a very large majority of all the human beings now in existence; whereas in the production of more than passable little sentimental matters, many thousands of his contemporaneous fellow-denizens of earth are as good as he, and some thousands, we dare say, are better. So that it seems as if he would do best for himself and his readers if he would forswear unmixed sentiment and make satire and fun his mainstay. His comic verses, some of them, are labored, as if done at short notice for the newspapers; and some of them, as "The Lost Galleon," are labored and apparently have not the excuse of short notice; and some of them depend for their effect on nothing more humorous than a parody of the obvious characteristics of Poe or some other grave writer; and almost none of them is filled full of fun. But most are funny in places; as witness this, which is from some remarks on Alaska:

> "Where the short-legged Esquimaux
> Waddle in the ice and snow,
> And the playful polar bear
> Nips the hunter unaware."

And we laughed at the idea of calling a pony's tail its "back-hair." "The Pliocene Skull" we liked also. It relates to the skull which was found two miles from Angel's, in Calaveras county, California, at a depth of one hundred and fifty-two feet below the surface of the earth. The newspaper savans of California promptly decided that man must have existed in that State years before the mastodon was created. But after a long address, in a highly scientific strain, delivered by Mr. Harte, the skull explains as follows, using the mining dialect of the present century:

> "Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
> Falling down a shaft in Calaveras county."

Les Salons de Paris et la Société Parisienne sous Napoléon III. By the Vte. de Beaumont-Vassy. (Paris. 1868. New York: F. W. Christern.)—The author of "Une Marquise d'Autrefois" and other novels, of the "Histoire de Suéde depuis Charles XII.," "Histoire de mon temps" and other histories, of "Les Salons de Paris sous Louis Philippe" and similar sketches, the Vte. de Beaumont-Vassy, is little known beyond the limits of his native

country; but he deserves to be better known—not as a writer, for his talents are not of a high order, and even his *esprit* has a rather scanty flow; nor as a historical scholar, for few French works on modern history are less remarkable for geniality or impartial study than his; but as a representative man of the order of political knights errant who have surrendered their wit and their conscience to the cause of the man of December. The individuals of the higher class of that order—the Mornys, the Edgar Neys, and the like—write little, or only as diplomatists, and must therefore be studied in their own spheres of activity; the journalists like Granier de Cassagnac would require of their student the sacrifice of daily tracking them along the tortuous and repulsive path of political jugglery. De Beaumont-Vassy gives himself entire and *en négligé*, in a pleasant little book of personal recollections concerning men and things Napoleonic, in a sketch which vividly displays the mongrel characteristics of the aristocratic-servile, ultramontane-infidel, cynico-epicurean livery-bearers of the French *Bas-Empire*.

An aristocrat by birth, a writer by profession, a meddler in politics and diplomacy from inclination, a reactionary conspirator from hatred of democracy, a Bonapartist in spite of Legitimist professions and Orleanistic proclivities, out of office, our author bidding adieu to exacting and poorly-paying Clio, has finally devoted himself to writing on the attractive theme of "Parisian Salons"—that is to say, to writing books under that title. The title, however, is a deceptive one, as if everything Neo-Napoleonic seems to be bound to begin, as well as to end, in deception. There are in the book before us a few scattered pages on Parisian salons, and a few scattered passages on Parisian society, but the bulk of it is devoted to semi-historical sketches of political situations and events preceding the re-establishment of the empire "sous Napoléon III.;" to Jenkins-like narratives of imperial journeys, royal visits, and public festive scenes; to dutiful adulation lavishly bestowed on the *deus ex machinâ* who saved France from the abyss into which the Marrasts, Ledru-Rollins, and Louis Blancs, the Blanquis, Raspails, and Barbés had plunged it; on the *diva* Kirkpatrick-Teba-Montijo, whom the new French Soter chose for his partner on the throne; and on the demi-gods and demi-goddesses and héroes and heroines of the new Augustan era.

In this new era, to judge with our author, none has shone brighter, perhaps, than the Count, then Duke, de Morny, "type particulier de gentilhomme financier qui n'existait pas autrefois, mais que les mœurs actuelles expliquent malheureusement de nos jours." This sad remark seems to come from the very depths of the vicomte's heart, who, in spite of all the splendor and all the blessings of the new golden, or rather paper-money era, cannot refrain occasionally from sighing for the past—when people still knew the art of dancing—from making reflections on some dangerous habits of the present, such as "le luxe," or from looking with strange forebodings into the future. In the very conclusion of the book, after speaking of his own salon and convivial receptions, and while exhorting his friends, in the tone of a Mæcenas and in the words of Horace—characters, by the by, like Agrippa and Virgil, entirely wanting at the new Augustan court—not to forget that time flies away rapidly, he exclaims: "Let us crown ourselves with flowers, string our lyres, and . . with firmness await the barbarians!" The men of Napoleonic "salons" are evidently still haunted by the "spectre rouge" which they pretended to have laid on December 2, or rather, December 4, 1851, and from their festal couches they again and again seem to cast a troubled glance towards the wall, as if looking for a handwriting to appear on it. The very recollection of that bloody Fourth of December seems to be painful to them; or rather, they would like to make others forget it; there is not an allusion to it in this book, though it devotes scores of pages to the narration of scenes and events of the preceding days, narratives to which the personal experiences of the author, his acquaintance with Napoleon, and more intimate connections with some of the minor actors, lend some particular interest. Altogether, as a partial history of that period—partial in a double sense—the vicomte's new book is not devoid of information for readers otherwise familiar with the history of the second French republic and empire.

Das Leben Mosis. Von Dr. Hermann Réckendorf. (Leipzig: Gerhard. 1868.)—A work dedicated to all thinking friends of the Bible, *allen denkenden Bibelfreunden*, and designed to portray the life of the Hebrew lawgiver in the light of modern historical criticism. The biographer claims for his hero no supernatural character, represents him not as a god-man (*Gottmensch*), but as a man of God (*Gottesmann*), and is well content that all the miracles recorded of him should be either explained on scientific principles or relegated to the limbo of myths. To have accomplished the sublime work of religious and political organization which he effected, and to have elaborated principles of ethics and of law which have entered into the codes of all subsequent nations and been regarded by most of them as divine, Herr Reckendorf thinks, is sufficiently miraculous, and will be recognized as such even by those who have gone farthest *im Verneinen aller Wunderwesen*—in denying the existence of everything miraculous. It is a maxim of the Talmud nearly two thousand years old, that "he who interprets the Scripture literally, is a liar and a blasphemer." Our author claims the right and duty of illimitable and untrammelled research, and generally exercises it with great freedom; the Jew, he says, in entering upon a work like this, must leave bibliolatry behind him. But we can hardly reconcile with this declaration the assertion which meets us at the very outset (p. 7), that Mosaism believes itself to be not only a revelation, but also the *only* revelation, denying all genuineness to subsequent pretensions of a like kind. The two chief foes of Judaism, he affirms, are heathenism and the later revealed religions which acknowledge the historical Moses, but declare his law abrogated. We commend the little volume to our readers, not because we accept its doctrine, but on account of the freshness and suggestiveness with which it treats a very old and rather juiceless subject.

La Conscience et La Foi. (Paris: Baillière. 1867.)—We have here a religious treatise written with that clearness of thought and style and that sweetness of temper which characterize everything that comes from the pen of Athanase Coquerel *fils*. It would be out of the province of literary journalism to discuss the ideas put forth in this book, and we limit ourselves to a simple statement of its contents: Conscience and God; Conscience and Human Life; Conscience and the Holy Scriptures; Conscience and Jesus Christ; Conscience and the Church, are the themes which the author discourses upon.

Kitty's Class Day. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Boston: Loring.)—Loring's Tales of the Day include "A Week in a French Country House," by Madame Sartoris; Miss Thackeray's "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood;" "Jack the Giant-Killer," and so on, and seem to be a good series of rather better than ordinary light reading. The present issue is a gracefully-told story by Miss Alcott, which relates the mishaps which befell a little girl on Harvard College Class Day in consequence of her neglecting to sew the facing on her dress, and trusting, instead, to basting-threads and pins. The results of her negligence were hardly so serious as they should have been made in the interests of sound morality, since, by means of her small troubles, she discovered the general good-for-nothingness of the youth with whom she fancied herself about to fall in love, and surrendered her heart, instead, before class day was over, to a much more satisfactory person; which seems as if Kitty were rather to be congratulated on her laziness.

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The Week.

THE House alone has done any legislative business during the week. The only business of any importance transacted was the passage of the amendatory Bankrupt bill. It makes several unimportant changes, and one change of importance, in the act as now existing. The time in which a bankrupt whose assets do not amount to fifty per cent. of his indebtedness may get a discharge without the consent of his creditors is extended from the 1st of JUNE till the 1st of January, 1869.

The impeachment trial has, during the week, been devoted to speeches on both sides. Of these, Mr. Nelson's for the defence, being delivered by him in the character of a "friend" of the respondent, and having a striking resemblance to several orations on Andrew Johnson's life and services delivered by Andrew Johnson himself, does not merit any notice. Mr. Boutwell, on the other side, spoke with great force and a good deal of fire, but made no new point and developed no new line of argument. He was, however, strong everywhere except in his rhetoric, in which, as is not unusual, he came to grief. He informed the Senate that Andrew Johnson was guiltier than Verres, the Roman proconsul, because the superficial area of Sicily, over which Verres tyrannized, was only ten thousand square miles, while that of the United States, over which Andrew Johnson tyrannized, was many times greater. A gentleman who addresses such an argument as this to a body like the Senate—not to a jury or a mass meeting—can hardly be said to be in a state of mind to qualify him for the position of guide and leader which Mr. Boutwell has so long held. He might just as well measure guilt by the weight in avoirdupois of the criminal as by the extent of the earth's surface over which he had the opportunity of committing crimes. This is not a small criticism. It touches a serious matter—the elementary notions of jurisprudence held by men occupying high public positions and exercising an important influence on legislation at a very grave crisis in national affairs.

Mr. Groesbeck's speech was perhaps the most effective, if not the ablest, that has been made for the defence. He argued that the Senate was a court bound by legal rules and precedents; that the Tenure-of-Office Act did not cover Mr. Stanton's case, and that most of the senators, at the time of its passage, did not believe it did; and that the understanding of all departments of the Government for eighty years had been that the President possessed the power of removal under the Act of 1789, and that as the Tenure-of-Office Act contained no repealing clause, that understanding must be allowed to have weight in the present instance; and, finally, as regards the 10th Article, that the President is entitled, under the Constitution, to say what he pleases, subject, of course, to popular disapproval. Mr. Groesbeck maintains, moreover, that impeachment was intended to be a mode of punishing officers whose tenure is for life, all others being punishable only by the popular refusal to re-elect them. Some of this doctrine is a little too strong to make it necessary to argue against it.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens has also made a speech, and we were pleased to meet him once more on the solid earth, after his long sojourn in the regions of the supernatural. His argument was close and strong, and some of it novel, and, considering his state of health and his age, was really a remarkable feat. He maintained that if the clause of the Tenure-of-Office Act which fixes the Secretary of War, amongst others, in his office during the term of office of the President by whom he was appointed, and for one month afterwards, does not, as the defence contends, cover Mr. Stanton's case, then the preceding clause, which expressly covers all cases not covered by the last one, certainly includes it, and in either case Mr. Stanton's removal was unlawful. In the remainder of his arguments on this point, Mr. Stevens relied on estoppel, showing, from Mr. Johnson's letter to Mr. McCulloch, that the President acknowledged the applicability of the act to Mr. Stanton's case, and by one of his letters to General Grant that he was determined to keep Mr. Stanton out "whether sustained in the suspension or not." Mr. Stevens relied, for the constitutionality of the act, mainly on the vote of the Senate when it was passed, and threatened with "a gibbet of everlasting obloquy" and "a long and dark track of infamy" any Senator who, having then voted for the bill, would now vote for the President's acquittal on the ground of its unconstitutionality. Some of the moral reflections by which the argument was accompanied were very entertaining, though whether Mr. Stevens meant them to be so we are unable to say—such, for instance, as "How lovely to contemplate what was so assiduously inculcated by a celebrated Pagan into the mind of his son: 'Virtue is truth, and truth is virtue.'" He also complimented Mr. Groesbeck, by assuring him that his peroration reminded him of "the elegance and pathos of a Roman senator pleading for virtue;" but, fearing, perhaps, that Mr. Groesbeck might be too much "set up" by this observation, added that "had he been arguing before the Roman Senate for such a delinquent, and Cato the Censor had been amongst the judges, his client would soon have found himself in the stocks in the middle of the Forum." Mr. Williams followed Mr. Stevens, but contributed nothing new to the discussion. Before our next issue the case will probably be decided.

It is now no longer denied that Arkansas has ratified the new constitution. In Louisiana the Republicans have elected three out of four Congressmen, and the constitution is undoubtedly accepted. From Louisiana the first news spoke of Conservative victories, but this was merely because the agents of the Associated Press throughout the South allow their political hopes to color their telegrams—a state of things

which one would suppose the Associated Press would not endure for a week. Similarly untrustworthy were the first reports from Georgia and North Carolina. But it now seems clear that North Carolina has been carried by the Republicans by a heavy majority in favor of the constitution, and by a good enough majority in favor of W. W. Holden, a much distrusted man, who had to contend against a second Republican candidate as well as against the nominee of the Conservatives. The Republicans elect all the seven Congressmen except one. Mr. Nathaniel Boyden, of Salisbury, beats his Republican opponent. Mr. Boyden is a Massachusetts man, and, though he probably thinks the natural division of mankind is into Whigs and unfortunate Democrats, and is a little mazed by all this pro-slavery and anti-slavery business, yet he is an honest gentleman; was never for a minute a secessionist, never at any time scrupled to tell his fellow-townsmen how utterly wrong they were in their rebellion, and altogether will make a very respectable member of Congress. South Carolina is Republican by some 30,000 majority. Georgia, it seems clear, has given for the new constitution a majority of 10,000, or less. Mr. Bullock, the Republican candidate, is pretty certainly elected; but, so far as we can tell from such returns as have got into print, by a number of votes some thousands less than that given in favor of the constitution. There is little doubt that if General Meade had been removed just on the eve of the election, as Generals Pope and Swayne were on the eve of the Alabama election, Georgia would have gone as Alabama did. It is Meade who has saved it.

Amongst the rumors by which Washington is agitated is one that the Senate will render their verdict by ballot, a result which those who desire to see who the "recreants" are who will "dare" to vote for an acquittal are naturally desirous of preventing. Mr. Sumner has been making an effort to have the practice of the House of Lords—each member rising in his place and saying "guilty" or "not guilty"—adopted as a rule of the Senate, so as to ensure publicity. Although we are not greatly concerned about the matter, and do not believe it will make any serious difference whichever way the vote is taken, there are one or two things connected with the subject which are worth consideration. One is, that if the Senate be a court of justice, there seems no good reason why the senator should not enjoy the same protection for his independence as the juryman—though it may, of course, be said in reply to this that the temptation to vote corruptly in a case of this kind is greater than any to which a juryman is exposed, and that therefore the public eye may prove a stimulus to honesty. The other is that the difference in the constitution of the Senate and of the House of Lords, to which we drew attention some days ago, seems to make the practice of the latter in this particular unsuited to our use. The theory of a peer is, that he is responsible to nobody, and cares nothing for anybody. He represents himself, and is not affected by anybody's censure. Therefore, he runs no risk in giving his verdict publicly and *viva voce*. Moreover, the practice of voting openly is essentially a feudal practice. It was unknown in Greece or Rome; it was introduced into politics with feudalism and the rule of the strong hand, and was one of the modes by which the feudal lord not only showed that he was afraid of nobody himself, but saw that his vassals and dependents did their duty to him. The ballot came once more into use when free assemblies began to arise in modern Europe, and it is eminently the free and democratic mode of deciding on all questions which have to be decided by votes, because, with all its drawbacks, no other mode offers the same security for the expression of the voter's real opinion.

Ever since the completion of Mr. Bancroft's treaty with the North German Confederation, settling the effects of American naturalization, doubts have been expressed whether the five years' residence in this country which the treaty requires in order to release a German from his allegiance to his own government, began to run from the date of his landing or the date of his naturalization. Mr. Bancroft took the former view, and now writes that the matter has been fully debated in the North German Parliament, and that Count Bismark has there declared most distinctly that he understood the five years to begin with the emigrant's landing, and that the lapse of this period combined with naturalization would henceforward release the German American from all claims on the part of the German Government. So the question may now be considered settled, and, thanks to Mr. Bancroft, settled satisfactorily. A similar treaty can, we have no doubt, be negotiated without difficulty with Great Britain, and, this done, we should not only be delivered from further Fenian complications, but from Mr. N. P. Banks's annual speech on the right of expatriation, which is perhaps the most disagreeable feature in the whole controversy.

The *Independent* a fortnight since formally discarded Chief-Justice Chase as the candidate of the Republican party, which it ought to have done about a year and a half sooner, or, in fact, about the time he was first seriously spoken of as a candidate, inasmuch as every argument it ever produced in favor of his claims was absolutely fatal to them. Had it done so, it would have been saved the discredit of seeming to treat him unhandsomely, and of doing the right thing for the wrong reason, which, we regret to say, has now fallen upon it. It throws the unfortunate jurist overboard, simply because the editor came to the conclusion, from a recent conversation with him, that he would not accept a Republican, while he would accept a Democratic, nomination, and that he is opposed to impeachment. Whereupon the Chief-Justice has apparently inspired Mr. J. S. Pike with a slashing letter addressed to the New York *Tribune*, and printed in that journal on Saturday, in which the editor of the *Independent* is treated with great roughness, accused both of misrepresentation and want of comprehension, and his charge of willingness to become the Democratic candidate repelled with a judicious mixture of ridicule and indignation. The letter also lets us know by implication what most people guessed a year ago, that the Chief-Justice did not think well of impeachment, that he is in favor of the payment of the public debt in coin, and of the contraction of the currency, and that he is opposed to the military government of the South, and leans toward Mr. Greeley's plan of universal suffrage and universal amnesty. None of these opinions is, of course, in the least dishonorable, and in fact they are all of them opinions which it is not unnatural for a Chief-Justice to hold. We think, however, most of our readers will agree with us when we say the sooner Mr. Chase ceases talking politics with editors and others, and carrying on newspaper controversies with them, the better it will be for his own reputation and the dignity of the office which he fills. The public has discussed his eligibility for the Presidency quite as much as is good for either him or it, and the subject is rendered all the more repulsive by the admirable manner in which he has presided over the impeachment trial. That so good a judge should even think of being anything else than a judge is little short of a scandal.

We were not aware till three or four days ago that there was such a thing as a Sunday edition of the *World*. Our ignorance was due partly to the fact that only three numbers of it had appeared before the 23d of April, and partly to the fact that the Sunday editions of the daily papers being often composed of the refuse matter accumulated during the previous week, we do not look for them with proper eagerness or anxiety. We say all this by way of accounting for the error into which we fell last week in accusing the *World* of having suppressed Mr. G. W. Curtis's speech at the Dickens dinner. The speech appeared in the Sunday edition, and thus we did not see it, although we read the week-day *World* with regularity, and we are not ashamed to say with profit—while warning weaker brethren, however, that the practice might be dangerous for persons less firmly grounded in the faith. As a matter of taste, we think the *World* would have done well to print the speech on Monday, but with the taste of the proceeding we perhaps have no concern. Our business is simply to apologize for our mistake, which we do, and we beg all persons who may have been led by our observations into "reflecting on the influence of newspaper editing on human character," to discard as worthless any conclusions at which they may have arrived, and to begin anew on some other basis.

We cannot any longer conceal from ourselves that the *New York Times* has designs on our veracity. Some months ago it charged us with injustice and inaccuracy in accusing *all* the morning papers of publishing

certain ridiculous telegrams from the cable newsman, and obliged us, in self-defence, to fill half a column, by way of proof, with names, dates, and circumstances of no sort of interest to the general public, and of which, for this reason, it very properly took no notice. It now says that we have been guilty of "untruth" in saying that the *Tribune* alone published a full report of the Dickens dinner. We are sorry to be obliged to stick to this assertion, with the simple modification that the report was published in the Sunday *World*, of which only two numbers had appeared when the dinner took place, and of which, as we have just explained, we had never heard when we made our remarks. We may also add, that a report in the Sunday *World* or *Times* is not exactly the same thing as a report in either the week-day *World* or *Times*, as is proved by their regular republication on Monday of all reports of importance which have already appeared on Sunday. We had, however, not the least intention of imputing to the *Times* any motive but convenience in curtailing its own report. Of the tendency of the daily press to suppress the speeches of personal or political enemies, we shall call a very good witness, James Parton, writing in the *North American Review* in April, 1866, and we might support him, if the work were not so dirty, with a volume of documentary evidence. However, in order to make our charge less offensive, we shall throw it into a complimentary form, and say that it is extremely remarkable how frequently writers or speakers to whom the conductors of great dailies entertain personal and political dislike are foolish and obscure persons, whose sayings and doings are not worth reporting or noticing at all, or more than very briefly. We must say, however, that one of the great excellences of the *Times* is that illustrations of this "strange coincidence" are never, as far as our observation goes, found in its columns.

The writer of the Cable despatches in London has been putting the newspapers to unnecessary expense during the past week by reporting various things of the "Honorable John Bright." Mr. Bright has no such title, and if he ever had he would long ago have grown out of it into John Bright, which is his present designation. "Honorable" is a term applied in England by courtesy to the sons and daughters of barons, the lowest order in the peerage. Members of the Privy Council are "Right Honorables," but Mr. Bright being neither one nor the other, the title-mongers would do well to let him alone. We have as many "Honorables" and other titular dignitaries ourselves already as any nation can well stand, and if we were to get a fresh supply from amongst the English Radicals we fear something would give way. Many persons in America are now called "Honorable" because they have written an article in the Washington *Intelligencer*, or supplied oysters for the President's "state dinners." There ought to be an end to this folly, especially since our ambassadors have been prohibited from wearing court dress.

There is as yet no news from England as to what the Disraeli ministry mean to do, but it seems to be universally conceded that they cannot save the Irish Church, and that whether they try to save it or abandon it, their fate is certain. Mr. Disraeli's friends seem to consider his lot a hard one in being compelled to meet such a question before he has had a longer enjoyment of the sweets of office, and before the new household voters have had an opportunity of testifying their gratitude to him. But there is little question that the new House of Commons will contain more Radicals than ever, and that he can expect no support from them in the maintenance of a Tory policy. He will probably be pushed to the wall before the session closes. The complete success of the Abyssinian expedition will give the ministry some much needed aid, as it is success achieved in the teeth of the gloomiest forebodings on the part of a large portion of the public. The triumph is heightened by the release in health and safety of all the captives in whose behalf the expedition was undertaken. This will also prove a very important relief to Mr. Ward Hunt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose budget has not thus far proved a success.

The translation of an extraordinary letter from the Pope to the Emperor Francis Joseph has been published in the French papers, in which his Holiness rates the Emperor soundly for his concessions to liberalism, upbraids him with his desertion of the Church, and with letting the reins of government fly wildly, when he ought to hold them tightly and with a firm hand. He also calls his Majesty's attention to the fact that the Empress is awaiting "a painful and happy event," but does not indicate exactly what bearing this "event" is to have on the question of the abolition of the concordat. The Papal Nuncio in Paris, however, pronounces the letter a forgery, but M. Louis Veuillot, whose authority is considered in ecclesiastical circles as higher than even that of the Nuncio, and to whose hands the Pope, it is believed, occasionally commits the chastisement even of bishops, says that although the Pope may not have written the letter, the sentiments it contains are his. We have elsewhere described the triumph of religious liberty in Austria, and it will consequently be readily seen how little the Pope has to hope for from denunciation.

The trouble between the French clergy and the philosophers still continues. The former have recently addressed a petition to the Senate, calling attention to the fact that some of the professors in the Collège de France, and particularly the medical professors, are teaching the students pure materialism, or, in other words, that thought is simply an excretion of the brain, and that some of the latter have ridiculed some of their patients for wearing crosses. Moreover, a medical diploma lately granted has been revoked by the Minister of Public Instruction, on the ground that traces of materialism had been discovered in the graduate's answers at his examination. This led to an amusing correspondence between the Bishop of Orleans and the doctor, in which the latter informed the bishop that his father was a materialist, and yet a devoted physician; to which the bishop replies, that the father may have been a good man, though of that he was not so sure, but he was not a broad thinker, that his other ancestors were better, and that the present representative of the family would do well to take his opinions from them. That materialism is making progress in France, in circles where it has never hitherto shown itself, there is no denying, and although it is doubtless perfectly proper to prevent its being taught in the schools and colleges supported by the state, the policy of making the repudiation of it a condition of being permitted to practise medicine is more than doubtful. A nascent sect could hardly desire better aid than official persecution.

The attempt to assassinate Prince Alfred in Australia is another of those crimes which have done so much to make Fenianism detestable. It is very likely that the organization properly so-called had nothing to do with it, any more than with the assassination of D'Arcy McGee in Canada; but there is hardly a doubt that it is to the influence of the organization, and of its modes of working on the minds of ignorant men, that we owe all the atrocities its members have committed. It was founded on a swindle; that is, it owed its growth and brief prosperity, including the "mansion" in Union Square, to a system of imposture practised on servant girls and laborers by men of some education. Then, the invasion of Canada by a large horde of adventurers, the sweepings of our great cities, without flag discipline, or organization, by which it struck its first great blow, was the sum of all villanies—murder, robbery, rape, and arson; and the Christian people of this country had the pleasure of seeing the President abused in Republican newspapers for putting a stop to it. The blowing up of the Clerkenwell prison, and the assassination of solitary policemen in Ireland, by which this was followed up, were simply the legitimate result of the preaching of the doctrine that there can be republics without territory, and governments without a name, and military discipline without an army. Once admit that the members of secret associations may incur to unknown chiefs the same obligation of obedience as the soldier of an established government owes to his officer in time of war, and you suspend, as far as they are concerned, all the laws of morality as well as the laws of the land, and it is useless to complain of them afterwards, no matter what they do. Invisible belligerents cannot be bound by the same rules as visible belligerents. As they cannot meet their enemies on the battle-field, they must shoot them in the back or roast them in their houses.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE PROBABLE EFFECT OF THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

THE anticipation which we, in common with many others, entertained as to the effect of the possible acquittal of Mr. Johnson on the fortunes of the Republican party, must, we think, be somewhat modified, in view of the course things have taken since the trial commenced. Had the expectation of the "original impeachers" been fully realized, and had the President been tried as a political "obstacle," and not as a political criminal, the failure to get rid of him would have been a disaster. Moreover, owing to a combination of circumstances, the trial has produced absolutely no excitement in the public mind. All attempts to make it "sensational" have failed utterly. The articles, the speeches, the evidence have been listened to by the country with perfect calm. It has been found impossible to work people up into anything like fervor about the case. We hear of "tremendous pressure" being brought to bear on the Senate in favor of conviction, but it is not organized pressure from the party at large; most of it, we suspect, comes from individual politicians in search of places. There has been no perceptible addition to the mails, in the shape of letters from imperious constituents; and if there have been any prayers offered up for the President's condemnation, they have been private prayers.

The natural consequence of this absence of excitement, for which, let us add, we have to thank not the politicians or newspapers, but the popular good sense, has been the absence of any disturbance in business or in society. Had the public risen to the same height of moral exaltation as the original impeachers and the Washington correspondents of the party organs, few of us would have passed many nights in bed during the last two months, or had either heart or head for the care of our private affairs. But, owing to the general coolness, not only has the Senate been enabled to conduct the trial with fairness, dignity, and decorum, but the world of trade and commerce has enjoyed unwonted repose. Gold has declined; business has, if anything, showed signs of revival; and owing to the concentration of the attention of the House and Senate on the trial, a temporary stop has been put to the attempts to tinker currency which were so common during the winter. The natural result of this general repose has been to deprive the impeachment, in the public eye, of most of its obnoxious features. Although we are satisfied few, if any, of those who before it was commenced thought it inexpedient, now think differently, nobody considers it as dangerous as he once did. Moreover, enough has been brought against the President to make an otherwise harmless attempt to convict and remove him seem reasonable and justifiable. People say to themselves that if impeachment involves no more disturbance to the body politic than this impeachment has so far caused, the House cannot be very much blamed for trying it, even if it results in nothing. So that even if the party has been unwise in taking the matter up, it has more than atoned for its want of wisdom by its manner of conducting the process.

If, therefore, Mr. Johnson should be acquitted, his acquittal would probably be ascribed rather to the fair-mindedness and freedom from party passions of the majority of the Senate than to the weakness of the Managers' case—or, in other words, to the groundlessness of the attack upon him—and would, therefore, do the party little injury in reputation. If this be true, of course it has already escaped its greatest danger. It is a great deal to be sure of coming out of so delicate and dangerous a process without actual damage. Of course an acquittal would, on the surface, seem equivalent to a confession that Mr. Johnson was right, and the Congressional majority was wrong, in their long controversy; but nobody who has followed the case is likely to fall into this error, and the Senate might easily disabuse the minds of those who have not, by attaching to their verdict an expression of their opinion as to the strength of the case which the Managers have made out. At least three things appear in the evidence which we all knew before, but which Mr. Johnson has shown himself unable to rebut on a fair field: that he did not remove Mr. Stanton for the purpose of bringing the Tenure-of Office Act before the courts; that he did wantonly endeavor to dissuade the Southern States from adopting an amendment to the Constitution offered for their adoption by Congress; that he did seek by foul and insulting language to bring the legislature into hatred and contempt in the minds of the people. These are serious charges. The expediency of trying the President for them at all is open to doubt, and so is the expediency of condemning him for them, considering the state of the political world, by a strict party vote; but if the Senate acquitted him on them, while expressing their opinion that they would have furnished a grand jury ground for finding a true bill against him, it might bring the party out of what two months ago seemed a bad scrape, without any perceptible harm.

On the other hand, Mr. Johnson is hardly a man to bear acquittal. His head is not a strong one, and we cannot conceive of any combination of circumstances that will be likely to enable him to put the true construction on his escape, if he does escape. He has one quality of a barbarian, and that is a total incapacity to understand a person's refraining, under the influence of either moral or intellectual considerations, from using all the power at his disposal. The prevalence of this quality at the South had a great deal to do with all that was most offensive in its prosecution of the slavery controversy, as well as with the final resort to hostilities. It has led the President, ever since his quarrel with Congress, into one blunder after another. People in Tennessee seldom keep their fingers out of an enemy's hair, their thumbs out of his eye, and their knives out of his ribs, and their tongues off his character, except under the influence of fear; and Mr. Johnson has never been able to believe the slowness, the moderation, the dislike to extreme courses, which he has witnessed on the part both of Congress and the Northern people, to be anything else. He did a great deal—in fact, *pace* Manager Butler, more than any one else—to bring about impeachment, by his always acting as if the plain reluctance of the majority to impeach was the result of terror of him and of his supporters. Such pieces of wanton insult as the message recommending a vote of thanks to General Hancock are not explicable in any other way. We greatly fear, therefore, that his acquittal would be so construed by him as to make his last end worse than his first. He probably regards the whole process against him as an outburst of party hatred against one of the best of men, and if he extricates himself from it, no matter how, he will probably ascribe his deliverance to the Radical dread of popular indignation, and plunge into his "policy" with a fiercer zest than ever. It is difficult to believe that this consideration will be without influence on the Senate. The probability that this would be the effect on him of the failure of the trial has always been one of the objections to beginning it, because it tempts and forces the Senate into taking into account what no judicial tribunal ought to take into account in determining on the guilt or innocence of a criminal—viz., the possible effect of its verdict on his subsequent conduct. We do not say that this could ever of itself have furnished a sufficient argument against impeachment; but in discussing the expediency of it, it ought to have gone into the scale along with others.

There is another reason for thinking that the public is now not only ready to forgive the party for bringing the President to trial, but will probably be disappointed if he is acquitted, and that is, that what it most disliked about impeachment was the beginning of it. Having been begun, whatever mischief it can do has been done. It is doubtful, therefore, whether people will not be sorry now if, after what they most feared has come to pass, the process does not end in getting rid of the author of all the mischief. Mr. Johnson minus impeachment is bad enough; Mr. Johnson plus impeachment would be worse still. He would not only, as we have said, put a wrong construction on his escape, but he would, knowing that he had nothing more to fear, probably take a more active part in the approaching campaign than any President has ever done before him; and it is not impossible even that he would sing songs of triumph on the stump throughout the summer. The only thing that reconciles anybody to this prospect is the looming up of Mr. Wade on the horizon. But Mr. Wade, it is right to say, has displayed, since the trial commenced, a great deal

more discretion and delicacy than was expected of him, and even promises to afford the world a shining example of magnanimity in not taking part in the final vote. He also, it is said, steadily repels all applications on the subject of places. At worst, his term of office will be too short and most of the active politicians too busy during his term of office arranging combinations for Grant's advent, to make it possible for him to do much mischief, even were he mischievously disposed, and he is too honest and frank a man to take part in any intrigues for the embarrassment of Grant's administration.

There is one result of impeachment for which we fear a good many people are looking, but for which it is extremely desirable they should cease to look, and that is, the establishment of the reign of pure truth and pure justice through the length and breadth of the land in case of Mr. Johnson's removal. So much heat of language is necessary in the present state of the world to carry on the work of popular agitation, that it is hardly ever carried on without exciting most extravagant expectations regarding the consequences of success. This has been peculiarly true of the agitation against Mr. Johnson. What with his own bad behavior and the fearful pictures of him drawn by his enemies, a great many good people have been worked into the belief that he is responsible for nearly every evil by which our society is afflicted, and that once he is removed there will be nothing but harmony and tranquillity and prosperity within our borders. Now, there is no doubt that his removal will do something to promote these things, but not very much more, we fear, than the election of General Grant next November. In spite of all we hear on the stump, human nature remains human nature, and "man," as the young ladies are taught in fashionable seminaries, "progresses by gradual stages." We say this, not by way of dampening people's reforming ardor, but by way of quickening it; by way of reminding them that the world is not made much better by occasional strokes or "jumps ahead;" that there are no political or social "pain-killers" or "ready reliefs;" that the real instruments of progress are religion and education; and that unless the removal of Andrew Johnson is followed by a higher regard for character in public servants, we shall be laughing ten years hence over the fuss that has been made about him.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN AUSTRIA.

From the time of the Reformation down to our own the house of Austria, in both its branches, has been justly regarded as the main support of the Roman Church. Charles V. fought the Reformation, in its infancy, in Germany; Philip II. fought it in the Netherlands, in France, in England, and succeeded in exterminating it in his Spanish and Italian possessions; the Catholic zeal of Ferdinand II. kindled the Thirty Years' War against Protestantism, and his son, Ferdinand III., carried it on to the end; Leopold I. waged bloody wars against the Protestants of Hungary and Transylvania; Maria Theresa, in her three wars with Frederic of Prussia, struggled not only for her own right, but also for Catholic supremacy in the empire; Francis II., in the coalition wars against France, was the champion not only of the legitimate rights of kings, but also of those of his Church; and even the short fight of Francis Joseph against Prussia, in 1866, was near assuming a religious character.

There are, however, a few exceptions to be noticed in the history of the German branch. Ferdinand I. was tolerant, and his son, Maximilian II., even favorably disposed towards Protestantism; Mathias, before his accession to the throne, conspired with the Protestant subjects of his bigoted brother Rodolph; Maria Theresa, though a pious Catholic, on some occasions evinced a certain imperial independence of the See of Rome; and her son Joseph II., in his brief and brilliant career as despotic reformer, for a time almost entirely overthrew all clerical power in his empire, subjecting the Church in every respect to the laws and regulations of the state.

The attempts of Joseph, though emanating from an arbitrary, all-centralizing will, were of a revolutionary character. His levelling innovations were too numerous and too sweeping to succeed. They were baffled by the simultaneous opposition of all privileged, provincial, and national interests. While doing everything for the people, he had not called the people to aid him in carrying through his work. His work fell from want of support. On his death-bed he acknowledged it fallen. The ancient order of things was fully and speedily restored by his humane but feeble brother, Leopold II., amidst the mutterings of the revolutionary storms from France. The conservatism of Francis and his Ahithophel, Metternich, preserved that order intact down to March, 1848, when a new French revolutionary storm swept over the Continent, reached Vienna, and violently overthrew Metternich and his system. Feudal and clerical Austria was shaken to its foundations. An era of reform, more sweeping than that of Joseph, was now inaugurated by popular and revolutionary agencies.

But this change, too, was transient; the people, in their turn unaided, were not prepared to achieve the work. Want of experience in the leaders, the ignorance of the masses, dissensions and excesses, the clergy and the aristocracy, the court and the army, combined to break it down. The revolution in Hungary was suppressed with the aid of Russia. The triumph of reaction was complete. Constitutional life and religious freedom were both abrogated by decrees of the victorious young Emperor, Francis Joseph. To make this double restoration the more perfect, and the more firmly to guard it against possible new shocks, a concordat was concluded, in 1855, with the See of Rome, in which some of the most essential rights of the citizens as well as of the state were recklessly and ruthlessly bartered away for promises of clerical aid to imperial absolutism. This compact, which subjected all the subjects of Austria, and especially the Catholic portion of them, to a system of clerical supervision extending from the cradle to the grave, was regarded by the enlightened or half-enlightened classes of all denominations as the documentary personification of the most abject slavery. Against it the murmurs of discontent and the shafts of wit and sarcasm were constantly directed; wherever circumstances allowed it, it was assailed with all the weapons of unsparing invective.

"The end of this period"—to speak with Count Anton Auersperg, the immortal "Anastasius Grün"—"is called Solferino." It was followed by a few years of semi-constitutional life in Cis-Leithan (non-Hungarian) Austria, and by futile attempts to pacify Hungary, which were renewed in 1865, when the new general constitution of the empire was discontinued. The end of the succeeding brief period of vacillating and expectant absolutism "is called Königgrätz." Absolutism, propped by ultramontanism, had exhausted all its resources and carried the house of Hapsburg to the very brink of ruin. Italy was given up, the leadership in Germany seized by Prussia, bankruptcy imminent, discontent loud everywhere, dissolution threatening. Francis Joseph was made to understand the full meaning of the crisis. The only means of salvation lay in a speedy and sincere return to constitutional liberty, combined with a full pacification of Hungary, and Francis Joseph adopted it.

The past was entirely discarded. Beust, a Protestant and a stranger, was called to hold the helm formerly held by Metternich and Bach. The constitutional autonomy of Hungary was restored. Her generosity and national vanity were appealed to as in the times of Maria Theresa. A new Reichsrath was assembled, and a new liberal constitution elaborated and promulgated for the Cis-Leithan parts of the empire. An anti-Russian policy was adopted in both the Polish and Turkish questions. Liberal ministries were appointed in both divisions of the empire, the Cis-Leithan consisting chiefly of conspicuous members of the former opposition. A series of reformatory laws was proposed in the Reichsrath by this new ministry.

Three of these bills—the civil marriage law, the law on education, and the inter-denominational law—were directly aimed at the existence of the concordat, which, though virtually broken by the promulgated "fundamental laws," was not yet explicitly repudiated by legal enactments. To these new measures no opposition was expected, and none was offered, on the part of the lower House of the national legislature. Their fate in the upper, the Herrenhaus, seemed to be more doubtful. The issue of a revolution seemed to depend on the decision of an assembly consisting mainly of the highest Austrian nobility, Catholic prelates, and superior functionaries of the state. And this revolution, not as the others were, the product of one power in the empire in antagonism to all the rest, was to be the result of a harmonious action of both the government and the people, and therefore successful, and possibly permanent.

The civil marriage law was the first of the three to be debated by the Herrenhaus. The vote on it was expected to be decisive of the fate of all, the aim and tendency of the three being identical—to wit, the emancipation of the state from the control of the church. The great debate took place on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of last month. Liberal Vienna thronged the galleries and crowded around the edifice, freely expressing its approval or disapproval in half-checked acclamations and hisses. Austria, Germany scrutinized with anxiety the reports flashed by the telegraph. The discussions were dignified, thoroughgoing, and earnest, in some of the speeches, as in that of Count Auersperg, rising to an eloquence worthy of the occasion, while others, like those of Hasner, the Minister of Education, and Herbst, the Minister of Justice, were marked by rare logical strictness and acuteness. The energetic, almost threatening, declarations of the ministers, and chiefly of their president, Prince Carlos Auersperg, the overwhelming vote by which the lower House had adopted the bill, the enthusiastic sympathy of the public, the less ostentatious influence of Beust, presumed to represent the wishes of the Emperor, the natural sequence of events,—were so many weights cast into the liberal scale, in addition to the greater abilities of the liberal orators, against whom Cardinal Rauscher, the principal author of the concordat; Cardinal Prince Schwarzenberg; Count Blome, originally a Danish diplomatist; Count Leo Thun, an eccentric aristocrat; ex-Minister Rechberg, the strongest opponent of the bill, and others, seemed to struggle with the consciousness of unavoidable defeat. They dwelt chiefly on the sacredness of treaties, which, if concluded with the Pope, could not be less binding than if concluded with a railroad company; on the duty of every administration to observe compacts entered into by its predecessors, even after changes in the form of government; on the religious character of marriage; on the regards due to the sentiment of the Catholic majority of the Austrian people, to the martyr-like character of Pius IX., one of the contracting parties, and to the august character of the other, the reigning Emperor, who must not be compelled to repudiate his own signature; on the necessity, in the exhausted and still perilous condition of the state, of avoiding a conflict with the head of the Church, which might not only lead to dangerous agitations "in huts and palaces," but also to humiliations and losses like those suffered by Prussia and Holland in similar conflicts in our century, and possibly to a general conflagration threatening the dissolution of the empire; and finally on the impolicy of cutting through, instead of solving, knotty questions, and of imitating Joseph II., whose attempt proved so disastrous a failure, or the reformers of 1848, who tried to break down the altar in order to reach and assail the throne. On their side, the advocates of the law emphasized the inalienable rights of man, and especially of the state, which can limit for a time, but not indefinitely surrender, its sovereignty; the distinction between ceding, by contracts, the property of individuals or states, and ceding, for the future, their liberty and self-rule; the absurdity of the idea of treaties like the concordat remaining eternally in force in spite of all changes of circumstances, opinions, and forms of government; the nullity of the concordat as concluded, on the part of Austria, by unauthorized, unconstitutional agencies, in a reign which began with a constitutional compact never legally abrogated; the entirely changed relations of both contracting parties, of which one has now lost all, and the other most, of its possessions in Italy; the requirements of the new constitutional system on the basis of which Austria is to be regenerated; the advantages of making the church and the state independent of each other, which would not only restore the sovereignty of the latter, but also raise the moral authority and the true dignity of the former; the often experienced uselessness of negotiations with Rome for rescinding the concordat by common consent; and the impolicy of spurning the moderate demands of the liberal portions of the Austrian people, which, if rejected, would be followed by more exacting clamors, of refusing to remove from the empire a mark of bondage which made it so unpopular abroad, or of exposing it, by compelling the ministry to resign, to a crisis of the utmost peril. These arguments prevailed, and on a second division the liberal cause triumphed by a majority of sixty-nine votes against thirty-four. In favor of the bill voted, among others: two Princes and two Counts Auersperg, Count Chotek, Prince Czartoryski, Count Degenfeld, Landgrave Fürstenberg, Lieutenant-Field-Marshal Gablenz, the old poet Grillparzer, Count Hartig, Field-Marshal Hess, Prince Hohenlohe, Prince Kinsky, ex-Minister Krauss, Prince Liechtenstein, Count Meran, Count Potocki, Baron Rothschild, Oldgrave Salm, Chevalier Schmerling, Admiral Tegethoff, Count Oswald Thurn, Count Waldstein, Count Wickenburg, and Count Wrbna, Jr.

The announcement of this result was received by the crowds in and around the House with outbursts of rapturous enthusiasm. The whole city soon became a scene of feverish excitement. In the evening it was illuminated. The prominent defenders of the law received "ovations." Similar scenes took place in other cities of the empire. At last accounts this general current of popular enthusiasm had not yet subsided, in spite of protests and remonstrances by the clergy, in face of which the ministry, with unshaken determination, was vigorously pressing its cycle of anti-concordat laws through both houses of the legislature. The imperial sanction was expected to be given to all at once, an event which would be the definite conclusion of one of the most disastrous and disgraceful periods in the history of Austria, and would put the seal upon the novel union of the house of Hapsburg with liberty. There are still some who doubt the final consummation of this surprising metamorphosis, and many who doubt its possible duration; but so wonderfully checkered has been the political life of the Austrian empire in the last twenty years, so vital have already been its changes in the last two, and so obviously necessary has liberty become to its future existence, threatened as it is by the Panslavism of Russia and the Pangermanism of Prussia, that a more hopeful view seems also to be a more rational one.

THE BEAUTY OF AMERICAN EDITORS.

THERE are people who have laughed at it, but no one, so far as we know, has seriously set about disproving it, that we, as a people, are able, or, before the flood of foreign immigration set in upon us, were able, to jump to a greater height, come down harder, swim farther, dive deeper, hold our breath longer, come up drier, and scream louder than the British or French or Dutch, or indeed than the Chinese or the subjects of any of the more hoary monarchies. They do say that, as a general thing, we are born easier than foreigners. To be sure, this is not proved beyond doubt, likely as it looks; only one of our magazines says it. That is, as yet; even while we pen these lines it may be going into print wherever the national banner is flung to the breeze—from Alaska to a point on the coast near Beaufort, South Carolina, and across our vast country the other way; from this city or Portland to Galveston. At any rate, whether or not the proof of our exceptionally easy entrance upon life is at this present moment in process of speedy completion, no one will doubt that we die hard, nor that our lives are considerably longer than those of persons over whom is thrown the blighting shadow of thrones and bastilles. American Longevity can proudly lay her hand on statistical tables and boldly appeal to insurance offices to establish that fact. But what ought, we think, to thrill us more than any of the considerations above enumerated, is the fact that, in the matter of extraordinary personal beauty, we are superior to any race on the planet—so far as known. The British Miss Martineau, when she was in this country contemplating our free institutions, confessed the handsomeness of our leading statesmen and most prominent citizens. The same thing has been said by other women, both English and Continental European, in repeated instances; and, of course, in such a matter women are the proper judges. As regards our American women, their pre-eminency is universally admitted. They are the belles of the French court; we have known Germans to cry for them; several of them have married gentlemen from Italy, the land of ideal beauty; and, as for the English, even a Saturday Reviewer has just acknowledged that after gazing upon our women, the Englishman can understand, though he cannot commend, Hawthorne's having so low an opinion of Mrs. Bull's face and figure.

This, we say, we esteem our proudest boast. To be born easy may be no more than accident; to live long may be only to add years of feeble sinfulness to years of energetic crime, and at the best is but to increase labor and sorrow; to excel in jumping high or to be capable of holding the breath for a longer time than people of another nation is pleasant enough, and cause for satisfaction within reasonable limits, but it does not of necessity prove us morally more admirable than they, more magnanimous, wise, and good. Strength, courage, agility, intellectual greatness, may coexist with extreme wickedness; and after all there is no one, child of freedom or monarchist, who does not acknowledge goodness as the truly admirable and honorable, and regard immorality as a reproach to any nation.

Now, physical beauty, in the true sense of the word, in the sense, at any rate, in which it must be that the enlightened witnesses we have cited conceived of it, is but the fleshly manifestation of an inward, spiritual beauty. So, of necessity, the handsomest race and nation is the one with most of moral excellence, most of spontaneous sweetness and goodness, and most capacity for virtue. Foreigners, then, let us say—we do not spend too much time on the various steps of our argument,—foreigners make a serious mistake if they fancy that the content and pleasure which we Americans feel in the consciousness of the national handsomeness arise from gratified pride and vanity, or even from an artistic delight in our physical comeliness as mere comeliness. It is rather an inferential and virtuous joy and rejoicing, based on our knowledge that underlying our external graces are mines of moral beauty of which those external graces are the visible expression. Keeping this in mind, the world outside of the Republic will be able to account for our superiority in personal advantages and our complacent avowal of the fact; and will be able to account for both on a theory more just and honorable to us and less displeasing to them than the one which very likely they are holding now.

If, now, the nation which is most advanced in goodness is the handsomest, and if the American is the nation most advanced in goodness, it may well be that the two hundred gentlemen of the press who banquetted with Mr. Dickens possessed singular charms of form and feature. For no prudent man will deny the virtuousness of the editorial fraternity. For, as has been said a day or two since, by one of themselves, the editor in the United States, "viewed as a laborer in a vast field, deserves the prayers of good people in the task to which he puts his brains and his pen." For "he seeks to elevate and bless men;" and "he does elevate and bless them;" and "patiently, courteously, and genially he labors on, day and night, to give us each day that without which we could not live as communities half as well as we could survive without our meals;" and "we are making the most of our daily lives by what he gives us every morning;" and "he is still at work mining the ore and stamping the coin for our use without failure and without faltering. God bless the editor." After this there is no need of our saying more as to the American editorial character; but it will do no harm, and to some minds it will strengthen the editorial claim to the highest honors paid to unfaltering courage, to patience, to self-sacrifice for the elevation and blessing of others, to constant, genial courtesy—which may be described as Christianity made hard to one and made easy to everybody else—it may, we say, strengthen the editorial claim to such honors if we illustrate and confirm by a single particular instance the validity of the general eulogium above cited. The Memphis *Avalanche* uses this language, in welcoming to Tennessee certain editors of this city. We change the name, for among his other traits the American editor counts modesty. The *Avalanche* says: "Jackson Mulholland, Shield of the Right! Buckler of the Constitution! Champion of Truth! He is in the South. He has the admiration of brave men, the love of our women. His character is refulgent and untarnished, and he

> . . . "Stands like the sun when all around
> Drinks life, and light, and glory from his aspect."

And yet, strong as this is, probably there is not an editor in the profession who does not feel confident that, as a Shield of the Right, Mr. Mulholland would, on a fair trial, be unable, as they say in Texas, to "set him half a turn back."

The object of the *Avalanche's* praises was not, we think, present at the Dickens dinner, and we are without information as to the particular style of his indubitable handsomeness. But of those who were present we have minute descriptions by means of which we learn, as we have said, that their lineaments fitly body forth the soul of loveliness, the moral dignity which, as we see, is theirs. Quite delightful it is to think that among the very last things which Mr. Dickens saw in our country was the remarkable array of beauty described by the observer we have mentioned.

In a seat near the writer sat "one of the editorial writers on that sheet, nearly opposite Mr. Dolby. He has a handsome head of black hair, a moustache and imperial. He wears glasses, and has a happy way of making himself agreeable." Near him was an editor who is "the well-known dramatist," who has beautiful black "hair as straight and glossy as an Indian's; his features are as regular and handsome as a girl's." Not far off was the well-known editor of a handsome monthly, "a man of keen wit," "genial character," and "great executive talent." It is not strange that "his eye is famous for its beauty," and it looks out of "a head less than forty years old." Not a head of hair, for a wonder. It is very noticeable that the particular glory of beauty which seems to have affected our observer most powerfully was that one which he would call "hirsute honors." It suggests to us an idle question as to him himself; whether, for example, he is crowned with "glossy black hair and a moderately heavy moustache and imperial of the same color;" or boasts "hair rich and black as a raven's wing, parted in the middle and curled in beautiful ringlets," while "a deep black moustache contrasts finely with his pale face;" or whether he rejoices in "dark hair, and a heavy and long, light moustache, the ends of which stand out from his face;" or prefers "dark hair, with a black beard which he confines to the under part of his chin;" or "shaves his cheeks, leaving a fine moustache and full chin-whiskers (hair of a dark brown color);" or whether, as it might be if he has passed the period of youth, "his hair is mixing grey with its darker hue," and "his moustache and side-whiskers are iron-grey;" or, as would be natural in case he is of "a fair blonde, almost childish complexion," his hair is straight and light brown, or "light hair with English side-whiskers," or "dark brown hair parted nearly in the centre." Our own belief is that he is perfectly bald. That fear occurs to the reader who notes how, as certainly as if he had been a hair-dresser, the luxuriance of the editorial locks agitates him. Here, under our eye, is as good an example of the relative value which he sets upon tresses as can be given: "This gentleman was decidedly the most impressive man in his personal appearance who sat at any table of the Dickens dinner on Saturday night. . . . His head is a massive one. . . Add to his massive head a full, wavy mass of dark brown hair, and a very full, very long, and very luxuriant beard."

But we have no uncontrollable wish to be impertinent in our remarks. Doubtless the reporter's laying peculiar emphasis upon beards, moustaches, and hair is quite consistent with his never having been inside a barber's shop, and with his being able to sit on his back-hair when he lets it down. For of the various components of beauty—which, as has been said, we Americans possess in such combination that we are handsomer than any other collection of men and women—it is not to be forgotten that in some special traits we fall short—we may as well confess to the supremacy of the American dentist over his foreign rivals—and it is not less to be remembered that the one in which we are hardest to beat is our hair. The barber of a foreign seaport town will tell you that, of all the people of various nationalities who pass through his hands, the race most careful of its hair, which adorns it most, and takes most pains with it, is the American. Our beards are the wonder of the close-shaven European giaours, and the admiration of such as attempt rivalship; they win us the respect of the Turk even, whose father's beard is a part of his religion, and whose own is the object of an almost sacred care. Many a deck-hand on a Western steamboat wears a moustache that a sedulous Austrian major of cavalry might envy; many a Sunday-school picnic in Massachusetts shows a rich variety of colors and textures in "heads" that would shame a Parisian shop-window full of chignons. It is not surprising, therefore, that a person taking down notes of the personal appearance of a number of American editors, intending to publish them, if he could get permission to do so; not consciously taking them for the purpose of illustrating any theory, but simply to show us what his eye saw—it is not surprising, we say, that he should have spent his strength upon the hair, moustache, and beard. To sum up the argument: beauty of hair, moustache, and beard is chief among the constituents of our national beauty; it is the good who are the beautiful; editors are best among the good; editors ought, then, to be very beautiful and pretty hairy; but it is editors whom our observer was describing; therefore he did well, and is not necessarily bald or a barber because he devotes himself with enthusiasm to hair.

No theory of national application is to be scrutinized too strictly in all its details; and no rule is without exceptions. There are unmoral, even immoral, gentlemen of the press in this country—men foul-mouthed and impudent, rather than courteous, patient, and modest; servers of party—the property of politicians, rather than Shields of the Right; innocent of knowledge, devoid of taste, without high ambitions, rather than honest instructors of the people; accepters of bribes, reckless of truth—persons, therefore, whose outside man would hardly prepossess an inspector of it. And good men may, it is not denied, be of uncomely appearance. We are pleased to notice, however, that our observer does not seek out such to gloat over the homeliness consequent on their deviations from virtue. He is as easy as possible, finding some good to say of every one. If a man is not a model of beauty he is, at any rate, "thick-set;" or he has "a full suit of black, swallow-tailed coat and all;" or he "is brother of the celebrated Orange Judd;" or he is "dressed in the most exquisite taste, having the most Frenchy look of any gentleman present;" or "no man fills a chair better;" or he "tells nice stories of actors and actresses;" or he is, "a stranger would think, a thoroughly genial companion;" or he "can be merry be-

times," and is writing a life of General Grant, or there is some other redeeming point about him.

As for our moral—we hardly know. Much logic of a close kind is as fatiguing as loose logic. If inconsequence may be pardoned for a moment, we should say that something like this would be a passably good moral: "Exercise much discretion as to the sort of man you let take a seat among your guests;" or this: "Mind with whom you eat;" or this might do: "Here's to the press; nothing can make it disgusting but itself."

ENGLAND.

LONDON, April 10, 1868.

THE Irish Church is to become the great bone of political contention for the next few months or, it may be, years. The relations between the church and the state are so complicated that they cannot be summarily altered by any single act of legislation. There are innumerable vested interests which require careful handling and afford abundant opportunity for protracted party fights. If Mr. Disraeli and his party choose to take advantage of every defensive position offered by the nature of the case, they may continue the struggle for years; and perhaps the best hope for a speedy termination lies in Mr. Disraeli's character for insincerity. He may, it is hoped, be disposed once more to undertake the "education" of his party and lead them into a position from which they are at present inclined to shrink.

It must be said that the progress hitherto made does not hold out much hopes for this result. It is a satisfactory circumstance that the Liberal party have rallied upon the main point and have carried the first division by a decisive majority. They must, however, count upon a dogged opposition. The Government tactics showed Mr. Disraeli's usual acuteness, though on this occasion he went too far and rather outwitted himself. The manœuvring was instructive. Lord Stanley was first put up to effect a diversion. His high character for independence and for a certain cool common-sense has been more than once put to good use by Mr. Disraeli. Last session, for example, before the true character of the Government bill was known, he declared that Government would never consent to household suffrage, and his words were received with a confidence which would scarcely have been given to the Prime Minister. As I need not say, the confidence was deceived, and Lord Stanley's reputation was so far injured to no purpose. On the present occasion he has done himself still more harm by condescending to be turned into a catspaw. He proposed an amendment and supported it by a speech which could only mean one thing, namely, that although nothing could well be done in the present Parliament, some modifications were imperatively necessary; and by "modifications" every one understood the depriving the State Church of some part of its endowment. This equivocal line of policy disgusted the Conservatives without pleasing the opposition. Lord Stanley (whose Church sentiments are suspected of undue liberality) put it forward with a hesitating manner which disgusted his followers. Lord Cranbourne, the Tory Abdiel, denounced his former colleague's speech with extreme bitterness, declaring it to be a symptom that the Irish Church was about to suffer from traitors in office, just as the British constitution had suffered a year ago. The attempt at evading a plain issue failed; and Mr. Disraeli's ministry thereupon accepted the line of uncompromising bigotry. They practically threw over Lord Stanley's guidance, and raised the cry of "no surrender." They explained that "modifications" merely meant a different arrangement of church property within the Church, but by no means an abandonment of a single penny that belonged to it. Mr. Gathorne Hardy (Mr. Gladstone's successor in the favor of the University of Oxford) rose to something like eloquence, and certainly called out the genuine party fervor in claiming the complete sanctity of the Church property, and maintaining that any and every interference with it was no better than sacrilege. Mr. Disraeli himself was obliged to follow suit in a strange speech, mixing, after his fashion, felicitous satire with the most astonishing series of pompous paradoxes. One bit of his political philosophy is characteristic enough to be noticed. It had been said with undeniable truth that the Church of Ireland was a badge of conquest. Mr. Disraeli replied that England, too, had been conquered by Cromwell and by William III., but that no one ever said that the Constitution of 1688 was a badge of conquest, or retained any rancor against Cromwell's party. When a prime minister, and a very able prime minister, talks nonsense which would degrade a clever lad at a debating club, one cannot but fancy that he must know it to be nonsense. And if that belief be well founded, we may yet see him escaping from a creed which is too flimsy to impose even upon himself, and abandoning a position which is plainly indefensible.

Meanwhile, the threats of dissolution which had been freely used in the ministerial papers, and more ambiguously suggested by Mr. Disraeli himself, seem to have died away; and the ministry, although in a minority, will continue to struggle against the inevitable without appealing to the country. They affect to hope that the Protestant bigotry of England may still be awakened, and that the new Parliament may relieve the besieged garrison of the Irish Church. I think that their expectations will be as signally falsified as will their pleasant delusion that a lower class of society than that which now enjoys the franchise will prove to be more conservative. We shall see before long; and, meanwhile, speculations are not very useful. It is plain that the Tory party has now got into a position where the only effectual arguments are majorities. They are planted immovably in the most dogged British prejudices, and they cannot be reasoned out of this stronghold, though they may be forcibly expelled from it. At least, if Mr. Disraeli is equal to the task of inducing them to come out of themselves, he will prove himself a greater conjurer than any one has yet suspected.

The most remarkable change amongst the political leaders is still the improving position of Mr. Bright. In speaking to the Conservatives he has lately adopted an amusingly encouraging tone. He speaks to them as a father might speak to a boy unwilling to take his advice. See, he says, how naughty you were—how you refused free trade and the lowering of the franchise, and declared that they were too nasty to be swallowed. Now you have taken them you find that, instead of a nasty pill, I was really giving you something to do you good. Pray trust me, and take this one dose more! The remarkable thing is that the Conservatives seem to like this language, and have cheered Mr. Bright almost as much as his own side. When the next change of ministry takes place, Mr. Bright must undoubtedly occupy a conspicuous place.

Coming events, we all know, cast their shadows before; and the influence of a new Parliament is not equivocally felt in these questions. The Conservatives have become more malleable; they fight with the consciousness that in another year they may have to receive laws from a very different set of masters. I may notice one or two small incidents which go to illustrate the resulting change. Thus, it has scarcely been remarked that flogging has at last disappeared from the English army—at least in time of peace. The cat o'-nine tails has died without a struggle; scarcely a tear has been shed above its grave; and yet it was not long since it was one of the many palladia of the British constitution. Various measures have lately been adopted tending to restrict its use; but its sudden abolition has passed almost without notice. Whatever may be said for flogging from an abstract point of view, it had the plain disadvantage of forming the greatest popular argument against enlistment; and in an army which depends entirely upon voluntary recruiting, that disadvantage should be conclusive. Add the fact that the friends and relatives of floggable persons will now have a direct influence on the election of members of Parliament, and the abolition of the cat is easily explained.

Another symptom of coming changes is rather more curious. The House of Lords has suddenly awakened to the consciousness that it is rather behind the times. It has been going to sleep and doing nothing. It has not ventured for years to take any determined stand; it has thrown out a few bills which had passed the Commons, but only when they were bills about which no popular feeling was excited; in short, it has confined itself to acting in a very humble way as a drag. The natural consequence is that the attendance in the House is generally scanty. Except on a few grand field-nights, the noble chamber of the Lords is filled by less than a score of old gentlemen, who take good care to get their work over by dinner-time. In the House of Commons the benches become thin at that sacred hour, but there is always some one ready to talk even to thin benches in so powerful an assembly. No one will take the trouble to raise his voice in the utter wilderness of the House of Lords. Occasionally, it is true, a more important debate is raised by some of the legal luminaries, who rouse themselves from their dignified repose to express an opinion on some question of law; and with such men as Lord Cairns and Lord Westbury as members, supported by some of the most distinguished of English lawyers, the House of Lords may at such rare intervals sustain a comparison with the lower chamber. As a rule, it is a picture of indolent repose. I do not suppose that the disease admits of a remedy by any measure short of giving more real weight to the opinion of the House. It has been felt, however, that the scandal has been much increased by the use of proxies. When the opinion of the peers who have actually shared in a debate has been upset by the voices of those who were absent, the decision certainly loses moral authority; and the possibility of exercising their legislative influence in this way enables a large part of the peerage to pass their noble existences

with few and rare visits to the House, and to content themselves with handing over their share of legislative power to their friends. Proxies are therefore to be abolished for the future, and if a noble lord wants to vote he must take the trouble of coming to the House. Other rules of a more technical character are meant to secure a better attendance upon the committees at which private business is despatched, and it is hoped that by this means some of the most glaring scandals of our hereditary legislation will be removed.

One other reform would do more to set the poor old upper chamber on its legs, and though it was scornfully rejected in the case of Lord Wensleydale some years ago, I think it may probably be heard of again. He received a life peerage, and the House of Lords indignantly refused to allow that the appointment was constitutional, fearing that if Government could make peers for life without ennobling a man's descendants, they would have no scruple in a temporary swamping of the House of Lords. If things go on as they are, they ought to be too glad to secure an element of able men who could give some real weight to their debates. The divergence between the House of Lords and the Household Parliament is likely to be wider than that which at present exists between the chambers, and if the Upper House is not to sink even below its present insignificance, it must strengthen itself in some way to sustain competition with a popular assembly.

Correspondence.

THE TREATY-MAKING POWER.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: As you have several times discussed a question, in relation to the public debt, in which it is supposed our national credit and reputation for good faith are involved, I venture to call your attention to the discussion of a kindred subject which does not seem to have attracted that careful scrutiny to which its nature and importance entitle it. I allude to the obligation of performing treaty stipulations and the supposed prerogative of the House of Representatives in such matters. Recent discussions in the House indicate that some respectable jurists entertain the opinion that when a treaty has been made by the President and ratified by the Senate, there is yet a complete and constitutional discretion in the House whether it will make the necessary appropriation to carry the treaty into effect.

Among their many great and undoubted benefits, it is one of the evils of all written constitutions that they have a tendency to limit the range of legal study and of legal views. Some of our most conscientious public men are in the habit of treating great questions of public law as if some one clause of the Constitution of the United States contained and expressed all the law in the world on that subject.

In all constitutional governments, and especially in those with written constitutions, there are two sorts of checks. One is the strictly constitutional, the positive, the expressed negative—the affirmative check distinctly provided for. The other is the negative check, the check of silence, inaction—felt not by what is done but by what is not done. Of the first kind is a disagreement of the two Houses, the veto of the President, the dissent of the Senate where its assent is required, and some judgments of the courts upon constitutional questions. Of the second kind would be the refusal of Congress, or its failure, to appropriate money, or levy troops, to carry on a war; and a more violent example would be the omission of the States to send senators to Congress, by which the operation of the Government would be suspended.

Under the Constitution no money can be paid out of the Treasury but by virtue of a law appropriating it, and no money can be either raised or appropriated without the consent and the action of the House. This has led some to the conclusion that foreign nations must be held to treat with us in view of this fact, and that, whether they have it in view or not, it confers on the House a constitutional and rightful discretion whether a treaty shall be carried into effect. This view does not embrace the whole case.

A public debt can only be created by virtue of law, or by the exercise of a power conferred by law. When created, its only effect and its only security is a pledge of the public faith, the public honor, the public sense of justice. Although created by law, it is not legally binding in the sense of being enforced by a legal sanction, or calling into activity a definite legal remedy, or being the command of a superior. The individual creditor can only petition, the sovereign creditor is remitted to the last resort.

Sovereign nations, as independent, equal, free bodies politic, have their own agencies and organs of outward manifestation to their neighbors and coequals for effecting any desired agreement. The usual form of that agreement is a treaty. The mode adopted by each for thus binding itself under the public law of the world is that part of its own exterior public law which it may make for itself, and which others must take notice of, and which they are supposed to have in view when treating. The mode adopted by each for carrying the treaty into effect in matters requiring separate action, and which the treaty cannot regulate, is that public internal law, and that corresponding municipal enactment, which others are not required to consider, and cannot be held to have treated with any view to it. So much of the Constitution as regulates the making of treaties is thus specially addressed to foreign nations, while so much of the Constitution as relates to raising and appropriating money refers to all financial affairs, and as much to one public debt as to another—it is interior law.

In some countries the crown alone makes treaties; in some, as in small republics, the senate alone makes them, and in some two departments of the government, executive and legislative, are required to concur. In some, where legislative ratification is necessary, it applies only to certain treaties, as those appertaining to the public domain. Thus each selects for itself its own mode of obliging itself by treaty, and all others must notice that mode But it would be as impracticable, as it would be unjust to one and derogatory to the other, to give to internal municipal action the effect now claimed for it in the House.

From the foregoing premises and from the Constitution, from the practice of the Government, from various judicial opinions, and from standard and approved commentaries, may be drawn the following conclusions:

In the United States the treaty-making power is vested exclusively in the President and the Senate, and a treaty made and ratified by them becomes a part of the supreme law of the land. Whether this is a wise and safe provision is a political question not now involved, but which was fully discussed in framing and adopting the Constitution.

A debt contracted or any money promise made by such a treaty necessarily occupies precisely the same position as any other public debt or money engagement entered into by law, a treaty being as much a law for this purpose as a statute authorizing a loan.

Therefore, the House has precisely the same power over such a debt, the same discretion as to paying it, that it has over the payment of the bonds for the public debt—using payment in its general sense, without reference to the question whether it shall be in gold or greenbacks. The bonds cannot be paid without an appropriation, and that appropriation cannot be made without the consent of the House.

A treaty which creates or defines the rights of certain persons in or to certain things, may and must be, on proper occasion, directly acted upon by the courts, which take judicial notice of it as a part of the supreme law of the land. But a treaty which promises that something shall be done internationally, as the payment of money, or infra-territorially, as a municipal enactment or regulation, or other matter requiring executive or political action, cannot be executed by the courts, but is a promise by one sovereign to another, with no guarantee but that of good faith, and depends upon the political department of the government for execution. The foundation of this difference between judicial and political execution is, that one affects men and things, and the other external, international obligations. But that which is supreme law for one department of the government is supreme law to the other. A president or a judge might be impeached for openly and wantonly violating a treaty or disregarding it. A legislator cannot and ought not to be arraigned for voting or not voting a particular way, but it is a question with his conscience and his constituents whether he has obeyed the law of the land.

A money promise made to a foreign government by a treaty is just as much a public debt, and rests quite as plainly on the supreme law of the land, as if it had been promised in a statute passed by both Houses of Congress, or even in an amendment to the Constitution. The question of appropriating money to pay the debt remains precisely the same, and the relations of the House to that question would be precisely the same in each case.

Finally, in most countries, as in England, the treaty-making power, embracing, of course, the power to promise whatever can be promised by a treaty, is vested exclusively in the crown; while performance of the promise, when it does not embrace mere executive action, or money is required to carry the treaty into effect, depends on the concurring legislation of Parliament. In our case the power to promise, and to put the promise on a footing with statutes and the Constitution, an effect not given to treaties in most other countries, is with the President and Senate; while House, Sen-

ate, and President must concur in performance. But non-performance, in the case of a treaty promise to pay money, is just as much a refusal to pay a debt lawfully contracted as would be the non-payment of bonds for money borrowed by authority of a Congressional statute.

To what extent we should be injured by a refusal to comply with a treaty negotiated in the way provided by our own Constitution, how much it would affect our financial standing and our diplomatic influence abroad, and how much our diplomacy would be crippled by practically compelling the treaty-making power to take, in advance, the sense of the House on all such measures, are political questions of fact which do not fall within this discussion. Similar considerations, though not in the same degree, should make the Senate very careful in declining to ratify treaties negotiated at our own instance. Y.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, April 7, 1868.

[We think our correspondent attaches rather too much importance to the moral aspect of the reluctance of the House to pay for Alaska. Failure to pay for it could hardly affect our financial standing abroad to the same degree as failure to pay our bonds, for the simple reason that, in the case of Alaska, if the money is not paid, the goods are returned. In the other case, we have borrowed money and spent it, and are not able to return it. Of course, if we keep Alaska and do not pay for it, it will be a swindle, and we believe a unique swindle, on the part of somebody.—ED. NATION.]

THE WEST IN FAVOR OF REPUDIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Let me assure you your earnestness in fighting repudiation has by no means been expended upon phantoms. Repudiation is a scheme dearly cherished in parts of the West, and especially is it dear to the Democratic party.

Some day, if the opportunity offers, words and threats will be put in actual deeds of legislation.

If your correspondent, "S. C.," believes men in the West are too good to tamper with the national credit, I would beg to call his attention to the recent enactments of the Ohio Legislature. Do you suppose that men who, in the face of facts and the very foundation principles of a republican form of government, can disfranchise the voting colored people of this State, or snatch from the hands of students at institutions of learning and soldiers at soldiers' homes the ballot, will hesitate a moment to rob the widows and orphans as well as the rich bondholders?

From these diabolical acts let us learn a lesson on a miniature scale what the ruling party of this State will do if it ever becomes the ruling party of the United States. We certainly can have or can need no better warning. Our nation's credit can be kept good only by keeping its promises. Lenders of money will respect it when it becomes a sure and profitable investment. The United States will be able to borrow money at as low rates as other nations as soon as the rates of other investments are equally reduced. The supply certainly has something to do with the demand in this case.

If we can receive eight or ten per cent. on deposits and twelve and fourteen on safe loans, we certainly should be foolish to buy insecure national bonds at five and six per cent. in gold. The fact is, the United States is borrowing money cheaper to-day than any other nation, if we consider the rates of interest usual in the West. Repudiation ought to be sounded from the East; but there is no denying it, it is a child of the West.

In the midst of this corruption of the Democracy it behooves all to watch with an eagle eye the next Presidential election, and as far as possible to put the right men of principle in important places of public trust.

Yours very truly, J. S. PALMER.

GREENVILLE, O., April 23, 1868.

DISHONESTY IN OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Referring to my letter in the *Nation* of April 16 and your note thereto, I beg to state that in expressing a desire on the part of the West to see the "management of the revenues committed to honest men," I did not intend to make personal allusion to the Secretary of the Treasury, nor to any individual whomsoever. I believe with you that Mr. McCulloch is both honest and capable; and I believe that a large majority of his subordinates are worthy of the same commendation.

Yet I propose to justify the words quoted above, as follows:

The distillation of spirits was for many years an important part of the business of this city. In 1860 there were seven distilleries running here; capital invested, $700,000; annual product, 5,000,000 gallons; value of annual product, about $1,500,000. There are now eleven distilleries here in running order; capital invested, say $1,000,000; annual capacity, 8,000,000 gallons; value of legitimate annual product, eqclusive of tax, about $2,500,000. But not one of these establishments is in operation; most of them have been closed for over two years; thousands of barrels of spirits are lying here in bonded warehouses, the owners not being willing to pay the tax and put them upon the market. The tax is $2 per gallon; the market price, tax paid (!), is $1 65.

Let us assume the cost of carriages manufactured in New Haven to be $500; and let us suppose a law enacted imposing a tax of 600 per centum on carriages; the proper value of a carriage would then be $3,500. If afterward new carriages should be everywhere offered for sale at $2,500, each bearing a revenue officer's certificate that $3,000 tax had been paid on it; if New Haven makers closed their shops, as they would be compelled to do in such a case; and if some one, in view of these and similar facts all over the country, should say that a wish prevailed at a certain point of the compass to have the "management of the revenues committed to honest men," where would be the harm? The phrase is unobjectionable, I think, provided "management" be taken distributively, as applicable to all concerned in carrying out the revenue laws.

Not to make a longer digression from my original subject, repudiation, I heartily approve your views as to the need of a general reform in the civil service, of which the management of the revenues is but a branch, and so close. S. C.

PEORIA, Ill., April 25, 1868.

THE GREAT TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION

The age of the *Sequoiæ* (misprinted *Seguoya*) is greatly overstated in your interesting article in last issue. The rings of annual growth have been repeatedly counted on the stump of the giant which was cut down in the Calaveras Grove in 1853, and alluded to in your article as the "Old Maid." They do not exceed 1255, but as a portion at the centre is decayed, it is safe to say that the age of the tree was not less than 1300 years, nor was it probably much, if at all, older than this. Hooker and other early writers were led into a very natural error respecting the age of these trees from counting the rings in a section cut from near the outer diameter and from the number of rings in a foot of thickness, computing the number for the radius of ten or fifteen feet. This mode of computation overlooked the important fact that the rapidity of growth greatly diminished as the age of the tree advanced. Hence fifty years in the first century of the age of one of the monarchs of the forest occupied as much space on the radius as two centuries or more near the outer circumference. Moreover, it is a curious fact, but natural enough, that these annual growths make a sort of meteorological register, chronicling the more or less favorable seasons of growth, corresponding to periods of extreme drouth or to very favorable seasons. Thus, several rings in succession are of about identical thickness, indicating a uniform condition of growth; then may follow one or two of remarkable magnitude, and again several of very noticeable narrowness, one or two perhaps indicating a period of almost entire rest. It would be both curious and instructive to compare these natural records with known periods of extreme drouth and rainfall, of which several have been observed since the occupation of the country by Europeans, about ninety years. Should such a comparison show coincidences with these known meteorological epochs, starting from a given date, as 1853, when the Calaveras tree was felled, it would be easy to fix the exact date of all periods of greatly diminished or increased growth, and from these data possibly some law of succession in the order of such events might be evolved.

The diameter of the particular tree in question, at the base, is said to have been 30 feet before the bark was removed. A portion of the shaft now resting upon the ground was six feet above the roots, twenty-six feet through, also without the bark. This tree was cut down by the use of large augers boring holes as close side by side as possible, the labor of five men for twenty-five working days being required to accomplish the work. No other of the big trees in either the Calaveras or Mariposa Grove has been cut down. The "Mother of the Forest," also in the Calaveras Grove, was stripped of its bark for 116 feet upwards from the ground. This tree is now dead, of course, the scaffolding by which the perilous work of removing the bark was accomplished still standing, and thus denuded measures 78 feet in circumference and 327 feet in height. It was a section of the bark from this tree which was shown in New York in 1853–4, and which

was afterwards set up at Sydenham Palace, London, where it was destroyed by fire.

All the trees of notable magnitude in the Calaveras Grove have been named by various visitors, some of them absurdly enough, from various statesmen and persons of local fame, while others bear the names of WASHINGTON, BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, etc. One group is distinguished by the names of TORREY, GRAY, and DANA, neatly engraved on tablets of marble attached to the shafts, twenty feet from the ground; and with equally good taste another group carries the names of HOOKER, LINDLEY, and HUMBOLDT.

A very erroneous notion has obtained credence that the number of these gigantic trees in California is very restricted. On the contrary, they are found in great numbers at a certain elevation of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet or more, all the way from the Calaveras Grove, near Murphy's, southward into Tulare County, over a hundred and fifty miles in extent, dotted here and there among the stately "sugar pine" and magnificent spruce trees. The observations of Messrs. Brewer, King, and Gardner, of the Geological Survey, have added greatly to our knowledge of the geographical range of this magnificent tree, while the superb photographs by Watkins, of San Francisco, have made the portraits of the grizzly giant and other "wood gods" of that region familiar to many both here and abroad.

There is a curious sort of tannin surrounding the minute seeds of this gigantic Sequoia, which is perfectly soluble in water, giving a fine reddish-purple ink, which flows well from the pen. This substance has never been chemically examined. If the mustard seed was deemed worthy of mention for minuteness as compared with the plant which grew from it, what will be said of the seed of the Sequoia, which hardly exceed in magnitude those of the mustard! The cones of this conifer are rarely over two inches in length by one inch in diameter.

ONE WHO IS PERSONALLY FAMILIAR WITH THE FACTS.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MOORHEAD, SIMPSON & BOND announce "Alethitheras; or, Travels by Land and Sea"—a satirical work, of which the author's name is not given. ——Charles Scribner & Co. announce a novel, entitled "Margaret: a Story of Life on a Prairie Farm." It is by a new American author.—— Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, our readers will be glad to hear, intends issuing a volume of the later poems of Aubrey De Vere—the best of Ireland's recent poets, and to Protestants as readable a Catholic author in poetry as Newman is in prose.

——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have put Fritz Reuter's "In the Year '13" into cloth, and Mr. Bristed's "Interference Theory of Government" into paper, for the reason that the one deserves more than a transient reading, and the other more than a limited circulation among those who would choose to pay a dollar for it in cloth. We have already indicated why we should be very glad of an extensive sale for both these books, which of course belong under very different categories. The novel with the awkward title is one of the most artistic and pleasing bits of history to be found, we think, in any literature. Mr. Bristed's pamphlet is valuable for the freedom and independence which he generally brings to the discussion of any subject, and for its drawing attention to certain tendencies of our society which need to be seriously considered in the light of all attained and attainable experience, whether Mr. Bristed is right or wrong in opposing them. A new and revised edition within the means of almost everybody ought not to lie long unsold on the shelves of the publishers. The same house have issued a cloth-bound edition, in four volumes of the well-known Tauchnitz size, of the sermons of the late F. W. Robertson. In this pretty edition four books, eminently fit for companions, put on a most companionable appearance.

——The success of Fletcher and Kidder's "Brazil and the Brazilians," lately reviewed by us in its sixth edition, and now issued in its eighth, is merited, if only for the pains which the editors take to keep the book abreast of the progress of the Empire, and so maintain its value both as a guide-book and a history. In their present preface they call attention to the two great commercial reforms by which the Amazon has been opened, since Sept. 7, 1867, to the flags of all nations throughout its course, and the coast trade likewise from Pará to Rio Grande do Sul. "The result of the new policy is beyond the most sanguine expectation. The exports and imports of Pará for October and November, 1867, were double those of 1866," and greater developments may of course be expected. Emigration, too, say the editors, is getting systematized, and, with all the mistakes that have been made and false anticipations indulged, "many Southerners have succeeded and are succeeding in Brazil." The number of slaves has been diminished 1,600,000 since 1853, leaving 1,400,000 to be emancipated ere long. An important aid to abolition is the direct taxation which the Paraguayan war has rendered compulsory. This conflict "has done more to give Brazil a national feeling than any event since 1822," and its "history and aims have been more persistently misrepresented than those of any other war of modern times," our civil war excepted. Passing from which to coffee and cotton, the editors report, as Agassiz has done, the prizes awarded to Brazil for these products at the Paris Exposition, where also the drug *Guaraná* attracted much notice as an anti-febrile remedy. Prof. Laboulaye has offered to write an introduction for a French translation of this work.

——Dr. Francis Lieber, whose works on political science are well known, has lately circulated a very brief and compact essay on "The National Polity as the Normal Type of Modern Government." His main thesis is that the national polity is to our own epoch what the feudal system was to the Middle Ages, and, under certain conditions, the city-state to antiquity —the characteristic form of the political development of the period. Connected with the national polity, he remarks, as characteristic of the modern epoch, "the general endeavor to define more clearly, and to extend more widely, human rights and civil liberty;" and further, the flourishing at one and the same time of many leading nations, each independent, yet together forming a community of nations under the restraint and protection of the law of nations, and in the bonds of a common civilization. The thought is not altogether novel, but it is one that deserves more attention than it has yet received from political students. The development of the national polity and the community of nations are not only marked features of the improvement in human relations in recent times, but indicate the growth of political and social conditions under which the progress of mankind is likely to become much more rapid, secure, and uninterrupted than in previous historical ages. It is worth noting that the word "nationality," which for the past twenty years has had so prominent a part in political discussions, is now used with a significance altogether different from its original meaning. A good definition of "nationality," in a political sense, is much needed. M. Cochut, in a paper on "Nationalities" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for August, 1866, ascribes to Madame de Staël the first use of the word in French in its modern meaning. We doubt if it is to be found used in its political sense in the works of any English author of repute, before the revolutions of 1848 brought it into European diplomacy.

——A bill has been introduced in the California Assembly projecting a university system on a more symmetrical and comprehensive scale than that of any of the older States of the Union. We gave in our last volume some account of the proposed voluntary disincorporation of the College of California in favor of the Agricultural College, when the latter should fairly come into existence. The bill provides for a State College of Agriculture, which is to be established first in order, a State College of Mechanic Arts, a State College of Mines, a State College of Civil Engineering, and perhaps others of a kindred nature; along with a State College of Letters, Colleges of Medicine, Law, etc., etc., all under the head of a State University. It is also wisely arranged that other colleges now or to be established may be affiliated with the University, the President of which will be *ex officio* a member of their faculties. Students may be received from them, examined, and awarded degrees for proficiency in either general or special branches of learning. A Board of Regents, twenty-two in number, will constitute the government of the University, embracing the Governor of the State, the Lieutenant-Governor, Speaker of the Assembly, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, President of the State Agricultural Society, President of the San Francisco Mechanics' Institute, eight members to be nominated by the Governor, and eight chosen by the foregoing fourteen. The endowments in land and money are already very large.

——Many of our readers must have met M. de Chabrol, a French gentleman of a Legitimist family, but in politics a Catholic democrat of the Montalembert school. He made a long visit to this country a year ago and devoted himself to a very careful examination of "our institutions," a task for which he was unusually well prepared both by nature and education. He has, since his return to France, published in the *Correspondant*, a Catholic monthly review, a very interesting paper on the "Political Parties in the United States," containing the result of his researches. The earlier portion of it, in which he sketches the history of the great political parties is exceedingly clear and accurate, and his statement of the immediate causes of the rebellion and of the condition of the political world since the close of the war displays not only great skill in arrangement, but a great deal of

insight. In describing and explaining what he himself saw he is for obvious reasons less successful, and has frequently given way to that passion for generalizing which is the besetting sin of French political writers. For instance, it will pain the *Tribune* to hear that when Horace Greeley went bail for Jefferson Davis "more than six thousand subscribers at the Far-West at once stopped their paper." We ourselves, we confess, were not aware that one reason why the Irish are generally Democratic is that their love of city life and of the profession of "'longshoremen" makes them friends of foreign commerce and therefore of free trade. It will also be new to "*all* the most distinguished writers of the North," that they write for the New York Loyal Publication Society; and to the Harvard professors, that "during the war they wrote a series of articles which they sent every week to four hundred little country papers." The essay is marked by many inaccuracies of this kind, which take away somewhat from the weight of the author's conclusions, inasmuch as it is from a mass of details, each perhaps trifling in itself, that general conclusions, either in politics or society, are formed. But it is nevertheless a valuable contribution to the literature of the war, more vigorous though less accurate than M. Laugel's, but vastly superior in every way to anything produced by M. de Gasparin.

—Among recent historical works published in Germany we find mention of Johannes Scherr's "Ein Trauerspiel in Mexico" (The Mexican Tragedy); Leipsic: Wigand. It is a judicial examination of the parts taken by Napoleon and Maximilian respectively in the subjugation of Mexico, with liberal chastisement of their priestly abettors at Rome and in the "Terra Caliente." Scherr's estimate of the character of Maximilian is said to be uncommonly just. The same author publishes "1848–1851. Eine Komödie der Weltgeschichte" (A Comedy from the World's History), in three volumes, of which the treatment is much lighter than that of the work just cited, as the titles indicate. It has a prologue, full of sharp sallies; a prelude, involving *inter alia* the election of Pope Pius IX. in 1846, and the late King Ludwig's connection with Lola Montez; a development (*Entwickelung*), embracing the French Revolution in February, 1848, the infection of German liberalism, and the March revolutions in Vienna and Berlin. The second volume opens with the unravelling (*Verwickelung*), or the parliamentary contests; the third contains the winding up (*Abwickelung*), the triumph of reaction. In this dramatic form the author has great scope for reckless handling, of which he is sufficiently fond, and lays about him right and left, belaboring the priests, as before, with especial vigor.——Eduard Arnd publishes "Geschichte der Jahre 1860 bis 1867;" Leipsic: Duncker & Humblot. He had previously contributed to Becker's "History of the World" the history of the period 1848–1860, so that his present work is a direct continuation of the former, although other editors are now charged with the completion of Becker. Arnd's work is meeting with a lively sale, and is heartily commended for its clear exposés, sound judgments, and sure sightedness.——Engelmann publishes at Leipsic the third volume of S. Sugenheim's "Geschichte des deutschen Volkes und seiner Cultur von den ersten Anfängen historischer Kunde bis zur Gegenwart" (History of the German People and its Civilization from the beginning of historical knowledge to the present time). The first volume extended to Charlemagne, the second to the downfall of the Hohenstaufens; the present ends with the rise of modern history (1273–1477). The work is to be completed in three more volumes, and the author, by expressing his contempt for those who attempt great things without finishing them, seems to imply a determination to carry out his programme at all hazards.

—The *Deutsches Wörterbuch* of the brothers Grimm began to be published at Leipsic in 1852. It was to contain every word used in German literature from Luther to Goethe. Ten years were consumed in completing the first three volumes; the fourth and fifth are yet incomplete. Five years were required to produce Parts I. and II. of Vol. IV.; four years for Parts I.–VII. of Vol. V., which begins with the letter K. Part VII. has but just been published by Hirzel, and contains only so much of the vocabulary as is included between the words "Knirren" and "Kommen." R. Hildebrand has the eighth part in hand, and K. Weigand, at Giessen, the third and fourth of Vol. IV. These three, the publishers announce, will soon be through the press; but it is feared that nothing short of a national adoption of the undertaking will infuse into it life enough to encourage subscribers with the hope of seeing it completed.

—Friedrich Schmitt, a well-known teacher of singing in Munich, has published a work entitled "A New System for Learning German Pronunciation, with a New Classification of the Alphabet." The author complains that his countrymen pronounce their own language badly, and attributes it partly to the word-mangling of the nursery, partly to the defective teaching of the primary schools, and partly to the carelessness of grown-up people. Mr. Schmitt promises by his method to correct imperfect utterance of every description, to enable Germans to acquire foreign languages with unusual readiness, and—what is most interesting to us—to enable foreigners quickly to master German.

—From the Berlin directories of 1850–1868, it appears that in the interval between these two dates the various trades of the city have increased as follows: The bakers from 313 to 723, dealers in butter from 138 to 246, coffee-house and restaurant keepers from 456 to 926, distillers from 143 to 362, fish-dealers from 70 to 100, dealers in meats from 50 to 101, butchers from 449 to 976, dealers in delicacies from 70 to 118, inns of the first, second, and third class from 110 to 172, tapsters and victuallers from 1,660 to 2,693. The shops for the sale of women's furnishing goods have increased from 12 to 32, ladies' cloaks from 26 to 72, perfumery (factories and shops) from 48 to 95, white goods (ditto) from 46 to 167, lace factories from 517 to 842, milliners' shops from 162 to 242, straw hat factories from 56 to 74, hosieries from 163 to 404. The number of architects has grown from 43 to 137, master-masons from 87 to 300, master-carpenters from 80 to 196. The dealers in drugs have increased from 26 to 111, bankers, exchange and stock brokers from 143 to 297, machine-builders from 53 to 174, opticians from 153 to 393, tobacconists from 64 to 199, tobacco shops from 460 to 776. The breweries alone do not share the general increment having fallen from 45 to 43, in spite of the well-known fact that the people of Berlin drink more beer than ever. But in this case the larger establishments have absorbed the smaller.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.*

Mr. Tennyson's long-rumored poem of "Lucretius" has just been published, and seems tolerably successful. Its story is briefly this: Lucretius is the Roman poet of that name, who sang of "primordia," atoms, "semina rerum," the first beginnings of things, putting into eloquent verse the speculations of Epicurus and Epicurus's predecessors. His pre-occupation in study and in his poetic art seems to his wife, Lucilia, to be caused by a failure in his love for her, possibly by an improper love for some other woman. She therefore procures and gives him philtres. The effects of the "wicked broth" are described—not very happily, although in part of the description there is a suggestion of the way in which Shakespeare's "juice of cursed hebenon" operates upon the blood of old Hamlet. In verses, one of which is appropriately and one meaninglessly rough, we are told that it

> "Confused the chemic labor of the blood,
> And, tickling the brute within the man's brain,
> Made havoc among those tender cells."

Under the effects of the drug the poet loses his "power to shape," loathes himself for his new-born sensuality, and finally commits suicide in disgust and despair. The most of the poem is a raging soliloquy, in which Lucretius, who has just risen from a couch troubled by base dreams, recounts what he has endured in sleep, and argues himself into a determination to end a life never too dear, and now beastlike and therefore hateful. At first, in his dream, it seemed that "a void was made in Nature;" not the "vacuum" which is insisted upon in the "De Rerum," the philosophic void which had exercised so much of his thoughts; but he beheld Nature with

> . . . . . "All her bonds
> Cracked; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
> Ruining along the illimitable inane;"

and flying on to make new and still new "frames of things" for ever and ever, without stop or end. That, he says, he could believe to be his own dream, proper to him as a supporter of the atomic theory of creation, just as the sleeping dog—in "Locksley Hall," also, we have this fact noted, with less of a Lucretian fulness of language—

> "With inward yelp and restless fore-foot plies
> His function of the woodland."

But soon the aphrodisiacs in the philtre begin to apply their function. The confusion of all things in nature may be supposed to have suggested to the mind of the dreamer the whelming of all political and social order in the horrors of Sulla's rule; Sulla, at any rate, comes into the dream, and all the blood shed by the dictator appears to be raining down from heaven; but when it strikes the earth, there spring up not the armed men of the Cadmian fabulous tale, but "girls, Hetairai, curious in their art, hired animal isms," who harass the sleeper. After these there came a dream of Helen, the great type of such creatures, Helen, of whom Marlowe said, "The face that launched a thousand ships"—ships carrying heroes to the destruction of Troy; and of whom Tennyson's "Lucretius" imitatively says, speaking of her breasts:

* "Lucretius. A Poem. By Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate." 1868.

. . . . . "As I stared, a fire—
The fire that left a roofless Ilion
Shot out of them and scorched me."

Having made an end of his dreams, he goes on questioning if these torments of visions are not the vengeance of Venus upon him, because he would not that sacrifices should be offered her. Yet in the proëmium of his poem, he reminds her, he invokes her, and pays her worthy honor. Not, indeed, as she is in the conceptions of the vulgar mythology, but as he conceives her, the all-generating, genial heat of Nature, which shows itself in this and that and this other thing—"which things appear the work of mighty gods." The word "work" reminds him of his own, and he declares he had meant, before he finished it, to prove "that gods there are, and deathless." While he talks he sees, new-risen, "another of our gods, the Sun"—Apollo, Delius, Hyperion, what you will. It is but a fable, he says; there is no godship in the sun, which sees nothing, shines with indifference, knows nothing, cannot, for example, tell whether he at that moment intends suicide or to listen to Plato where he says that man has no right to dismiss himself from his post of duty, but should wait till the gods call him. But how if one believes that the gods are utterly careless of man? The drug now begins to work again, and the poet has to struggle with the suggestions of his diseased imagination. These he momentarily subdues, and then he complains of his fate that, after all his labor toward a better life, he is thus thrown into a slough he hates. Life at best was never much to him, he says; but now it has become unendurable, for he is given over to degradations he abhors. He therefore resolves to let Nature, the womb and tomb of all things, take again the atoms and blind beginnings which make up Lucretius, in order that, forcing them far apart, she may again dash them together into what new forms she will, through all her cycles of duration. He stabs himself, and his wife running in, confessing her fault with much grief, makes known the fact of the drugging. This minute or two of Lucretius's life we are left to imagine. Mr. Tennyson does nothing at all with it, though one would have thought he could not possibly have failed to seize upon it. Essentially the poem is this: A man of high character suddenly finds himself compelled to believe that for him to live longer is to live degraded in his own eyes. He will kill himself, then. For is not God merely the sum of the forces of nature?—at any rate, are not the gods utterly indifferent to man, and man a chance-collected congeries of atoms? Around this main conception various circumstances are thrown. The man is Lucretius, a writer of books from which the poem can draw a full set of arguments for a human being in the supposed position; and this it does with sufficient learning and no pedantry or obscurity. As for the thing which to this partly imaginary Lucretius makes life seem degrading, it is adequate to that end; being the continually renewing struggle between the most brutalizing of passions and the better part in human nature. The thing is set forth with what is to be called—not delicacy, perhaps; certainly, however, with moral cleanness. Even if it were done with less delicacy, still there would be in the reader's mind the constant knowledge that the virtuous man held death preferable to its presence, such was its loathsomeness to him. And as for the objection that, though it disgusted him so much that he killed himself, yet it found harborage in his mind—that it must have been in him or it could not have troubled him—that is accounted for by the poet's making the struggle due to the poisoning of his blood. It is here that the pathos of the situation, considered as personal to this particular man, centres. Of the general situation the pathos is well enough set forth; not too well; not so well that the poem is at all a great one, or more than a clever, learned, well-finished one. But the pathos of the situation in which we see the individual Lucretius is great; he is really a good and great man fallen a prey to a mean accident. We doubt if it was not merely the necessity of accounting for such a struggle in such a man that made Mr. Tennyson bring in Lucilia and her philtres, and yet, as it seems to us, it is not Mr. Tennyson's revivification of a philosophic suicide under the name of Lucretius, nor his skilful weaving of the atomic theory, and so on, into his poem, nor its finish; but just this bringing in of Lucilia, that saved his work from being quite a dull one. But if he had intended her to do more than set going the conflict in Lucretius's mind; if he had seen how she and her philtres were available, could he have failed to use to the full the new element of interest given him? As the thing stands now, it is conceivable that the reader and not the writer imports into the poem the tragic interest that belongs, as one may say personally, to Lucretius, victim really of a foolish woman and a vile drug, who conceives himself the sport of cruel chance. But had the poet shown him to us when the discovery is made to him, there would then have been no doubt as to his meaning to give us all we have found, and, we being judge, we should have had a more powerful poem. But to elaborate this view fully would take more space than we have room for.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

TURNING over the first May magazine that reached us, the most noticeable thing we came upon was a little preaching of a certain literary heresy of which *Putnam's* may, without serious misuse of language, be called the heresiarch. Not that *Putnam's* invented it and made the earliest attempts to promulgate it; several generations of men, living in unnecessary gross darkness, have arisen and passed away since it began sapping the foundations of the true faith. But we should say that, in virtue of its reputation and position, *Putnam's* is to-day the most dangerous upholder of the pernicious doctrine. "Nothing is rarer," says the literary editor in this month's "Monthly Chronicle," "than good bread and genial criticism. *Critic* means one who is bilious, liable to dyspepsia, aggravates it with tobacco-smoke and coffee; one who has never done his best himself and loves to think every one else has failed; can't enjoy the sunshine because it is too clear at mid-day and too misty at evening; can't tolerate a man's book because he spells Saviour without a *u*—that is what we mean by critic." And again, he says, hinting at what he thinks a true critic should be, "Why smell of chamomile when one can smell of pinks; why stare into a gutter when you can look into the sky?" Now, on the contrary, nothing is commoner than the sort of criticism called genial; and nothing is more sadly unlike good bread. The "looking up into the sky," of the kind commended, would seem to be but a futile, Millerite way of hurrying on the millennium; and beyond peradventure the hastening on of the millennium is what the critic, like all the rest of us who can or cannot write, ought to be continually laboring at. We have no doubt that the most genial of critics, in his better moments, theoretically agrees with us in this view of the critical office. But criticism of the genial kind seems to him a method to be adopted for the attainment of the end desired; it is just there that we and everybody but the bad author and the successful publisher find ourselves at variance with him. It is true that some readers are at one with him apparently; it may be are really at one with him till after thinking of the matter; and it was the thought of the kind-hearted people whom he misleads that led us to speak of the doctrine as dangerous. But state the question plainly to the readers of *Putnam's*, or any readers, and "geniality" is condemned. If I, seeking good—good of truth, good of beauty, what not—am shown in a given work good things which I had not found for myself, I am debtor to him who shows them to me as to a man who has aided me in finding what I seek. He helps me to use the means in my hands. For no other reason but for the same precisely I am indebted to the man who aids me to get what I seek by showing me that, though not contained in the work before me—book, picture, whatever it may be—it yet exists, and might have been contained in it. And, as things actually go in this world, it happens that I am far oftener indebted to the latter of these two men than to the other. For there is in man a facility of being pleased which, indulged, is fatal to excellence; and the temptation to indulge it, to stop in what ought to be our pilgrimage, to rest and be thankful and lazy by the wayside, is strong. But to do this when we have reached the pretty good—or the Pretty Good, as the typographical school of philosophers say—is, by definition, to stop short of the millennium, which is the Best. It would be long to carry our principle into detailed application, destroying this man and that man among us by way of illustration; and it would be a work of indefinite length to apply it to the various objects of even contemporary literary criticism. But we may say briefly that we look on the "genial critic," the encourager of the deadly sloth above mentioned, as practically an enemy of the race, a traitor to humanity, even when he means well, and is as honest as a man can be who keeps his mind in a hazy condition. The genial critic who sells himself to the publisher, or whom the newspaper proprietor sells, is of a much commoner kind, and his existence makes with extreme force in favor of our view of "genial criticism" in general—the honest, the partly honest, and the rankly dishonest; but we need say nothing of him. The honest one is sufficient for our purpose; his failure, speaking in a practical way and generally, has been so decided; his influence has been so bad, and so much needs counteraction, that one is tempted to lay it down as a rule that the critic's usual function is continual speech with a view of making other people hold their tongues, while the duty of the genial critic is habitually to hold his own. If any one condemns these remarks of ours as very tritical, we assent with alacrity; if their newness were all, it would seem obligatory to apologize for making them. But that they are not needed nobody will say who knows how next to impossible it is to get the least help from most of our American criticism, who will recollect how much he might have been delivered from if, say twenty years ago, there had been in existence among us a school of sound criticism, even of unduly harsh criticism—any school rather than that one which used to walk out two and two, and smell the pinks and gaze into the sky, and so on, and still

is doing just that much for American literature and no more. Many thousands of us might have broken our idols a long time since if the principle asserted by the writer in *Putnam's*—and illustrated by him, as the reader of the "Monthly Chronicle" may see—had been replaced by the less feeble one.

In this number of *Putnam's* the table of contents offers us fifteen or sixteen articles, varied as regards subjects but of about equal pretensions as regards ability in the handling. Two of them are on financial questions—one by Mr. V. B. Denslow, the other by Mr. L. E. Chittenden, neither of which will teach its readers anything wrong. A plea for an international copyright law is by Dr. Prime—an article of which the same remark may be made as of the papers on finance; and to them, also, as well as to it, applies the further remark, that the average reader may very likely find it useful. An attempt to answer the question, "Fenianism—Why is it?" is made by some one who has but a very inadequate amount of information on the subject. "It may be well," most certainly, to ascertain whether Feniafism is founded on anything more substantial "than the laments of Irish poets, the romances of Irish novelists, and the declamations of Irish politicians." For the enquiry is sure to lead to a most profitable lesson, and it is an enquiry so easy that the writer of the essay we speak of is inexcusable. The testimony—delivered by Englishmen who have but recently been in the witness-box, and whose evidence ought to be fresh in memory—gives overpowering proof that for centuries English rule in Ireland was so severe, unjust, and insulting, that if the ordinary Irishman of to-day did not hate bitterly the very name of England, he would really be hardly human—a saint whom it would be almost unkind and slighting not to persecute actively. This inheritance of natural hatred the essayist leaves almost entirely out of account. And he takes too little account of the hardships of the Irish system of land tenures as a legitimate cause of Irish disaffection. "The Mississippi River," and the paper on "San Francisco," and a little article entitled "Office," may be called readable. So may "Ole Bull among his Countrymen." Of "Women and Work" the same thing is not to be said. Within the past year "woman" has become a topic which any one of any thousand magazine writers can take up and on which they can manufacture padding—that by any one as good as that by any other—of which hardly one page in a thousand ought not to be rejected. A part of the poetry of this number consists of some devotional stanzas, resembling Herbert's in a way, by E. Foxton. The rest of it is by President Hill, of Cambridge. "Choriambic" he styles it. "Hymn of Niagara" is the title, and if we are not altogether rusty in our prosody we should describe it as being in the Metrum Asclepiadeum novum—or Metrum Asclepiadeum Collinum—dicolon, tetrastrophon—composed of two choriambic trimeters, catalectic *in pyrrichium aut iambum aut spondæum aut trochæum*, and with a spondaic basis, followed by two verses of the same kind without a basis. Or, if anybody else has a preference for some other metre, we suppose neither we nor Mr. Hill could interpose any very effectual objection. Such is the refractory nature of English in respect to quantity!

The *Atlantic's* poetry is by Mr. Whittier and Mr. Lowell. In Mr. Lowell's verses a father, who has just come back to his house from the burial of his little daughter, rejects the commonplaces of condolence and good advice. The somewhat petulant impatience with which consolation is received by the sufferer at such a time is well expressed in the half-soliloquizing, half-conversational talk, full sometimes of tender reminiscence, sometimes of resentful replication, and again of despairing sorrow inciting to distrust of God. The last two stanzas seemed to us to hurt the poem. They made it clear that the dead who is mourned was a little child, while we had been thinking of her as a woman. Something in the sixth stanza, perhaps, was the cause of our thinking so; or perhaps the passionate tone of the love; or the weight of grief—it being so much harder when men and women are taken out of the world to admit the thought that our loss is a gain to them, than it is to think so when little children leave us. The desperation of these last two stanzas is perhaps not to be objected against them; it seems in keeping; which the phraseology, perhaps, does not wholly; "incomes from dreamland" hardly seems so. And from the two stanzas preceding the last two we, rightly or wrongly, got suggestions of another tone than that of the poem in general. It is sure enough that grief often enough plays fantastical tricks, though people who grieve in a business-like manner do not believe it; but in the verse

> "Console if you will; I can bear it,"

as spoken to a well-intentioned friend, there appears to be a mingling of humor and malice, even of cruelty, that strikes us as unnatural. Mr. Whittier has a more cheerful subject. He expresses in verse as finished as Mr. Lowell's the freshness which the face of nature wears to one who has just risen from long sickness. It will please everybody.

Among the prose articles there is a bright, cheery story by Mr. E. E. Hale, with a bit of the mystification that he is so fond of, with the touch of good-humored satire that is pretty sure to be found in everything he writes, and with some fearless incidentally-delivered opinions on matters of taste—concerning which, however, there is no disputing, so we say nothing. A good sketch by Mr. De Forest introduces us to a South Carolina gentleman of the old school. Apparently the story told is a true one.

Mr. J. E. Babson's article, "On a Pair of Spectacles," is too affected to be pleasant reading. Mr. Clarke's "Modern Lettre de Cachet" will startle many of its readers ignorant of the facilities which American physicians enjoy, in nine States out of ten, in the matter of shutting us up in lunatic asylums. Mr. Bayard Taylor this month visits Thuringia, and makes an article thereon, which is as good as any of his late papers, and somebody writes disagreeably about Grant—under the title of "Our Next President"—hardly concealing the unwillingness with which he acquiesces in the General's nomination. Mr. Parton's second and last paper on "Our Roman Catholic Brethren" is mainly devoted to a biographical sketch of Father Hecker, the head of the Paulists of this city. Mr. Hecker can hardly complain at finding himself depicted at full length for the public eye; apparently it was he who furnished Mr. Parton the materials for his sketch. Rather unpleasant in this view, the article is not more satisfactory in the only other view which it is of consequence to take. Suppose that the Church is going into the condition prophesied by Mr. Parton; suppose that she no longer attempts to frame a theory of the universe; suppose she gives up her pretensions of informing us of what Mr. Parton would pronounce the unknowable, of painting the abyss; suppose, in short, she no longer conceives of another world as alone what gives meaning or value to this one—does Mr. Parton imagine that then it will any longer be possible to say of her that she exists? When that breath from the other world, which is the life of the Church as she has existed in all ages, once goes out of her nostrils, the Church, as such, will vanish; that which makes her a thing to be loved or disliked, what makes her all-powerful over some minds and utterly powerless over others—all, in short, that she essentially is, will disappear when man ceases to want and she ceases to offer him a solution of the riddle of the earth. That she now does this gives her the vast machinery which she controls. When she makes her essential characteristic that which is now incidental—her instruction of men in morality—when she declares herself no longer the voice of God speaking to man of his dreaded future, but the voice of man giving other men good advice about the present—she commits suicide. Of this, all of which Mr. Hecker will tell Mr. Parton in so many words if he will ask it, Mr. Parton seems to have no notion at all.

The *Galaxy* comes to us enlarged and improved, and contains good light reading. Two or three new departments are added, and the number of illustrations is increased. The latter are from designs by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, Mr. Gaston Fay, and Mr. Winslow Homer. Mr. Fay is not seen at his best in Mrs. Linton's story; nor Mr. Homer, perhaps, in his picture of the self-willed little flirt who is to make mischief in Marion Harland's "Beechdale." In illustration of Mrs. Prescott Spofford's rather tame "wild tale of horror," Mr. Hennessy is about as usual. A fourth picture is from a Japanese drawing. We have, said, we believe, that Mr. Linton is to have the general superintendence of the *Galaxy's* engraving, and that several full-page drawings are to be given each month. Of the new departments just added to the magazine one is of "Literature and Art," which begins well with a sound criticism on Swinburne's "Blake," by Mr. Grant White, who is, however, not sufficiently unkind to Swinburne, whose exhumation of Blake, for his own peculiar purposes, merits very severe rebuke. The collection of brief essays, if one may call them so, signed by Philip Quilibet, are manly and clever—more so than the title under which they are ranged would lead one to expect. His remarks on the Alabama claims have a degree of freshness which we thought that the subject had wholly lost; and the "New Hampshire Canvassers," accompanied by a rule for telling how large a majority that State is going to give at any election, is equally good. "The Galaxy Miscellany" is a receptacle for short articles which, except for their shortness, might as well go into the body of the magazine as anywhere else. Mr. Blot discourses to us here—native wines being his theme; and Mr. G. W. Appleton tells of the singular "Camorra of Naples," and there is some rather laborious fun by Mark Twain. The "Nebulæ" still retains its old form. Among the long articles, "Our Millionaires" will be of interest to many persons, its statement of facts constituting its only claim to respect. There are several other articles—a smooth poem by Mr. Stedman, in clever imitation of Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis" and "Scholar's Gipsey;" a sonnet by "H. H.," who is, perhaps, too constantly sentimental—though she does sentimental poems very well; more of "Words and their Uses," by Mr. Grant White; "The House and the Heart," a poem, by Mr. Sill; "The

Shadow on the Wall," a poem, by some person unknown; and "The Trumpet Saith," a poem, by Mr. C. D. Shanly. "Personalism" is by Mr. Walt Whitman, whose power of brain does not seem sufficient to make his prose remarks valuable.

Lippincott's for May is rather sober sided, but good. The Talmud is talked about without great weight of knowledge or forcibleness of thought. "Dallas Galbraith" is continued; Gloucester, Massachusetts, is described not very well; so is "The Court of the Tuileries," and an ordinary "Village School in Germany." The publication in a Philadelphia magazine of the article entitled "Boston Wit and Humor," containing what the article does and no more than it does, wears a very sinister look; if Boston is placated by the gross and palpable flattery with which the essayist closes, we are mistaken. "Communication with the Pacific" relates to our trans-continental railroad, and may profitably be read by those persons who think the popular notion about the possible extent of our trade with the East is a vastly exaggerated one. Somewhat exaggerated it is, no doubt, but the writer in *Lippincott's* presents considerations that show our expectations may well be large. Artists may probably be interested in reading a memoir of the late John Neagle, portrait painter.

The *Catholic World* begins with an essay on Tennyson in his Catholic aspects—aspects which he doubtless presents. But then he has Broad Church aspects, and Ritualistic aspects, and ordinary Episcopalian aspects, and others. It is giving a sample of the essayist's critical power—which is that of about two young ladies who have just made the acquaintance of "Sir Galahad"—to say that the verse "Lie still, dry dust, secure of change," appears to him proof that Tennyson believes in the resurrection of the body. The context and his knowledge of Latin, and a recollection of the poet's habit of using Greek and Latin idioms, ought to have saved him from giving the passage a precisely contradictory meaning to its real one. A capable writer takes Professor Draper's works in hand in a very unceremonious manner, and, not with all the scientific coolness desirable in such cases—rather, apparently, with the fact constantly before his mind that the professor's works have reached the fifth edition, and that an unscientific public is to be addressed—he shows the insufficiency of that author. The five editions are reasons why the attack should be made; and an attack on Professor Draper is to some extent an attack on the general position which is held by the forces with whom he is ranked, but it is not by triumphant victories over such champions that the citadel our polemic essayist dislikes is going to be taken or even seriously endangered. Another paper in this month's *Catholic World* that will be read with interest, is one in which a demand is made that, inasmuch as Roman Catholics pay school taxes in every part of the country, and inasmuch as they believe that it is well to teach religion—not to say the only true religion—to school children, as being immortal souls at the age of most docility, it is therefore right that they should be allowed to take a due proportion of the school fund of the various States, and support with it Roman Catholic schools. Of this question, which, we take it, is to be settled on grounds of state expediency, and which the people are under no obligation whatever to consider from any religious point of view, we are likely to hear more before we begin to hear less. We have no space here to go into anything like an examination of it. A republican state must have its children instructed; from its own right to preserve itself in existence, it derives the right to insist on education for its future rulers—that may pass as axiomatic. And the inference is easy, that if it may insist on the thing, it may insist on what is proved to be, all things considered, the best method of doing the thing, and that therefore it may justly give a final Yes or No in regard to all matters of method and detail. When we have got thus far we come to the domain where everything is to be settled by evidence as to the practical working of various systems. The burden of proving that, in the interests of good government, a change is desirable, rests upon our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens.

The most noticeable article in *Harper's*, which is as generally readable as ever, is Mr. M. D. Conway's clever essay on Disraeli and Derby. For the latter he has even less respect—or rather, in speaking of him he is less respectful—than Liberals usually. To him, an American, the Stanleys are nothing except as they are men and politicians who commend themselves to his favor; the English Liberal cannot forget that the house of Derby is a proud historic house. Of Disraeli Mr. Conway seems to entertain a better opinion than one can willingly accept as correct. In his eyes Disraeli's comparatively low origin seems to atone for his comparatively low character, and his services to the cause of democracy in England—services accidental and heartless or sincere and intended—make Mr. Conway, in whom apparently there is not much unimpassioned impartiality, forget what we are disposed to think the thorough unadmirableness of his career. Besides this article there are three illustrated papers—one on Lady Herbert's "Cradle Lands," one on Mr. Macgregor's last cruise in the *Rob Roy*, and one by Mr. E. G. Squiers on a journey which he had made in the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes. Then, besides, we have six or eight short articles—stories and verses, pieces of useful information—some book notices better than ordinary, and the agreeable "Easy Chair." The ballet question is discussed by the "Easy Chair" in the presence of Mrs. Grundy, who, however, let it be said, is not by any means the only person who has been making severe remarks on some recent plays. To compel her to silence and confusion of face is of course not hard, especially as the "Easy Chair" shifts the issue somewhat from, and hardly addresses itself to, the special one that has been raised; but we, who are sharper a good deal than Mrs. Grundy, and, for the purposes of argument, strong in unimpeached virtuousness, may properly decline to receive the justification of the ballet in general, or of to-day's ballet when compared with that of other days, as a sufficient justification for some particular ballets and operas that certainly are demoralizing contemporary theatre-goers.

Readers of *Hours at Home* will find in this month's number a rather bad translation of the "Dies Iræ," accompanied by a good deal of information about the history and contents of the poem. The writer may thank us for directing him to a discussion in regard to it which has recently—within a month or two—been going on in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Spectator*. Reading it he will perhaps see fit to revise to some extent his critical opinion of the poem. Doctor Bushnell has a clever essay on "Distinctions of Color," which would do more good if so written that his audience could more easily follow his line of argument, which is of a kind that ought to seem weighty to the minds of religious men, and is to be called subtle. But subtleties treated of with the somewhat diffuse eloquence characteristic of Dr. Bushnell are of little value to most men till they have been worked over, so to speak, as many men are not able, and more men are not willing, to work them over. Professor Schele de Vere bases an essay that would displease a Frenchman on some passages in Lanfrey's "Histoire de Napoléon I." —the passages in which the free-spoken author deals with the First Consul's craftiness and unscrupulousness in the management of San Domingo and the French republican army which never returned from the West Indies. A writer new to us, George Exmouth Percy, appears with a well-written essay on "The Prose of Poets." Mr. Percy has literary knowledge evidently, and literary and other ability; but some fields of criticism he would do well to keep out of as out of miry clay. One might believe that Emerson had latent poetic gifts, he thinks, if one could forget "Bramah.' Forget "Bramah"—which no one is likely to do who knows what is in it—or remember "Bramah," and we not the less have in Emerson one of the two or three best poets of our day—it is hardly necessary to say our day and country.

Besides the articles already mentioned, we have instalments of the Countess de Gasparin's and Miss Yonge's novels; there is a brief account of the Jewish colonies existing in China; Dr. Ray Palmer writes an article entitled "Home and Woman," which, as we understand it, gives a side glance at the "woman question," and which certainly is beside the real question if it is to be considered as having any reference to it; Mr. J. O. Noyes, who wrote "The Mississippi River" for *Putnam's*, writes on "The Climate of the Mississippi Valley" for *Hours at Home*. There is some poetry also, which need not be criticised particularly; the publishers went to a reputable maker, Mrs. Craik, for some of it at least, and, if it is not good, they at any rate must be held to have discharged their consciences. The same thing may be said of the publishers of the *Catholic World*, who this month get for us from Aubrey de Vere a puzzling sonnet, full of darkness, headed "Poland."

We mention "*Public Spirit*: A Monthly Magazine," in order to acknowledge the receipt of it; the *Northern Monthly*, for the purpose of mentioning an article, by Dr. George H. Beard, embodying the usual arguments in favor of the use of narcotics and stimulants, and the *Broadway*, in order to call attention to Mr. Grant White's article on copyright law, of which we may possibly speak more fully hereafter. It is worth attention, as capable of giving clearness to many people's confused notions on the subject.

The Philosophy of Mathematics, with Special Reference to the Elements of Geometry and the Infinitesimal Method. By Professor A. T. Bledsoe, A.M., LL.D., late of the University of Virginia. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—This work is mainly devoted to the rationale of the various infinitesimal methods, and to a succinct and interesting discussion of the essential logic of these methods. We have discovered nothing of value essentially original in the philosophical exposition of these methods,

unless in a realistic and uncompromising application of the "method of limits" to their philosophy.

One English author, Mr. Todhunter, who ventures to ignore the question whether a variable actually reaches its limits or not, appears to be regarded by the author as an arch-heretic, because he purposely omits from the definition of a limit the words "that value which the function never actually attains." Realism would seem quite out of place in matters so technical and abstract; and to us it seems quite unimportant in the "method of limits" to consider whether an actual infinity of steps are continuously passed over in "passing" to the limit of a ratio, or whether the limits of value in the ratios of infinitesimals be only *substituted* (or understood to be substituted) for their actual ratios. Either would fully justify that neglect of infinitesimal terms in sums and differences which the method explains.

The author is undoubtedly correct in regarding the "method of limits" as the only complete rationale of the exactness of the infinitesimal calculus, but he appears to us in his discussion of this method to be more a metaphysician than a mathematician, more concerned and interested in collateral considerations on the theory than in the practice of mathematical research; and we especially dissent from his views on the causes of the difficulties which students find in the common presentations of fundamental mathematical principles. The "axioms" of mathematics are properly only axioms of an art, and only claim to be the simplest, direct, *practical* maxims for mathematical deductions, not necessarily the most *obvious* of truths philosophically considered; though they are the most extensive and useful in the *art* of mathematical investigation. This is especially true of modern mathematics, which lack and forego the rigor of the ancient geometry, because they do not so much aim at a clear philosophical comprehension of what we already know as at a trustworthy and expeditious method of discovering what we are still ignorant of. No mathematician at all familiar with the infinitesimal calculus can doubt of its rigorous exactness in dealing with abstract hypothetical problems; even though he can render no clear account of its logic. As an abstract instrument of scientific research it may be better known through its technical axioms than in its philosophical foundations.

But our author appears to have chiefly in view in his work the difficulties of the mathematical teacher, the difficulties of making the principles of the calculus understood by the student. That he greatly over-estimates the philosophical difficulties to which his work is mainly devoted we attribute to his own admirable idiosyncrasy. He clearly knows and recounts his own difficulties rather than those of students in general. Simple algebra, which involves none of these difficulties, is a stumbling-block to the very sort of minds for which he has written his book. He knows much better what he is talking about than what he is talking to. The main difficulty is not metaphysical. It does not so much consist in a lack of the evidences, for the reception of which the human reason is especially apt, as in that want of disposition and attention to which the human will, since the fall, is especially prone. We would not be understood, however, as depreciating the importance of clear philosophical views in the study of an art either in mathematics or in politics, and we believe that this most interesting account of the controversy which has engaged the attention of metaphysicians since the origin of modern mathematical analysis will be instructive as well as interesting to most mathematical readers.

Fine Arts.

FORTY-THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

FIRST NOTICE.

CAN anything be done, by any social or artistic or critical influence, to improve the spring exhibitions of the Academy? The community has a right to expect from them a fair opportunity to judge of American painting and, to a certain extent, of American sculpture, for the previous year. It is only the spring show, of which we now greet the forty-third renewal, which pretends to any especial quality or character, or any completeness of form. The Artists' Fund Exhibitions, which would be nothing without the customary display of borrowed pictures, are of a very accidental and miscellaneous character; the newly established winter exhibitions of the Academy, like those former autumn ones under the care of the other association, include old as well as new pictures; we go to these and to other such exhibitions to see what may offer itself, a little of this and a little of that, a Gérôme lent by one picture buyer and a Dieffenbach by another, and such American pictures as may happen in. But the spring exhibition—let us not lose sight of the fact—is meant for a bringing together of the previous year's work of the artists of our community. The time of year, whether adopted instinctively in imitation of English and French example, or chosen independently, is originally intended to suit the supposed requirements of painters, who, making out-of-door studies during the summer and shaping them into pictures during the winter, may be assumed to have their most important work just ready at the approach of the new out-of-door season. The fact is of interest that the May exhibition in the dreary building which fronts on Trafalgar Square, and the "Salon" held yearly in the Champs Elysées, are tolerably representative of English and of French art "of the period." When one of the younger and less known painters is absent, it is probably because his work has been rejected; when one of the more celebrated sends nothing, he is engaged upon wall-paintings or he is travelling in the East; his non-appearance needs to be accounted for in some sufficient way.

It is not doubtful that, if our Academy exhibitions could be made more attractive to the artists, they would also be more attractive to the public; if the new works of art were sent to them as a matter of course, every one contributing his most important works for the year unless absolutely prevented, the object of these collections would be more nearly attained, and the public regard for art much advanced. One reason for the unwillingness of some painters to exhibit is, no doubt, the foolishness alike of the praise and of the blame which visitors bestow upon their works; but the comparative absence from the galleries of visitors of a better class is mainly caused by the comparative slightness of the temptation to go. Why should a lover of landscape painting very much care to visit this year's exhibition? The chances are that he has seen better pictures of landscape subjects painted, too, since last spring, than the best, or than any except the very best, now in the galleries. The indifferent character of the collection as a whole keeps away those to whom pictures are familiar; and if those to whom pictures are strange and therefore incomprehensible are left alone to walk about the galleries and utter vague praise and unconsidered censure, the non-exhibiting artists are primarily to blame.

That the exhibition this year, though not necessarily worse than former exhibitions, is yet poor compared with what it might have been, may be easily shown by considering further its show of landscape painting. There is an interesting picture by Mr. S. R. Gifford, "Shrewsbury River"—not in his best style; not so quietly effective as the "Hunter Mountain," two years ago, but yet in many ways good. There are two pictures by Mr. C. C. Coleman—one of the Arch of Titus and one of an Italian hill, with olive trees; Mr. S. Colman's two pictures are both attractive, and of both we hope to speak again; Mr. Griswold's very interesting and valuable Newport picture shows his peculiar power better than it has been publicly shown since 1865. Each of these pictures contains something new; each of these painters is fairly well represented. But Mr. McEntee sends nothing that can compare with his best work of former years; Mr. Farrer's "Bear's Bath Fall" is not in his best manner, and one small landscape but poorly represents so diligent a painter; Mr. Church sends one very small and trifling picture to hang on the wall where the great and powerful "Niagara" hung not two months ago; Mr. Kensett's pictures, taken together, are more nearly a worthy contribution, but no one of them is the best he can do; and there are altogether absent J. W. Hill and J. H. Hill, of Nyack; Gay, of Hingham; Moore, of Catskill; Williams, of Boston; and Warren, of New York. On the whole, it would be safe to say that half of the landscape-painting talent in the country is absent from this exhibition. Mr. Hennessy comes from the ranks of the figure-painters to help with his landscape backgrounds in the pictures Nos. 305 and No. 387; and another powerful man, Mr. Homer, contributes a sketch; but this aid, though needed, is given to a cause too weak to profit much by it, and the lover of exhibitions must turn to the figure-painters for comfort.

The figure-painters are so few that the presence of two or three in this exhibition seems a fair representation of their art. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Hennessy demand the spectator's best attention, more, perhaps, than usual. And in portraiture there is to be recorded the welcome appearance of four heads by Mr. Page, whose most important exhibition of last December might have almost excused him from further contributions during the year.

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The Week.

NOTHING to equal the proceedings in the House during Friday and Saturday of last week is to be found, we venture to say, in the history of any deliberative body in the world. On Friday, Messrs. Butler and Logan, who are two of the Managers of impeachment, and one of whom was mainly instrumental in procuring Mr. Johnson's indictment for bad language, went back to the House and had a bout of abuse with Mr. James Brooks which would have disgraced the spectators of a Sunday-morning dog-fight, and which Andrew Johnson has not approached either in scurrility or vulgarity. Mr. Butler, too, gracefully seized the opportunity to abuse Mr. Evarts, his professional opponent in the Senate chamber, and pronounced him a "servant of the devil." But Friday was nothing to Saturday. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, it seems, has written a letter accusing Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, of being a fugitive from Pennsylvanian justice, and having changed his name. Of course Mr. Donnelly's course was clear. He could either demand an investigation or commence a suit. But, instead of doing either, or preparatory to doing either, he made an attack on Mr. Washburne in the House which lasted—and by "unanimous consent," be it remarked—for over an hour, and which consisted of an unbroken stream of obscenity and blasphemy and buffoonery—much of the obscenity, too, being of that revolting kind which has nothing to recommend it even to the most degraded of human beings except its filth. The scene was, to anybody who realizes what the House of Representatives professes to be, and ought to be, an awful one. The Speaker vainly protested against the performance, but the House evidently enjoyed the sport, and would not suffer the unfortunate man to be interrupted. What took place on Monday when the offender came to be called to account was, if possible, worse; for the whole affair was treated jocularly, and some of the blackguardism of Saturday served up cold, with a little addition of stupid profanity. Mr. Donnelly appropriately closed his jocular apology on that day, by proposing that the whole body should adjourn and "take a drink," which was received with laughter and applause, not a soul in the House apparently being sensible of the shame and scandal of the scene. We venture to say that Mr. John Morrissey has never heard in his experience—and he has associated with the worst ruffians of both hemispheres, and seen them in moments when drink and excitement had reduced the human in them to the lowest point—so much vile ribaldry from the lips of one man, in one place, as the Legislature of this Christian, civilized country listened to by unanimous consent, last week, from one of its own members, while the Chief Magistrate was actually on trial in the next room for simple violence and indecorum. It seems scarcely possible that this sort of behavior can continue much longer to be passed over by those who send these men to Congress and pay them for being, amongst other things, decent. It is said that Mr. Washburne is overbearing and conceited, and therefore unpopular; but this can hardly be seriously put forward as a reason why everybody who comes into contact with him may throw off even the restraints of civilization.

No legislative business has been done by the Senate this week, except a little work in the way of appropriations, and the House has been almost equally idle. Mr. Brooks endeavored to get a committee of investigation into the Alta Vela letter appointed; and Mr. Windom succeeded in getting a committee of investigation into the truth of the charges which Mr. Elihu Washburne has been making against the character of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. A christening committee, to find an appropriate designation for the remarkable period in Congressional annals that we have just passed through, is as necessary as either Mr. Brooks's or Mr. Windom's.

Mr. Evarts and Mr. Bingham have taken up the whole week with their speeches in the Impeachment trial. Mr. Evarts was very long-winded, speaking for fourteen mortal hours, and coming very near tiring the Senate out before he finished. We cannot, therefore, even enumerate his points. He passed most of his time in the regions of what may be called higher expediency, and addressed himself more to the discretion of the Senate or its political sense than any of his colleagues had done, touching very slightly on questions of construction, and treating the evidence, as well he might, as trivial and unimportant. He claimed for the President the credit of having acted in good faith in disobeying the law; affirmed very strongly the doctrine that a law is not a law if not constitutional; that it is for the Supreme Court to say whether it is constitutional or not; that in deciding it to be unconstitutional the court does not annul a law; it simply says that something which has been passing as a law is not a law, and that, therefore, a person accused of breaking it has not been guilty of any crime. Mr. Evarts claimed for the President a large amount of responsibility to the people for the safety of the Constitution. The great merit of his speech, however, lay in the dexterity with which he turned their own weapons against the Managers, and with which he overwhelmed them with ridicule. Few happier hits have ever been made than his declaration, alluding to Mr. Butler's argument that the Senate was not a court, that he had often heard a defendant plead *coram non judice*, but had never heard a plaintiff plead it before.

In fact, Mr. Evarts seems to have been raised up as the champion of decency and good manners, whose cause he vindicated in the best of possible ways, by mercilessly chastising their enemies amongst the Managers. When Mr. Butler first introduced into the trial the pleasing

little wiles and tricks of that renowned body, the Old Bailey bar, he was evidently under the impression that he had nobody more formidable to deal with than Mr. Stanbery, and there was probably nobody more astonished than himself when he found himself laid out for dissection at the hands of Mr. Evarts, and found what a masterly knife the operator wielded, and how familiar he was with the more interesting portions of his (Mr. Butler's) mental and moral anatomy. The passages which Mr. Evarts quoted from the graceful encounter between the two leading Managers which took place a year ago, and which we described at the time in the language of the prize-ring, as the only dialect adapted to the occasion, were peculiarly apt, in view of Mr. Butler's introducing into the articles the charge of bad language, and the solemnity with which he dwelt on this portion of the President's misconduct in his opening speech. We admit the gravity of the President's offence, but we are also sensible of the importance of keeping before the popular mind the fact that there is in these matters a standard of right and wrong independent of party interests, and that when the devil cites Scripture, no matter for what purpose, it degrades Scripture and does not improve the devil.

Mr. Bingham has had to discharge what is perhaps the most important of the Managers' duties, the summing up at the close, and he is engaged in it as we write. His rhetoric is so rank and luxuriant that the argument has to be followed through it like a trail through a tropical jungle. One gets to one's destination by pursuing it, but not without much toil and many scratches. He maintained that the Senate is the supreme judge of the constitutionality of laws, at least for the purposes of impeachment, a proposition which, so far as we know, nobody has denied; that the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court does not extend at all over political matters; that the President is bound to obey all laws passed by Congress, and his only remedy if he thinks them unconstitutional is an appeal to the people; in fact, Mr. Bingham laid it down very broadly that it is "the people" alone, that is, the majority, which can decide points of constitutionality, a theory which, if true, of course disposes of the Constitution altogether. The use of a constitution is to prevent the decision of the majority being final in particular cases, and in times of excitement. The President's claim to the general right of dispensing with the execution of laws on his own judgment of their unconstitutionality, and leaving to others the task of bringing the question before the courts, he demolished very effectually. He was throughout very severe on Mr. Evarts, and departed, it seems to us, from the paths of decorum as well as of common sense when he sneered at that gentleman and his associates as "hired advocates." As far as the world has gone yet, "hired advocates" have been on the whole a more respectable and honorable body of men in all countries than hired legislators, for reasons on which we shall not here dilate. But he dealt a heavy blow at Judge Curtis, in quoting from his pamphlet, published in 1862, on the limits of the President's power.

While no choice of a Presidential candidate has been made by the Democratic masses, it is not much doubted that Mr. Belmont and the inner circle of leaders have their man already selected, though who he is remains quite unknown. Mr. Johnson is given up. Governor Thomas Seymour, of Connecticut, at the Jefferson's Birthday dinner, scoffed at him in his calamity, and was rewarded by "applause and laughter." Nobody now talks of Mr. Chase or of General McClellan, and nobody but Mr. Bennett of Admiral Farragut. Judge Joel Parker, of New Jersey, Mr. Pendleton, Governor Seymour, of this State, General Hancock, Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, are all mentioned, as they all have been mentioned for months past; but which of them it is to be, no Democratic paper or politician has yet so much as hinted. Mr. Belmont's March letter to his fellow-members of the National Committee has just been printed, but it gives no indication at all as to the candidate, and in its statement of principles it does little more than furnish transparency devices. War Democrats are to be conciliated, we judge, and negro supremacy is to be opposed, and the usurpations of Congress must be resisted. But nothing is said as to what we are to do with the negro when we have cut him off from absolute dominion; we are not informed if we may spread him on the triangles as aforetime; nor are we told about the national debt and the repudiation of it; nor, in fact, about anything with definiteness. For that we are obliged to turn to the Birthday dinner above-mentioned. Governor Seymour said: "Mr. Jefferson says that Patrick Henry, in his reply to the monarchists of that body, 'came down upon them in one incessant storm of lightning and thunder.' That is what is needed at the present crisis of the country"—and even that, perhaps, is not a favorable specimen of a definitive proposition in politics; but this certainly will do: "State sovereignty—the fountain of all federal power and the palladium of our liberty;" or this: "White supremacy the doctrine of the framers of our Constitution and the keystone of the arch of our civilization;" or this: "The constitutional Congress of the United States—may it soon be restored." And this, we imagine, is valuable as showing how hard it will be for Mr. Belmont and the Committee to make even a fair bid for the support of people north of Kentucky and west of Mulberry Street:

> "The South—the birth-place of the greatest statesmen, orators, and heroes of the Revolution—desolated by the military rule of strangers and tyrants, may she rise like a Phœnix from its ashes, and bestow again the inestimable blessings of peace and liberty upon her people."

In his Alta Vela resolution Mr. James Brooks asserted by implication that several Republican members of Congress, among them four of the Managers, had for money received, or to be received, tried to intimidate the President, or to bribe him with hopes of their favor, into using his power in behalf of a certain guano company or firm. Mr. Johnson was to send a ship of war to Alta Vela and terrify the Dominicans; Mr. Butler, Mr. Logan, Mr. Bingham, and Mr. Stevens were thereupon to hold themselves in during the prosecution, and not make as powerful speeches as they can make if they like, and the guano company in its turn was to turn over money or stock to the Representatives in payment for the use of their names. The authority for all this is a written legal opinion which Mr. Butler gave Mr. J. W. Schaffner, once a staff officer of Butler's, more recently a member of the above-mentioned guano company who wished to sell his stock, and thought he could do so if it were known that Mr. Butler considered the company's title to Alta Vela a good one. The informal opinion was to the effect that it would be right enough for Mr. Johnson to send a ship of war to the island and put the dispossessed Americans once more in control of it. These things happened before Mr. Butler was Manager Butler and before Mr. Johnson had committed the offence for which he is on trial. Mr. Logan, who has a congenital tendency to despatch war vessels under a full head of steam to all parts of the earth, was asked to append his name to the opinion, and did so with great willingness. Mr. Stevens says he too signed willingly; he holds Mr. Jeremiah Black's opinion that from the beginning (now five or six years distant) of the Alta Vela business "Seward has acted the scoundrel," and taken a course that Mr. Johnson or any other man may properly oppose if opportunity offers. As for Mr. Bingham, it is not doubtful that whatever may have been his motive in signing, it was one consistent with perfect honesty. The fact is that nothing in the world is given away with more unthinking lavish kindness than the Congressional autograph. The names having been thus secured by Colonel Schaffner and the guano company's attorneys, the latter at once and naturally laid them before the President to influence his action. Indeed there is some indication that Mr. Johnson, *more suo*, angled a little for some of the signatures. However that may be, there is no doubt that by-and-by he imagined that the possession of them put him in a position to administer a crushing blow to the Republican impeachment; which blow Mr. T. A. R. Nelson with much simplicity proceeded the other day to deliver. Mr. Brooks's delight on getting hold of the fatal document was equally Arcadian—intellectually speaking—with that of the pair of friends, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Nelson. He has probably by this time admitted it to have been a causeless joy; Mr. Butler's explanation in the Senate Chamber was so convincing as not to be discredited even by the violence and brutality

of the accused members in the House. The House explanations supplied Mr. Brooks with something like an excuse for what otherwise would have plainly appeared an exhibition of the feebleness and malevolence which characterize so much of his political activity.

It may not be generally known to our readers, but it ought to be, that the votes of money by the Legislature of this State to the Catholic Church, for the support of its religious schools and other ecclesiastical purposes, are now so regular and so large in amount as to be equivalent to a fixed endowment. In fact, it may be said that the Catholic Church is the Established Church of this State, in so far as a Church can be established by annual grants. The sum set apart in the Tax Levy and a Charity bill for this purpose this year amounted to over $200,000, and in order to disguise the real nature of the performance from the public, a few grants in aid of the charitable institutions of other denominations are scattered through the list. One of these, to the Young Men's Christian Association, was never asked for, and has been refused by the president, Mr. W. E. Dodge, Jr. What strikes one most unpleasantly about all this is not that the Legislature should vote the money, or that the mass of their Irish constituents should be gratified by seeing them vote it, but that the Catholic clergy should be willing to accept it. Their doing so is simply profiting by what they know to be an abuse; and, more than this, it is a breach of faith toward their Protestant fellow-citizens. It is just that kind of unscrupulousness, too, which has, wherever they have been oppressed by Protestants, furnished a ready excuse for oppressing them, on the ground that they never accept or concede equality themselves when superiority is within their reach. In fact, one of their organs, the *Dublin Review*, not very long ago denied that toleration was a duty when the true believers were in sufficient force to compel uniformity, and it looks now as if they accepted the voluntary system only when Protestants were too strong to be fleeced. A curious illustration of the shifting, slippery character of their doctrine on all matters affecting religious equality, has just been afforded by the *Osservatore Romano*, the Papal organ published in Rome, which abuses Mr. Gladstone savagely for trying to disestablish the Irish Church, and praises Mr. Disraeli to the skies for resisting him, showing that their love of state endowments and ecclesiastical supremacy is stronger than their horror of heresy. As a matter of prudence, however, the hierarchy in this State would do well to take their hands out of the purses of their Protestant neighbors, even when they can get a legislative warrant for putting them there. We can think of nothing better calculated to rekindle the flames of religious strife and bigotry amongst us—or, in other words, to inflict on the community the greatest of calamities; and we would remind them, too, that the arguments by which they doubtless justify these appropriations to their own consciences are much too subtle for the popular understanding.

The recent passage of arms between Lords Derby and Russell has given the first open intimation of what has been for some time privately and more plainly reported as to the sentiments of the Queen on the Irish Church question. For the first time in her long reign, hitherto unruffled by constitutional disagreements, she is said to be meditating opposition to Parliament and an independent exercise of the high prerogatives with which she is nominally invested. She considers herself restrained, by the obligations of her coronation oath, from giving her assent to any bill which may pass the two Houses for the "disestablishment" of the Irish Church. This report may be said almost to derive confirmation from the extraordinary performance on the part of the Ministry of which the Cable has just brought the news. A week ago, the first of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions with regard to the Irish Church was passed in a full House by an increased majority, showing that the tide of opinion has been running with him, and not against him, since the last division. Mr. Disraeli then took four days for deliberation upon the course the Ministry should pursue, and, in he interval, paid a visit to Osborne, and had an interview with the Queen. He announced on Monday night that he would neither resign nor now dissolve Parliament, but would hold on till the new voters had an opportunity of expressing their opinion in the ordinary course of things next year, in which course, he said, he was simply complying with the Queen's request. The present crisis is not unlike that which preceded the close of the American war and the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act. Mr. Gladstone has, however, announced his intention of pressing his resolutions vigorously, and the unconstitutional position taken up by the Ministry in declaring their intention of retaining possession of the Government for nine months longer in the teeth of a large and hostile majority, will probably lead to a vote of want of confidence, and this, if the Queen's scruples hold firm, may lead to a dissolution of Parliament, bringing the householder into the political field nearly a year sooner than he expected.

The Woman's Rights movement in England has at last taken the shape of a regularly organized agitation. A public meeting, in connection with the "National Society for Woman's Suffrage," has been held at Manchester, in which for the first time on such an occasion women themselves figured largely. Sympathetic letters were read not from Mr. J. S. Mill only, but from the Dean of Canterbury, Mr. Coleridge, Sir George Bowyer—the English champion of Ultramontanism, Mr. Edward Baines—the arch dissenter, Mr. Ewart—of anti-capital punishment fame, Professor Huxley, Mr. Hare—the advocate of minority representation, and the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Moreover—for wonders increase—Archdeacon Sanford was one of the speakers, and he was preceded by Miss Becker and followed by Mrs. Pochin, the wife of the Mayor of Salford. In all "movements," as in all novels, there is sure to be a villain, whose rottenness and infamy have to be exposed at every step, and against whom its speakers and writers at the beginning discharge most of their shafts. We are pleased to see that the villain of the English Woman's Rights movement is the *Saturday Review*, which is now at last receiving its deserts. We must add, however, that weightier, denser, more moderate and accurate talking and thinking than is to be found in Mrs. Pochin's speech, as reported, is not often heard at public meetings.

The Prince of Wales has visited Ireland and been enrolled in the order of St. Patrick with great *éclat*. He made a speech at the banquet in which he gave grounds for believing that this visit is the first of a series. The accounts of his reception vary. The daily papers are unanimous as to its cordiality, but private accounts and the weekly papers say it was cold. At all events it is not in the least likely that Fenianism was touched by it, though royal visits have been tried as a means of pacifying Ireland sufficiently often to prove their worthlessness.

Italian affairs are steadily improving, and there are certain signs of social regeneration which make the political sky look brighter also. Count Mamiani, a distinguished poet and philosopher as well as politician, and Signor Berti, the ex-minister, have been delivering lectures at Florence to large audiences on the causes of Italian weakness. The first ascribed it in part, at least, to the small influence of religion on Italian life and character, and said in plain terms that that influence could never be exerted through an organization relying so much on symbolism and sensuous agencies as the Catholic Church. The second preached strength of will, and enforced his preaching by the example of Alfieri, Balbo, d'Azeglio, and Cavour. The ministry has at last got hold of a good working majority in the Parliament, and has carried what is called the multure tax—that is, the tax on corn ground at the mills—and the tax on Government coupons, excepting, we believe, foreign holders. The greatest difficulty with which the Government has had to contend is thus overcome. Count Cambray-Digny has been steadily rising in public estimation, and now stands high—the result of sheer pluck and perseverance. The Italian correspondent of the London *Daily News* says he was generally spoken of at the beginning of the year as "poor Digny;" he was then promoted to "poor hard-working Digny;" he then became "hard-working Digny;" then "courageous Digny;" then "courageous and clear-headed;" and he is now "distinguished Digny."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

MR. WADE'S ARRANGEMENTS.

If one may infer anything with safety from what one hears and reads, we are not likely to gain much by the impeachment, should it end in conviction, beyond Mr. Johnson's removal. We have no desire in the world to underrate the advantages of this, but they are not very numerous nor very weighty. It seems at first blush as if it was an important matter to get the Federal patronage out of his hands before the Presidential election; but then the Federal patronage is now of very little use to him, at least as a weapon of offence. Having no party at his back, and no political future, the office-holders have already deserted him to a man, and, were he now to escape deposition, would during the canvass pay little attention to his behests, even if the Tenure-of-Office Act had not deprived his displeasure of all terrors. In short, there is almost as little to be feared as hoped from him, even if he is acquitted, so far as the campaign is concerned. The Republican party is sure already of the aid of custom-houses and post-offices; the only thing undecided is for what particular candidates they will work between now and the nomination.

Admitting that Mr. Johnson's removal would not seriously affect the campaign, would it help the work of reconstruction? Could it have been effected just after the fourteenth constitutional amendment was proposed, or even immediately after the passage of the Reconstruction Act, there would have been little difficulty in answering this question in the affirmative. That he was almost entirely responsible for the refusal of the South to ratify the amendment, and that he has been largely responsible for its refusal to accept the last Reconstruction Act, or its delay in accepting it, there is little doubt. But his influence on the policy of the Southerners, whether for good or evil, has ceased. It is many months now since his weakness was clearly revealed, and since all Southerners of much weight or intelligence ceased to expect any help from him. The near approach of the expiration of his term of office, and the certainty that he has no chance of re-election, would have brought about this result if the word impeachment had never been mentioned. The days are long past in which a President, whose successor has been nominated, counted for very much in the eyes of either friends or foes in the last six months of his incumbency. So that it is safe to assert, that to make the impeachment process help reconstruction it ought to have begun a year ago at least.

We admit that his conviction may be of considerable advantage in getting a thoroughly objectionable man out of the public service, inasmuch as the failure of the process would probably drive him into fresh acts of folly and violence during the coming summer. Possibly he will be guilty of such acts, whether he is acquitted or condemned; but then it will make a great difference to the country whether he commits them as Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, or as the President of the United States. To those who expect some valuable moral result from this trial; who expect it to serve as a solemn and impressive lesson to all coming Presidents, or to purify the political atmosphere, we really have nothing to say. No calm man who has watched the whole proceeding intelligently, we venture to assert, looks for anything of the kind. The conduct of some of the Managers of the House during its progress, the way in which it has been treated by the party organs, the doctrines which have been proclaimed as to the character of the proceeding, render it impossible to hope that posterity will look back on it as anything but a great exertion of party strength, in which the opposition was finally and completely crushed. We say this in spite of the unqualified admiration we have felt all along for the conduct of the Chief-Justice and the Senate. All that could be done to give elevation and dignity to the proceeding, and to make it really an instrument of warning and instruction, they have done. But then their share in it will not fill as large a space in the eyes of coming generations as it does in ours. Posterity will look at the whole case and its surroundings in a way that we cannot, and will perhaps be as much shocked or amused by the newspaper articles abusing and refuting the President's counsel, laying down the law day by day during the trial, and by the indulgence of the House, and some of the Managers, in one part of the Capitol, in language which would disgrace a prize-ring, while prosecuting the President in another room for violence of speech, as it will be impressed by the decorum and gravity of the procedure, and the calm and impartiality of the court.

At present, the question arising out of the trial which seems most prominently to occupy the political world is the use Mr. Wade is likely to make of his "chance." We do not like to believe that he is himself a party to the intrigues and arrangements which are being made all around him for the division of the spoils of office and the manipulation of the Chicago Convention. As a general rule, one is apt to overrate the delicacy and self-restraint of politicians; but there is certainly fair ground for believing that Mr. Wade is trying hard not to give scandal. But his friends are neither so reticent nor so scrupulous, and are dividing the offices for him. They are hardly doing it in complete ignorance of his wishes or intentions. Mr. Butler, it is generally said, and it is, let us add, generally believed, is pressing him hard for the mission to England, and Mr. Greeley is talked of, though less confidently, as Mr. Seward's successor. Arrangements on an extensive scale for the extortion from the Convention of Mr. Wade's nomination at least to the Vice-Presidency are also said to be in progress, and some of the more "advanced" politicians even claim the Presidency for him, on the ground that Grant has failed to excite enthusiasm enough to make him a safe candidate in view of the limited success of the party at the recent elections.

Moreover, there are already signs that Mr. Wade is preparing "a policy" of his own; and yet, if Mr. Johnson's case were of any value whatever as a lesson, one would think it would put an end to everything like the formation of a "President's policy." The American Industrial League, which met the other day, addressed him earnestly on the subject of an increase in the tariff, and seem to have enlisted him in support of it, though how he is to help it without running counter to all the rules of Presidential conduct which the Radical journals have been preaching for the last six months, it is hard to see. Moreover, he is apparently expected to have views on the subject of the currency and the national finances generally—a matter with which he is about as fit to deal as with Chinese metaphysics—and to express his views; doubtless, in the selection of a new Secretary of the Treasury, and by the use of his influence on the House.

We do not pretend to prophesy what is going to happen. We are simply putting before our readers what the signs visible to outsiders seem to indicate—and the thing they indicate most clearly is the approach of nine months or more of great confusion, into which two changes of administration and one Presidential election will be crowded, and in which the foreign policy and financial policy of the Government will be unsettled, and entirely new and untried men assigned to some of its most delicate and important duties. In fact, the most probable immediate result of the impeachment trial now seems to be the complete ascendency of what may be called the War-Horse section of the party, which the normal and regular process of recovery after the war was slowly but steadily consigning to a secondary and obscure position. It was the consciousness of this which made them struggle so desperately for impeachment as their only chance of salvation; and Andrew Johnson played into their hands with truly amazing fatuity. He at last did all they wanted him to do in violating the Tenure-of-Office Act, and the mind and knowledge and forethought and civil prudence of the Republican party at once fell into the background, and the War-Horses everywhere came to the front "with head and tail erect," neighing, snorting, and plunging. The Wilsons and Binghams made way in the impeachment business for the Butlers and Stevenses, and it was only after a smart tussle that the Senate and the Chief-Justice were saved from falling under the domination of the inspired portion of that body, and the War-Horse organs began to furnish bran-new law and jurisprudence literally by the yard, for use on the trial, with a rapidity that puts one out of all patience with the celebrated jurists of other ages and nations. If the two most striking results of Mr. Johnson's removal should be Mr. Wade's nomination to

the Vice-Presidency and the selection of Mr. B. F. Butler by the "moral party" of the country for the British mission, and the installation of War-Horses in the State Department and the Treasury, we suspect it will be a good while before another President is impeached.

It does not need any remarkable perspicacity to be able to say that all the country expects, as the proper sequel to the impeachment trial, is that Mr. Wade will confine himself to the work of preventing any unnecessary disturbance in the machinery of government during the few months that are to intervene before the inauguration of the new administration. He has no more right to start "a policy" than Mr. Johnson had; if for no other reason, for the very simple one that in the Presidential chair he will be, far more than Mr. Johnson, the "accident of an accident." The people have not voted for him for that or any similar position, and his duty is simply to keep the car of state in motion, and not to give it any new direction until a properly chosen driver comes to relieve him. The support of the present office-holders of course may be counted on with certainty for any candidate the Convention may nominate. All changes or upturnings are therefore unnecessary for party purposes, and if any are made for the mere purpose of filling the public service with Mr. Wade's creatures or supporters, or helping the War-Horse interest at the Convention, it is not Mr. Wade only who will suffer for it, but the party at large. Many of the Republican leaders are constantly disposed to forget how much of their security they owe to the inherent badness of the Democrats, but that it is unsafe to rely on this too much, the elections of the last year have shown. The "week-kneed" and "lukewarm," let us repeat, are a powerful body. In the field of rhetoric a "burning editorial" may scatter them like chaff before the whirlwind, but at the polls they count and cannot be driven off.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY TO THE DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic party has now been out of power a sufficient length of time, and has witnessed the spending by other hands than its own of a sufficient amount of money, to have learnt whatever adversity has to teach. It has, too, during this period of exclusion from office, enjoyed the great advantage of being delivered from that necessity of defending slavery which weighed down its energies and destroyed its influence for so many years before the war, and which, many of its foremost members loved to believe, obscured, but did not diminish, its virtues. It still, they said, had great principles in its keeping, and its uses to the commonwealth, as the guardian of these principles, would be plainer than ever when the troubles arising out of the war were at an end.

What all this amounts to we have, luckily, during the past winter seen exemplified on a small scale, but still on a scale large enough to give us the means of judging what kind of government we should have if the party secured the Presidency, and had a majority in Congress to support its nominee. Owing to various circumstances, still fresh in the recollection of our readers, the elections went against the Republicans last fall in two of the largest, richest, and most intelligent States in the Union, New York and Ohio, and the Democrats got the upper-hand in the State Legislatures for the first time in some years. Here, then, they had at last an opportunity of showing the world what they meant by their criticisms when in opposition; of setting the Republicans an example of what they considered good government; of giving the Radical visionaries an idea of "practical statesmanship;" of proving the horror of the corruption by which they say the land has been disgraced during the rebellion, by their own purity, and illustrating the folly of the policy of coercion pursued at the South by a policy of moderation and conciliation at home. Few people, of course, who were familiar with the materials of which the party is now composed, expected from it a display of genuine virtue and wisdom; but there were plenty who believed that there was enough brains left in it to produce a fair imitation both of virtue and wisdom.

The experiment has now lasted half a year, and we have the result. The New York Legislature now sitting is probably the most corrupt legislative body which has ever assembled, not excepting the Irish Parliament of famous and melancholy memory. The most corrupt not simply from the largeness of the proportion of purchasable members it contains, but from the smallness of the sum for which they can be bought. In the popular mode of estimating the degree of corruption to which a deliberative body has attained, the error is usually committed of supposing the corruption to increase in the direct ratio of the amount of money paid—so that, when one hears that a very large sum has been divided amongst the legislators, we are apt to think of their moral condition as proportionately low. The fact is, of course, that, the number of legislators to be bought being fixed, their degradation is in the inverse ratio of the sums they receive; and judged by this standard the members of the New York Legislature stand lowest in the long roll of parliamentary knaves. Tested by the amount of impudent indifference to public opinion which they exhibit, the result is the same. Of course we do not claim for the Republican members the credit of purity; but there are degrees in rascality as in everything else, and though the New York Legislature was very corrupt last year, the lowest depth was not reached till the majority became Democratic. We use the phrase "lowest depth" advisedly. It is not likely, unless some terrible moral break-up should occur in the community at large, that the State Legislature will ever contain a larger number of knaves than it does now. A few honest men will always find their way into it at least by accident. If further progress in the downward direction should be made it will doubtless be made rather by the increasing degradation of individuals already degraded than by the spread of corruption amongst a greater number. That is to say, the price of votes will probably steadily fall under the influence of increasing impudence and the competition of corrupt men for seats. Hitherto, something has had to be paid as a compensation for risk to reputation in case of exposure, but the idea of risk to reputation has already become a pleasant joke. This, then, is what has been gained in this State by the "uprising" last fall against Radical corruption and excesses. To crown all, the Assembly, in which alone the Democrats have a majority, apparently in pure love of knavery, and with a desire to propagate it as much as possible, have just passed resolutions asking Congress to pay off the national debt in greenbacks and to tax the bonds; in other words, not only to break faith with the public creditors, but to break it with as much parade of meanness as possible. Moreover, they have just made an investigation into their own corruption, and report with great simplicity that they have discovered nothing—which reminds us of Mr. Sam Weller's inability to see his father in the court-room when Mr. Justice Starleigh asked him to point him out that he might commit him for contempt.

In Ohio, the Democratic majority have not, so far as we have heard, shown themselves adepts in the art of corruption, but they have revealed other tendencies not less significant. One of their first acts, as our readers may remember, was an attempt to revoke the ratification of the fourteenth constitutional amendment, made by the last Legislature. There is nothing in this amendment, as everybody knows, in the smallest degree opposed to any principles the Democracy has ever professed. It is simply the lawful means of effecting some changes in the Constitution of which nobody denies the desirableness. It may be objectionable for Congress to make the adoption of it by the Southern States a condition of their readmission to the Union, but this is a matter which does not affect the merits of the amendment *per se*, and it cannot possibly render it improper that a Northern State, acting freely, should adopt it. Nobody, too, has ventured to maintain that it would not have been, or would not now be, a good thing for the Southern States to ratify it of their own free will; so that the attempt of the Ohio Legislature to withdraw the ratification of that State would, even if successful, have had no better result than the increase of confusion and bitterness, the prolongation of the controversies by which the country is already distracted, and the flinging into the cauldron of contention one more ingredient; and yet this was done by a party which daily abuses the Radicals for not being "practical," for laying stress on non-essentials, and for not adapting their policy to the actual state of things.

They have, however, gone further than this. One of their great objections to the enfranchisement of the Southern negroes, or to the enfranchisement of the Northern negroes either, has been the ignorance of the negroes. They denounce the Republicans for desiring to concede a share in the government to African barbarians, ignorant of

its principles, of its processes, and of its aims. One would naturally expect that a party which talks in this way, and which is so careful about the kind of influence brought to bear on politics that it will not suffer even educated negroes to vote at the North, lest blood alone should carry with it some secret political incapacity, would make every effort at least to include in the voting population the largest possible number of educated and intelligent white men; that it would oppose all attempts to restrain, by technical rules, the participation in the government of those whose descent and training made their political value undeniable; that let the supporters of disqualification and strict construction be who they might, they would not be found in the ranks of the Democratic party. Nevertheless, the Ohio Legislature has just disfranchised all students of colleges, and all inmates of soldiers' homes, who cannot show that they are permanent residents in the district in which the college or home is situated. The same phenomenon has been witnessed in New Haven. The Democratic selectmen in that city refuse to register students of Yale College, and there is, it appears, under the Constitution no power in the courts to compel them.

We confess we do not regret the disfranchisement of the Ohio students. No harm whatever can be done in any question now pending by the formal admission of the Democratic party itself that not only is it the foe of intelligence and education, but that in every place in which young men meet to think and learn it finds an enemy's stronghold. The measure is not only remarkable as an illustration of the want of practical ability in the party, the stupid indifference to results which pervades it, and the malignity which presides over its councils, but as a solemn declaration of its hatred of the light. It is valuable, too, in our eyes as proof of the correctness of the view which we ventured to promulgate nearly a year ago, that the present subjects of party strife could not last very long, and that when they had passed away it would be found that the great and permanent political hosts, between which the strife would be perpetuated, would be the party of ignorance, corruption, bad faith, and maladministration, and the party of education, purity, honesty, and reform. Slavery is dead; secession we are not likely to hear of in the next two centuries, if ever again; the controversy over the tariff will be settled before many years—if not by the spread of economical knowledge, by the growth of American industry into such robustness as to make protection not only really, but evidently, unnecessary. All has been done for the negro that direct legislation can do; the rest must come from the growth of the community at large in faith, virtue, and knowledge. The work which will, therefore, hereafter fall to the lot of the Republican party or of the party which succeeds it and undertakes its duties, will be not the overthrow of caste or privilege, for there will be no caste or privileges; not the protection of this or that branch of industry, for there will be no branch of industry needing protection, but the protection of the courts, the schools, and the legislature and the treasury against the assaults of the ignorant, the foolish, and the knavish; the preservation in all walks of life of a fair field for intelligence and honesty; the application to the work of government of knowledge and experience and reflection in opposition to the vast body of persons who, as long as human nature is what it is, will like to see national affairs administered as if the Government only needed to "last their time," and were not a sacred inheritance to be transmitted to the remotest ages, "defended by reverence, defended by power—a fortress at once, and a temple," and as if true wisdom were "the work of sudden acuteness, and not of well-balanced reason." If this view of the case be the true one, young men of education need not regret that the hosts of ignorance and of darkness should early hurl defiance at them. The future, after all, belongs to the children of light. The intellect and energy of the best men of the country will not hereafter have to be employed in the coarse labor of draining the pestilential swamps of slavery. The processes of politics will have all the delicacy and complexity which mark the affairs of a united, homogeneous, and highly civilized community, and they will perhaps possess, even if the age of great statesmen have passed away, such attractions for those who have learnt to regard them as the highest of human pursuits as they have never offered before.

ELOQUENCE OF THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

The trial of the President has called forth very little that merits the name of eloquence. Indeed, we are inclined to disregard the correspondents and say that there has been nothing at all of the sort, except the appeal to the Senate with which Mr. Groesbeck closed his address. It may very well have been, as they listened to this speaker's simple, forcible language, full as it was, or seemed to be, of sincere feeling, that Mr. Johnson's judges forgot for a few moments the exacerbations of the last three years and recollected only the honorable and admirable passages in Mr. Johnson's life—the dark days when what has since been his narrow-minded stubbornness was his patriotic energy and singleness of faith, the influence of which in the Border country was worth to the Union almost an army; and those earlier, still darker days when with vehement boldness he confronted the sullenness and threats of the senators daily withdrawing from the Senate chamber to the field of battle, and gave the country and its rulers an example not unneeded of defiant and undoubting confidence in the national power. This part of Mr. Groesbeck's appeal, if we may judge it by the effect which the reading of it had on our own mind, was really eloquence, and eloquence of no mean order.

Except this single one, however, the orations, alike those for the prosecution and those for the defence, seem to us altogether barren of those displays which certainly it was not unreasonable to expect—for which, at any rate, the trial afforded excellent opportunity. To be sure, the case as presented to the court was of a strictly and technically legal character. And the pleaders, all of them, were lawyers. And it may be laid down as true that to expect from lawyers as such anything which, in the high sense of the term, can be called eloquence, is unwarranted. No one of the world's great orators is such simply in virtue of his pleas in courts. The private causes in which the greatest orators of antiquity won something of that fame by which their names have been made synonyms for eloquence itself, were causes in which the affairs of plaintiff and defendant were blended with the concerns of states and empires; and of most of their renown pure politics was the sole source. So, also, of the highest oratory of modern times, that of England, of France, of this country; unless, indeed, for both ancient and modern times, we make exception of religious eloquence, an exception, however, which avails the lawyers nothing.

Still, for whomsoever was capable, there was most favorable opportunity of transcending the narrow bounds which the case immediately before the court apparently imposed. The act regulating the tenure of certain civil offices was but a small thing among the issues involved. The trial may well enough be held the culminating point of the struggle between slavery and its enemies which for more than a generation has agitated the country, and which but recently has carried death or wounds into most families in the United States; it raises questions which touch the foundations of the organic law, and the decision of which affects our future history; and it is true, too, that the advocates addressed not the Senate only, but a court of revision behind the Senate—the people, who also are to be convinced and persuaded, for whom the exposition of the law in the case could not be made too lucid, whose sentence may rightly be governed by the general considerations of justice and national expediency—fit subject-matter of the truest eloquence—sound reasoning surcharged with feeling, and exercised on topics at once of importance and of the widest interest. Of this aspect of the trial the lawyers were for the most part unmindful, and, as we have said, when it was in their minds, and they attempted to speak in view of it, they succeeded but badly, lame or stiff rhetorical gambolling being as near as most of them came to the soaring of eloquence.

Of the legal arguments, as they are called, we of course do not here speak; and, primarily, all the speeches were legal arguments. Mr. Curtis's and Mr. Stanbery's were entirely such. Mr. Butler's, more readable than either of these, was all but entirely such, and might with advantage have been such altogether, the emphasis of the peroration being not particularly impressive. There was something not unimpressive in the emphasis with which Mr. Stevens prophesied infamy unending for the heirs of senators who, as judges, may dare to express an opinion different from that which as legislators they have already

expressed; but certainly the prediction added no weight to the forcible, straightforward argumentation which composed nearly all the rest of Mr. Stevens's address; all except the end of it. In that Mr. Groesback figures as a Conscript Father, and, on Mr. Stevens's authority, the stocks are set up in the Forum Romanum and given in charge to Cato the Censor.

This sort of undigested bits of classic lore out of Plutarch and the dictionaries of biography have for some time been as certain an ear-mark of what is called polished "American eloquence" as wild ornithology is of our cross-roads variety, or as exclamation points of "French eloquence," or mixed metaphors of "Irish eloquence," or double-columns of figures of "Scotch eloquence"—geographically bounded but otherwise imaginary provinces of what is one undivided realm. It is noticeable, though not odd or unaccountable, that the fondness for borrowing second-hand, threadbare classical ornaments is greatest among persons who not only seem to partake in but the very smallest degree of the spirit of antiquity, whose minds have least been clarified and liberalized by the influences which classical literature exerts, but who also are in the completest ignorance of even the outside of antiquity. We fancy they may be in part misled by Mr. Sumner's habitual array of quotations from Greek and Latin authors, and imagine that to possess the externals of his scholarship is to possess his education and liberal culture. If so, he has much to answer for; but it is a point that we do not press. After all, the tasteless imitation of what it half understands and can but injudiciously admire, is too surely a native tendency of the not completely civilized soul and mind for it to be at all fair to attribute much blame to anything but the force of nature. In the interest of eloquence, however, indeed of endurable rhetoric, it is to be desired that the House of Representatives should add to "Cushing's Manual" a new rule making it an offence punishable by reprimand for any speaker to refer in any manner whatsoever to any man, institution, or event of times prior, say, to A.D. 1640. That date being fixed upon, honorable gentlemen would still have the use of the head of Charles the First, and James the Second's abdication, and the career of Napoleon, and the Pilgrim and Continental Congressional Fathers, and the French Revolution, and our own Wars of Independence and of 1812, and the late rebellion, and other historic pages in numbers ample enough for Mr. James Brooks or Mr. N. P. Banks. But we should be saved heaps of pretentious folly about "Cicero, Tully, and other sages of Greece;" and, sacred history being barred as well as profane, we should be spared that peculiar way of handling the mysteries of the Christian faith which now occasionally staggers the humbler believer. Of both these rhetorical blemishes many examples are to be found scattered through the speeches. Mr. Boutwell's otherwise clever speech furnishes two that are very striking. What can be more puerile than the absurd parallel which he drew between a certain Caius Verres and Andrew Johnson? (Throughout the trial, by the way, Mr. Johnson has had his full name given him with what seems extreme and, before his conviction, unjustifiable severity). Nothing could be more puerile, we should say, to answer our own question, except the puerility—mingled with an irreverence which, real or only apparent, has always the effect of an offence against good taste—with which he identified the "outer darkness" of which the Saviour speaks with that astonishing astronomical "hole in the sky" which possibly is to be the future abode of recreant Presidents!

Mr. Evarts, whose oration was perhaps more carefully prepared than any other that has been delivered, was very successful in making the efforts of Mr. Boutwell's somewhat creaking imagination seem as ridiculous as they really were. The Congressmen among his audience might, by the way, have profitably marked how utterly he destroyed the fabric of his opponents, without at all placing himself so far as concerns manners below the brutes of the less civilized countries. As an advocate, Mr. Evarts carries fearlessness of his brethren of the bar to the point of seeming arrogance of mind and contemptuousness of manner, and he lightened the tediousness of his long argument by a good many characteristic sarcastic touches. His acrid satire had an amusingly powerful and sudden effect in shrivelling the tumidities to which it was applied. A still better application of it than that of which Mr. Boutwell got the benefit, was Mr. Evarts's citation of the well-known savage debate between Mr. Bingham and Mr. Butler, in which the one taunted the other with his military failures during the late war, and was in turn told that he himself had shed the blood of but one person throughout the whole rebellion, and that one an innocent woman. "But what do you think," said Mr. Evarts, "was the subject that those honorable gentlemen were debating upon? Why, it was charity!" "What?" "a Senator" asks, opportunely and obligingly. "Charity," replied Mr. Evarts, and he went on using the familiar apostolic description of charity in a very effective manner, and, we dare say, much amusing General Butler, who may have been reminded of an occasion when he himself made use of the same quotation with equal skill and readiness, and with still more of bitter wit. Mr. Evarts's command of Scripture served him in good stead throughout his speech; it is a gift that must always be advantageous to an orator before any Anglo-Saxon audience, fed as it is from infancy on the Bible. But on his part, too, there were occasional slips of the kind which have been censured in Mr. Boutwell's case. And excellent as Mr. Evarts's speech was in the keenness of its satirical parts, and successful as he was in making fun of his opponents, his own high flights were not appreciably better than theirs. His comparison of an oath to a steel-tipped lightning-rod was not in what is thought the best taste; and in equally bad taste was his schooling of the Senate as if it were a jurat of tender years, from the lower walks of life, on the sanctity of an oath; and what, to give a further example, does talk of this kind mean, and how should a sensible man set his face solemnly and deliver it with impressiveness as having some peculiar signification?

"Now, what does the Constitution do for us? A few little words; that is all—truth, justice, oath, duty; and what does the whole scope of our moral nature, and what support we may hope from higher aid, extend to in any of our affairs of life than this? Truth, justice, oath, duty, controlt he fate, life, liberty, character, and property of every citizen. Truth, justice, oath, duty, are the ideas which the Constitution has forced upon your souls to-day. You receive them or you neglect them. Whichever way you turn you cannot be the same men afterward that you were. Accept them, embrace and obey them, and you are nobler and stronger and better. Spurn and reject them, and you are worse and baser and weaker and wickeder than before."

Whenever the speech was not legal or satirical, it was apt to run into this vein, and we hope no young man will be misled into taking for his model Mr. Evarts's performance when eloquence is his aim, still less to imitate the Johnsonese haranguing of Mr. Nelson, or the operose turgidity of Mr. Williams, or the high classicism of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Boutwell. A better thing for any young aspirant would be to read through the speeches and note how satisfactory each of them was while the speaker contented himself with being straightforward, and made no straining after being grand and fine.

THE PRESS AND THE RICH MEN.

A CORRESPONDENT in another column calls attention to a matter which is every day acquiring greater and greater importance, viz., the precise limits of a man's liberty of living for himself, or, to put it another way, of his obligation to live for his neighbors. When rich men complain, as our correspondent does, of having their private affairs discussed in a magazine article, the question they raise is to what extent they are bound to contribute to other people's instruction or enjoyment, and to what extent they may devote themselves to their own instruction or enjoyment. It is quite true that in this country, as in every democratic country, the old respect for privacy and for the feelings of individuals, in all matters in which they interfere with the gratification of public curiosity, is diminishing. It has diminished in the United States very rapidly of late, mainly owing, as we believe, to our internal revenue system. The income tax alone has done a great deal to destroy the sanctity which once surrounded private affairs, by making the exposure of them seem a kind of patriotic duty. It was hard enough for a man to be obliged to give an account of his income to officials, who were not bound to secrecy about it, but it has been still harder since the newspapers began to publish lists of the taxable incomes. We do not suffer seriously from the practice in this city, owing to its size and the metropolitan character of its population; but the effect of it in the smaller towns, where every man's thoughts were already only too much occupied by his neighbor's affairs, has been simply execrable. Taking into account, in fact, the character of the functionaries whom it has called into existence, the temptations it has placed in their way, the feebleness of the checks it has imposed on their frauds and misconduct, the

stimulus it has given to cheating, perjury, and impertinent curiosity amongst the community at large, we doubt if any people was ever afflicted with a more ingenious and effective instrument of demoralization than our revenue system has proved, and we are satisfied we are as yet far from a thorough appreciation of its results.

But then as regards the exposure of the private affairs of individuals—and especially of rich individuals—it has only stimulated and provided fresh means of gratifying a feeling which already existed. There are few who would, on the whole, not like to know, if they could learn it without being base or mean or impertinent, how much money their neighbors have, and what are their principal peculiarities of life or character; and the more prominent a person in the community one's neighbor is, the more one wants to know about him. There is a good deal of confusion in the teachings on this subject amongst lecturers and writers on the conduct of life, and especially amongst those writers who address themselves specially to young people, as to the extent to which it is excusable or useful to occupy one's self with thought or conversation about one's friends and neighbors. They tell us with great gravity that "the proper study of mankind is man," and they rate very highly what is called "a knowledge of the world" or "a knowledge of human nature;" but in the same breath in which they laud these things they denounce that habit of minute observation of individuals by which alone a knowledge of human nature can be acquired, and that interchange of the results of observation in conversation, which is commonly called "gossip," by which alone the habit can be kept up. The person who resolutely resolves not to occupy his mind with the doings or sayings of his fellow-men, but to confine himself to "questions" or to business, is pretty sure to be a man without enemies; but he is also pretty sure to be a very uninteresting person, with little or no acuteness or sagacity, and to possess very little value as a friend. One meets constantly, to be sure, with people who can keep their eye on everybody and everything, note all that passes before them, and read character after five minutes' talk with the owner, and yet avoid in society all discussion of their friends and acquaintances; but then people of this sort are to society what geniuses are to literature and politics and war. They are valuable and admirable, but if the mass of men were to try to imitate them, the result would be not only an enormous multiplication of simpletons, but the conversion of life into a dull and colorless round of uninteresting duties.

The fact is that, to root out the interest we all feel in our neighbors' concerns, we should have to change human nature itself. Man is an animal, and a gregarious animal; and he must cease both to be an animal and to be gregarious before he can be got to take his eye off the rest of the herd, and occupy himself exclusively or mainly with matters which do not relate to individual peculiarities. Of course, this interest in our fellows may be abused, and, of course, gossip may become "ill-natured," and may be as debasing an occupation as any in which a human being can engage; but the feeling which creates gossip is not a discreditable one, and, what is more to our purpose, it does not necessarily generate unkindliness, and is perfectly consistent with great regard for individual feelings. The societies in which there is least gossip, in which privacy is most respected, in which people care least and occupy themselves least with what their neighbors are doing, are not the most agreeable or humane societies, or those in which there exists most regard for individual tastes and susceptibilities.

There is, however, a broad line between the private discussion of a man's affairs and habits and history by his neighbors and friends, and the discussion of them in the newspapers for the benefit of those who only know him by name or have never heard of him at all, and, as is mostly the case, by writers whose impressions about him are hasty and imperfect, and, let them be ever so erroneous, cannot be corrected; and this line is drawn by his own feelings. Talk about a man's affairs or peculiarities in a private parlor is one thing; talk about them in a magazine or newspaper is another, for the simple reason that, if properly conducted, the first can neither give him pain nor do him harm, while the latter may do him harm and is sure to give him pain; and whenever the press ceases to consider these feelings of individuals to be of any consequence, it will be a safe sign that the community is far gone in brutality and degradation. We do not deny that there is always a certain amount of curiosity on the part of the public even about people they have never heard of; it is a curiosity which, as we have been saying, has its basis in human nature, and is in itself not wholly blameworthy. But, like acquisitiveness, amativeness, and several other in themselves useful feelings, it is one which to be useful must be kept within certain limits. Society is not benefited by having the whole country informed in print how much money A. B. has, how he acquired it, what his habits are, and how he lives; while if A. B. is pained or made uncomfortable by it, society is seriously injured. We know very well that every day the value of individuals and of individuality is coming to be considered of less and less consequence, but it is of great consequence nevertheless. We do not think public spirit—that is, the subordination of their own interests to those of their fellow-citizens on the part of individuals, and especially rich men—is as great as it ought to be by any means; but unless the feeling of respect for individual tastes and habits is more cultivated, unless it is made easier for individuals to lead their own lives, consult their own tastes, and follow their own bent, the number of individuals capable of rendering the community any real service will diminish instead of increasing.

The plan of making rich men generous, self-devoting, patriotic, by sending spies into their homes to examine their check-books and their silver safe, and then "showing them up" in the newspapers, is about as sensible as the old plan of making children love their parents by whipping them. There is no doubt that although wealth is one of the great prizes of life in America, those who acquire it or inherit it ought to consider it a trust, and use it largely for the good of their fellow-men; but this state of virtuous feeling cannot be forced. It must grow spontaneously, along with all other virtues, out of the soil of moral culture, and there is no surer way of preventing its growing than exacting it, and treating those who do not show it as outlaws or wrongdoers. If the press and the small moralists deny rich men the privilege which every poor man, however rascally, enjoys, of doing what he pleases with his money, the result will be not that more rich men will labor for the public good, but that fewer will stay in the country after having made their fortunes. The best class of them—those with most taste, sentiment, and culture; that is, those whose services and influence American society most needs—are leaving us every year to establish themselves in Europe, where they already form a colony of enormous size, taking little interest in American affairs, except in so far as they affect dividends, and looking on their travelling countrymen, as the *Saturday Review* remarked the other day, as Romanized Visigoths must have looked on a newly-arrived horde from the other side of the Rhine.

The "Thoughtful Teetotaller" will doubtless say that they are no loss, and that we are better without them; but he is mistaken. We are not better without them. Every person who maintains an elegant or even luxurious home, in which the graces of life are cultivated, in which art and literature are held in respect, is a civilizing agency of no ordinary value, and there is no country in the world in which, owing to the peculiar nature of its progress, such agencies are more needed than here; and whenever an American capable of creating such a home transfers himself to foreign soil, he inflicts a real loss on his own country.

It is precisely this class of rich men we drive away by our prying and impertinent criticism. The class who are not annoyed by it, who are sure to stay with us, and who would, on the whole, be glad to have a newspaper reporter at all their balls and at their dinner-parties, if he would content himself with broken victuals in the butler's pantry, and for whom notoriety has no terrors, are the guzzling, gambling, horsey rich men who, instead of being a blessing to the community, are a curse to it, and who, instead of using their wealth for its edification, so use it as to corrupt the young, make simplicity, good taste, industry, and economy—in short, nearly all the virtues by which society is either preserved or adorned—contemptible or ridiculous.

There is no question that the principle of freedom—the plan of letting people alone—works as well in the field of philanthropy as in other fields. It has been found that the less there is done to regulate people, the less regulation and police do they need; that the less trouble we take to instruct them in the art of growing rich, the faster the national wealth accumulates; and it will be found, too, that the less we bully people into leading "useful lives," the more useful lives will there be led. The great virtues of all kinds grow best in the open air.

Unfortunately, however, the matter of prying into people's private affairs, for the purpose of procuring materials for criticism, can hardly be said to be in the hands of the public. The competition amongst periodicals, as amongst theatres, has become so great, in spite of the steady improvement in the public taste, that immediate success can only be achieved by what is called "sensationalism," and the difficulty of providing "sensational" matter without being either profane or indecent is every day increasing. The collection of information about persons is, therefore, growing more and more into favor with writers who work in this field, and who find distasteful or laborious the amount of thinking or reading necessary to make the profession of literature either respectable or useful. They have long been in the habit of describing each other with great minuteness, adding such details about habits, characteristics, domestic life, and yearly income as would make the picture more complete. This was a comparatively harmless occupation, for two reasons; one was that the persons described

rather enjoyed it, and the other was that the interest of the public in the appearance, manners, and customs of "lively writers" is, to say the least, languid. But there is hardly any more work of this kind to be done. The greatest beauty of the press will hardly bear having his head of hair or the cut of his pantaloons sketched more than twice, and the laborers are consequently wandering about in search of virgin soil. The practice of "interviewing," as it is called—that is, of calling on public men, pumping them on public affairs, and taking down what they say, and surrounding their remarks with a little sketch of their houses, families, and furniture—has been carried of late to extraordinary perfection, owing to the increasing candor and openness of our new class of statesmen; but then this, too, is wearing out. The "interviewers" have nearly all been called "liars" by their great correlatives, which renders a second visit embarrassing for both parties. The "millionaires" are accordingly being brought into use, and as there is a very large number of them, and as their position is the only one to which the whole population aspires, or would like to fill, they promise to furnish a very large amount of entertaining matter. Our advice to them would be, to furnish "full particulars" themselves to the most enterprising periodicals, and thus not only secure accuracy, but add to their "pile" whatever the article may be worth, instead of having it go into the pockets of relentless spies and busybodies.

WHAT ONE NOBLE FAMILY HAS DONE FOR ITALY.

It was with no small surprise, on looking over a volume of commercial statistics for the year 1865, that we found that Italy imports earthenware, porcelain, and glass to the amount of thirteen millions of francs, while she only exports half a million of these articles. Recalling the world-famed glass of Venice, and the scarcely less renowned potteries of some sixty Italian cities, this almost total dependence on foreigners for the commonest articles of daily use seemed but one more proof of the utter ruin and decay engendered by three centuries of slavery. Too little time has elapsed since the "last tyrant was dethroned," and too much inevitable confusion attended the unification, the fusion of seven provinces into one, for any great perceptible progress to be noted by the casual observer; but progress is the order of the day, as is proved by the statistics of the succeeding years. And, although Italy's real prosperity must lie chiefly in her fertile soil and tideless sea, there are signs which give fair hope that she may recover something of her old renown as a manufacturing country. Some time since we sent to the readers of the *Nation* an account of Salviati's Venetian mosaics and glass manufactory, and we are happy to say that a flourishing company has now undertaken that beautiful as useful enterprise, even as the bead factories are looking up, and the table and ornamental glass fabrics in general, so that by the time the commercial statistics for 1868 appear we trust that the glass importation list will be diminished and the exportation increased. This will assuredly be the case in the pottery and porcelain department if all the manufactures increase in proportion to that of the Ginori-Lisci at Doccia, which we have to-day visited to our infinite pleasure and surprise—sensations produced even less by the beauty of the objects exhibited than by the *Italianissimo* resolution to make of that establishment a national institution, not to be beaten or outrivalled by any foreign manufacture.

The founder of this factory was the Marquis Carlo Ginori, senator in 1735. A true descendant of the sturdy old Tuscan race, who looked on work as noble, all his wealth and influence were devoted to restore something of the old prosperity and love of labor among his degenerate countrymen. He purchased the marshes of Riparbella, and set to work to drain them, built a vast palace and fishermen's cottages alongside, hoping to establish coral fishing on a solid basis. In fact, in four years quite a little fleet of seventeen boats set out in pursuit of this source of prosperity new to Tuscany. His speculations in Angola sheep were not so successful, but his crowning success was the porcelain establishment. Governor of Leghorn at that epoch, he sent at his own expense a ship to the East Indies in order to obtain specimens of the clay of which the Chinese and Japanese porcelain is composed. After many failures and much study and labor, he succeeded in producing articles fit for sale. The rulers of Italy caused manufactories to be opened in other provinces; but, dependent on the Government for life, all failed. The only privilege enjoyed by Giori was the exclusive right of porcelain manufacture in Tuscany; but, considering the superiority of imported articles, this was a small boon, and even this ceased in 1812. In the early times the beautiful was more cultivated than the useful, and connoisseurs still seek eagerly for the "old Ginori" china. Finding that the ignorance of the workmen was one of the greatest obstacles to success, the marquis set up schools in the district of Doccia, and sent any youth who gave signs of talent to complete his studies in Florence or in Rome; and so bent was he on discovering the best material, that in the museum of the factory are three thousand specimens of home and foreign clay collected during his lifetime. To the Marquis Carlo, who died in 1757, succeeded his son Lorenzo, who enlarged the buildings and caused a cylindrical furnace—a novelty in those days—to be constructed. Lorenzo's son Carlo was worthy of both father and grandfather, and his widow jealously watched over the precious inheritance of her children, one of whom, the present proprietor, was sent abroad to be educated, attended the chemical lectures of Dumas and Pelouze at the Sorbonne, and worked practically in the laboratory. On his return to Florence he gave himself up entirely to further the advancement of his establishment, the famous bas-reliefs of Capodimonte ware were copied in perfection, while the specimens of Italian majolica—for which the fabrics of Faenza, Urbino, Castel Durante, and especially Gubbio, were so renowned—which issued from the Doccia deceived connoisseurs all over Europe, and made the fortune of more than one old curiosity dealer who palmed them off as antique. Prizes were awarded to the Ginori ware at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, at the Italian of '61, at the English of '62; but when the balance was prepared each year an increasing deficit warned the Ginori family that their hobby-horse was a very costly one.

The political changes of 1859, the increased facility of transport, and especially the commercial treaties with France, England, and Germany, brought matters to a climax—it was clear that the manufactory of Doccia must either be limited to the production of artistic works in which it would fear no rivals, but which could never repay the cost of produce, or be placed in a condition to compete with, and in time defy, the ware of foreign markets. The risk was serious, but the Ginori blood savors of Saxon rather than Latin race. When the present marquis retraced the traditions of his house, visited the little colony of workmen grandsons and great-grandsons, most of them of his own great-grandfather, Carlo, his resolution was taken—the Doccia should be radically reorganized; new furnaces and larger mills constructed; the machines in use in other countries introduced; fewer Etruscan vases, inlaid tables, Lucca della Robbia medallions, Gubbio majolica, should be wrought, if necessary; but pots and pans, penny-a-plate dinner services, stoves, kitchen utensils, and all household ware should in time find their way to all Italian homes with the Ginori mark on each. No sooner said than done. In five years the building itself has been increased by a fourth, the old furnace of 1808 demolished and one with five stories of graduated heat substituted, another furnace of three stories for biscuit china introduced, fresh laboratories and special rooms for colored porcelain opened. The result has been adequate to the daring: whereas in 1860 but 150 workmen were employed and in 1864 but 250, this year 355 are in full work, earning annual wages to the amount of 180,000f. The accounts of the present year will not be made out till the end of the present month; but the inspector told me yesterday that though (or we should perhaps say *because*) the prices of the ware have been reduced from 20 to 50 per cent., they have received orders to the amount of 650,000f. "For beautiful or useful ware?" I asked. "Oh! for both," he said. "Our English customers go in for beauty; we cannot turn out sufficient bas-relief services for them. But our own countrymen go in for use; we supply the chemists with all the vases for their laboratories; all the stoves in Florence are ours; in 1864, when the transfer of government required all the public buildings for offices, we could not supply them fast enough; the hollow tubes through which the telegraphic wires pass are of the *finest* porcelain, while our common majolica ware is finding its way to every crockery shop in Italy." So saying, he led us through the warehouses where every imaginable article of crockery was piled up, and for the first time in Italy I saw a decent-sized hand-basin, and resolved to send an order for the same, to replace the soup-plates now on my washing-stands. From the warehouses we went to the factory, and the inspector told me, with considerable satisfaction, that of the clays used in the porcelain three-fifths are Italian and two-fifths foreign. I was surprised at seeing no machinery yet in work, but was assured that the time was near at hand when all the best models would be introduced. The quickness and dexterity of the workmen was extreme, and they all looked bright, strong, and healthy. The inspector, I fancy, thought that I tarried unnecessarily long in the common rooms, and seemed more at his ease when he led us into the laboratories, the studios, and the museum. Here we found first-class artists at work, painting the bas-relief services or the majolica vases, whose prices vary from 300 to 1,000 francs apiece. In the museum are specimens of all the ware produced in the factory from the first year of its commencement, and such a collection of what in very ignorance I set down as *antique* I have never seen. Besides the "Capodimonte" and "fifteenth-century majolica,"

and "Lucca della Robbia" curiosities, all the European specialties are reproduced—a cup and saucer that would not disgrace Sevres; Wedgwood china that might deceive the old man himself; German, Prussian, porcelain, all is there; but they are made merely as experiments, as the Ginoris have a very just appreciation of the merits of their own productions, nor care to imitate the style of the moderns.

One of the great drawbacks to the success of their competition in point of price with the English market is the price of fuel, as wood—*oak*—is burnt in all the furnaces, and the deficiency, we may say absence, of coal naturally affects all the manufactures of the Peninsula. At present the commonest ware of this factory is very brown and clumsy; the plates such as the peasants use cost 1 franc 60 centimes a dozen, and are thick, heavy, and yellowish. Our guide, while I was remarking this, took down from a rack a plate with dark-blue flowers on white ground, light and even elegant, and turning it up he showed me the name of *Wedgwood*. "There," he said, "is a plate that gave me quite a shock when I saw it; thousands and thousands were offered to me at eleven pence (1 franc 10 centimes) per dozen." "But it is more brittle than your heavy stuff," I said, trying to find some superior merit in ugliness. "No, it is less brittle," he said, "and it will be some time before we can come up to it." To me the mere fact that the directors of this establishment send men to scour Europe to see who excels them—that they place the superior articles of their rivals before their workmen's eyes—is in itself one of the most hopeful signs for the future. When the new machines shall be introduced, and if a certain lignite recently discovered can be substituted for oak branches to feed the furnace, I think that there is little doubt that in ten years' time no foreign earthenware or porcelain will be purchased in Italy except by fancy buyers.

In these days of strikes and trades-unions the relations between employers and employed are very pleasant to witness. The men are thoroughly independent; they have their schools of design, their elementary schools, a musical band, a market of grain and wine, cottages built expressly for them; yet there seems no patronage on the part of the proprietor, no servility on theirs. During the 132 years that the establishment has lasted no strike has ever occurred. As soon as the savings-bank was opened in Florence these workmen, forming a society of mutual aid, were the first to deposit their savings, so that in case of ill health the members are sure of support. The funds are increased by all the forfeits incurred for transgressions of the rules of the establishment.

Our space prevents us from enlarging more on this theme, but we would advise all Americans visiting Florence to spare one day from the galleries of the "old" masters, and devote it to a visit to the Ginori manufactory at Doccia.

W. M.

Florence, April 15.

Correspondence.

"OUR MILLIONAIRES."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your only comment on one of the articles in the *Galaxy* for May is this: "Among the long articles, 'Our Millionaires' will be of interest to many persons, its statement of facts constituting its only claim to respect." The gentlemen most interested complain that a statement of facts in regard to their private affairs, with which the public has no possible concern, is one of the least respectable features of the article in question.

Here is one of these statements of fact, for example: "The only wasteful extravagance ever charged on 'Young Peter' has been a lavish expenditure for peacocks and pheasants, which are alleged never to have produced anything at all." Here is another statement of facts, so called, though I give the initials where the writer prints the names of the parties: "It is safe to say that Mr. A. cut down the fine trees which once graced the old Vauxhall Garden (where the Astor Library now stands) because he could not afford to keep them for the delectation of himself and his friends. It is safe to say that Mr. R. thought a statue of Washington in front of his house a very unnecessary expenditure of money." The phrase "it is safe to say" is the key-note of the article, which contains just so much slander as is consistent with the safety of the author. In carrying out this plan the writer has hit upon an ingenious way of blackening the character of one man by telling an anecdote of another, and at the same time warning the reader not to make what clergymen call the application; of which quaint device I submit a fair specimen, which I condense to show how it is possible to slander by parables. Speaking of Mr. A. as having been engaged in the fur-trade with the Indians, he tells a story of a Yankee deacon in the same trade who palmed off worthless cast-iron gun-barrels on his native customers, taking care, however, to ease his conscience and prevent accidents by not boring the touch-holes. The writer candidly adds, "Now, this anecdote is not intended to apply to any one in particular."

Sometimes he kills two characters with one stone, when, for example, he says Mr. R., a living millionaire, always looked carefully after his interest account, and then illustrates the importance of doing so by an anecdote of Mr. W., a deceased millionaire, who would not give a beggar a penny because he could not bear the thought of losing the interest on it; thus casting a double reflection on the dead and the living. This method has the advantage of making history; for the public, confused by its indirectness, soon begin to tell how Mr. A. sold gun-barrels to Indians, and Mr. R. would not give a penny to a beggar, and so on. It is a safe method, too; but really the writer of "Our Millionaires" is doubly safe, because the gentlemen whose lives and characters are his text cannot complain without making themselves public property, which they were not before. Next to the pleasure of seeing a private individual "shown up" before the public is the delight of hearing his complaints; it is taken for granted that a shoe which pinches must be a good fit and the shoemaker a conscientious workman. Still, Mr. Editor, I must say when a shoe for which you were never measured is made for you gratuitously by a stranger, for the very purpose of pinching, and is then forced on your foot by the public, it is hard to be silent. Particularly so when T. W. confesses that "it is safe to say" you have never "violated any of the usages of respectable society."

Yours, etc.,

M. W.

New York, May 1, 1868.

["T. W.'s" philosophy was so very little to our mind that we spoke of the facts of his article as alone making it worthy of respect. We considered them relatively to the theorizing, and in no other light, and thus carelessly laid ourselves open to the strictures now made by "M. W."—Ed. Nation.]

FOUND OUT AT LAST.

To the Editor of the Nation:

It may be counted presumption in me to take exceptions to anything published in the *Nation*, but I can hardly forbear speaking of one thing which I regard as a blot on the fair name of the *Nation*. And it is because I hold the *Nation* in such high esteem that I venture to speak, and admire so much its frankness, honesty, and independence.

It has occurred to me that the *Nation* takes special delight in thrusting at the "Christian Religion," and rather seeks opportunities to do so.

My complaint is not against your religious views, Mr. Editor, for I know not, neither do I care, what your religious views are, so far as the matter now in hand is concerned. My complaint is, that, since you do not claim to publish a *religious paper*, you should so often *lug* religion into your columns, and that for the sole purpose, as it seems to me, to belabor it and show your contempt for it, and this when you must be aware that a large number of your readers take the *Nation* as a paper laying no claim to being a *religious* paper. I contend that your course in these matters is not *manly* or *honest*. You invite us to one kind of food and then take occasion to give us another.

If your paper is to be a religious paper and the advocate of Catholicism or the champion of Darwin, let it be so understood in the outset, and then no one will be deceived or have reason to find fault.

But do not, I pray you, get behind a political or literary breastwork in order to fire at Christianity. That I regard as worse than that the clergy of Massachusetts should preach up "Maine Law" on the Sabbath, which you seemed to deprecate so much.

The last and most unnecessary thrust at a pure Christianity that I have noticed in the *Nation* was in an article on "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew." Purporting to be a criticism on a certain book, you seem unable to let the opportunity pass of hitting "Protestantism." The impression would be that you owed Protestantism a sort of spite, and in order to gratify that spite you were willing to place above it any other belief or religion, no matter how false or unscriptural, if thereby you could heap reproach on Protestantism.

Now, it is no matter of interest to me whether you are a Catholic or a disciple of Darwin or Comte, but it does matter that a leading journalist who has secured a reputation for manliness and honesty in other questions should stoop to do an unmanly thing in matters of religion.

And you must be aware that were the religion of our country this very

religion which you declare "has no rival," that a paper like the *Nation* would have no existence.

A paper of the high order of the *Nation* owes its very life to an intelligence begotten of Protestantism; and all I ask is that you show the same honesty and firmness in these matters as in questions of politics and reform.

SUBSCRIBER.

BELLEVILLE, Ill., April 30, 1868.

[We print the above as an example of almost preternatural acuteness. Many attempts have been made to "expose" us, but this is the only one which has fairly hit the mark. Our attacks on religion, and our introduction of it into our columns for the purpose of "belaboring it," we cannot defend. We have always felt that our only chance of safety on this point was to deceive the public. Now that we are found out, we have nothing to say. As to our Darwinism, we may as well acknowledge that we believe in Darwin's existence, and in his having produced a book which we have read, and that, on being put in possession of his facts, we "thought out" the origin of species ourselves in a very few minutes, although he has been afraid to construct even a theory; but we decline for the present to say what our discovery is. Next year we may communicate the secret to new subscribers as a premium. Our hostility to Protestantism and devotion to the Catholic faith it would, of course, be useless any longer to deny. But we may as well tell our readers frankly that we have now fully resolved on breaking with the Papacy—partly owing to the decline of the temporal power, and partly to the non-payment of our last quarter's stipend from the Propaganda. Much as we dislike Protestantism, to defend Catholicism on credit is a thing we will not do; and the money not being forthcoming, over we go to the enemy's camp from this day forward. We have done with the priests and Jesuits, and warn all our readers against them.—ED. NATION.]

A MINISTER'S TROUBLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I want to say a few words, through your columns, on the want of delicacy shown in dealing with a clergyman's private pecuniary matters. What a chapter it is! Where shall I begin? Show us a copy of almost any journal, religious or secular, which does not invade the privacy of a clergyman's pecuniary affairs till from any man of sensitive and delicate feelings is wrung the cry of Pauline indignation, Has a clergyman no rights that the world is bound to respect? We take up our spiritual mentor, and, turning from the column of small jokes or of hair-dyes and rejuvenators, our eye lights on a paragraph like this: "The Rev. John S——, of ——, was visited on Tuesday last by several ladies and gentlemen of his parish, who, after spending a very social evening, placed in his hands a purse containing six-and-eightpence. Appropriate addresses were made on both sides, and many were visibly affected by the touching scene. It is thought that the reverend gentleman will take the opportunity to get himself a new hat and a pair of boots." Failing to draw from this information any special edification, we pass, perhaps, to the following: "The Rev. A. B——, of B——, has received a call to the church in C——, with a salary of $1,800. He has now been receiving $1,200, and his parish is endeavoring to make up the difference so as to keep him." Or again: we go to the installation of a minister, and attend the preliminary examination by the council, which is open not only to all the parish, but to any idle stranger who cares to come in. It is not enough that the candidate's spiritual life is turned inside out for the edification of the mob; but all the details of his engagement with the society, with the amount of salary in dollars and cents, are spread before the public.

Now I protest against all this dragging of a clergyman's private pecuniary matters before the world. No decent man cares to know what A. B.'s salary is, or how much his clothes cost him, or how much he will spend this summer; and the morbid or idle curiosity which finds pleasure in such details ought to be rebuked soundly. And if a religious journal cannot float without pandering to such an evil taste, then, as we have long thought when reading their advertisements of doubtful morality, they would better go under.

It will not avail to say that these phenomena merely illustrate the general American tendency to be interested in everybody's business but one's own, the spirit of curiosity which studies the income returns with more interest than the latest fiction; we know of no other profession or calling in life where a man may not easily screen himself, for the most part, from such impertinent scrutiny.

Notice now the evil results. First, the petty pride of individuals and of societies is fostered. The Church in Heathenville makes a donation to its pastor, and forthwith sends a complacent notice of it to the *Christian Trumpet*, with details as above; while other societies and other ministers who read the *Trumpet* see the notice, and make unpleasant comparisons. But how is it, meanwhile, with the minister who has been made the object of this (in more than one sense) visitation? If he be a very weak man, he will be vain enough to enjoy the petty notoriety; but if he have a reasonable amount of delicacy and self-respect, he will be unspeakably wounded and disgusted. But there are cases where the skin, under constant irritation, grows tough and insensible; and so we see how it could become possible for an elderly clergyman, moving in refined society in one of our cities, after extending to the writer, then unsettled, a courteous invitation to preach for him, to qualify the same by an intimation that the writer would probably prefer to preach where he could "*get some dollars!*"

Then see how the whole work and character of the minister's office is degraded. Can we wonder any more that societies and ministers are so often estimated by the dollars-and-cents standard; that a society is thought eligible in proportion to the salary it offers, and the comforts and emoluments it promises; and that a minister's success in his life-work is measured by the fatness of the place he may have attained to?

My experience has probably been far from extraordinary in this matter; yet again and again I have been led to mingled wonder and disgust at the (to speak moderately) extremely bad taste of people. Once, after preaching in a strange church, the customary fee was handed to me with the query, "*Is that enough?*" At another time it was, in substance, "*How much do you want?*" And once a well-meaning friend expressed to me his earnest desire to see the latter "*in a larger and richer parish.*"

Believe it, dear laymen, though you sometimes speak of the clerical life as an easy one, where the lightly-won compensations flow like charities from good-natured donors to respectable beneficiaries,—believe it, the faithful minister has doubts and anxieties, mental and spiritual, which the world knows not of. Will you then in addition encourage needless inflictions, which can cease to be such to their victim only when they have blunted his finer feelings and made him a miserable place-seeker?

Let clergymen cease to talk of each other's salaries, societies to boast of their generosity to their pastors, and the religious press to emulate the sensational rumors of the secular journals. We may then look hopefully for a sensible increase of the religious spirit.

A MINISTER.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce "Practical Notes on Wine," by Edward Lonsdale Beckwith, Associate Juror and Reporter on Wines at the late Paris Exposition; "Speeches on Various Questions of Public Policy," by John Bright, who has assisted Professor Rogers in the labor of editing the volume; "Gleanings from the English Poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, with Biographical Notices of the Authors," the gleaner's name not given; "Among the Arabs, Adventures from Life," by G. Naphegyi, whose book will be amusing if the title is a specimen of its English; and a republication of the volume of Essays by Mr. Cracroft, of which we have already spoken.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce a limited number of large-paper copies of Mr. Brinton's forthcoming work, "The Myths of the New World."——T. B. Peterson & Co. have in press a "History of the Trial and Impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States." The book will be a cheap one for general circulation.—"Folly as it flies, Hit At" is the name of Fanny Fern's new book, to be published by G. W. Carleton & Co., who also announce translations of Hugo's "Claude Gueux" and George Sand's "Mademoiselle Merquem," and "a new novel" by each of three authors—A. S. Roe, M. J. Holmes, and R. B. Kimball.——Roberts Brothers are to give us "Poems of Rural Life," by William Barnes, who made a success in his book of poems in the Dorsetshire dialect. In this volume he uses common English. "Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon the Great" is the title of another of Roberts Brothers' promised publications, and still others are a child's book, "The Story of Vain Zoe, Mischievous Jean, and Boasting Hector," with illustrations by Frölich, and S. Baring-Gould's "Silver Store, Collected from Mediæval Christian and Jewish Times."

—The songs of birds have often been transcribed and printed in score. In the *American Naturalist* for May. Mr. S. H. Scudder, after describing the musical instruments, represents the music, of the grasshopper tribe. It consists chiefly of a trill upon one note. His account of the means employed to excite the grasshopper to sing, and to make it at pleasure pipe in one of its two strains—diurnal and nocturnal—reminds us of the following experiment communicated to us by the eminent musician who made it. Hearing a bird at his window one morning repeating its cycle of notes—varied only by beginning first at one and then at another of the series, which always maintained the same order of intervals—he imitated the songster on his piano till he induced her to respond; then, pitching the air a semitone higher, he succeeded in elevating her pitch in a corresponding degree, and thus he went on constantly ascending till the bird failed to follow, or even lost her voice.—Other articles in the *Naturalist*, which is uncommonly interesting, are "Bears and Bear-Hunting;" "The Geographical Distribution of Animals"—in which the author might have quoted Mr. Marsh to advantage; "Do Snakes Swallow their Young?"—answered in the affirmative; "The Lakes of Iowa—Past and Present." There is also the usual miscellany, and, under the head "Botany," the moot question of mummy-wheat (*i. e.*, wheat recovered from Egyptian mummies) preserving its vitality to this day, and bearing on being planted. The Rev. Albert Hale, of Springfield, Illinois, appears likely to be able to settle this question or to throw great light upon it, Professor Gray preferring to doubt the fact which is so generally believed. The "Entomological Calendar" reappears this month, and is of itself a sufficient reason why the *Naturalist* should be widely taken among farmers all over the country.

—An impartial review of Mr. Motley, in a late number of *Harper's Magazine*, set forth the general grounds on which the historian of the Dutch Republic is entitled to be ranked above Gibbon, Carlyle, Macaulay, and all other writers of history, ancient and modern. The only thing we missed in the article was a little of that analysis which enables an unlearned reader to distinguish and appreciate the different styles of eminent masters, and thus to understand the reasons that justify his own instinctive preference. A single illustration will show how this might have been done. There can be no greater contrast than between the bold, massive, graphic touches of Mr. Motley and the light, easy, negligent strokes of Hume. Take a passage from each describing an incident in the last hours of Queen Elizabeth: "Her anxious mind had so long preyed on her frail body that her end was visibly approaching; and the council, being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her will with regard to a successor. She answered with a faint voice that, as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor." Hume, it will be perceived, makes no exertion of the imaginative faculty; his only embellishment consists in clothing the courtly version of Elizabeth's reply in an elegant antithesis. Mr. Motley, on the other hand, disdaining idle graces, seeks to realize the scene, and to bring it before us in its naked impressiveness: "The great queen—moody, despairing, dying, wrapt in profoundest thought, with eyes fixed upon the ground or already gazing into infinity—was besought by the counsellors around her to name the man to whom she chose that the crown should devolve. 'Not to a Rough,' said Elizabeth, sententiously and grimly." Here we see the effects which are produced by a vigorous handling and an aggregation of striking details. The bluntness of Elizabeth's real answer is not only preserved but heightened by the preparatory elaboration. It is, however, curious and instructive to remark how the separate particulars that together constitute so admirable a whole lie open to minute objections. The epithets "moody" and "despairing"—of which the latter seems either to include the former as the greater the less, or else to exclude it as something inconsistent—are not well coupled. "Wrapt in profoundest thought" implies a more vigorous employment of the mental faculties than is perhaps conceivable of a person who is at once moody, despairing, and dying; and, in fact, Elizabeth, according to the most authentic accounts, had been for days in a lethargy from which she could with difficulty be roused. The *participle* "dying," which here merely indicates a physical fact, should not have been interjected between *adjectives* descriptive of a mental condition. "Eyes fixed on the ground or already gazing into infinity" would lead us to infer that Elizabeth had the power of looking into the invisible world with her corporeal eyes; while the uncertainty as to the direction of her gaze leaves the reader to an embarrassing choice between "infinity" and "the floor." (A letter of the French ambassador says she remained for several days with her eyes "fixed on the ground" and—"her finger always in her mouth.") All this would, of course, be mere hypercriticism if adduced for the purpose of fault-finding. Our object, on the contrary, is to point out how little the verbal nicety cultivated by Hume and others of the same school has to do with an artistic treatment of historical themes, which requires broad and athletic groupings, and calls for no particular delicacy in the manipulation. We pass to a not less interesting but more dubious point. "'Not to a *Rough*,' said Elizabeth, sententiously and grimly." One cannot but be startled at hearing nineteenth-century slang from the lips of a female sovereign, virgin or otherwise, of the sixteenth century. The word has crept into the last edition of Webster, but cannot, we apprehend, be found in any earlier dictionary of the English language. Mr. Motley takes it from a Venetian *relazione* edited by Barozzi, and gives the entire passage in a foot-note. As the Senate of the most serene Republic could not be expected to understand what was meant by "a rough," the ambassador added, by way of explanation, "che in lingua inglese significa persona bassa e vile." Our suspicions in regard to the word are increased rather than allayed by its being correctly spelt. Nothing is more rare than to find English words and names correctly spelt in foreign historical documents, and *rough* belongs to a class of words peculiarly embarrassing to foreigners. But how does that affect the matter, it may be urged, since in the present instance the word *is* spelt correctly? Yes, in the printed text; but we are not so sure as to the original manuscript. If Barozzi found a wrong orthography, he would have been very likely to amend it according to his lights. Suppose him, for example, to have found the word written *roghe*; this, *to the eye*, would bear a closer resemblance to *rough* than to any other English word. But *roghe* is, in fact, an old form for *rogue*—a familiar word at the time, and doubtless in the mouth of Queen Elizabeth. Let us see which of the two words corresponds most nearly in meaning with the definition "persona bassa e vile"—a person of base or vile condition. *Rough* is defined in Webster as "a rude, coarse fellow; a swaggerer, a coarse bully." The primitive meaning of *rogue* is supposed to have been *vagabond*. It seems to have been also applied to any one of base condition or breeding. Thus *Hamlet* exclaims, "O what a *rogue and peasant-slave* am I!" *Rascal*, of which *rogue* is given by Webster as one of the equivalents, was similarly applied; and the two words often go together as expressive of the same notion. *Cassio* says to *Roderigo*, "You rogue! you rascal!" and Dryden has a well-known couplet:

> "If he call rogue and rascal from the garret,
> He means you no more mischief than a parrot."

Now, besides the two contrasted versions of Elizabeth's speech adopted respectively by Hume and Mr. Motley, there is a third, which runs thus: "I told you my seat has been the seat of kings, and I will have no *rascal* to succeed me, but a king.". This is found in a supposed official report among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, and has been cited by Lingard, Raumer, and other writers. We do not consider it as settling the precise word used by Elizabeth; but as it is substantially the same account as that of the Venetian minister, and was evidently derived from the same source, we think it settles the *meaning* of the word which he intended to write, and gives us, in fact, in synonym. Unless, therefore, some rebutting evidence be adduced, we shall conclude that the great, moody, despairing, dying, profoundly thoughtful, grim, and sententious queen intended to designate the Lady Arabella Stuart not as a *rough*, but as a rascal or *rogue*.

—Some weeks ago we quoted from the *Book-Buyer* a statement that Kinglake's "Crimean War" was originally refused by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, who had not sufficient confidence in the popularity of the work to run the risk of printing a thousand copies. We are now informed on better authority that this statement was incorrect. Mr. Murray was willing to accept the work on the high terms on which it was offered to him, but broke off the treaty when he found that Mr. Kinglake intended to reserve the right of changing his publisher irrespective of any breach of contract.

—We see announced in the English papers two books of American origin. "One of the best belles-lettres writers of America" is the description given by the *Publishers' Circular* of Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, whose "Collector"—which we take to be a book which in this country was called "The Criterion"—is just issued by J. C. Hotten. Doctor Doran furnishes an introduction. Lieutenant-Colonel Von Scheilha, who is styled in the advertisements "Chief-Engineer of the Department of the Gulf of Mexico of the Army of the late Confederate States of America," has written a "Treatise on Coast Defence." It is based on the official reports which our naval officers made between 1864 and 1865. The author, a German military man who early offered his services to the rebel authorities, claims to have been

entrusted with the whole scheme of defending the coasts of the Confederacy, and declares that in particular the fortifications in and about Charleston harbor were confided to him.

—Among other English works recently published or soon to appear, we notice the names of these: Bell & Daldy intend issuing, as a companion to Professor Pearson's "History of England during the Early and Middle Ages," a volume of "Historical Maps, with Indices and Explanatory Essays." Students of English history will feelingly appreciate this help, the very first of the kind that has ever been offered them in connection with English history, though such maps are common enough in other European countries. As may be supposed, there is just now "activity," as the business men say, in Ritualistic literature—that is to say, in literature which, whether or not written by "advanced" men on "advanced topics," is of interest to Ritualists, lay and clerical. The Rev. W. B. Marriott, in his new "Vestiarium Christianum," traces the history of the origin and gradual development of ecclesiastical dress from the Apostolic age to the present time; Mr. Hotten publishes "Lives of the Saints," with fifty illuminations, mostly colored by hand, with letterpress enclosed in appropriate wood-cut borders; an even more beautiful "Saint Ursula, and the Story of the Eleven Thousand Virgins," which is to be adorned with illuminated miniatures; and, finally, Messrs. Lovell, Reeve & Co. announce "Sacred Archæology"—prepared by the Rev. M. E. C. Walcott—a dictionary of vestments, furniture arrangement, ritual symbolism, ceremonial traditions, and other characteristics of "the Church Catholic in all Ages." In this city, by the way, at Pott & Amery's, we see a book by Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, which is likely to attract a good deal of attention in Church circles. It may be described as a two-volume development of Tract Ninety, giving, like that famous document, a Catholic interpretation to the Thirty-nine Articles. Composed under what may be called "the supervision" of Doctor Pusey, and with his help, the book is as late a last word as Ritualism has authoritatively spoken. Books of more general interest are Doctor Stirling's "Critical Essays on Jerrold, Tennyson, and Macaulay;" Nettleship's volume of essays on Robert Browning's poetry, a subject on which there is dearth of good criticism, though Mr. Walter Bagehot has treated it, and the *Contemporary Review* has recently had some more than tolerable articles in relation to it; a new volume of poems by Mr. Morris, which is called "The Earthly Paradise," and consists of tales in verse; a collection of pieces by Alexander Smith; a collection entitled "The Proverbs of Scotland;" a volume by Mr. William Tallack, who thinks he has for the first time definitely and minutely traced, mainly to the early Baptists, the doctrine and constitution of Quakerism (S. W. Partridge & Co.); and a work which we have already mentioned—two volumes by Sir E. Creasy, entitled "A History of England from the Earliest Times to the end of the Plantagenet Dynasty"—and as to which we may add that the author intends it as the commencement of a complete history of England, to be contained in a moderate compass, and adapted to the wants of the general reader.

—The rapid increase in the value of choice works has just been illustrated by an instance occurring at the recent sale of a library in England—that of B. G. Windus, Esq. He owned a copy on large paper of Doctor Dibdin's "Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany." We believe there never were more than a hundred of these copies. The work was printed in three very thick octavo volumes, and in Mr. Windus's copy the three had been extended to six, by insertion of proof-engravings, etchings, private plates, and so forth. Twenty years ago, at the sale of Mr. Eyton's library, it was bought by Mr. Lilly for £63. He disposed of it for £100. A few days since, in the competition at the sale of Mr. Windus's collection, Mr. Lilly, wishing to get it again into his possession, was obliged to pay for it no less than £240. The same sale is said to have afforded many other exemplifications of the truth that luxurious books are getting to be such luxuries as only the very rich can afford. This, we take it, is true of other choice works as well as those on which have been expended taste, time, pains, and money in "mounting," "inserting," and so on, for the number of men who form libraries goes on increasing daily. One would imagine, too, that the manufacture and sale of fac similes must in this state of things assume larger and larger dimensions, and soon become almost a business in itself. They so far discredit the saying, "Similis non idem," that bibliomaniacs not too maniacal and not too rich may not only acquiesce with a good conscience, but even rejoice, in their multiplication.

—Mr. Browning's letter to a London evening journal, informing it that Mrs. Browning's father was not a "retired merchant," but, on the contrary, was a "private gentleman," has called out among us some comments not wholly favorable to the writer. As men go, even men of genius, one may without too much grieving admit as parts of their characters little unexpected traits not altogether pleasing; it has not been found that necessarily our heroes must be perfect. But though this is so, and we may well enough concede that our fine clay is clay, it is not clear that in this particular instance there is as yet absolute need of admitting the humanity of our idol. Nothing very sad has happened if Mr. Browning has shown a sensitiveness we were hardly looking for as regards the social position of the woman he married. But it is to be thought of, too, that everything relating to Mrs Browning is matter of literary history; Mr. Browning may, it is possible, still be taking that view of his letter which we took at first reading of it—that a mistake of fact was to be corrected. Meantime we still have "Saul" and "Bishop Blougram's Apology."

—Admirers of the poet Schiller may have their choice of two very desirable new editions of his complete works. The well-known house of Cotta, which no longer has a monopoly of them, is publishing one, to be edited with great care by a number of scholars, and printed with extreme accuracy. The other will be issued by a firm in Hildburghausen, in nine volumes, of which Heinrich Kurz will have, or rather has had, the critical preparation. This edition, besides aiming to embrace writings which have not hitherto been collected, is remarkable for showing the author's poetical elaborations (*Bearbeitungen von Dichterwerken*), whenever the differences are important. Thus the "Robbers" and "Fiesko" have two, and "Don Carlos" three elaborations. The text, also, is to be carefully corrected. Six of the nine volumes are required for the poetry alone. Under each division the chronological order is to be strictly adhered to. The edition will consist of thirty parts, issued semi-monthly, and will be somewhat cheaper than Cotta's.——A German translation of a series of Dutch novels relating to the Dutch possessions in the East Indies ("Indischen Bibliothek;" Leipsic: Denecke) appears to open to a wider circle of readers some excellent descriptions of a society not too well known to the world in general, and hardly so much as heard of by us in America till the translation of Mr. Dowes Dekker's "Max Havelaar." The third volume ("Ostindische Herren und Damen," by J. Ten Brink), which is partly connected with those which precede it, introducing some of the same characters, is said to be a very realistic performance. It deals with the upper business circles of the Dutch East India Company in Batavia, the heroine being a lovely young governess exposed to the snares of a cunning and villanous "junker." The author paints to the life, avoiding exaggeration on the one hand, and flattery of the national pride on the other.——To throw light on the hitherto obscure history of the astronomer Kepler, Messrs. Reitlinger, of Vienna, Neumann, of Regensburg, and Gruner, of Ulm, have united in preparing with extraordinary industry a biography which, for one thing, removes from Magstadt, in Würtemberg, the honor of being his birthplace, and assigns it to the town of Weil. Mr. Gruner has charge of the monument to Kepler which is to be erected next year from a design by Kreling, of Nürnberg.——In a work published at Breslau, Dr. Johannes Schweikert takes the ground that the cholera is a paralysis of the capillaries of the mucous membrane, and, in its higher development, of the whole sympathetic nerve. He controverts the hypothesis which attributes the disease to the want of ozone or to a fungus growth, indicates what should be the treatment from his point of view, and adduces its success as tested by him during the last visit of the epidemic.

TAINE'S ITALY.*

A FEW years since M. Taine, appointed to a professorial chair in the School of Fine Arts in Paris, made a journey to Italy to put himself in the humor for his office. The result, in the course of time, in addition to his lectures, was two large volumes of notes, letters, and journals. The first of these, "Rome and Naples," has just been translated for the American public. Whether it will be largely read in this country we are unable to say; but it is certain that M. Taine deserves well of English readers. He is the author of a really valuable history of English literature, and he has taken the trouble to arrive at a more intimate knowledge of the English mind than members of one race often care to possess of the idiosyncrasies of another. Add to this that he is one of the most powerful writers of the day—to our own taste, indeed, the most powerful; the writer of all others who throws over the

* "Italy: Rome and Naples. From the French of H. Taine. By John Durand." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.

reader's faculties, for the time, the most irresistible spell, and against whose influence, consequently, the mental reaction is most violent and salutary—and you have an idea of his just claim on your attention. M. Taine's manner and style are extremely individual, and it is somewhat odd that being, as he is, a great stickler, in literary and historical problems, for the credit of national and local influences, he should personally be a signal example of their possible futility. He is scarcely a Frenchman. Not that he is anything else; but he is before all things the brilliant, dogmatic, sombre, and (from a reader's point of view) extremely heartless offspring of his own resolute will. His style, literally translated (and Mr. Durand is very literal), makes very natural English. It has an energy, an impetus, a splendor to which no words of ours can do justice. It is not delicate, courteous, and persuasive like that of several of the most eminent French writers of the day—notably MM. Sainte-Beuve, Renan, and Cousin—it is vehement, impetuous, uncompromising, arrogant—insolent, if you will. The affirmative movement of M. Taine's mind is always a ringing hammer-blow. Every proposition is fastened down with a tenpenny nail. Finally, of course, this is very fatiguing; your head aches with the metallic resonance of the process. It is the climax of dogmatism. There was something ironical in M. Taine's being appointed professor; he was professor from the first, by natural right. His whole tone is didactic; every sentence comes *ex cathedra*. But with the essential energy and originality of his mind he invests the character with a new dignity, and reconciles it to the temperament of a man still young and audacious.

He has, intellectually, nothing of professorial dryness or prudery. Of all writers he is the most broadly picturesque. He throws into his language a wealth of color and a fulness of sound which would set up in trade a hundred minor poets and story-tellers. The secret of the power which he exerts on the mind, or on many minds, at least, we take to be the union of this vast current of imagery, of descriptive vigor and splendor, and of sensuous susceptibility with great logical precision and large erudition. He describes a figure, a costume, a building, a picture, not only with all the richness of his imagination, but with the authority and *prestige* of his knowledge. The pictorial element in his style, its color and rhythm, is not the substance of his thought, as in so many charming second-class writers, but its mere vestment and gait. Nevertheless, we admit that, to our perception, in spite of his learning, his logic, and his merits as a metaphysician, or rather an anti-metaphysician (whatever they may be), he remains pre-eminently an artist, a *writer*. If we had doubted of the truth of this judgment, we should have been convinced by that singular work, recently published, "Notes sur Paris: Opinions de M. Thomas Graindorge." Of feeling in the work there is none; of ideas there are very few; but of images, pictures, description, style, a most overwhelming superabundance. The same relation between the two elements of his genius appears in the "History of English Literature." In his appreciation of certain writers, the faculty of perception, apprehension, without being absent, is quite lost to sight in the energy of the act of portraiture. There are a series of pages on Shakespeare which, although full of controvertible propositions and precipitate formulas, form to our mind a supremely valuable tribute to his genius, inasmuch as of all attempts to appreciate and measure it they are the most energetic, unreserved, and eloquent. They form a direct homage to the immensity of the theme; they are almost as vast as silence; they are, in short, on the Shakespearian scale. The nurse of *Juliet* is not assuredly distinguished on the immortal page by a more animated and furious loquacity than M. Taine exhibits on her behalf. But an example is more conclusive than our own logic, and we find one to our hand in a striking passage in the second volume (Florence and Venice) of the "Voyage en Italie." This passage is interesting as showing, as it seems to us, the thoroughly unreligious cast of the author's mind (for we know few writers who appear to find it more natural to speak of a religion—no matter which—from a distant external standpoint), and then its gravity, melancholy, and hopelessness, and then, finally, its supreme delight in the literary form. It begins, if we are not mistaken, in a moral key, and ends in an artistic one. It is tragical, but it is perfect, consciously perfect. We translate, premising that the author is speaking of the impression produced by certain primitive frescoes in various Italian churches, buried under the work of later painters, and restored to light by the excavation, as one may call it, of the subsequent applications of color:

"You raise your eyes then and find before you the four edifices of old Pisa, lonely on a square where the grass grows, with the dead paleness of their marbles outlined against the blue divine. What a mass of ruins; what a cemetery is history! How many human palpitations, of which there remains no trace but a form imprinted on a block of stone! What a careless smile is that of the peaceful sky; and what a cruel beauty dwells in that luminous dome, stretched over the decease of successive generations like a canopy at a common burial! We have read these ideas in books, and with the pride of youth we have treated them as mere talk; but when a man has gone over half of his career, and, retiring within himself, he counts up all the ambitions he has strangled, all the hopes he has plucked up, all the dead things he carries in his heart; the magnificence and the hardness of nature appear to him at once, and the heavy sob of his inward obsequies suggests to him a deeper lamentation—that of the great human tragedy which unfolds itself from age to age to lay low so many strugglers in a single tomb. He stops, feeling upon his own head, as upon that of others, the hand of the fateful powers, and comprehends his condition. This humanity, of which he is a member, has its image in the 'Niobe' of Florence. Around her, her daughters and her sons, all her loved ones, fall unceasingly beneath the bolts of invisible archers. One of them is prostrate on his back, his bosom tremulous with a piercing wound; another, still living, lifts her useless hands toward the celestial murderers; the youngest hides her head in the robe of her mother. She, meanwhile, cold and still, erects herself hopeless, and, with her eyes raised to heaven, gazes with wonder and horror upon the dazzling, deathly nimbus, the outstretched arms, the inevitable arrows, and the implacable serenity of the gods."

M. Taine may certainly be said to belong to the materialist school of thinkers. He is no sentimentalist; in the way of sentiment he rarely treats us to anything lighter than the passage just quoted. To his perception man is extremely interesting as an object of study, but he is without sanctity or mystery of any sort. He takes a positive satisfaction in reminding the reader of the purely objective and finite character of his organization, and he uses for this purpose a special vocabulary. "La tragédie, la comédie humaine," "la colonie humaine," "la plante humaine," "la machine humaine," these expressions continually recur. M. Taine, in effect, studies man as a plant or as a machine. You obtain an intimate knowledge of the plant by a study of the soil and climate in which it grows, and of the machine by taking it apart and inspecting its component pieces. M. Taine applies this process to the human mind, to history, art, and literature, with the most fruitful results. The question remains, indeed, with each reader as to whether, as the author claims, the description covers all the facts; as to whether his famous theory of *la race, le milieu, le moment* is an adequate explanation of the various complications of any human organism—his own (the reader's) in particular. But he will be willing, at least, to admit that the theory makes incomparable observers, and that in choosing a travelling companion he cannot do better than take him from the school of M. Taine. For, in fact, you can do your own moralizing and sentimentalizing; you can draw your own inferences and arrange your own creed; what you wish in a companion, a guide, is to help you accumulate *data*, to call your attention to facts. The present writer observes everything, and selects and describes the best.

M. Taine rapidly traversed Italy, and began his journey at Naples upward. The early portion of his book is pervaded by that strong feeling of joy natural to an ardent dogmatist at the prospect of an unexplored field. He describes the city of Naples with singular vividness; its radiant, transparent, natural loveliness, the latent tokens of its pure Greek origin, the traces of the Spanish dominion, the splendor and squalor, the sensuality in manners and art and religion. Nothing grand, nothing Gothic (even remotely, as in Northern Italy), nothing impressive and mysterious. Parisian light and gorgeousness, and careless joyousness and superstition, form the substance of his impressions. Having described a church bedizened with a wilderness of florid ornament in the artificial Italian style of the seventeenth century, he opens a vista to thought at the close of the chapter by touching with eloquent brevity upon a passionate and sombre Spanish painting: "The breath of the great period still stirs the machine; it is Euripides, if it is no longer Sophocles. Some of the pieces are splendid; among others, 'A Descent from the Cross,' of Ribera. The sun struck upon the head of Christ through the half-drawn curtain of red silk. The darksome background seemed the more mournful beside this sudden radiance of luminous flash, and the dolorous Spanish coloring; the expression, here mystical, there violent, of the passionate figures in the shadow gave to the scene the aspect of a vision, such as used to people the monastic, chivalrous brain of a Calderon or a Lope." These few lines are assuredly picturesque writing; but it seems to us that they serve to illustrate the difference between the picturesque as practised by a writer with his facts in hand, and one who has nothing but fancies. At Naples, however, M. Taine found but few paintings, and these were to be his principal concern. *En revanche*, he gives us, *apropos* of the Greek and Roman relics of the neighborhood, some admirable pages on "Homeric Life and the City of Antiquity." It is not until he reaches Rome, Florence, and Venice that he really plunges into his subject. Here we are unable to follow him. We can only recommend him to the attentive perusal of all persons interested in the history of art, and gratified by the spectacle of an indefatigable critical *verve*. M. Taine is guilty, doubtless, of many errors of judgment; but we strongly suspect that the

great masters—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo, and Titian—have never been more correctly, as well as more ardently, estimated. Several of the great painters of the second rank—notably, Veronese and Tintoretto—are celebrated with a splendor of coloring and a breadth of design which recall the aspect of their own immortal works. Finally, we cannot help laying down our conviction that M. Taine's two volumes form a truly great production; great not in a moral sense, and very possibly not in a philosophical, but appreciably great as a contribution to literature and history. One feels at moments as if, before this writer, there had been no critics, no travellers, observers, or æsthetic inquisitors. This is, of course, a mistake, and we shall like no genuine critic the less (we personally, on the contrary, from the character of our sympathies, feel that we shall like him the more) for giving M. Taine his liberal dues. It is inexpressibly gratifying—fortifying, one may say—to see a writer, *armé en guerre*, fling himself into his subject with such energy, such fury. It is an admirable intellectual feat. M. Taine is a representative of pure intellect, and he exhibits the necessarily partial character of all purely intellectual estimates. But there are days when we resort instinctively to an intellectual standpoint. On such days our author is excellent reading.

My Husband's Crime. By M. R. Housekeeper. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.)—A lady was, to quote her own language, "located as a boarder" at a pleasant farm-house. One day she read a novel, the autobiography of a woman "who had lived, loved, and suffered." The book enchained her attention, and when she closed it, "without stopping to consider the expediency of the matter" she resolved to present her own autobiography to the public immediately. For why, she questioned, should not my history be as interesting to others as that of this heroine is to me?

Caroline's father was a Manvers and a Bostonian. He was of a family of immense antiquity. He had a family tree, of which Caroline, as a modern Bostonian, speaks with indulgent playfulness. He had family pride, of which, as a Manvers, she speaks with profound relish. No Manvers had ever been known to discredit the name, and this undoubtedly was at the bottom of all the pride, and the fact of dating away back to the "best blood of England" had nothing to do with it. Caroline's mother was a Winthrop, and also highly respectable. The family is wealthy and well known when the story opens. Disgrace and ruin are brought upon them by the villany of a Puritanical Winthrop, Caroline's uncle, who absconds with the money of the firm. This disaster is followed by the death of Caroline's mother and all her sisters but one. Mr. Manvers only lives to repay his creditors, which he does in a very honorable way; but his two daughters are left penniless, and, despite the universal respect in which they had hitherto been held, absolutely friendless.

Nothing could better illustrate the proverbial cruel coldness of Boston than the very reprehensible and east-windy manner in which these gentle orphans were treated. In this strait, Caroline conquers the Manvers pride and writes to a friend of her father's for counsel. The benevolent and rich old gentleman comes to her aid and proposes immediate adoption and ultimate legacy. This offer being promptly declined, the old gentleman agrees to find her a place as a saleswoman with some "pleasant, reliable man." Caroline is soon installed in the cloak department of Nettleby & Son's warehouse. It is a retired spot. The other girls do not like it. She is grateful for its seclusion. But admiration pursues her. She is annoyed by the notice of her beautiful hand, which she is told indicates "blood." She is still further vexed by a proposal of marriage from the handsome junior partner. She prefers Mr. Harrington, the "governor," with whose sister, the head of the cloak department, she is intimate. She had been pining in loneliness about a year, beguiling her evenings with reading theatrical advertisements and wishing her lot was like that of other young ladies, when, by a pure accident, these intimate friends found she was living alone with a little sister and called on her. They brought her out, as it were. They invited her to a gorgeous soirée at their boarding-house, where some ladies performed upon the piano and a young man on the flute, and she lost herself, entranced. The day after Mr. Nettleby's proposal she stopped to overhear a thrilling account of it given by himself to his father and Mr. Harrington. That evening, even the "companionship of her innocent Agnes" was too much for her, so she sends her out to tea. By an almost preternatural coincidence Mr. Harrington seized the opportunity to drop in and propose. Of this interesting and even beautiful occasion no particular is omitted. We think we never read of a better "developed" kiss. A happy silence ensued, broken at last by him as he murmured, "My Caroline, this expressive silence is very sweet, and yet, exigeant as yourself, my heart craves words to satisfy its longing. Speak, dearest; tell me that I am loved." Even after marriage, Caroline is pursued with admiration. Her husband's gifted brother successfully poisons her mind against her husband, until, his motive being revealed, she is led to exercise a grain of sense and examine into the alleged "crime," which of course proves to be a gross invention. It almost seems as if the wife must have desired to be misled, to have been affected by so flimsy a deception and so feeble an Iago. Her husband's jealousy of Nettleby has even a weaker cause. When Mr. Nettleby invites the whole family to a "*petite souper*," he believes something dire is intended, so he remains at home and gloomily goes over the store accounts. But it is his loss, for Mr. Nettleby had a French waiter and flowers and perfumery for his guests, and it reminded one of the party of the "tales of English high life of which we read."

The life of an American shop-girl *might* have been the ground-work of an American novel of excellence and distinction. "My Husband's Crime" is neither excellent nor distinctive, nor, we are sure, American. Mr. Fay's illustrations, however, are American work of which there is no need to be ashamed. They are not all equally well cut, nor, of course, equally interesting. They show, though, fairly enough, his strong points and his weak ones. Careful study from life based upon a decent regard for the text, an unusual facility for representing form and attitude, and great versatility in modes of drawing upon the wood—these are qualities which distinguish Mr. Fay at his best from his fellow-designers in this country. They appear to perhaps as good advantage as anywhere in this volume in the illustration that faces page 70—"I threw myself upon the bed," and in that opposite page 101—"You shall not leave me," a very natural rendering (among other things) of the folds of a dress. The artist would appear to have engraved these himself. He is weakest in expression, and is seemingly conscious of it, as he seldom presents a full or even two-thirds front face, most of his figures showing either their profile or their back hair.

Theoretical Astronomy relating to the Motions of the Heavenly Bodies. By James C. Watson, Director of the Observatory at Ann Arbor, and Professor of Astronomy in the University of Michigan. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—This work embraces a systematic derivation of the formulæ for calculating the geocentric and heliocentric places, and determining the orbits of planets and comets, for correcting approximate elements and computing special perturbations, including also the theory of the combination of observations and the method of least squares, together with a complete collection of auxiliary tables and such practical directions as are necessary to guide inexperienced computers. The author has embodied in his book the latest researches of the greatest masters of the science, and much valuable material collated from the current periodical literature of the subject, and especially from the scientific journals of Europe, and has thus produced a *vade mecum* both for amateurs and professional astronomers. The volume begins with a statement of the law of gravitation and the two fundamental axioms of mechanics, and from these, by pure analysis, the solutions of the various problems are systematically evolved. In the chapter devoted to the theory of the perturbations of the heavenly bodies we notice, in addition to the results caused by the action of gravity alone, a development of formulæ for determining orbital changes which might be occasioned by a resistance due to a supposed ethereal fluid pervading all space.

It is well known that the idiosyncrasies of different observers and the irregular errors arising from the abnormal state of the atmosphere, the imperfection of the instruments employed (whether eye or telescope or meridian-circle), and various other attendant causes and disturbing influences, conspire to render observations of the same phenomena, in a certain sense, heterogeneous. Professor Watson's volume contains very full and explicit directions as to the best methods of combining such observations according to the theory of probabilities. As a specimen of elegant and accurate mathematical printing, the work reflects credit on the publishers and does honor to American typography.

Cakes and Ale at Woodbine. From Twelfth Night to New Year's Day. By Barry Gray. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.)—Is there anywhere, in his sophomore year or elsewhere, any young essayist who fain would try his hand at ye concoction, in the approved manner, of your jollie wassail bowl of lukewarm literary milk-and-water? Such stripling we would monish, on the faith of a true man who, in his day, has toped much and is exquisite in his potations, that he betake himself with what speed he may to the Woodbine Cottage; to the fellowship, or fellowshyppe, of "Barry Gray" and "Genial Jack," and "The Magnificent" and "Quaint Tom," and "The Gay and Festive Tomaso"—which roaring blades are possessors of the authenticate and veritable recipe. They roar gently, too; simple hearts be they; honest men that love quiet and

fright none, so that he who seeks them may keep a good heart. Let the varlet but bring with him a good English, or even American, edition of "honest old Izaak's" "Complete Angler," and free shall he be of their merrie companie. And to be full brother of the guild, no more is needed than that he should learn to troll a well-conceited stave about the buttery and the pasty, and Mr. Taylor's brewerie at Albany on Hudson. To be sure it is no harm to know furthermore that Twelfth Day, being the twelfth after Christmas, appropriately winds up with its cakes and ale the holiday festivities; and that it is the festival of Epiphany; and that it is a pity that we should nowadays care so little for the spiced ale and the Twelfth cake with its ring, and the merrie revels of the olden time. But all this can be got out of a stray copy of any Church Almanac, and the acolyte can get it up in odd minutes after initiation. Seriously, the book is too ——very, very genial to talk about.

The Æneid of Virgil, with explanatory notes. By Thomas Chase, A.M. (Philadelphia: Eldridge & Brother. 1868.)—We have here the second in order of the series of school-books known as "Chase & Stuart's Classical Series." The Cæsar we have previously noticed. We are glad to be able to speak favorably of the editorial labor in the preparation of the notes, which are partly original and partly selected from various commentators. The difficulties presented are, for the most part, fairly met and disposed of with a brevity and clearness unusual in American text-books. We regret that only a portion of the author is included, as a thorough student needs the whole text for reference and comparison, and the whole of Virgil is required in the preparation for college, for which, we presume, the book was chiefly intended. We object, also, to the principle upon which the text has been made up by selection from various editors without furnishing sufficient indication of the authority by which it is supported. On the whole, however, this book seems to us superior to any edition of the "Æneid" heretofore used in our schools.

We are disposed to call attention here to what has long seemed to us a mistake in the principle upon which our American text-books are generally prepared, though it is by no means specially illustrated in the one before us. Our text-books are of an elementary character; they presuppose not merely a want of information in the student with regard to the subject, but an incapacity to acquire with profit at that period of his progress the *methods* by which the results given by the editor are attained. In the case of a doubtful construction or interpretation, for example, the editor has reached his conclusion by a comparison of similar instances in the same or different authors. In a regular edition the most important passages of this kind are generally cited, and the student is enabled to make the comparison for himself. We believe that by the application of this system early in the course the pupil might gain much useful discipline in methods of study, discipline which would be of infinitely greater value than mere facts committed to memory. Discussion of the text and of the more recondite philological questions might be avoided, except that, where no recognized text is followed, the variations should be noted. In any other respect, we do not see why a school edition of an author should differ materially from those prepared for more advanced students, except in greater fulness of detail, especially in questions of syntax. Such a system, while evincing a respect for the intelligence of American boys far more just than is shown by the present one, would do much to foster from the outset habits of exact scholarship, in which our American boys are generally deficient.

A Sister's Bye-Hours. By Jean Ingelow. (New York: George Routledge & Sons. Boston: Roberts Bros.)—Most of the stories contained in this volume are written in the first person, although the speakers vary both in sex and condition. "Poor Mat," or "The Clouded Intellect," is one of the exceptions, and has been already printed separately. Its appearance marked a very great advance on the part of the author over her crude "Studies for Stories," and its companion pieces confirm the talent which had before been doubtful. Almost any grown person may derive pleasure from these artistic little narratives, of which the style is generally excellent, and the descriptions of nature a happy compromise between the writer's poetic feeling and the restraint that belongs to prose. But we suppose they are designed rather for the young—children of from twelve to fifteen, or even younger, to whom they will be perfectly intelligible, and to whom they may be recommended without reserve. There is an absence in them of that too formal piety which characterized unpleasantly the "Studies for Stories," while they abound in genuine religion and in practical moral examples that cannot fail to elevate. Some of the social distinctions which are brought out incidentally of course are native to England and do not find their counterpart here. One story, nevertheless, "Marked," is meant to be purely American, and is, all things considered, a very creditable success. It is a tale of slavery and of fugitive slaves, and while it lacks nothing in sentiment lacks little in local flavor—is, perhaps, as clever a fiction as could be written on the other side of the Atlantic. The action and the plot are very well wrought. "The Black Polyanthus; or, Prejudice," is complete in its conception and execution. It ends most effectively without hint of a moral, but the lesson which closes abruptly with the words, "Miss Palmer had died that morning at seven o'clock," will linger long in the minds of those who have read it.

Fine Arts.

FORTY-THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE exhibition, alluded to in our last, of the pictures of Mr. William Page was held in the gallery of the Tenth-Street Studio Building last winter. There were perhaps twenty pictures, of which the most important two, not even excepting the copies from pictures by Titian, were two admirable portraits. For the Titian copies—one from the Flora, one from the Bella Donna of the Louvre, and one from the Venus of the Tribune at Florence—reproducing for us pictures of unsurpassed, and except by their fellows unequalled, pictorial and artistic merit, are yet reproductions only, and reproductions of a somewhat foreign, bygone, exotic type. Better than most men Mr. Page has felt the true charm and power of the great art of Venice, that unrivalled school of painting whose united and harmonious excellences are best seen in the works of Titian; better than any one, perhaps, he has seized, analyzed, and partly recomposed, in these copies, the physical parts of Venetian painting. But however great the value to students of art of such works as these, which to some extent can show, in the absence of Titian's handiwork, what are the qualities which make Titian immortal, yet for the time, and for men of the time, the portraits are the best, as being of equal technical merit, and as being, besides, modern, contemporary, comprehensible, and, therefore, instructive. The two at the Tenth-Street Gallery were of life-size and nearly full-length; one of them the painter's own likeness. They were powerfully painted, simple and satisfactory pictures, the drawing was easy and natural, the laying on of color was, for modern times, done with surpassing dexterity and rightness of method. The four portraits, by Mr. Page, which now hang in the South Gallery of the Academy, are only heads, but they have many of the excellences of his larger works. In regard to the difficult point of resemblance, the only judges are those who have long and intimately known the person portrayed; because it is not the face as the stranger accidentally sees it which the painter tries to reproduce—the photograph can do that, but cannot do what the painter must do:

> "Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
> Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,
> And then add soul and heighten them three-fold?"

It is safe to say, however, of at least two of the four faces that they are excellently like. In other respects, that is, as works of art, these four pictures are all fine; in contrast with most other American portraits, admirable; nor are there, since Furness's death, any American portraits exhibited which are on the whole so good. And, considering the work of a celebrated Frenchman, the two portraits by Mr. Cabanel which this exhibition contains are in all important respects far inferior to Mr. Page's work. Polished minuteness is not necessarily nor generally excellence; nor is there anything in the tone of color adopted by Mr. Cabanel, in common with many modern French painters, which can lend any charm to his pictures.

Of other portrait-painters, Mr. Hicks seems to have a faculty for seizing a likeness, and most of his pictures of this and of former years are of unmistakable identities; but further than that their merits are not prominent or unusual. Those exhibited this year are simple, and are not disfigured by elaborate backgrounds of ugly detail. Mr. Huntington's pictures are even less agreeable, because the figures are, in nearly every case, in some stiff attitude, immediately suggestive of the studio and the sitter's chair, and because invested with that coldness of color peculiar to this painter, of which we have several times spoken.

Other portraits, especially some large ones in the South Room, are noticeable for their failure to be what at least a portrait ought to be—simple and quietly arranged and presented. The air of self-assertion and "bounce"

about two or three of the worst of these is entirely ruinous to whatever poor merit as portraits they otherwise might have had.

Mr. Johnson's largest picture, "The Boy Lincoln," is perhaps an ideal portrait; but this is its least claim upon our admiration and gratitude. As a delightful and characteristic picture of a typical American youth, reading by the fire-light of the farm-house kitchen-fire, it is welcome to all who love pictures with meaning and sincerity behind them. The head is nobly imagined. Mr. Johnson's smaller work, the little boy who has come the first to the school-house of a winter morning, lighted the fire, and is warming himself by the stove as it slowly grows hot, is of the same character. To dwell upon the excellences of thought and of expression in these pictures, slightly painted as in most respects they are, would take more space than we can give. Mr. Johnson's *painting* we have often spoken of as imperfect in the most essential respect; but his conception of his subjects and his power as a draughtsman are worthy of the highest respect and admiration.

Mr. Hennessy's large picture, "Spring Time," has some serious technical defects, especially of drawing; among others is, curiously enough, George Cruikshank's almost constant mistake of setting the eyes too high in the head. The drapery of the figure is very careful in drawing and good in flow; but it is not quite a living or even a human body over which it is disposed. The modelling of the bust and arms is very weak. On the other hand, the apple trees in the middle distance, and the flowering branch that occupies the near foreground, are very delightful, and the color of the whole picture is pure and pleasant; not complete, not forcible, not great color yet, but a good study of blue and pink. If proof were wanted, which we think it is not, that Mr. Hennessy, up to this time, is more of a painter of landscape and of inanimate nature than of figures, it could be found in a comparison of the three pictures in this exhibition. No. 518, "Apple Blossoms," is an excellent picture of its class.

Mr. J. F. Weir, who, two years ago, exhibited the large picture of the interior of the Cold Spring Foundry, and the casting of a gun, has been among the machine-shops along the East River, and has painted "The Forging of the Shaft." This, also, is a large picture, and as carefully elaborated as the other—better than the other in many respects, but not better in the one point in which that other was most faulty, namely, in color. Both these pictures are too commonplace, so to speak, in this matter of coloring; there are no surprises in either, nor anything in any way different in hue from that which the spectator is accustomed to. But in the semi-darkness of these great founding and forging sheds, lighted up now and again by the fierce glare of melted iron, there are strange and not to be anticipated effects of shadow and of color. Nor is it only in such subjects as these that the inexplicable and novel is the only true aspect; in all things that art has to do with, the inexpressible shades, the hues without a name, the effects that no reasoning about reflections can explain, are those which are the truest as well as the most beautiful. These large pictures by Mr. Weir are very interesting studies of real life—historical art of great value, but they would be nearly as good if engraved as they now are painted. The only part of this composition where the use appears of a full palette is in the white hot shaft and thin bright flame that surrounds and clings to it.

Mr. Boughton sends a pleasant little picture, containing something of that Breton costume which he is fond of. It is perhaps not very recently painted, and is certainly not in his best manner. Mr. Beard contributes two pictures of "Morning in the Prairie" and "Evening in the Prairie," but the birds have all the appearance of studies from stuffed models, and the conception and treatment add little to the interest of the subjects.

Among the pictures of childhood, one of the best is "Poor Pussy," by Mr. Perault, in which, with poor and negative color, there is much else that is good. The cat is squeezed up as cats are by children, and is bearing it as cats bear such treatment from children. Mr. Winslow Homer, one of the strongest of American figure painters, has taken to exhibiting in *Harper's Weekly*, and that is well, but Mr. Homer has claims to the rank of a colorist, and, as such, is much needed here. His slight contributions to this exhibition remind us that he is at home once more, and that good pictures may be expected from him.

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The Week.

THE bill admitting Arkansas back into the Union passed the House on Friday with little opposition, under the "previous question," administered by Mr. Stevens, who, however, allowed a little debate on it, giving twenty minutes to Mr. Woodward, ten minutes to Mr. Paine, and ten minutes to Mr. Pike. Two or three Republicans voted against it—among them Mr. Spalding—because they were not satisfied of the wisdom of "the fundamental condition" of the enabling act, which prohibits any amendment of the Arkansas constitution at any time disfranchising any citizen or class of citizens to whom it now gives the franchise, except for common-law felonies. The objections made to this are, that it is not constitutional to impose such a condition, and that, if it were, it would be unwise to bind a State in perpetuity never to establish, say, an educational test, no matter what evils were found to result from ignorant voting. It is, in other words, the embodiment of the *à priori* plan of government in the fundamental law of the State, and a formal and solemn refusal to allow human experience to have any influence in shaping its legislation on the most important of political questions. The matter is, however, of not as much importance as it seems, inasmuch as the present bill does not settle it finally. Should Arkansas ever change its constitution in defiance of the condition, and its members in consequence of this be excluded from Congress, the question would come before the whole people of the Union, who would decide it according to the circumstances of the case. Still, Mr. Spalding's desire for discussion and time for consideration was natural, and the reply of Messrs. Boutwell and Stevens, that members had had printed copies of the constitution in their possession for a month and did not need any more time, was hardly conclusive. If a member had had it for a year, he has still the right to have his opinion changed by debate or to try and change that of others. Mr. Stevens said, however, that "he had reasons for wishing the bill to pass on that day which he did not care to mention," so he forced it through. This observation of course took the matter at once out of the region of forensic controversy and transferred it to that other region from which Mr. Stevens has of late derived so much of his political wisdom, and in which nobody can gainsay him.

On Wednesday week Mr. Stevens got leave to make an unnecessary "personal explanation" of his part in the Alta Vela matter; but, on account of the unparliamentary language of parts of his speech, he was not allowed to finish it. Next in order came one of the frequent Democratic resolutions, which propose that the House, truly penitent for its late vile language, desires to withdraw the tenth of the impeachment articles, which relates to Mr. Johnson's indecencies. Mr. Spalding closed the day with a sound speech against one form of repudiation—payment in greenbacks—once momentarily popular in Mr. Spalding's State among the Republicans, and now given over to the Democrats. On Thursday, Mr. Pike, of Maine, of the Committee on Naval Affairs, offered a resolution, which the House passed by a vote of 92 to 39, requesting the President to send war vessels into Canadian waters for the protection of American fishermen, who are threatened, it appears, with a tax of four dollars a ton levied by the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, who has earned a peculiar reputation, offered a resolution proposing that the "Secretary of the House"—an officer as yet non-existent—should expunge the impeachment resolution of February 24, and send copies of the expunging resolution to every living representative of the Johnson blood. Mr. Donnelly made a sensible speech on the question of the sale of public lands. On Friday the most important business of the week came up—the bill for the admission of Arkansas, which was forced through the House in the course of an hour by Mr. Stevens. The fundamental condition which the Committee on Reconstruction have put into the bill will, doubtless, lead to conference committees when the bill comes before the Senate, and in the Senate it will doubtless get something like a tolerable amount of discussion. Under the operation of the previous question, the House passed the bill by 110 yeas to 32 nays. On Monday Mr. Stevens introduced a bill doing the same thing for North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana.

The taking of the verdict in the impeachment case is postponed until Saturday—unfortunately, as we think, because it keeps the country so much longer in suspense, and because it give three days more for the play of corrupt influences on the senators. It appears very probable that the necessary two-thirds vote cannot be obtained on any one article. The latest calculation we have heard of, and that in which we place most confidence, gives twenty-two for acquittal, or three more than are necessary; and there is little doubt that the postponement is mainly due to the discovery of this by the majority, and their reluctance to give up all hope of a different result.

The largeness of the vote for acquittal is probably due to the wide difference of opinion amongst senators on different articles. There are perhaps enough of them agreed that Andrew Johnson ought to be convicted, but they differ as to the articles on which the conviction ought to rest. On the strongest one of all, the second, those senators who loudly repudiated in the Senate, at the time of the passage of the bill, the idea that the Tenure-of-Office Bill was intended to cover Mr. Stanton's case, of course will vote for an acquittal. They could not vote otherwise on that article without, as Mr. Stevens says, consigning themselves to "a gibbet of everlasting obloquy." Of course many articles have lost all importance whatever—the tenth, for instance. That has

been ruined by the Donnelly-Washburne "difficulty" and the Butler-Brooks "difficulty." If report speaks truly, too, the largest vote in favor of conviction will be on the second and third articles, which Mr. Stevens has pronounced of absolutely no value. In fact, the indications now are that instead of the Republican senators voting *en masse* for conviction, several will vote for acquittal, and amongst them Fessenden and Trumbull.

What has most contributed to this unexpected result it is difficult to say; it must be ascribed to a variety of agencies, no doubt. One reason why it is unexpected is that the Washington correspondents, and the more uproarious Radical newspapers, never could or would believe that the process was a judicial trial, or that the Senate were sitting for any other purpose than the execution of the party will. They therefore have trained themselves into considering a vote for acquittal as a piece of political treachery, of which no ordinarily prudent man could be guilty. The main cause of the result itself we hold to be an honest difference of opinion, on the part of men of legal training, as to the nature of very obscure and ill-defined offences, as to the interpretation of the articles, and as to the force of the evidence—differences such as we see occurring every day amongst men of education, on all sorts of subjects. Another agency which has no doubt contributed to the result is the disgraceful language of some of the party papers—notably the *New York Tribune*, and of a portion of the Managers. The American Senate has hardly yet sunk so low as to contain no man whose spirit was not roused by the unparalleled threats and bullying of which it has been made the object. Some allowance, therefore, must, we think, be made for simple irritation, in enquiring into the causes of the split in the Republican vote. We are bound to add that the widespread hostility of the senators to the Honorable Ben. Wade has also had something to do with it. We do not defend their want of elation at the prospect of seeing this great and good man elevated to the presidential chair, all the less, because they themselves, in a moment of wretched panic, put him on the road to promotion. We simply state the fact; we leave it to others to characterize it, begging them to remember, however, that senators are human.

The effects of Mr. Johnson's acquittal, if acquitted he be, will be varied. Its effect on the South will unquestionably be bad. The spectacle of "the greatest criminal of the age," Verres, Caligula, Charles I., James II., and Philip II. rolled into one, and the appearance of three or four Republican senators suspended on "a gibbet of everlasting obloquy," or making their way home on "a long and dark track of infamy," will not be a pleasant one for the North; but we believe the North can bear it without serious damage. We sincerely wish to see Mr. Johnson out of the White House, but we wish to see him put out by honorable means, of which neither the country nor the party need feel ashamed. But when we see such means used as accusing a man like Trumbull of taking money for his vote, as the *Tribune* has done, one begins to feel that the party will rather lose than gain by success. Moreover, it is doubtful, and very doubtful, what effect the presence of Mr. Wade at the head of affairs would have between now and November. One is made all the more apprehensive on this point by the men and the doctrines which the impeachment has thus far brought to the front. Its failure would at least have the good effect of sending the War Horses out to grass, and putting an end to the reign of violence, we were going to say, of terror, in which the voice of reason and conscience is drowned by senseless clamor, slander, and vituperation. We hope those senators who are being exposed to it will bear in mind what they owe to their own consciences and to the country, and be neither ashamed nor afraid.

The climax of rant and Jacobinism was reached Wednesday week, when the senators were denounced in the grossest terms for clearing their galleries of a crowd which had interrupted their proceedings by making a dismal noise, intended to signify applause. The famous correspondent of the New York *Tribune* has informed the world that "generally the manner of the senators" on that occasion "was offensive," and that the departing crowd "made various comments by no means flattering on several of them." The clearing of the galleries he calls "the exit of the people from their own chamber."

Of the five governors-elect of reconstructed States, four are Northern men and one is, we think, a Southerner. W. W. Holden, we believe, was born in North Carolina. But Bullock, of Georgia, is a Northerner. Warmouth, of Louisiana, who was a soldier in the war, and who is a ready speaker and has been an active politician among the negroes, is an Illinoisan by birth. Mr. Harrison Reed, too, is a Western man, and before he was governor of Florida, was, we think, one of the direct-tax commissioners for that State. General Scott, of South Carolina, a clear-headed, practical man, in the prime of life, a good soldier, and as sensible in political ideas as he was in the field, is a Westerner of the Westerners. He, at any rate, will disappoint us if he does not turn out a good governor. But certainly it is to be wished that the South could furnish her own rulers—and that she cannot and ought not is by no means certain. Nothing but trouble can come of the elevation of that class of people who have gone South to push themselves into offices that at home they could only sigh for. Some of them are the most odious people in the world. As to the other features of the political situation at the South, the following news seems correct. The Georgia senators will be Republicans, for the Legislature is not, as was reported, Democratic. The vote for Bullock is much less than that for a new constitution, which is ratified by about 18,000 majority, while the governor's is about 7,000. Four Republicans and three Democrats go to Congress. Florida's three representatives and two senators are sure to be Republicans, the Reed ticket having been officially reported successful. And, generally, Virginia is almost the only Southern State which the Republicans may not count on—for the moment. What may be the look of things by next November we propose to consider soon at greater length. That universal negro suffrage has for any very long time added ten States to the Republican strength, it would be foolish to believe; but that the party comes out of this struggle of the past five years with two or three new States securely its own, we think is certain.

Illinois bids fair before many years to surpass most other States in the Union in all that constitutes both a great political and great commercial community. Its press, certainly the Radical portion of it, already in many most important particulars excels anything we have in this part of the world. The Chicago *Tribune*, for instance, upholds extreme Radical opinions with logic, decency, moderation, and thoughtfulness, and proves that yelling, hallooing, extravagance, and vituperation are not necessary either to pecuniary success or great influence. The State has now acquired another claim to distinction by being the first in which the Republican party has, through its convention, taken bold and decided ground against repudiation under whatever form, and this without any "ifs" or "buts" or other qualifications. The platform calls for reduction of taxation through reduction of expenditure; denounces all forms of repudiation as "a national crime," which is exactly the term to use, though it is the first time we have seen it; advocates the application of all surplus funds to the purchase of the Government bonds in open market—another good idea which has the merit of offering those who want to have the debt paid off in greenbacks an opportunity of seeing their desires realized without cheating anybody, though we doubt whether this would give them any satisfaction. It draws attention, also, to the important fact that the public debt is not due, and that therefore all discussion about the payment of the whole principal is premature.

It is beginning at last to be fully recognized in England that the real price of labor is not what employers offer, or working-men are willing to accept in one locality in ignorance of what is passing in others, but that it can only be ascertained, like the price of most other commodities in our day, by putting the whole labor engaged in any particular business against the whole of the capital, and by steady and persistent haggling on one side or other. About 40,000 men, colliers and iron-workers, have been on strike in England for some time past.

A portion of these were operatives engaged in a particular branch of industry, and struck because of the introduction of machinery, and they were actually supported in their strike by contributions of money from the engineers who made the machinery. A more remarkable illustration of the way in which all classes of laborers now make common cause in keeping up wages could hardly be afforded. The London *Times*, in an article of unusual suavity of spirit towards the workmen, even admits that strikes are the laborer's natural "higgling of the market," instead of denouncing them as a mixture of crime and folly, as was the fashion with political economists a few years ago. It has been suggested, however, that the "higgling" might be done peacefully and without loss by representative bodies chosen by both masters and workmen, meeting in what might be called 'a labor exchange,' and debating points in dispute. The plan, as we mentioned some time ago, has been tried at Nottingham with perfect success, where the lace-makers and hosiers have established "Boards of Conciliation," which have completely put an end to the strikes by which the industry of the town had been disturbed for many years, and it is said the Lancashire disputants, amongst whom the great strike now rages, are about to avail themselves of this experience.

The English Trades Unions propose to hold a congress in Manchester some time next month, to which all trades are invited to send delegates. The meeting of the Trades Unions' Council at which the call was issued was attended by a Mr. J. W. Hill, of Boston, Mass., who made a long speech, in which he described the condition of the working-classes in this country, and we imagine considerably astonished their English brethren by informing them "that their social comforts were far below those of the English artisans; that in many parts of the States they were in perfect bondage, and entirely subject to the will and caprice of the capitalists; and that their habitations *were mere pigsties* in comparison with those of the industrious classes of the old country." The report in which we find the foregoing is a condensed one, to be sure; but after making all due allowance for this, we fear Mr. Hill has been using a traveller's privilege a little too freely, and we trust those who know him in Boston will ask him to make good his statements, or make the needful corrections in them.

There is probably no question in European politics—possibly no political question whatever—which will occupy so much of the attention of the world during the next twenty years as the Panslavic question. Its shadow is already spreading over the whole European continent. With the view of putting our readers in possession of its leading features, and enabling them to follow coming events in Europe with a more intelligent interest, we publish an article to-day, to be followed by another next week, giving a brief account of the rise and progress of the movement and of its actual condition, which we commend to their attention.

We have received since last week the financial statement made by Count Cambray-Digny before the Italian Parliament. The problem presented to him by a resolution of the Chamber, passed March 14, was, between savings and increased taxation, to add $20,000,000 to the annual revenue. The estimated deficit for the coming year is, however, $48,000,000. M. Digny calculates, if all his proposals are carried out by the Chambers, that he will, between savings and additional taxes, add $37,000,000 to the revenue. He anticipates, too, from increased returns from taxes already in existence, about $2,500,000, reducing the deficit to about $8,000,000, which would not be formidable, and which the mere return of confidence, produced by the realization of these plans, would, no doubt, speedily cause to disappear. There could hardly be a more painful illustration of the disorder into which Italian finances have fallen than the fact that the Pope's paper money now brings a premium in the King's paper money.

The event of the week in France has been the reception of Jules Favre at the Academy, an occasion which derived double interest from the fact that he is even more prominent as a politician of late years than as a lawyer or literary man. M. Cousin, his predecessor in his chair, was his subject; and the theme of course gave him an ample opportunity for the laudation of liberty of thought, and for the vindication of the claims of human reason to the control of the affairs of human society. Of course, too, the discourse was full of side-thrusts at the Imperial régime. He took firm ground, and ground that sorely needed to be taken, against the prevalent tendency to treat the will of the majority as something supreme in the state—as more than will, as reason and justice themselves—and set out in eloquent terms, as Hobbes and Burke have done before him, the subordination of the popular will, as well as the will of individuals, to "reason and the will of God," the incapacity of majorities, however great, to make anything right which is not right in itself, or to give moral force to any legislation or any system of government for which no sanction can be drawn from any higher source.

The *Army and Navy Journal* insinuated pretty strongly, when the news of Prince Alfred's having been shot first came, that his "dissoluteness" had had something to do with it, and that the British Government, "having control" of the telegraph, had, in order to cover up his shame, charged the crime on the Fenians. The *Journal* is usually guided in forming its conclusions by reason and fair play, and therefore we venture to suggest to it, without in any way making ourselves responsible for the Prince's "manners and excesses," or without in any degree changing our opinion of the Fenians, that it would be well, as a rule, when you hear of a man's being shot in the back, to presume, until the contrary is proved, that he did not deserve it. Most men who are shot by assassins have done nothing, or next to nothing, to expose them to that particular form of punishment; and even royal libertines are entitled to the benefit of the presumption thus raised. It turns out now that in this case the assassin was a Fenian, probably a commissioned Fenian, and we wish that the reputation of his brethren made it probable that he was a demented Fenian.

As friends of progress, and persons who grieve heartily over everything that makes the bad man scoff at the progressive party as having feather-headed leaders, foul-mouthed, not careful about the truth, and so on, we have been looking with anxiety through the last two or three numbers of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* and the Boston *Commonwealth*, hoping that we should find profuse and contrite apologies from both the editors—or rather from the editor of the *Commonwealth*, and an editorial correspondent of the *Standard*. Both these journals copied a savage story, which read as if it might have been written for the *Independent* by Colonel Forney, about a Mr. Johnson who, because he was a Northern man, was threatened with death by some of the undergraduates of General Lee's college in Virginia. And yet now, the *Commonwealth* and *Standard* said, Northern people are asked to aid this college! Both journals proceeded to make remarks to which we, as our habit is, paid close attention, and the tone of which recalled vividly that of a couple of minor prophets. Mr. Beecher, whom we had previously admired, was thus rebuked:

"We did not expect logic in Beecher, but we might have hoped for some instinctive sense of right and wrong. We know he is only useful to play on a stringed instrument, and not at all to sit in the Sanhedrim. The same blindness which gave money to a Tract Society that preached slavery, and fancied the gift to be proof of a catholic spirit, now turns to aid a college which is moulding cruel, bloody men into rebels and negro-haters, crying out all the while as it hurries on, 'See how magnanimous I am.'"

The *Commonwealth* was nearly as severe, and quite as effective on our mind. Horace Greeley, Cady Stanton, the stalwart-souled Parker Pillsbury, the discreet and even-minded Octavius Frothingham and Roswell Hitchcock, as well as Ward Beecher, were admonished for "flapdoodle philanthropy"—a term which threatened to destroy what little respect we had left for them after they had been pronounced unfit for the Sanhedrim, illogical, moulders of bloody men and rebels, destitute of conscience, and so on. The *Tribune* came to their assistance, though, in a day or two. It published a letter from Captain Lacey, now for years a sound Union man and protector of the negroes, which gave point-blank denial to the tale on which were founded the strictures we were so sorry to see. Our faith in the men above-mentioned was put upon its old basis. But as yet there is not a word in the way of apology from our two misleading guides.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WHAT WAS THE IMPEACHMENT?

THE great objection which we, in common with so many others, had to impeachment when it was first talked of, was that it would either be or seem, not a criminal trial, but an exertion of party strength against a political opponent; that, therefore, it would form a dangerous precedent, and that the position of the Republican party was such that it could not afford to establish dangerous precedents. That party was and is in a majority at the North; after the readmission of the South, no matter what arrangements it may now make, its supremacy may be lost; the union of the Southern whites with the Democrats, all test-oaths and restrictions and conditions to the contrary notwithstanding, may before long give them, for a season at least, the controlling power in the Government; and it is a power which we firmly believe they will, when they get it, use for evil. Therefore, we believed that in all that the Republican party did now, it should have an eye to this contingency, and that it should be careful about manufacturing weapons which the Democrats might use.

To this it was replied that impeachment would not be a party measure; that it would be a judicial proceeding; and that the Republican party had no more right to shirk it in Mr. Johnson's case than the district attorney has a right to shirk the prosecution of a counterfeiter. Anybody who will take the trouble to look over the journals which advocated impeachment at the outset will find that this was the exact ground they took. We combated their position by denying that the prosecution of a criminal was always an imperative duty; we said it had to be decided solely with reference to the good of the community, and that we were not bound to prosecute Andrew Johnson for high crimes and misdemeanors, even if he had committed them, if it appeared that the nation at large would suffer more than it would gain by it; and we denied that he had at that time committed any offence which merited any greater punishment than could be inflicted by the popular vote.

He used the Federal patronage, as all his predecessors had done since Jackson, for the support of his own political opinions. What he did in this way owed all its guilt, not in our eyes, but in those of men who were clamoring most loudly against him, to the fact that his opinions were no longer those of his party. We thought the use of the Federal patronage for the support of any opinions whatever was an abuse, and we thought that his resort to it furnished a capital opportunity for effecting a thorough reform in the Civil Service, such as Mr. Jenckes was working for, and such as the Commissioner of Revenue urgently recommended. Congress, however, was not willing to do this. It confined itself to putting a stop to his removals, and securing to the party the control of the patronage by passing the Tenure-of-Office Act. That act did not, in our opinion, go far enough to meet the case, but it was a step in the right direction, and we hailed it as such, and waited for better times. It was not intended to apply to Mr. Stanton's case; that was openly proclaimed by its promoters in both Houses, and was not denied. It was simply intended to put a stop to Mr. Johnson's electioneering razzias among the minor officials.

He broke the law after it had been passed over his veto, and after he had acknowledged its validity by making a suspension under it, and he was at once impeached. We then had nothing or only little to say. The doctrine he asserted in breaking it seemed to us one that Congress could never admit, and he proved himself so incorrigibly foolish and obstinate, and had done so much mischief, that we felt that if he could through a fair trial under legal forms be got rid of, he had better go.

Then, however, when all was ready, and the articles filed, the "original impeachers" abandoned their old position. They said it was not a trial at all, a judicial proceeding of any kind, on which they were entering; that the Senate was not a court; that it was not bound by any laws, rules, or precedents; that it was simply a minister charged with the execution of the popular will against an enemy of the state. Its right to acquit was denied before it had heard the evidence, or the respondent's case. The Republicans, also, were threatened with infamy in case they acquitted; one of the managers in express terms "dared" them to acquit; and, finally, the New York *Tribune* formally announced that it was altogether a party proceeding—the mere execution of a determination to which the party had already come, and that any senator who refused to carry out this determination would be expelled from the party, and that all talk about the sanctity of their oaths was "cant." To crown all, a leading Republican lawyer, who accepted a retainer from the President, and helped to conduct his case for him, has been denounced as a "traitor," and even as being guilty of personal baseness. In fact, the twisting and turning, the shifting of ground, the treatment of the Senate one day as a court in order to shut out exculpatory evidence, the next day as a mere minister of popular vengeance in order to let criminatory evidence in, the confusion of law and morals, the elaborate and daily attempts to darken counsel in advance of the decision, the threatenings and revilings directed against everybody who treated the proceeding as a judicial one, which have marked the course of a portion of the Republican press throughout the trial, have furnished one of the most discreditable chapters in the history of journalism.

It appears, therefore, that if those who first clamored for impeachment as a criminal prosecution in accordance with the forms of law had had their way, there would have been nothing whatever of a criminal prosecution about it. It would have resembled an act of attainder in everything except the penalty, and would have furnished a precedent which all parties, the worst as well as the best, could have used at will; under which a Congress like that which was to have met in 1861 could impeach and depose a President like Mr. Lincoln, for no better reason than that they thought him a dangerous man. We are glad to say that they have not had their way, and although they have done all that lies in their power to disguise the proceeding and make it appear a mere pouring out of popular wrath on an unworthy head, and although we fear their performances may prove some time of great value to the Democratic party, and may prove a delusion and snare to posterity, the Senate has kept the mischief within the narrowest limits. The "guilt" or innocence of Mr. Evarts of course turns altogether on the character of the proceeding. *Harper's Weekly* and the *Independent* have both been discussing his case, and on opposite sides, during the past week; and as they start from diametrically opposite premises, they have naturally reached diametrically opposite conclusions. *Harper's Weekly* evidently considers the impeachment a judicial proceeding, and therefore thinks Mr. Evarts has done right, both as a counsellor and as a politician, in appearing for Mr. Johnson; while the *Independent*, evidently regarding it as a mere exertion of party strength to get rid of an obstacle or a public enemy, looks on Mr. Evarts's course as a mere desertion to the enemy.

We confess we do not know what way there is of settling the question. If anybody says it was not a trial, in spite of the oath, of the testimony, of the presence of the Chief-Justice, of the arguments of counsel, and of the language of the Constitution, he cannot be convinced, and Mr. Evarts must take his epithets and swallow them. Our own opinion is that he was perfectly right; that in appearing for Mr. Johnson, and putting his case before the court to the best of his ability, he rendered the Republican party and the country at large a greater service than he rendered his nominal client, because he helped to give a dignity and decorum to the proceedings, and, what is of more importance, *weight* to the decision. It was well that a leading Republican lawyer should appear on the President's side, if for no other reason, for the very grave one that his appearance strengthens the presumption which we should all eagerly uphold, that the senators sat as judges and not as partisans.

His case suggests one other remark, but a remark that will probably have more force, now that all is nearly over, than it would have had a week ago. Can any party afford to treat its leading men as part of the Republican press has been treating leading Republicans during the

last few weeks? Senators of the highest character, who, in being simply honest and in having a mind of their own, render more service to the country than fifty thousand of the windy blatherskites who assail them could render by working hard all their lives, have been abused like pickpockets, simply because they chose to think. We have, during the last week, heard language applied to Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Trumbull, for instance, which was fit only for a compound of Benedict Arnold and John Morrissey, and all their colleagues have been warned beforehand, that if they pleaded their oaths as an excuse for differing from anybody who happened to edit a newspaper, they would be held up to execration as knaves and hypocrites. Now, the class of men who are most needed in our politics just now are high-minded, independent men, with their hands clean, and souls of their own. The errors of judgment are worth bearing with for the sake of their character. Yet this class is becoming smaller and smaller, falling more and more into disrepute. The class of roaring, corrupt, ignorant demagogues who are always on "the right side" with regard to all party measures, grows apace; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, if the Republican party does not make short work with them before long, they will make short work of it. Whatever damage it has suffered, it has suffered at their hands, and yet it is they whom there is just now a tendency to cherish and put forward. If the party means to live, it will do well to honor its ablest and most independent men, and even to bear with their faults. The glibness and zeal and uproariousness may help it to achieve temporary triumph, but for long steady wear, for long retention of popular confidence, commend us to those who are not afraid to say no when the newspapers say yes, and who occasionally have the frankness to confess that they prepare their own morality.

A NEW FIELD FOR FANATICS.

It is a very interesting question what are the grounds of the prevailing belief that the Legislatures of almost all the States, and even the House of Representatives at Washington, are open to bribery and corruption. There are no published statistics on the subject, except perhaps those contained in Mr. Parton's article, in the *North American Review*, on the legislation of Albany, and those only applied to a single State; yet you will not easily persuade an intelligent American that his representatives are men distinguished for scrupulous honesty in their administration of public affairs and appropriation of public moneys. "The Connecticut Legislature!" said a Connecticut citizen to a gentleman of our acquaintance, who was speaking of the reasons which might influence that body in favor of a certain measure or against it, and, sitting down with an air of derisive *bonhomie*, joined his hands, making a hollow between the palms, winked, beat his knuckles against his knees, so as to produce the sound of rattling coin, and said, "There 's the Connecticut Legislature." Mr. G. W. Curtis, too, told the other day, in his address before the Alpha Delta Phi Association, of his having recently seen a gentleman of much political experience take out a roll of bank-bills from his pocket in the lobby of the capitol at Albany, and, holding them up to the bystanders, exclaim, "There 's the logic for legislators." We repeat that there are no statistics showing that so much money was paid for the passage of this bill, or how much it took to defeat the other; but, nevertheless, the feeling that legislation may be bought and sold grows upon Americans. The other day we had an account of the passage of the Pacific Railroad bill, given by one of the members of the body which passed it, which might have called a blush even to the cheek of a female lobbyist. It appears that the lobby went *en masse* into the House, and there, the two bodies uniting, very much as in the case of a joint vote by the Senate and House, passed the bill. Now, no one knows that any money was used in this case; there is no evidence that bribes were taken or offered; it may have been that the ladies of the West were so deeply interested in the connection of the Pacific with the Atlantic that, in the very fulness of their hearts and emptiness of their pockets, they rushed to Washington, where a winning freedom of manner and confidence in their kind found them a way to the scene of debate and then ensured their welcome.

We have no desire to enter at length into the reasons which lead us to the conclusion that this prevalent belief in the venality of legislatures is well founded, but they are, in brief, as follows: In the first place, there is every reason why, if the facts were otherwise, the people should be delighted to dwell upon them; the people gain nothing from dishonesty in the legislature, and gain still less by representing an honest legislature to be venal, so that there is no temptation to distort the truth. In the second place, though statistics cannot be obtained, the experience of every American is so varied, that he is likely from time to time to be brought into contact with his representatives, and to know in a general way their reputation for fair dealing—much more likely than in England, for instance. Thus there may be a trustworthy impression as to the character of legislative bodies, even without many published facts. In the third place, the ill odor which hangs about the "politician's" life in America is good ground for admitting beforehand the possibility of a taint. Our legislators come from a class sunk so low in public estimation that to say of a man, "he 's a politician," is synonymous with saying "he has his price," and it is politicians, of course, who govern us. These three reasons, we think, furnish sufficient support for a belief in the probable truth of the charges. But it is not so much to these reasons that we wish to call attention, for few persons any longer deny the facts, as to certain very curious theoretic consequences which flow from them.

The system of government under which we live, it cannot be too often repeated, is a representative one. By the theory of such a government, it brings together in a small compass the political energy, the political ideas, and the political morality scattered throughout the country. A thousand men whose convictions are similar select the most fit among them to represent and advance those convictions. This delegate sympathizes in the main with his constituents, the chief difference being that he will generally be morally and intellectually superior to the mass of them. The members of the convention which framed the Constitution, for instance, afford almost perfect types of the kind of representatives the theory demands. It is not necessary that the governing body should mirror the whole character, virtue and vice together, of the constituencies; in fact, to mirror is the last aim of representation, and the representation of vices is undesirable. Political ideas held by large masses of men are to be furthered by a single man, and that man is to unite all the good qualities of character which a governor should possess. He is to be higher, not lower, than his constituents.

It is evident to what conclusion we are brought. If the gentlemen who sell laws at Albany and elsewhere are our representatives, then so much more are we proved knaves than they. If they are venal, we are more so. They are our representatives, we are their constituents. But this is sheer absurdity; for every one is clear upon the point that the great mass of the people are fairly honest. We do not find, on the whole, that swindling and chicane are the rule in everyday matters; that trustees mistake their *cestui que trust's* pocket for their own; that physicians are in the habit of prolonging disease, or lawyers litigation, for the sake of increased fees. Debtors are not in the habit of falsifying accounts, nor do we find witnesses constantly swearing to the truth of such falsifications. Perjury is not rife among us; the average American citizen who takes an oath sticks to the truth. It is not customary for Americans to bring their souls to market, nor will you find it easy to persuade your friend that another friend is dishonest. Confidence is a plant of slow growth, yet one of the most prominent traits which recent travellers have observed in the American character is the trait of confidence; and, unless we are fools, we must have a reason for that confidence, drawn from experience; and further, that reason must be that we have found one another generally worthy of it.

What, then, is the explanation of the phenomenon? It is, we believe—paradoxical as it may sound—the over-intensity of the public conscience.

There seems to be an indifference to the *general* character of representatives, provided they are sound on one or two points on which the popular conscience happens for the time being to be thoroughly aroused, and this indifference begins to show itself even in parts of the country in which hitherto general character has been of considerable importance in all walks of life. The cases begin to multiply in which we see highly moral constituencies represented by men who are not

only unscrupulous, not only far below the average of the electors in regard for principle, but who are notoriously so. In fact, voters are fast losing the old excuse of their own ignorance for the badness of their representatives. Bad men no longer have to be unknown in order to get into Congress or the State Legislatures; cases are multiplying in which disreputable antecedents not only prove no bar to nomination or election, but prove a help, because their very unscrupulousness seems likely to increase their value as partisans. We might cite illustrations, but it would not strengthen our argument, but might weaken it by laying ourselves open to the charge of personal hostility.

The country has now for forty years been engaged in vigorous efforts to get rid of slavery and of the doctrine of the right of secession, and greater evils than these could not befall any country. The labor spent in destroying them could not have been better spent. But now that the struggle is over, we find ourselves very much in the position of the Roundheads at Marston Moor, where Cromwell, after carrying everything before him, returned from the pursuit only to find the other wing of the enemy in possession of the field, and plundering his baggage. We are face to face with an evil, less revolting than slavery, but more insidious; and though perhaps not so full of immediate danger to the Government, not less sure of breaking it down in the long run, if allowed to go unchecked. There is hardly a legislature in the country which is not suspected of corruption; there is hardly a court over which the same suspicion does not hang. A recent writer in *Harper's Monthly*, arguing strongly against the right of the Supreme Court to pass on political questions, gave as a reason why the Court was no longer entitled to the respect which was paid it forty years ago, that the character of the bar throughout the country had been so lowered by the elective judiciary, that the materials for such a bench as existed in Marshall's day were no longer to be found. Many of the recent appointments to the Federal bench, too, seem to indicate a total forgetfulness of, or indifference to, the necessity of either character or learning for the office of judge—witness Judge Busteed, of Alabama; Judge Underwood, of Virginia. We are credibly informed, too, that a short time ago Mr. Greeley made strenuous exertions to procure the appointment of Mr. Robinson, the Fenian Member of Congress from Brooklyn, to the Judgeship of the Eastern District of this State!

Now, if any reformers are looking forward regretfully to the period when, the negroes and women having been established in full possession of their political and social rights, there will be no more work left for them to do, we advise them to be of good cheer. There has never been so much work to do, and it is work in some ways more difficult and delicate than the anti-slavery work, because it involves the pursuit of an impalpable evil, the existence of which, notorious though it be, it is difficult to prove, and the friends of which, though they may not be as influential as those of slavery, are, at the North at least, more earnest, indefatigable, and unscrupulous. The popular notion that this evil can be suppressed by good legislation, for instance, as the new constitution proposes, enabling the bribee to give evidence against the briber, or by the creation of new and formidable penalties, we hold to be a pure delusion. Corruption has been reduced to an art, and a large part of the art consists in the destruction of evidence; moreover, the agents of the law themselves, the very men who have to put it in motion, are, in the great centres of corruption, at least not unfrequently hand-in-glove with its violators.

A remarkable illustration, in fact, of the worthlessness of legal penalties in the absence of proper courage or conscience on the part of the public, is apparent in this city. There are certain judges on the bench whose corruption is not only generally believed in, but is within the knowledge of many members of the bar. Every day that these men remain on the bench they do something to sap the very foundations on which society rests. There is a remedy provided for cases of this kind—viz., impeachment. It would, if half the stories told be true, be successful in the cases we have mentioned; but nobody can be found, either lawyer or layman, to come forward and put the law in motion. The older men are too busy; the younger men too poor; and even respectable and high-minded men, who never miss church on Sunday, are getting into the habit of protecting themselves against judicial iniquity by the use of the devil's own weapons. When one looks on all this, one can hardly help listening with astonishment to the trumpets and shawms which the enthusiasts are sounding over the downfall of Andrew Johnson.

Before we can hope for any reform, voters must compel nominating conventions to consider *general character*, and not soundness of opinion on one or two questions, in making their nominations. The way to do this is by the liberal use of the "inalienable right" of "scratching." We must scratch freely, even though we are told that the result of defeat will be the ruin of the country. It is very hard to "ruin the country," and no party is very seriously injured by a little check of this sort. But that "scratching" may be effective, it must be done with knowledge. We must know whom to scratch, and this knowledge can only be supplied by some sort of volunteer organization, like the Citizens' Association in this city, whose business it will be to follow politicians up, keep their delinquencies recorded, and reproduce them as frequently as may be necessary. The curse of political life is the capacity of the public and the newspapers for forgetting. There is no knave or drunkard who, by keeping quiet or displaying extraordinary zeal on some special occasion when the popular mind is greatly excited, may not hope to have all his past sins buried in oblivion, and to be able, with the assistance of his followers, to browbeat and silence any single man who attempts to expose him. Witness the Copeland-Banks embroglio in Massachusetts two years ago; witness the Glenn case in the New York Legislature the other day.

Of course, such a duty would be in the highest degree repulsive. Of course, nobody could undertake to perform it without exposing himself to such a shower of dirt as has probably never been witnessed; but then the repulsiveness of the work of reform has never left us without plenty of reformers. The more danger, the more honor, is a cry as well known in this field as in that of actual warfare; and there is hardly a doubt that anybody who enters on it, however trying it may be at first, will find himself in a very few years not a martyr but a hero, for he will have at his back, once he has proved his courage and constancy and purity, that popular devotion to the great interests of morality and religion before which so many evils have already gone down, and before which this one, too, is certainly destined to perish. But he must make up his mind that it will not do to be a preacher simply. He may preach till the crack of doom against corruption in general, and all the greatest knaves will occupy the front seats in his congregation without stealing a cent the less. He must be a detective as well, and the burden of his discourse must be, not simply that picking and stealing are bad things, but A. and B. are scoundrels, and at such a date and in such a place stole, or forged, or lied, or wallowed in the gutter, or behaved like ruffians.

LORD BROUGHAM.

By the death of Lord Brougham, the world has lost the ablest and most effective, as well as the last survivor of the tribe of reformers who sprang up in England at the close of the last century, and whose labors, bequeathed to other hands, have just culminated in what is the final triumph of their doctrines—the passage of the late Reform Bill. He was before all things what is now, we might almost say technically, called a "radical"—that is, an uprooter of abuses. In fact, he was the archetype of radicalism. He was as near perfection in his peculiar line as it is permitted to human nature to approach perfection in any line. The smallest addition to his virtues, or the slightest diminution of his defects, would have spoiled him for his work. His pretensions to universal knowledge brought on him for half a century the scorn and sneers of men of real knowledge. It was wittily and bitterly said of him, when he was presiding over the Court of Chancery, "that if he only knew a little law, he would know a little of everything;" but he knew enough law to be a very effective law reformer. Had he been a great lawyer, the chances are that he would have been as energetic in defending abuses as he was in overthrowing them. He knew a little of physical science, and thought he knew a great deal; but had he known a great deal, he would never have been heard of at the bar or in the House of Commons. What he did know simply increased his efficiency as an advocate, and furnished one more outlet for his insatiable activity of mind. The same thing may be said of his attainments in moral and political philosophy. He had a tincture of both, but produced nothing that anybody now

reads, and clearly never had more of either than was sufficient to give him confidence in himself in his forensic contests, and it did not need much to do this.

This confidence, too, he possessed naturally in such quantity, and it was combined with so much restlessness, as to make him at once "a terror and a delight" to his quieter, more fastidious, and more thorough friends like Francis Horner; and it even tried the nerves of the more balanced and indulgent Romilly. Horner said of him, in 1802, when they were both on the threshold of their career, and Brougham had just sold his first book to Longman: "Should an active scene be opened to Brougham, I shall tremble with anxiety for some time, though it is what I very ardently wish. His information on political subjects is now immense, . . . but his ardor is so urgent that I should be afraid of his being deficient in prudence. That he would ultimately become a leading and predominant mind cannot be doubted, but he might attempt to fix himself in that place too soon." In fact, as years rolled on and his confidence acquired a solid basis of success, it assumed proportions that, had he been a man of smaller powers, would have made him intolerable. It did raise up for him a host of enemies, and, in combination with what must, after all, be called his shallowness, would have robbed his sunset of brilliancy had the result of his labors been less great. But, then, without it he would not have been the man he was—that is, the most fearless, the most energetic, and perhaps at the same time one of the most effective constitutional agitators that has ever appeared.

Then, too, he was wanting in taste and tact, and the want of these is a terrible want in any man who proposes to make a figure in politics in an old society. His displays of this defect throughout his long and brilliant career were frequent, and for his friends and coadjutors a very painful spectacle. Perhaps the most memorable example of it was the attack he made on the Prince Regent in opposing an increase in the salary of the Secretary of the Admiralty in 1816, in which he described him in much the same terms as those in which Tacitus describes Tiberius in his retreat at Capreæ. Many who would have voted with him were so disgusted that they got up and left the House; others who only wanted a good excuse for not voting against the ministry went away also; and the motion was defeated, and solely, the best judges believed, owing to Brougham's rant, the ministry was saved. This performance wrung even from the kind-hearted Romilly the exclamation—from him a severe condemnation—"How much it is to be lamented that his [Brougham's] want of judgment and of prudence should prevent his great talents and such good intentions from being as great a blessing to mankind as they ought to be!" Nevertheless, this bluntness of perception, this thickness of the skin, this vehemence which carried him over all conventional barriers, this want of the finer kind of sympathy, much as it marred him on particular occasions, was certainly a help on the whole. To be a reformer at all in England in Brougham's early days required not courage only—for a man may be courageous and yet suffer too keenly for mortal nerves to bear it very long—but that coarseness of fibre which is to the mind what a good digestion is to the body; which hardens a man against the chill winds which blow from small reverses, small snubs, and sudden bursts of unpopularity. He probably felt as comfortably after the defeat of the motion on the salary of the Secretary of the Admiralty as he ever felt in his life; probably thought he had done a very fine thing, when all his friends were thinking what a magnificent ass he had made of himself; and was probably as fresh, as cheerful, and as ready for work on the following morning as on any morning of his life. Horner or Romilly or Mackintosh would almost have been confined to his room for several days after such an exploit.

Of his courage it is almost needless to speak. That a great deal of it might have been called animal courage took away nothing from its value. He was courageous not simply as a man whom conscience drives out upon his duty as with a flaming sword. Courage of this kind abounds in all walks of life, and is the natural result of high moral culture; but it does not always make a man a radical. There are many who deny Brougham the possession of it; but luckily for his fame—and luckily, too, for his country—even if he had it not he did not need it. He had, at all events, that other, and for a reformer even more valuable kind, which consists in simple love of strife. Few men probably ever felt more keenly the *gaudium certaminis*. He sailed about everywhere and in every weather with his decks cleared, his ports open, and his guns run out, and no calculation of odds or chances ever caused him to decline a combat. Let us add that he was, until his descent from the woolsack, a formidable foe. His activity—which he once illustrated by writing five reviews for the *Edinburgh* while travelling between Ratisbon and Venice on a pleasure trip—and his immense power of apprehension, armed him with a supply of general information such as hardly any reformer has ever been able to boast, and this saved him from those small overthrows to which reformers are so constantly exposed at the hands of officials and men of detail. He was not strong as a logician. His legal arguments were apt to be disjointed and desultory. They were wanting in precision, in clearness, and in symmetry; and exhibited, like the arguments of most encyclopædic minds, more industry in collecting facts than capacity of digesting them; but his blows, when delivered, were apt to be tremendous. They often, in dealing with small matters, fell short from mere exaggeration, to which he had a true radical's proneness; but it was his good fortune, through most of his life as a reformer, to have to deal with monstrous abuses, about which hardly any invective could be too strong, and for which hardly any coloring could be too high—and all Brougham's coloring was high.

It has been urged against him that he was over-ambitious, and pursued office with greater keenness than became a scholar and a philanthropist. To this the answer is, of course, that he sought no office which was not in the line of his career, and to which his achievements and reputation did not fairly entitle him, and which he did not fill with credit. He was generally considered a far worse Chancellor than Eldon; but if the end of equity be the decision of human controversies and the diminution of human misery, and not the sharpening of legal wits, he was a far better one. There was no department of the law, too, which he did not either, while at the bar or on the bench, do something to reform. And it must be remembered of him, that all the arts by which he rose were manly arts. He owed nothing to favor, and was constitutionally incapable of intrigue. He became an assailant of abuses when to become an assailant of abuses meant the surrender of all hope of promotion. Moreover, we have never known exactly on what principle a philanthropist, any more than other men who do good in their day and generation, is expected to root out from his heart all desire of earthly honors. When it was discovered, after the publication in 1860 of his letter to Mr. Seward dissolving the partnership of Seward, Weed, Greeley & Co., that Horace Greeley in his hot youth had cherished unsatisfied longings for a post-office, a great many people were shocked and disappointed; but it was the most natural thing in the world. The best men labor from mixed motives; and he does all that society has any right to expect of him who makes the noblest motives the most powerful. If there are in any pursuit fixed rewards for success, apart from general esteem and the applause of one's own conscience, the man who, following that pursuit, does not desire them, has nothing to boast of. He differs from, but he does not excel, his neighbors.

Brougham had multitudinous faults, but they were faults without which, as we have said, he could not have done the work that was set him to do, and they were faults that ought hardly to be mentioned in talking of a veteran who labored in England sixty years ago for the abolition of the slave-trade; for the reform of the bloody criminal code; who voted in a minority of eight with Romilly, in 1812, for the abolition of flogging in the army; who was the friend of Poland after the triumph of the reaction in 1815; who thundered against slavery in the West Indies till it, as well as the slave-trade, had perished; who, during a long and busy professional life, always found time for the cultivation of literature and science; who never ceased to labor with tongue and pen for the promotion of popular education; and who for nearly forty years was the man in all England to whom the poor, the weak, the helpless, the oppressed of all colors, climes, and causes addressed themselves first, and with most confidence, when seeking aid or redress.

He was the last survivor of the small band of brilliant men who started the *Edinburgh Review*, and made it so soon "the terror of quacks and impostors" in literature, and of that large and more brilliant band

who raised and upheld the standard of political reform during the dark years of the French war. Many of them served the cause with more discretion, but none with more energy and efficiency than he; and it is singular that he who crowded the labors of many lives into one—whose ceaseless activity appalled his companions in the race—should have been the last to go to rest. They have all left famous names. Brougham, Smith, Mackintosh, Horner, Jeffrey, Romilly, Wilberforce, were men who would make any age illustrious, as they indeed made theirs; and the more illustrious, because they all, except perhaps Brougham, united talents of the highest order with lives of singular purity—of some, Romilly and Horner, for instance, we might almost say of singular austerity. And yet not one of them has done anything to enlarge the boundaries of human thought, or increase the stores of human knowledge. Their highest merit and their great title to remembrance is that they were patient, able, highly educated, courageous sappers of time-honored abuses; in other words, that they passed their lives in trying to save men from outrageous cruelty and injustice at the hands of their fellows. That such should be, after all, the story of their lives; that this, and only this, was the work which such men found to do in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and that it still absorbs the energies of the very best men of all civilized countries; that the work of reform should still be so largely the work of destruction, and not of construction—only deepens the deepest of all mysteries.

PANSLAVISM.

I.

THREE families of nations, all belonging to the Indo-European grand-division of mankind, the Slavic, the Teutonic, and the Romanic, can be said to rule the globe in our times. They may be designated as the eastern, the north-western, and south-western branches of that grand stem, into which countless centuries of growth have ramified it, and around which cluster numerous minor offshoots of the same, as well as some detached from different trunks. All the north of Asia, from Behring's Straits and the mouth of the Amoor to the Ural, and almost all Europe east of the Baltic and the Adriatic, and of a winding line connecting these two seas, belong to the Slavic race, which has absorbed or entirely overpowered the Finns, Lithuanians, Crimean Tartars, Circassians, Bashkirs, and numerous other tribes, and closely encircles the Magyars, Roumans, Albanians, and others. The rest of Europe and almost the whole of America, unequally divided into northern and southern halves, Australia, parts of Africa and Southern Asia, and almost all the islands of the seas, are held by the Teutonic and Romanic nations, who have absorbed, exterminated, or subjected, among others, the Basques, the Celts, the aborigines of this continent, the Hindoos, and the Malays. Their flags float triumphantly over all the oceans. The Sultans of Turkey and Morocco, the formerly impenetrable empires of Cathay and Japan, yield to their dictates; the Arab and the Egyptian construct their canals; the Kabyl and the Abyssinian vainly oppose their arms.

Of these three dominant families of nations, the Teutonic is throughout in a flourishing condition. It embraces the most enlightened and progressive, the most industrious and active, the freest and richest nations of the earth. Each of its members is independent and sovereign in the land it inhabits. All enjoy self-rule and constitutional freedom, though under manifold forms: republican democracy in the United States and Switzerland; democracy combined with monarchy in Norway and Denmark; liberal aristocracy in England; and mixed constitutionalism in Holland, Sweden, and Germany. Although some of these nations, like Holland and Sweden, have already played more conspicuous parts in history than they do now, none is in a condition of internal decay; only their external relations are changed. Almost all are advancing with the hope of a still brighter future. Their religion, with few exceptions, is the Protestant.

The Romanic family consists mainly of nations that have passed the zenith of their glory. Some of them show evident marks of decay, if not of incurable rottenness. Such are Spain and Portugal, which, after centuries of world-wide fame and power, have nearly succumbed to the internal infection of bigotry, pride, and luxury, combining to produce an unparalleled system of royal and clerical despotism. Their former colonies, now independent states, founded on a substratum of an inferior race, seem to be decrepit in their very infancy. Italy and Roumania struggle hard, and not without foreign aid, for regeneration after ages of degeneracy. France alone, the leading Romanic state, stands erect and powerful in the foremost rank of civilized nations, though, as many believe, on the very verge of decadence, the forecast shadow of which is already traceable in the character and spirit of her people. Most of the members of this family are convulsed by frequent revolutions, which seem only to displace tyranny, and but rarely inaugurate a normal rule of freedom. Their movements are unsteady, their aims indefinite and vague, their culture superficial. Progress and reaction alternate, each running into excess. Every nation, however, is independent, except the Roumanian, which is autonomous but tributary. The Catholic religion prevails in all, with the same exception.

More peculiar still is the general aspect of the Slavic family. It consists not of nations uniformly free and advancing, nor of nations decayed, decaying, or in the throes of regeneration, but of one great overshadowing empire, and of a large number of minor peoples and tribes whose political life has been cut short by external violence before internal decay set in. That empire is Russia, which contains the only independent Slavic nation. The western and southern Slavi, who, during the great migration of nations, had spread as far as the lower Elbe, the head-waters of the Danube and the Drave, and beyond the Balkan, the Isthmus of Corinth, and even the Hellespont, early in the Middle Ages founded independent kingdoms and principalities near the shores of the Baltic, the Adriatic, and the Euxine, on the Vistula, the Elbe, and the Danube, and on both sides of the Carpathians; but, disunited among themselves, often fighting one another, and feebly organized, they gradually receded before mightier neighbors, and finally succumbed to the superior culture and discipline of the Germans, or to the impetuous valor of the Hungarians and Turks, Poland alone falling under the strokes, chiefly, of a Slavic people, the Russian. The too far advanced Slavic populations almost entirely disappeared; those established between the Oder, the Elbe, and the Saale, with the exception of the Wends in Lusatia, were Germanized after long struggles; those on the upper Save, Drave, and Mur shared nearly the same fate; the Great-Moravian empire, founded by Svatopluk, east and west of the Carpathians, fell, about the year 900, under the sword of the Magyars, who had then for the first time entered and occupied Hungary; Croatia was annexed to the latter country about the beginning, and Slavonia about the middle, of the twelfth century; Serbia was conquered on the battle-field of Kosovo, in 1389, by Sultan Amurath I.; Bulgaria was subdued soon after by his son Bajazet, and Bosnia, after various vicissitudes, by Solyman the Magnificent, in 1528; Bohemia, the oldest Slavic kingdom, virtually lost its independence on the death of King Louis in the battle of Mohács (1526), fought against the last-named Sultan, when for a second time it reverted to the house of Austria, and it lost its freedom when, after the battle of the White Mountain (1620), the Emperor Ferdinand II. tore its charter of liberty, as forfeited; last of all, Poland, having flourished for eight hundred years as an independent and mighty kingdom, was divided by three neighboring powers, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, toward the close of the last century, and all its subsequent attempts to recover its independence have proved futile and self-destructive.

When Poland fell, all national pulsation seemed long to have ceased among all other Slavic populations of the west and south. The Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians, and Montenegrins—the latter with some intervals—had so long groaned under the Turkish yoke; the Croats and Slavonians, the Slovacks in north-western, the Ruthenians in north-eastern, and the Rascians in southern, Hungary, had so long been ruled, led, or oppressed by the Magyars; Dalmatia had become so much Italianized by Venetian influences; the nobility and urban populations of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Styria, and Illyria so much Germanized under the house of Austria, that the remembrance of the free national past seemed to live among the Slavi of all these countries only like "an ancient lay." Any lingering hope of resurrection appeared to most observers an idle dream. But when Polish liberty succumbed, French liberty became triumphant over all its enemies, and commenced convulsing Europe with the ideas of popular rights, independence, and

national regeneration. Shock followed shock. From the Seine and the Tagus to the Pruth and the Niemen the existing order of things was shaken to its foundations. The people everywhere became conscious of their rights and power. The new gigantic structures raised by victorious France, in their turn, crumbled under the pressure of popular enthusiasm. The people fought against Napoleon in Spain and in Tyrol; the people were appealed to against him by Czar Alexander and by Frederic William in 1812 and 1813. On the fall of the great conqueror, the people almost everywhere demanded their rights. Spain, Naples, and Piedmont rose to strike for liberty in 1820, though in vain. A Greek *hetairia* raised the standard of Hellenic freedom in Moldo-Wallachia; the Peloponnesus and the islands followed, and Hellas revived. Poles and Russians conspired, separately and jointly, for the overthrow of despotism. Another regenerating movement, though of a different character, begun simultaneously with the fall of Poland, took place in Hungary. Roused from a long slumber by the centralizing and Germanizing attempts of Joseph II. (1780–1790), the Magyars not only reasserted their national autonomy on the accession of his brother and successor, Leopold II., but also began with equal enthusiasm, ability, and success to revive, cultivate, and spread their own Turanian tongue, and to revindicate for it the place which the Latin had occupied as a parliamentary, scientific, and international medium in their assemblies and public institutions. All these movements could not but react upon the Slavic race, and rekindle the latent sparks of national consciousness even in the most oppressed and most neglected of its members.

Where religion aided to set those sparks ablaze, the first movements immediately assumed the shape of insurrectionary outbreaks. The Servians and Montenegrins, aided or instigated by Russia, were the first to strike for independence—the former under the lead of Czerny George and then of Milosh Obrenovitch, the latter under their Vladika, Peter Petrovitch I.—and, fighting long and bravely, conquered a partial national autonomy even before the outbreak in Greece—an autonomy which Servia, under the sons of those two kneses, has not only succeeded in defending, but also in considerably enlarging. Next followed a general literary movement, aiming at a revival of all the Slavic tongues and the development of Slavic literature throughout the Austrian empire and on its Turkish borders. Of this movement Pesth, Agram, Vienna, Prague, and Moscow became the centres. Journals, schools, libraries, and archives were founded. Eminent writers, like the Serb Karajitch, the Slovacks Kollar and Schafarik, the Moravian Palacky, subsequently historiographer of Bohemia, and the Croat Gaj, writing in various Slavic dialects and in German, not only roused the spirit of their compatriots to a consciousness of their own genius and the knowledge of their past, but also attracted the attention of Europe.

But the respective spheres of these and similar writers were too narrow, the population speaking their dialects too poor and too ignorant, to support so many literatures and institutions. This circumstance was, perhaps, what mainly suggested to Kollar the idea of a union, for literary purposes at first, of all the Slavi. In a German work on "Literary Reciprocity between all the Tribes and Dialects of the Slavic Nation" (Pesth, 1831), he endeavored to prove to the Slavi of all countries that their various idioms, of which the Russian, the Polish, the Bohemian (or Czechic), and the Servian are the principal, differed no more from each other than did the Attic, the Ionian, the Æolian, and the Dorian dialects of the ancient Hellenic, the differences of which did not prevent the Greeks from developing one grand literature or from essentially forming one grand nation. The same path of glory, he argued with fervor and eloquence, was open to the Slavi. The institutions, the literary products, the idioms, the thoughts, the genius of all the Slavi had only to become the common property of all, and they would excel the rest of the modern world as the Hellenes excelled all other nations of antiquity. This dazzling idea was received with acclamation by all the Slavi, except the Poles, who, having risen in insurrection against Russia in 1830, were just bleeding away under the sword of the only independent Slavic people. But when the struggle was over, some of their exiles, and among them their great poet, Mickiewicz, joined in the general chorus. Literary union and linguistic fusion became watchwords, and were carried into effect to a certain degree, chiefly among the Slavi on the Save and lower Danube and on both sides of the western Carpathians. Alphabets being assimilated, slight grammatical distinctions dropped, and words exchanged, the dialects of Servia, Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia were nearly melted into one Illyrian language, and the Czechic became the common tongue of the Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovacks.

THE DECLINE OF THE NOVEL.

THE young man of literary aspirations who came up to London in the days of Elizabeth and James found the companies of players his best publishers and the theatre his field of fame. It was the time of the drama's reign, and there was hardly a pretender to the throne. When James's son was beheaded the drama also was deposed, and when his grandson was restored to Whitehall the drama—which also was none the better for its sojourn in foreign parts—came back with him and likewise enjoyed its own again. But, like the political restorations, the literary restoration was followed by a forced abdication, and the literature of England, like England herself, passed under the dominion of the adopted foreigner. The reign of William of Orange was the beginning of a period in English literature which may be described as the reign of the translation. From his time on through that of Anne and two of the Georges, was the period when the authors of Greece and Rome were done into English. Tradition still put into the pocket of the literary adventurer coming up from the provinces or the universities the tragedy or comedy that was to make his fortune, but generally the young man's allegiance was soon transferred from the manager to the publisher. If he had little genius of his own, he set about earning the reverse of Durham's compliment to Cowley:

> "Horace's wit and Virgil's state
> He stole, but did not emulate,"

or he leased himself to a bookseller and became an "eminent hand." If he were a man of native ability, still he had to follow the classical fashion—make love with the help of Venus, lash the town with adaptations of Juvenal, laugh at it in imitations of Horace, lampoon his enemies as Atossa and Sporus, teach criticism out of Quintilian, and agriculture, as Evelyn would have had it taught in his projected technical school, out of Varro and Calamella.

Between the second of the two periods, which we have roughly described as the dramatic age and the age of the translation, between this and the present time, which we call the period of the ascendancy of the novel, there was an interregnum when the crown was, so to speak, in commission; when the authority of the kingdom was wielded by a regency of which, as regards power and influence, the members were nearly equal. The novels of Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett; the social, moral, and humorous essay—descended from the noble house of "The Spectator," once near the throne; the political pamphlet and gazette; the controversial or doctrinal religious treatise—each of these had pretensions to the chief place quite as great as the translation could offer, perhaps greater, at the moment when, as the eighteenth century ended, two more powerful claimants, one shortly after the other, appeared in the field. Genuine poetry, brought forward by Thomson, Cowper, and Burns, made a bold push for the throne, and was, indeed, momentarily set upon it by help of Byron, Scott, Moore, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, and their fellows. But almost immediately she yielded to Scott and his host of followers, who gave us for our ruler the prose fiction, our *de facto* monarch at the present time.

But it may fairly be questioned, we think, if the empire of the novel is not now beginning to decline. Its life, of course, is not threatened; the question is only of the continuance of its predominance and supremacy. From the dawn of literature there have been stories, and, till the end of time, the story-telling instinct will exist and be powerful. Each age will delight to see its characteristic features set before it in the portraits of individual men and women; man will always be fascinated by the vivid portrayal of human passions, and interested in analysis of the characters, and narrations of the fortunes and misfortunes, of beings who can be made to seem to each man more like himself than the actual beings whom the sight of his bodily eye conceals from him. We may be sure that the novel in its essentials will never cease from among men. But, if we understand the matter, the novel, never again perhaps to be less than powerful, has been paramount and sovereign so long, not in virtue of what it is essentially, but by reason of other causes, the operation of which is of late beginning to be less influential.

Once the theatre in London, as once in Athens, was the field for literary activity, because the stage furnished then the best and almost the only opportunity for the publishing of thought. Afterwards literature in England was chiefly translation, because the largest audience within reach of

the literary man was composed of the court, the bar, and the universities, and the demand of the audience was for classical literature. The limits of the audience had gradually been enlarging and gradually had included greater and greater numbers of that class whose most pronounced literary inclination is a liking for stories, when there appeared opportunely a writer whose genius for story-telling was nothing less than marvellous; and since Scott then elevated the novel to the first place in literature it has been maintained there by an almost unnumbered host of able writers, whose efforts have been spurred by the requirements of a constantly increasing multitude of novel readers, until now there is hardly a character within the range of humanity, or an incident possible of occurrence in our civilization, or that of any historic period, which has not been presented to our attention over and over again with every degree of ability; but, of course, oftenest by unskilful artists. What "cause" is there which has not been treated of by the democratic, or aristocratic, or Cæsarist novelist; or the Pedobaptist, or Catholic, or Rationalist, or Ritualistic, or "muscular Christian," or "nervous pagan," or mystical novelist; or the woman's spherical novelist; or the totally abstinent or bacchanalian novelist; or the musical novelist; or the Pre-Raphaelite, or shaping-imagination, or Gothic, or classicist novelist; or the military or naval novelist; or the mediæval, or prophetic, or realistic, or observant novelist; or the Hebrew, or Anglo-Saxon, or Norman, or Oriental, or Aboriginal Indian novelist; or the phrenological, or fox-hunting, or gambling, or bigamist, or forging, or murdering, or saintly, or diplomatic, or federal, or secessionist, or Jacobite, or Puritanical, or villatic, or romantic, or medical, or horsey, or some other sort of a novelist? There is literally no end to the varieties and sub-varieties of sociological, artistic, scientific, theological, political, historical, and other sermons, which now for a quarter of a generation have been preached to the world under cover of the life and adventures of the two lovers, their parents, friends, and enemies.

There may be a Frenchman to come who will discover and ventilate some fresh, yet unknown improper relation of the sexes. And incest was hardly exhausted by Chateaubriand. And the great American novel remains still unaccomplished. For years we have had Mr. Street, an author favorably situated at the head of sloop navigation on the right bank of a stream which shames the Rhine; and Mr. Whitman has for years contemned the comma and every badge of our subserviency to foreign literature, but still we are without anything that can be called the jubilant, expansive novel of Libertad and These States, and which does justice to the new human and topographical nature discovered by Columbu sand invented by Thomas Jefferson. But if we except these two, why should we not say that all possible fields for the novel writer have been so often cropped, as the farmers say, that nobody will be able to get much from any one of them unless he is a cultivator of very rare ability; one of a hundred thousand; a man able to put into the ground as much as he expects to get out of it, more than a dozen ordinary farmers would be worth if all their possessions were taken together.

One is justified, then, in taking it for true that just now all possible methods of working up the novelist's materials are familiar to the point of weariness, and that there is in the mind of the reader a sort of disgust—perhaps only sub-conscious in many cases, only momentary in many cases, and in some cases not just—at the very appearance of the novelistic poem. And probably it is true, too, that the literary insufficiency of the vast majority of mechanical people who set themselves to producing what has long been the most popular of literary products, has had the effect of indisposing really able, ambitious workmen to range themselves as fellow-workmen in the decaying fraternity. But on these two reasons, as not going very far towards the root of the matter, we are not inclined to insist with any strenuousness. Looking further for a cause of that decline in the novel's authority which we seem to see, we settled on what we think the real one. It is possible to make a rough but not false division of the public interested in general reading into two classes, of which the superior is that whose tastes and wishes give direction to the literary activity of the better sort of writers, while the inferior is composed of persons seeking merely for amusement, and satisfied with the service of writers correspondingly inferior. Of course, let us here remark, we speak in a very general way—of what is called general literature, of the mass of workers in general literature, and of its readers in the mass. Now, just at present that class of general readers who have some claim to be called thinkers, have begun to discuss earnestly—that is to say, with a view of forming opinions, with a determination more or less definite of acting on the opinions they may form, with a wish, then, for exactness as regards facts and arguments—thus we say, they have begun the discussion of a vast number of difficult questions, questions which, for a generation or two, while yet they were new and in the merely picturesque stage, made the subject-matter of the novel, and also were the cause why the novel supported itself so long in the position where the great founder of its dominion was able to place it. Because these questions were in the picturesque stage, the novelist seized upon them; because they were new to the public, their devotees turned novelists in order to put them in a pleasing form before the audience which it was hoped to persuade, or whose attention, at all events, it was desired to gain.

This attention has been gained, and the discussion of so many of these questions has been entered on, and entered on so seriously, that, apparently, we are on the eve of radical changes, or, rather, we are, apparently, on the eve of the beginnings of radical changes, in the structure and even the very foundation of our social and political system. The woman-question, which once Miss Mulock gently agitated, is nowadays debated in the legislatures of two countries; trades-unions and co-operation occupy the minds of responsible senators instead of confusing the readers of "The Wandering Jew;" the negro is the State in many parts of the country where once he was a happy, dancing figure in "The White Slaves" and "Uncle Tom's Cabins as they are," and sits in political conventions and divides parties in States where, not so long ago, his most eye-filling position was that of a Gospel-saint or an Old-Testament prophet in the genuine "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or the "Dreds;" the troubled seeker of Newman's "Loss and Gain" is to-day represented by the Ritualist who confounds Convocation and editorially hopes for an invitation for Bishop Coxe to go with Archbishop Manning to the next general council; the right of the former party-of-the-second-part in a courtship to be the party-of-the-first-part, once asserted by implication only in the "Cousin Stellas" of ten years ago, is to-day supported by weekly papers with regular, or irregular, financial articles and all the political news. We are all getting to be sociologists, and sociology now leaves the novel where it used to amuse us, and which it used to make so interesting and important, and becomes the staple of the more serious, earnest, regularly appointed "organ of opinion."

The successor of the novel, in the chief of the literary places of power, will doubtless be the family of weekly and monthly journals. It is a family of respectable antiquity. When the novel was but a humble dependant upon the romance, the periodical devoted to literary and social subjects suddenly gained a very honorable and influential position, which, to be sure, was not, in Addison's time, capable of permanent occupation. It existed, however, and existed in good repute beside the other forces over which the translation dominated; and in the half-century since the novel attained the highest rank, has gradually been drawing to its standard greater and greater numbers of the ablest writers, till now, in this age of business done by steam and telegraph; in this age, therefore, of news brought by steam and lightning from every quarter of the earth; in this age, therefore, of business newspapers read daily by millions who more and more insist that the daily newspaper shall more and more exclusively devote itself to news; in this age which naturally, then, makes of the newspaper a type to which literature naturally may and, indeed, necessarily must conform itself if it is to reach the reader—in this age the quarterly, monthly, and weekly press, aided by its kinship with its immensely powerful unliterary brother, seems destined to an easy conquest of the throne.

That this is well, we are optimistic enough to believe. In Adam's fall we sinned all, to be sure; but it was once for all, we imagine, that the race then made universal lapse; since Adam's day, when we have moved altogether it has been upwards, we suppose, towards laudable ends, and with tolerably good results. At any rate, it is permitted to hope so; and as to the matter in hand, we presume the decay of the novel and the rise of good essays in magazines—or in weekly papers, say—does not make very forcibly in favor of the pessimist's view. However, the question of the loss and gain to literature consequent on the change of dynasty which we expect, we do not intend considering at present. To such ambitious writers as do not possess special qualifications for creating what we have called the essential novel, who is not a heaven-born genius in the story-telling way, or in the invention of characters, or in the analysis of the soul of man—to such writers we feel like saying that, should they very much longer continue coming up to market with novels in hand, they will very probably—almost certainly in fact, and sometime soon—find themselves arrived a day too late for the fair.

ENGLAND.

London, April 24, 1868.

In my last letter I made some remarks as to the present position of the House of Lords. Rather a curious illustration of that position has just occurred. Lord Cranborne, formerly Lord Robert Cecil, has now, by the death of his father, become the Marquis of Salisbury. The newspapers

have devoted leading articles to him precisely as if he had been removed by death instead of elevation. They speak as the contemporary press might have spoken of Merlin after he had been put to sleep by the wiles of Vivien. He has gone to a serene atmosphere, where he may smile in secret, looking over the weary combatants far below him stirring up their little gains of office or party for supremacy. And indeed Lord Cranborne's removal to another sphere of action is really a change of some importance to the *personnel* of the House of Commons. He occupied rather a singular position, which at this moment has earned him more candid praise from his opponents than he would otherwise have received. Whilst the mass of his party have followed Mr. Disraeli's lead into strange places, he has remained faithfully standing upon the ancient ways. That an ordinary, dull, honest Tory should denounce the new constitutional theories of his nominal leader is by no means surprising; but Lord Cranborne, though thoroughly honest, is by no means dull. Though he could hardly be called in the highest sense of the term an eloquent speaker, he had a very remarkable power of bitter sarcasm. Standing immovably, in an almost slouching attitude, on the floor of the House, with his hands in his pockets and his head drooping on his breast, he used to pour out a string of bitter epigrams, which were the more *piquant* from the heaviness of his manner. He had the credit, besides, of being a very able contributor to anonymous literature. In his late denunciations of Mr. Disraeli's tortuous policy he had spoken the mind of the few faithful remnants of his party, and had, of course, conciliated Mr. Disraeli's thoroughgoing opponents. In a higher sphere of duty he had gained considerable credit by his short official career as Indian Secretary. He has gone to the House of Lords with the credit of an able administrator and a powerful leader in party debates. Whenever parties are reconstituted on the old basis he will have a chance of displaying his abilities of the former kind, but as a debater his talents will, of course, be thrown away.

That a statesman should be considered as eclipsed, if not extinguished, by being thus "kicked up-stairs" is remarkable enough as an illustration of the present state of the House of Lords. Yet another moral may be drawn as to the rival assembly. It is beginning to strike some people more forcibly than of old that, after all, it is not very wise to make the power of tickling the fancy of the House of Commons a necessary condition for governing the country. That the House of Commons should be our real sovereign is right enough; but it is not so plain that the present system is defensible by which it has encroached upon executive functions. A man may be an excellent minister who is quite incapable of leading a debate, and it is still more plain that a body of from six to seven hundred gentlemen is totally unfit to arrange all the complex details of administrative measures. In short, the House of Commons tries to discharge an enormous quantity of business which is altogether beyond its capacity. A very able paper in the *Fortnightly* of this month, by Mr. Harrison, the best writer amongst the Comtists, puts this in a forcible way; and it is worth studying as an illustration of the tendencies of a rising political party. Meanwhile it is being illustrated still more effectively by the present condition of political warfare. The present session should have been a fruitful one, according to promise. As matters go, the sluices of talk have been opened to such an extent that it seems very doubtful whether any result whatever will be reached. The Irish Church bids fair to stop the way for an indefinite time to come. It is true that the question is far larger and more complex than might be supposed at first sight. There are so many vested interests to be satisfied, so many intricate ties between church and state, that it requires rather a system of legislation than any one or two legislative acts to reduce the church to a mere voluntary body. And when we have got beyond the simple destruction, it is still more difficult to say how the distribution of spoils is to be satisfactorily managed.

The problem is, of course, soluble by men with the will to solve it; but if the solution is to be discovered by a committee of 658 distracted gentlemen, if every one of them is to have unlimited power to say all that he thinks and to make use of every conceivable pretext for delay, it is difficult to say when we shall see daylight. Meanwhile, the House has no attention to spare for less absorbing topics. Education, Irish and Scotch Reform bills, and innumerable other questions, some of them of first-rate importance, are left to shift for themselves. Matters will be hardly expedited by the proposed step of the Liberal party, who, it is said, on I know not what authority, are about to move a vote of want of confidence. Should they succeed in turning out the ministry, it takes three weeks to get in another; and after that there is little enough time left before our legislators will find it necessary to begin shooting partridges. In short, it seems only too probable that Parliament will show once more what a strange machine it is for grinding out indefinite quantities of useless talk, and either postponing all useful business or despatching a few fragments in a hurried scramble at the end of the session.

One important subject was discussed last night with less than usual animation. Mr. Ward Hunt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought forward the budget in a speech of unusual dryness. Mr. Gladstone, being a genius, always made a great oratorical display on these occasions, and contrived to throw a certain interest round vast jungles of figures and round the details of spirit duties or taxes on dogs. Mr. Disraeli, being a genius of another kind, rejoiced in the contrasted excellence of a studiously simple and unadorned explanation of the finances. Mr. Ward Hunt, not being a genius at all, but a plain, solid country gentleman, was simply dry and uninteresting. The days of brilliant budgets, large surpluses, and remissions of taxation are over for the present, in consequence of the pervading commercial depression. Moreover, the Abyssinian expedition, though proceeding far better than it promised at first, is calculated to cost us at least five millions sterling. The consequence is, that we shall have to pay an additional twopence on the pound income tax, and may think ourselves very fortunate if we escape a deficit with that additional resource. There is no other feature worth remark; a good deal of time was consumed in discussing the propriety of a tax upon sheep-dogs.

The great event of the last fortnight has been the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland. They have been well received, have been presented with the due quantity of addresses, and been warmly cheered in the streets. The Prince has attended horse-races, and been inaugurated as a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick. If the Irish people continue to be discontented after this, to get up Fenian disturbances, and complain of the church and the land-laws, they must be grossly ungrateful—or the Tory papers are very much in the wrong.

A curious *cause célèbre* is going on just now, which is worth a moment's notice. The great leader of the spiritualists, Mr. Home, has got into a very awkward mess. He persuaded an aged and confiding widow to give him £30,000 down, and to make over to him £30,000 more in the event of her death; the presents being made in obedience to her late husband's spirit, who spoke through Mr. Home. The lady was persuaded by other spirits, speaking through abler mediums, that Mr. Home was a humbug, and called for her money back—a civil request with which he refused to comply. She has applied to the Court of Chancery, and Mr. Home's defence is that the lady made him the gift in expectation of marrying him. The case has already lasted three days, and it is likely to last for some time longer. What the result may be is, of course, doubtful; but it will scarcely be very creditable to Mr. Home's disinterestedness. Such an exposure ought to be a good thing; but I know more than one person of education and presumable sanity who still proclaim their belief in the genuineness of Mr. Home's inspiration.

Correspondence.

THE ILLINOIS REPUBLICANS ON REPUDIATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Western men seem disagreed as to whether the West is or is not in favor of repudiation. In forming your judgment, you will no doubt examine the reasons on which their conflicting opinions are founded.

Your correspondent, J. S. Palmer, in the *Nation* of April 30, furnishes an example of the art of proving anything by anything—*quidlibet per quodlibet ars probandi*, to run the risk of misquoting Latin. Because Ohio will not permit negroes and transient whites to vote, he concludes that she favors robbing in the form of repudiation. By equally good reasoning it may be shown that Ohio is also in favor of polygamy, that Minnesota is about to adopt cannibalism, and that Michigan seeks to have the American people restricted to a vegetable diet.

In support of my own opinion, I ask room for the following resolution, adopted among others by the Illinois Republican State Convention, which was held in this city yesterday:

"That we denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime; and that national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith to all creditors, at home and abroad, according to the letter and spirit of the laws under which it was contracted."

This is the latest official expression of Western sentiment on the subject known to me; and it tends to show that Western repudiation exists only as a phantom.

S. C.

Peoria, Ill., May 7, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

A SUBSCRIPTION book-publishing firm in Hartford—Messrs. S. M. Betts & Co.—has in preparation a book of "Entertaining and Authentic Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Women of the Present Day," the biographers also being entertaining persons eminent in the world of letters, and the book bidding fair to be one that will delight the class of readers whom the publishers have in view. Fanny Fern will discourse of Gail Hamilton; William Winter, of distinguished actresses; E. B. Huntingdon, of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney; Theodore Tilton, of Elizabeth Cady Stanton; Mrs. Stanton, of the Woman's Rights Movement and its Champions; J. S. C. Abbott, of the Empress Eugénie; "Miss Mary A. Betts, a rising young authoress," of Camille Urso. Among names like these, we see that of Mr. T. W. Higginson, who will furnish memoirs of Lydia Maria Child and Margaret Fuller—something like a subject, and put into hands with something like fitness for the labor. Mr. Greeley will write of Miss Alice and Miss Phœbe Cary; and since his remarkably good after-dinner speech at Mr. Dickens's dinner, there really is no telling whether he may not burst upon us as an able critic of poetesses. Mr. Parton is to do Jenny Lind, Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, and Fanny Kemble. It becomes an interesting question whether "to benefit the people" a writer does not do better by working as hard as he can at the highest work he can do, than by doing work of the kind of which these "Famous Women" will be composed.——Messrs. Taintor Brothers & Co. announce "Happy Hours, a Collection of Songs and Music for Schools, Academies, and the Home Circle," compiled by Howard Kingsbury and the Rev. Mr. A. A. Graley.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce "King Sham and Other Atrocities in Verse, including a Humorous History of the Pike's Peak Excitement," by Laurence N. Greenleaf, and "Reminiscences of European Travel," by Doctor A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge.——Belknap & Goodwin, of Hartford, have agreed with Mr. Charles Lanman for the publication of a new and improved edition of his "Dictionary of Congress and the General Government." It will be sold by subscription, and makes its appearance about the 1st of July.

—The movements of some of our city publishers this spring deserve mention. The most extensive] of all is that of the Appletons, who abandon Broadway and rented chambers for the huge and costly establishment of their own on Grand Street, corner of Greene. By this change they lend a moral support to other houses in the same vicinity—on Greene Street, Messrs. Ivison, Phinney & Blakeman, opposite John F. Trow's printing establishment, which immediately adjoins the Appletons' property; on Broome Street, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton and Leypoldt & Holt, with Blelock & Co., on Mercer Street. Mr. W. J. Widdleton, hitherto just behind the Appletons, has removed nearly in a straight line to 27 Howard Street, by which he casts his lot with the publishers to the east of Broadway, the nearest of whom are Thomas Nelson & Sons, Grand Street, and George Routledge & Sons, and W. A. Townsend & Adams, Broome Street, with their neighbor, Mr. J. W. Bouton. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., on the other hand, desert Broome Street for much larger and permanent quarters at 14 Bond Street, near C. B. Richardson & Co., adding to the group of which Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. and G. P. Putnam & Son were the original members, and which is also now increased by Mr. James Miller, who is removed to 649 Broadway, nearly opposite Scribner's, and not far from Ticknor & Fields's Agency on Bleecker Street. Mr. David G. Francis, who used to share the chamber occupied by Mr. M. W. Dodd at 506 Broadway, has removed to the ground floor of the Mercantile Library Building on Astor Place and Eighth Street. Immediately next to him are Messrs. John Wiley & Son, who have left the dangerous proximity of Barnum's Museum. Down town, Mr. Allan Ebbs goes from Broadway to 75 Chambers, Mr. A. Denham from Cortlandt Street to 49 Barclay, and Messrs. Wynkoop & Sherwood from Beekman Street to 106 Fulton. All these changes, so far as we have had an opportunity to judge, are for the better in every respect. Taken together, they indicate the tendency observable in so many kinds of business towards the upper part of the city, or, rather, away from the lower.

—Yale College has just published a "Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures deposited in the Galleries of the Yale School of Fine Arts. Being a Catalogue, with descriptions of the Pictures contained in that Collection, with Biographical Notices of Artists and an Introductory Essay, the whole forming a brief guide to the study of Early Christian Art. By Russell Sturgis, Jr." We give the title in full, partly because it describes the contents of the work, and partly because this manual is unique in the art literature of this country. The opening essay treats of the difficulties of collecting the works of the old masters and schools, the false pretensions of many vaunted collections, and the growth, grounds, and certainty of the criticism applied to pictures at the present day, to determine their age and authenticity. Then follows a short sketch of the condition of Italian art prior to its revival in the eleventh century, with which the Jarves collection begins. Next come the pictures in chronological sequence, with exact details of their size, material, and the color employed, and a sufficient description of the objects represented, with various comments, illustrations, and references to standard works on art. When the known painters are reached, which happens with Giunta da Pisa (No. 11), Mr. Sturgis's practice is to give first the painter's name and the date when he flourished, next a short biography of the man, and lastly, a list of his pictures, described as stated. The collection includes 115 specimens of Italian art, coming down to the middle of the seventeenth century, with one each of the Spanish and Dutch schools (Velasquez and Pieter Breughel), and two of the German (Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein). A few pages at the end are devoted to reproducing certain documents and the preface from Mr. Jarves's catalogue of 1860. An index of names and topics concludes this highly creditable attempt to condense, for the use alike of visitors to the Jarves gallery and students of historic art, the knowledge necessary for complete enjoyment or complete understanding.

—On a recent visit of the Massachusetts Legislature to the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, Prof. Agassiz delivered a brief address, setting forth what the institution, with its limited space and resources, had already accomplished, and what he should be able to make of it if supported. More than thirty of the graduates from his instruction have won honorable positions in various scientific undertakings. Fourteen have become professors, five are curators of institutions similar to the Museum, four are editors of scientific journals, four are conducting geological surveys of great interest. As for the collection at Cambridge, it has reversed the habit of sending specimens to Europe for identification: Europe now comes to us. When its abundant material is arranged, if it ever is—and we hope Massachusetts will liberally permit it—as Prof. Agassiz designs, there will be, connected with the main entrance, a room presenting a synoptic arrangement of the contents of the Museum: the leading groups of the animal kingdom, in their natural relations. "By the side of the complete animal shall be its skeleton, to explain its natural structure; its fossil representative, to tell something of its history in the past ages; its embryo, to illustrate the story of its growth." Corresponding to each of the four sides of this room will be added a separate room for the classes singly, viz., the vertebrates and mammalia, birds, reptiles, and fishes; mollusks; articulates; and radiates, with all the fulness, richness, and diversity possible. An attempt will also be made to exhibit the distribution of animal life on the surface of the earth, the succession of animals in their introduction, and the embryological series. No museum has ever been founded upon this plan, nor has any in Europe the facilities for carrying it out. The one at Cambridge has, and, thus perfected, it will, says Prof. Agassiz, place science in America fifty years in advance of the Old World.

—A correspondent of the *Historical Magazine* makes an addition to the list of recorded Americanisms in more or less common use, by giving us a number of Dutch words which, he says, one may still hear as colloquialisms in the houses of some of the descendants of the early settlers of New York. Most of them will not be recognized at all by the average New Yorker of to-day; in fact, most of them are not in any true sense Americanisms, but are mere foreignisms, so to speak, imported to our soil and never naturalized. There are three or four of them, however, which have established their position as parts of our speech, though none of them is yet admitted into literary English, and only one, perhaps, deserves to be so admitted. "Snoepen" is defined as meaning "to eat dainties in secret." In a child's poem, by Mr. Theodore Tilton, we think it is that "snooping" is used to describe the behavior of a small kitten. Kittens go about with their heads down, sniffing this thing and that, with those queer little quick sniffs, as if everything their noses touched were very hot or very cold, and generally moving with that air of secretness and carefulness noticeable in such young cats as are not in a fit or riotous. As thus applied, the word seems justifiable and even cleverly onomatopoetic. It will be new to most persons to hear that "blatherskite," which seems as Irish as the Hill of Howth, is from the Dutch "blatherenschuyten," a noun meaning "a bragging, boastful fellow." Among us the derivative is, we should say, used most often to designate the bragging and not the bragger; and often it is used as an adjective. "Week" in Dutch is our "soft" or "weak," and

the fish known in our local markets as "week-fish" doubtless bears now the name he earned in the frying-pans of New Amsterdam. What is to be said of "hunkeren" we hardly know. It is set down as signifying to hanker after anything. It would almost seem that a bold use must be made of "superbaton," by which figure Father Tom on a certain evening convinced the Pope that black is white and conversely, if we are to derive our political "hunker" from "hunkeren." Our "hunks" might have come from it. But probably it did n't, we make haste to say, that no philological mind may be offended by mere guesswork. That "hanker" itself is of Dutch origin seems not doubtful. "Hutselen" is admitted by the dictionaries as the word from a form of which, or from which itself, we get our "hustle." Finally, "Housatonic" another correspondent declares a Dutch and not an Indian word. It means, says Mr. E. A. Smith, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, "the winding river of the west."

—One of the latest of that class of new words which science coins, and literature finally has to adopt, is "nekrosoziac." The word is given to the recently invented process of embalming, if it may be so called—a process by which the body is preserved for any length of time, undisfigured, even unrigid. It is simply washed over on the outside with a certain preparation into which carbolic acid, we believe, enters largely as an ingredient. A very brief and not satisfactory paper on the subject appears in the number for May 2 of the Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Reporter*. There are two or three other articles of general interest. One is a paper relating the experience of an enquirer who has made attempts at solving the problem of how to produce the sexes at will, and who gives some interesting experiments, but seems ignorant of the fact that his theory is not a new one. Dr. Braman, of Brighton, Massachusetts, sends a letter in regard to the signs of death by drowning, and, among others, speaks, without describing it, of a very singular expression which he has noticed in the faces of drowned men, and of which, one would suppose, mention ought to have got into literature. We do not remember to have ever met with it. Neither have we ever anywhere seen it in print—what wreckers and sailors assert—that the bodies of drowned men, when they rise to the surface, are found floating with the face downward, while the faces of women drowned are turned toward the sky; nor do we know if it is true. From another article it appears that some one in England has invented a cheap and harmless substitute for the weed which, Professor Van der Weyde says, does "more harm among the male population of our country than any other substance existing," except alcohol. Rosemary is a principal ingredient in the counterfeit chewing tobacco; another is lavender; others are hyssop, common thyme, origanum, tussilago, tartara eutraxia—innocuous plants of the class of pot-herbs or the class of toothsome disguisers of unpleasant medicines. Of course, the professor says the manufacturers of chewing tobacco have neither care nor regard for anything but the gratification of the morbid appetite of "the devotees of this crazy and disgusting habit"—namely, tobacco-chewing. So to the poorer, more insipid kinds of tobacco they give a flavor by treating it with a "sauce" of which the component parts are as injurious to men as were the gay yellows and reds and greens and blues which the confectioners used to produce in their candies by using sulphide of mercury and arsenite of copper and chromate of lead, and other virulent poisons, to employ which now adays, in England at least, is to commit a misdemeanor. Corrosive sublimate is sometimes a part of the sauce for our "honeydews" and "Maydews" and "solaces," and other "fine-cuts," to say nothing of compounds of antimony and sulphate of iron, potassa and alumina, or of the lead of the tinfoil in which the packages are wrapped, and bits of which are apt to get into the mouth of the too greedy or too careless chewer, whose slender means forbid the purchase of tobacco of the better brands. Mr. Trask, of Fitchburg, would do well to put in circulation Dr. Van der Weyde's little article.

—Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his recently published "Historical Characters," speaks of Talleyrand's wife, an East Indian woman who had previously been the wife (divorced) of a M. Grand, and whom most readers know as the mistress of Sir Philip Francis. Sir Henry says of her that she was "as remarkable for being a beauty as for not being a wit. Every one has heard the story of her asking Sir George Robinson after his man 'Friday.' But M. de Talleyrand vindicated his choice, saying, 'A clever wife often compromises her husband; a stupid one only compromises herself.'" But M. Amadée Pichol, who is the editor of *La Revue Britannique*, writes from Paris to his "brother editor" of the *Times*, maintaining that Madame de Talleyrand was probably not a stupid woman, and saying that for his part it seems to him not less than extraordinary that she should be asserted such on the sole strength of an anecdote which, some thirty years before the lady was born, was related of a French abbé. In support of his side of the question, he cites a note appended to a letter written by Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, in the year 1741. The note speaks of a "long Sir Thomas Robinson"—whom Walpole used to call "Robinson Crusoe," on account of his uncouthness of manner and dress. On one occasion, this gentleman went to Paris to visit his sister, and appeared suddenly among her guests in his travelling costume, of which a postilion's cap was a conspicuous part, and of the rest of which a very large part was a pair of buckskin breeches, and a very small part was a short green jacket of great tightness. In sincere surprise at the sight of him, the abbé above-mentioned enquired of him if he really were the Robinson Crusoe so famous in history? In what edition of Walpole's letters M. Pichol finds this note he does not say, nor whether the editor who wrote it lived forty years before or forty years after the birth of the lady. However that may be, another correspondent of the *Times* offers other evidence of her want of brilliancy. Moore, the poet, when in Paris in 1821, dined with her, and in his journal speaks of many stories of her *niaiserie* as being current. Once, when she was asked what countrywoman she was, instead of saying, "Je suis des Indes," she said with truthful infelicity, "Je suis d'Inde" (dinde). Moore sat next her at dinner, and thought her talk silly. She indeed talked much of "Lalla Rookh," but that probably did not greatly elate its author; for the story of Robinson Crusoe he had heard as follows: Talleyrand one day informed her that Denon would dine with them, and bade her read up his little work on Egypt so that she might say civil things to the writer; he added that he would leave the book on his study-table for her. But it happened that when Madame went to her literary labor she found on the table a volume of Robinson Crusoe, which she proceeded to peruse with great attention, and at table M. Denon was hospitably pressed with questions about his afflicting sojourn on the desert island, his manner of life there, and so on. Not without perplexity, he made such replies as fortune favored him with, and only became fully aware of his position on hearing the princess's exclamation, "Eh puis, ce cher Vendredi!" which informed him that he was taken for "Robinson Crusoe," and the tale of Crusoe's adventures for matter of fact. "The Historical Characters," by the way, appears in this country as numbers 948 and 949 of the Tauchnitz collection. Talleyrand, whose life fills the whole of the first volume, appears as "The Politic Man;" William Cobbett is "The Contentious Man;" Canning is "The Brilliant Man;" and Sir James Mackintosh "The Man of Promise." The essay on Talleyrand seems to us considerably the best, but all are instructive, and writing more entertaining we have not lately found. The author speaks of having begun a good many other similar essays, and one on Sir Robert Peel he seems to have completed, and to intend publishing.

"OWEN MEREDITH'S" "CHRONICLES AND CHARACTERS."*

Some ten years ago M. Victor Hugo began a poetical performance characteristically large. It was nothing less than a poem that should paint the race "simultaneously and successively, under all its aspects—history, fable, philosophy, religion, science, summed up in one single immense movement towards the light; which should reflect in a sort of dark-and-light mirror that great image, one and multiple, sombre and radiant, fatal and sacred—Man." Possibly he owed his scheme to Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of the People." But that legendary romance was less daring in conception than the "Legend of the Ages." Sue intended simply to illustrate by historical examples the theory of history which we may suppose held by an angry, not too wise, much too amatory, humanitarian and socialist theorizer. Hugo's plan was as much less feasible than his as it is less easy to interpret all the history of all things in all past ages and the present age, than it is to distort some few particular passages in history. Mr. Robert Lytton has been seven years at work on his "Chronicles and Characters," he says; and he says, too, that it was "many years" ago that he first projected the work, but we fancy the paternity of the idea on which it is founded, or professes to be founded, is to be credited to the French poet. Not that it is a matter of much consequence; Coleridge, amid the exaltations of opium, never dreamed of a wilder literary impossibility than giving poetic unity to a vast mass of poems which should be a history of civilization past, present, and to come.

Let the poet be secured who possesses the universality of knowledge necessary for such a work, and let him also have the profundity of philosophy necessary for working in a field where

> . . . "It tasks a century's search to espy
> What oft a moment drops in passing by,"

* "New Poems. By Owen Meredith. In Two Volumes. Vol. I.: Chronicles and Characters: Vol. II.: Chronicles and Characters, Orval, and Other Poems." Boston Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

and still our cyclical Poem of Man would be to seek. For our own part, we should be inclined to insist that, in addition to his learning and wisdom, the poet of such a poem should possess the gift of prophecy. For when is there that point of time at which the present seems the perfect; when it does not rather seem the past, as yet unperfected, formless, mostly unintelligible? If to this question the answer is, Never, and heretofore that has been the answer, the cyclical poem will of necessity be a poem with no end, utterly incapable of producing an impression of wholeness. The cyclical poet, writing at any given period, will find himself able to trace with certainty the meaning of history, as far down as to the point when the compends of history that he studied in school leave off interpreting, and very little further. Platitude and truism will beset him on the one hand, and on the other hand is the bewildering Present with the inscrutable Future beyond her. Platitude and truism, we say—for the universality of the poet's knowledge will, it is likely, be got at the expense of its novelty and freshness; the person who nowadays takes all learning for his province is sure to turn out a learned person of a very provincial sort.

But, granted the poet, there will then be need of a new made reader; not to say a new poetic art. For, as the readers of poetry go now, the cyclical poem, if it were to appear, would surely fail of appreciation. Just in so far as the individual poems comprising the series were good, would the attention be hopelessly drawn from the general scope of the whole mass and its leading idea, and the cyclical poem would be resolved into its constituent parts. Each individual poem would weaken the claim of the congeries by just so much as it, separately, had strength and value. The cyclical itself would have no chance of even momentary existence, except as the poems comprising it were devoid of life. But if the poems composing it were devoid of life, the cyclical would be dead already.

Mr. Lytton's work, to be read with any pleasure at all, must be read as a volume of pieces, each of which is to be judged on its own merits apart from its place in any general scheme. No one, we should say, will be able to discover other proofs that "Chronicles and Characters" is a poem of human nature in all its historic developments, than can be drawn from the fact that the author writes about many persons of many epochs. The political, the theological, the sociological student of mankind—any, whatsoever student of mankind—will turn to it in vain for anything like a complete, or even at all coherent, view of the development in history of the set of ideas in which he may happen to be interested. He will find certain commonplaces, expressed sometimes well, sometimes ill—the general reader's and shallow thinker's talk about this and that "representative man" or representative epoch, and he will find no more than this. If he does, he will find more than we have been able to find, and we have faithfully complied with the requirement which the author makes in his preface, where he speaks of that "patient perusal which he claims as preliminary to any final judgment of a work which has occupied nearly seven years of his life." Nor have we ever "held shares in any Joint Stock Company for the formation of Opinion with Limited Liability." If we know what such shareholding is, we are incapable of the action.

As for the reader of poetry, who forgets the ambitious plan on which Mr. Lytton wrote, or into which he fitted his pieces after they were done, and takes the poems as minor poems merely, we can promise him some, but not very much pleasure from a perusal of them. It is not using words unjustifiably harsh to say that modern English literature may be searched in vain for so systematic a borrower of other men's ideas and expressions as "Owen Meredith" was and Mr. Lytton is. Where he got the general plan of his work we have seen. In the separate chronicles we may see, further, that his habit of borrowing amounts really to infatuation. Apparently he takes because he must, and is regardless of detection. There are hardly fifty lines together in his writings that are not almost more noticeable as a specimen of plagiarizing than as anything else. From head to foot he is literally clothed with what he has filched from Mrs. Browning, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Swinburne, Robert Browning especially, and other poets almost innumerable. The "Gyges and Candaules" is one of the most successful pieces in the two volumes. It has, to be sure, no value which entitles it to one of the three places which Mr. Lytton devotes to Greek history; still, if the author had chosen to treat of the sequel of the tragedy, he might have illustrated the Greek notion of destiny, and, for the rest, the incidents of the fabulous tale are striking enough to account for his choice and justify it. But Mr. Lytton does nothing with the events consequent, or supposed to have been consequent, upon the folly of Candaules and the crime of Gyges. He merely makes an open and palpable imitation of Keats's "Isabella," taking parts also from Shakespeare's "Rape of Lucrece," or rather giving suggestions of that poem. "Opis and Arge" is full of Tennyson's "Vision," and Browning's "Saul," and the sort of "thoughts" by the use of which Mr. Lytton's father in his novels reveals himself to the young as a pallid but profound philosopher. "Thanatos Athanatou" is a hollow, windy, dramatico-lyrical poem, full of "voices"—"A Voice from the Temple," "Voices of Saints Arising," "Voices of Angels of the Watch," "Inorganic Voices," of "The Darknesses," of "The Silences," of "The Deedless Ones," and so on—and imitates Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile" and Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." "The Apple of Life" is perhaps already known to our readers, for it has once before been published in this country. In that poem, also, there is imitation of Browning, "Saul" being used freely. Borrowing from the "Solomon's Song" is, we suppose, permissible; but it seems not well to put into the mouth of an Egyptian harlot words showing familiar acquaintance with peculiarly Hebrew ideas and localities. "The Trial by Combat" recalls two of Browning's pieces—"Childe Roland" and "In a Madhouse Cell." "Melancholia" was suggested by Albert Dürer's picture with that title, and is an attempt at interpreting its meaning—an unsuccessful attempt, which offers us once more that tiresome, false theory which sees necessary connection between genius and disorders of the bowels and stomach. "Misery" emulates—we do not know if we are to say copies—the squalid idyls of Mr. Buchanan, but wants the qualities which make the reader of Mr. Buchanan feel that the poet has himself been harrowed by that which he uses for the harrowing of the hearts of others. It recalls Sydney Dobell too, and is cleverly done. 'The Duke's Laboratory" imitates Browning's "Last Duke" and other poems of Browning's; "Atlantis," which is in praise of this country, in parts imitates Tennyson's verses beginning "Of old sat Freedom on the heights;" Tennyson and Browning appear in "Last Words of a Sensitive Second-rate Poet," and Browning is copied in "A Beaten Army." It is giving a specimen rather too obviously favorable to our own side of the case to offer in proof of the charge of imitation a stanza from this last-mentioned piece. But it is only to the too great obviousness of the imitation that a critic of our criticism could make any valid objection, and while we warn our readers that proofs of the author's borrowing are not in all cases to be found staring the reader so plainly in the face as in this particular instance, yet we affirm that proofs substantially as conclusive are to be found in each case which we have mentioned, and that there is literally no end to the proofs discoverable in the book, that Mr. Lytton is to be described as essentially an imitator, a more or less honest borrower, at the very best a most unfortunate unconscious plagiarist. This is the specimen; every one will recognize in it Browning's "Lost Leader" in another form:

> "We have struck our last blow, we have spent our last shot now,
> And we pour here in protest the last drops of life.
> All save man's honest right we have lost, they have got now;
> And theirs is the triumph while ours is the strife.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And so man puts upon us no claim to diminish
> Our claim upon God which is perfected thus:
> Here our least gain begins where their greatest must finish;
> They, the debtors to earth for what Heaven owes to us!" etc., etc.

"Orval, or the Fool of Time" we have not read. It is a social and domestic drama which, with the author's translations from the Latin, French, Italian, Servian, and Danish, follow the "Chronicles and Characters." Of the Chronicles and Characters it is true to say in general that Mr. Lytton covers more ground in them than he did in his works put forth under the name of Owen Meredith, but that the scope of his poetical talent appears no larger than it appeared before, and that he simply has made it more certain than before that his place is among the eighth-rate poets of the day in England.

INVISIBLE POISON.*

Not long ago we had the pleasure of noticing a little book by Dr. Winslow, on *light* and health, the object of which is to show the relations of the one to the other, and to point out the fact that in all large cities, by the crowding together of houses, and the filling up of open spaces, the health-giving rays of the sun are almost entirely shut out. We have now before us a work which treats of the relations of *air* to health, and of the general apathy on the part of the public in regard to the necessity of receiving pure air for vigor of body and mind.

All of us admit that pure air is conducive to health, but most are willing to put up with its absence till summer comes, when we can live with the windows and doors open, or can by a trip into the country neutralize, as many suppose, all the injury that we have suffered by breathing, month after month, day and night, impure air. Did people generally know what

* "Lectures on Ventilation; being a course delivered in the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, during the winter of 1866-67. By Lewis W. Leeds." New York: John Wiley & Son, Publishers.

impure air is here in the city—in our houses, counting-rooms, lecture-rooms, churches, and places of amusement—they would certainly make a greater effort to avoid it; and, in the erection of all edifices, ventilation would be seen to as of primary importance, and not neglected almost altogether, as it is at present.

Our blood boils within us when we read of such acts of inhumanity as the imprisoning of one hundred and forty-six Englishmen in the Black Hole at Calcutta, a room eighteen feet square, and with but two small windows, and of the death, after terrible torments, of all but twenty-three in less than twenty-four hours; or of the suffocation of seventy persons confined below in a steamship, with the hatches down, during a storm in the Irish Channel some years ago. For the perpetrators of such deeds we think no punishment too severe, and yet many people treat themselves not very much better every day. They suffer from headaches and general debility, and their minds work sluggishly; but how often do they attribute all these to the impure atmosphere in which they live? How few realize that scrofula, consumption, and kindred diseases germinate and flourish in a confined air, and once having sprung up become almost ineradicable.

We are of opinion that much of this apathy or ignorance arises from the fact that many people believe carbonic acid to be the chief impurity in vitiated air, and that a gas which we can not only with impunity drink down, as in many mineral waters, but with benefit, cannot produce lasting injury though taken into the lungs. That carbonic acid is not the only poison in air that has once been subjected to the process of respiration, has been proved in various ways. In his admirable treatise on Hygiene, Dr. Hammond gives an experiment of his own, made for this purpose. He confined a mouse in a glass jar, so arranged that carbonic acid was absorbed by baryta-water as fast as generated, and fresh air was constantly supplied, and yet this animal died in less than forty-five minutes.

If carbonic acid is not then the only or chief cause of the impurity of confined air—air breathed over and over again in crowded rooms—what other source of poison have we? In the "Archives Générales de Médecine," for November, 1867, there is an article by M. Lemaire on "Miasmata of the Healthy Human Body." In the atmosphere of soldiers' barracks he found a host of living animalcules, such as bacteria, vibriones, ovoid monads, diaphanous bodies, and various other infusoria, which in the open air could hardly be detected. Whence came this life, and by what was it sustained? As minute particles of steel may be found in the air where the knife-grinder is at work, or as coal-dust mingles with the breath of the miner, or the ocean spray is carried off by the wind, and, even for miles inland, not only the salts of the sea, but all the minute infusoria and spores of plants found in sea-water occur, so the loose or decomposing matter along the course of the respiratory passage is breathed out and floated off into the air. Not only the cells which line the air-tubes are constantly being thrown off, like those of the skin, together with the remains of food lodged in the cavities of teeth in all stages of decomposition; but wherever there is ulceration or serious disease of the throat or lungs, pus cells, the débris of morbid tissues, and even the elastic fibres of these organs, are breathed out. If we would know what are the constituents, in a great measure, of the atmosphere of a crowded, badly ventilated room, we need only reflect that what each one does or might expectorate differs in no respect whatever from that which is actually with every breath forced out in the form of vapor. Filter such an atmosphere, and you may make a pill which no one would willingly take.

It is in the midst of this floating organic matter that the vibriones, bacteria, and so on, are developed with astonishing rapidity, and all combined are taken into the lungs and exert a poisonous influence, either by coming merely in contact with the moist tissues of these organs, or by passing directly through their thin walls and working as ferments, or in various other ways, on the blood. It is not only through the lungs that this vitiated atmosphere acts, but through the skin, and the popular fear of contagion, where there is disease of the external parts, as of the eyes, is without doubt founded in truth.

Besides the two classes of poisons to which we have specially alluded, existing in most crowded rooms, there are organic emanations given out in the sweat and from various parts of the body, some of which are quite characteristic, and a host of substances used as perfumes, hair dyes, and cosmetics. That some of the latter are injurious to the health from their volatile nature, is proved by their effect on the poor girls who are engaged in their manufacture. They lose their own "bloom of youth" whilst preparing it for others, and suffer with all the various symptoms of lead poisoning.

We might add greatly to this list of noxious elements which are poured out constantly into the air of all crowded rooms to be breathed over and over again, when there is not a proper attention to ventilation; but we certainly have said enough to satisfy all that carbonic acid is not the only impurity to be taken into consideration under such circumstances.

It is astonishing with what pertinacity the pernicious emanations of healthy or diseased human bodies cling to the furniture, walls, or bedding of rooms; and certain contagions will sometimes linger about a place for months. A ward in the New York City Hospital, where there had been hospital gangrene, is a striking instance. Though all the bedding and furniture were removed, the disease attacked other patients who were placed in it; and as whitewashing and thorough cleaning of the room were not found to be effectual in destroying the seeds of the disease, nor even the scraping off of the plastering, the entire walls were torn down and renewed before the taint was got rid of. Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his "Clinical Essays," gives an equally interesting instance of the kind. In the thatched cottage of a laborer in an English village, one of the four children was struck down with scarlet fever. The other children were immediately removed to a neighboring village, but after the lapse of some weeks one of them was allowed to return home. Within twenty-four hours it was seized with the disorder and died. The cottage was now cleaned thoroughly and lime-washed, and every article of clothing washed or burned, and four months elapsed before either of the remaining children was brought home. Then one child was allowed to return, but only to share in a few days the fate of the others. The doctor believes that in this instance the thatch was the lurking-place of the poison.

But, knowing the necessity of pure air for retaining health, it must be confessed that, in our large cities, with all our modern improvements to contend with, it is nevertheless a very difficult matter to obtain it. Most of our houses have running through them not only a system of pipes, unavoidably more or less leaky, for gas and refuse material, but also others for supplying each room with hot air from a furnace invariably imperfect. The cold-air box of this modern convenience opens, not infrequently, either into a damp corner, filled with rubbish covered with mold, or else on the street, on a level with the sidewalk, where the dust is drawn in to be aided in its decomposition by the heat of the furnace, and to be poured out with its gases into every room. The most careless observer must have noticed of what nature the dust of our thoroughfares is in the main composed We have only to give a glance at the rows of dirt which lie along the curb-stones or the basements of the houses on a windy day, to discover the particles of comminuted hay, oats, and straw which tell the whole story. And besides these indoor comforts, we have a vast net-work of sewers running through all our streets, and pouring out constantly streams of health-destroying gases and vapors.

But in spite of these difficulties, more can be done by the public and by the individual for securing for all a better atmosphere; and if Mr. Leeds's little book were carefully read by every one, we should in a short time have, at least in most of our houses, a great improvement in this respect. In these three lectures, delivered winter before last before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, it is shown that ventilation is not such a complicated scientific subject that only those who have paid special attention to it can understand it; but that all have it within their power, at little or no expense, to ensure a comparatively healthy atmosphere in their dwellings, even in large cities. The first lecture is devoted chiefly to considering the evils of foul air; and in the second and third the effect of heat on the movements of the air, and the various ways of constantly introducing it into our houses, are discussed. All is presented in a clear, easy manner, and many of the points are illustrated by striking but simple experiments. The book contains several colored diagrams, showing the movement of the air in rooms heated and ventilated by different methods; and we believe that no one can take it up without finding much of interest in it.

The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth. By H. F. Ewald. Translated from the Danish. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—Waldemar Krone, the hero of this novel, is a Danish youth, whose character, had it not been conceived by a Dane, might be supposed to have been constructed with the design of confirming a statement of Buckle's, to the effect that the inhabitants of the northern regions of Europe, like those of the southern, "are remarkable for a certain instability and fickleness of character." Besides this central figure we have two heroines, one of whom regards Louis XIV. as the noblest person in all history, and who, after treating Waldemar with alternate warmth and coolness, finally discards him as the appointed time for their marriage approaches; and another, whose unfaltering devotion to the hero, from the first page of the book to the last, is in the end appropriately rewarded by becoming his wife. There are also an eccentric baron, two or three nobly descended and slightly tiresome old

gentlemen, and a morose and man-hating infidel, who is left, in the last chapter, on the high road to more faith and better manners. The novel is not, on the whole, to be described as entertaining reading. We get from it almost no idea of Danish manners and customs, some account of which might have been interesting. The author was flying at higher game, and endeavoring to give his readers some notion of the interior life of his characters. Either his analytical powers are not very great, or he was unfortunate in his choice of subjects. If one did not cherish the theory that life amounts to pretty much the same thing under all circumstances, and that one has but to "suck the sweetness of those consuetudes that lie nearest," in order to find the appetite for sweets very well satisfied, it would be quite possible to draw from the "Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth" the conclusion that life in Denmark is rather slow. There remains the alternative of supposing that Mr. Ewald is no more to be credited with close observation than with critical insight—which alternative we propose, in the interests of the aforesaid theory, to accept.

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The Week.

About the only thing accomplished by Congress in the past week has been the passage by the House of the joint resolution restoring North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, on Thursday, after one day's debate, by 108 to 35. Mr. Stevens got a special condition affixed in the case of Georgia, exempting debts to loyal men from a certain provision of the new constitution. Whether this will be more efficacious than the fundamental condition as to civil rights remains to be seen. Mr. Wilson introduced the same resolution in the Senate, but it was not considered; and the bill admitting Arkansas, though referred to the Judiciary Committee and reported back, got no further. In the Senate, too, Mr. Forney sent in his resignation, which Mr. Cameron would have accepted with alacrity, but which was laid on the table. The rest of the proceedings, in both Houses, related almost exclusively to impeachment. The scandal of the Missouri delegation's letter to Senator Henderson was very properly noticed in a resolution of enquiry offered in the House by Mr. Woodward, but rejected, first, on account of its form, and afterwards, when modified so as not to imply guardianship of the Senate, on account of its substance, by a party vote. It charged "an indecent and corrupt combination"—corrupting would, perhaps, have been a juster epithet—to influence the judgment of a Senator. But in the same session (on Saturday) Mr. Bingham was granted the new powers which he asked for the Managers, to enquire into the "improper or corrupt means that have been used to influence the determination of the Senate upon the articles of impeachment." On Monday, Mr. Eggleston, with the approval of the Missouri delegation itself, proposed a committee for enquiry into the conduct of those gentlemen, and the House assented. Mr. Boyer failed to get in a seemingly equitable resolution that, for the purposes of the bribery investigation now devolved upon the Managers, their number should be increased by two taken from those Representatives who had voted against impeachment. In the Senate Mr. Buckalew made some effective remarks against the conduct of the House in undertaking to investigate the behavior of Senators, and in the course of the discussion which followed, Mr. Doolittle testified anew to the President's integrity, who, he said, in rhetoric a little out of joint, "has that which belongs to those who come into the world with their souls lighted up with the stamp of God, nobility, and honesty." Little else than brawling was done in the House on Monday—that little being the presentation of the reports on providing for the purchase of Alaska. On Friday the House listened with attention to a speech of Mr. Garfield's on the currency.

The Impeachment ended—we presume it is safe to say so—on Saturday, in the defeat of the eleventh article by a vote of 19 to 35. The eleventh article was considered the strongest, and was therefore submitted first as a test. Strange to say, it does not charge Mr. Johnson either with the violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act simply, or with violent language simply, but with having violated the act this year, "in pursuance of" certain declarations made in 1866. Mr. Ross, of Kansas, turned the scale in favor of acquittal, and has accordingly taken Mr. Johnson's place as "the greatest criminal of the age," Mr. Johnson being now in the second rank only, along with Trumbull, Fessenden, Grimes, Henderson, and the others. All doubtful senators appear to have been pursued relentlessly night and day during the week before the vote, and badgered about the verdict, probably often into a state of complete bewilderment. Accordingly, there are various stories as to divers promises made by Mr. Ross to vote on both sides, but it is, of course, pretty certain that most of them have no better foundation than expressions made use of to get rid of intolerable bores and secure a little repose for overtaxed nature. Still, as hopes were entertained of Mr. Ross to the last, his vote filled the impeachers with rage, and has, of course, also consigned him to "everlasting infamy." The only question now is how much he got for his verdict? Our opinion is that he got nothing—that he is so horribly wicked that he perjured himself out of pure "cussedness," thus showing that not only has he no regard for his country, but is utterly indifferent to the future of his family. He got one most amusing telegram before he took his final plunge into iniquity, announcing that "Kansas had heard the evidence," and demanded conviction. When one reads this, and thinks of the mental condition of the man, or men, who sent it, and remembers that the dissentient Republican senators have probably been receiving such telegrams by the half-dozen for the last week, and that General Schenck actually telegraphed to Rhode Island ordering a batch of them for special use in Mr. Anthony's case, one feels as if the Impeachment Trial ought to be dramatized, for it certainly would furnish the materials for what the play-bills call a "side-splitting farce."

This vote is generally considered as settling the fate of impeachment, although the court has only adjourned till the 26th instant, and the other articles are still pending. But they are cobwebs in the estimation of the impeachers compared to the eleventh, and therefore will, doubtless, not be pressed. There seems to be some infatuation about the matter still lingering in the House, however, for Mr. Bingham and Mr. Stevens have begun an enquiry into charges of corruption against the Republican senators who voted for acquittal. The latter says that "no one doubts that there has been somewhere great, manifold, deep damnation," and that "this"—whatever it may be—"is the greatest of all mysteries." He also added, in reply to an enquiry from Mr. Ross "whether senators would be justified in perjuring themselves for the purpose of procuring a conviction of the President," that "he di not think it would hurt them."

The subject was discussed in the Senate, some members thinking such an investigation by the House insulting to the Senate. Mr. Sumner defended its propriety, and in fact necessity, and seemed to feel very solemnly about it. He said, "They knew from the evidence" (the trial is still pending, be it remembered, and Mr. Sumner is sitting in it as a judge) "how utterly unprincipled and wicked the President is," and then went on to insinuate that there was no knowing what his agents were up to. He quoted in support of these insinuations an article from the *World* proposing to raise money to buy up for the President those Republican senators whose term was near expiring, and by way of deepening the horror of the occasion said "he understood that this paper had throughout the trial sustained the President day by day, insisting that he was not guilty." This was very shocking, but Mr. Sumner of course knows that in morals, as well as in law, it is worse for a paper to insist throughout a trial that a defendant is guilty than that he is innocent, and this the *Tribune* did, in Mr. Johnson's case, with a foulmouthedness and indecency the *World* has never approached; but not one word of reprobation has its conduct drawn from any Republican senator. A little sense of humor is not a bad thing for a politician, and it would not have taken much to prevent Mr. Sumner from treating the *World's* proposal seriously. An arrangement to bribe a senator is not begun by an article in a newspaper calling for subscriptions, and it is not respectful to the average Republican voter to ask him to roll his eyes in horror over it.

The torrent of vituperation directed against Messrs. Trumbull, Fessenden, and Grimes has ceased, owing to the indignation it has excited throughout the country, and the certainty it revealed that if they were driven out of the party they would take with them nearly everybody and everything that keeps it alive. In fact, if they and their friends were gone, the party would perish incontinently, unless indeed, like St. Denis, it possesses the faculty of walking about with its head under its arm. The party is now indebted to these gentlemen for one of the most brilliant incidents in its history, and one which reflects more credit on it as a party than any other. To have been able to keep such men in its ranks gives it a fresh title to public confidence, and their course will do a great deal to neutralize whatever bad effects the failure of the impeachment may produce.

The course of the *Tribune* in the matter has been thoroughly characteristic. It tried to disgrace the press and disgrace the country during the week, not only by attempting to convert a judicial proceeding into a riot of perjury and partisanship, but by holding some of the purest and most distinguished men in the country up to the execration of the world as scoundrels. It declared them "infamous;" insinuated that Mr. Trumbull had been bribed by the "whiskey ring;" and allowed its correspondents at Washington to sit in the gallery of the Senate and sketch even the personal appearance of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Grimes in the language of mingled hate and ruffianism. The *Brooklyn Union* well says of a part of its performances:

> "The absurdity of the *Tribune's* article of this morning is only equalled by its atrocity, and that is unparalleled in Northern political journalism, or in civilized journalism anywhere."

And *Harper's Weekly* also truly points out how fitting a termination this is to the *Tribune's* course during the rebellion. "A soldier in peace and a citizen in war," it was timorous and vacillating while the cannon were sounding, and pluck and persistence were before all things needful. When peace was restored, and there was occasion for civil prudence, for caution, for reflection, and for intelligent doubt, it began charging like a fury, and with an apparent determination not to be taken alive. It has supported every bill and resolution, good, bad, and indifferent, that any Radical chose to introduce into Congress during the last two years, and has declared the passage of each one essential to the salvation of this afflicted country. It was opposed to impeachment while impeachment was spoken of as a judicial proceeding; but when it took it up, it apparently determined to "put it through" as a great "Wade movement," and pronounced anybody who refused to vote the eleventh article a liar and scoundrel, and proposed to drive out of the Republican party its most respected members. All this lasted till Saturday morning. On Monday the frenzy was apparently over, owing to the unmistakable marks of reprobation that were coming in from every quarter, and it retracted as regarded Messrs. Trumbull and Fessenden, and declared impeachment a mistake. It is almost cruel to comment on this extraordinary performance. It is decidedly humiliating to *have* to do it, and the only thing that makes it worth while doing it is that this remarkable paper is the apostle and guide of nearly half a million of people. But this very fact apparently makes it all the more reckless in the use of its peculiar weapons, and all the more impervious to all forms of attack except "stops." With a man who thinks folly can be turned into wisdom by getting a good many people to listen to it, there is even less use in arguing than with "the master of thirty legions."

If the vote on Saturday should prove to be the close of the impeachment business, it will leave two persons in a very awkward position: one is Mr. Stanton, the other is Mr. Wade. The impeachers have, in any case, virtually abandoned the article which charges Mr. Johnson with a high crime and misdemeanor in removing Mr. Stanton, and yet it was on the supposition that it was a high crime, and that the Senate thought so, that he agreed to "stick." If the Senate now refuses to convict on that charge, what is to become of him? As regards Mr. Wade, the failure would prove doubly unfortunate, inasmuch as there does not seem to be much disposition on the part of the Chicago Convention to nominate him for the Vice-Presidency—a fact which makes the crusade against Messrs. Trumbull and Fessenden look all the more sinister, and, in default of his accession to the Presidency by the sentence of the "High Court," he goes out of public life next year. We observe that Mr. Trumbull complains that the president of the Senate does not "see" him readily now when he rises to speak, a fact which makes us fear that the great man is in a bad temper.

A meeting was held in this city last week for the organization of a movement in favor of laying on import duties for revenue, and not for protection. It was remarkable for having a considerable number of speakers who have hitherto been prominent in connection with moral and social rather than financial reform properly so-called; and as some of them were D.D.s and others LL.D.s, the *Iron Age* blasts them utterly by printing their titles in italics thus, *Doctor*. Men who feel strong rarely call in the aid of typography to rout their opponents. But the new society will hardly accomplish more than the Free-Trade League has accomplished, which is very little, unless it devotes itself to the whole question of financial reform. Taxes might be laid on only for revenue, and the country not be a whit better off than it is now. The presence of the "*Doctors*" was to us a most satisfactory sign, as it shows that the philanthropic world is turning to new fields of labor; and there is no reason why its zeal, directed to questions of taxation, should not accomplish as much as it has in some others. Mr. Atkinson, who is not a philanthropist, made a very hard-headed and effective free-trade speech, and what was ominous, too, for protection, there was a force of professors in the audience. Protection is in fact losing, or rather has lost, all the colleges except Harvard, and nearly every young man one now meets is a free-trader.

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, made, on Friday last, a speech on the financial situation which is very much too good to be allowed to be buried in the columns of the *Congressional Globe*. The Boston Loyal Publication Society, which is devoting itself now to financial questions, ought to rescue it and spread it broadcast over the country. We do not remember to have often seen a better specimen of clear statement or of happy illustration, and nobody who has yet spoken or written on this subject, as far as our knowledge goes, has shown a firmer grasp of sound principles. He argued strongly in favor of a settled policy of some kind as the first step towards a restoration of the currency to a sound basis, and drew attention to a bill introduced by himself in February, providing for the gradual redemption of legal-tender notes in gold, beginning December 1, at the rate of one dollar and thirty cents in paper for one dollar in specie, and gradually declining at the rate of a cent a month to par in June, 1871. The bill is,

however, his weak point, for we do not well see why anybody should surrender his bills at 30 per cent. discount, when by waiting a few months he can sell them at par. Most of Mr. Garfield's doctrines have been from time to time supported in these columns, and they are, of course, in the main old ones, but they are the result of human experience tested by human reason; and his constant expressions of respect for these two great factors of politics, and the attention with which he was listened to, give us a fresh reason for believing that we are fast approaching the close of the War-Horse régime, and that the age of practical and instructed statesmen is at hand.

The majority of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs have reported in favor of the appropriation to pay for Aliaska. The arguments in favor of that course were ably presented by a correspondent signing himself "Y." in the *Nation* of April 30. The minority of the committee have also reported, alleging that as the Russian Government knew that the House had the constitutional power to refuse payment of the money before it completed the bargain, there would now be no breach of faith in not paying it; and that, in short, Aliaska is a worthless and troublesome acquisition. It ought to be said that, if there could be a case in which the House would be justified in withholding an appropriation, for money promised by treaty, it would be in a case like this, in which, at a time of great financial embarrassment, the Executive has purchased a tract of wild territory not contiguous to our frontier, possessing no extraordinary natural advantages, and which is sure to fall into our hands by the time it becomes worth having.

The Chicago Convention has met, and the nomination of Grant seems, at this writing, a foregone conclusion. In fact, the only fighting is over the Vice-President. Mr. Johnson's retention of the Presidential chair removes all danger of serious disturbance in the Treasury Department. Wade's accession would, as far as this is concerned, have been an unmitigated misfortune, as he is just in that particular stage of ignorance on economical questions in which a man is confident and obstinate. General Grant's choice for the Treasury would probably now be Mr. Holt, who, if he did not work miracles, would do what is in finance the next best thing—keep things quiet.

The New York *Times* discusses the question who, of the batch of "criminals" produced by the trial, "is the prominent, unequalled, unapproachable American criminal," and suggests a certain resemblance between Mr. Ross and Sennacherib, the Assyrian king. We have been considering the measure of criminality carefully ever since Mr. Boutwell compared Mr. Johnson to Verres, and are satisfied that the depth of a man's guilt can be got at algebraically. You can reach it either by weighing him or by ascertaining the distance he was from home when he committed his principal crime, or, as in Mr. Boutwell's example, by calculating the superficial area of the territory which was the scene of his misconduct. We suppose he ought to have his election between being weighed or having his distance from home computed. The original impeachers are of opinion that the personal feelings of the dissentients towards Mr. Wade influenced their votes, and ought, therefore, to be considered in estimating the degree of their guilt. We presume, however, that their feelings towards Mr. Wade were not stronger than Mr. Wade's feelings towards Andrew Johnson, and yet that did not prevent the "Old War Horse" from voting against the said Johnson, well knowing that the consequence of a verdict of guilty would be to put the said Wade in the Johnsonian shoes, and give him a large salary, a free house, plenty of rewards for his friends, and more friends than he has ever had in his life. Yet we have not yet heard Mr. Wade accused of corrupt motives. His vote was one of the most indecent incidents of the last shameful week. On seeing with what a brazen front he cast it, one can hardly help feeling amused by the pertinacity with which his friends have claimed for him the credit of a delicate determination to take no part in the verdict. Mr. Wade himself evidently has never been troubled with scruples on this point, though we confess we were cheated into the belief that he was.

It is now settled, by the Queen's reply to the address of the House of Commons, that she is not going to interfere in the quarrel between the Ministry and the Opposition, but will let them fight it out; and at the close, as her constitutional duty is, side with the strongest. Mr. Disraeli has apparently not the smallest intention of resigning, and does not appear disposed to try the chances of a dissolution until it comes next year in the ordinary course of things. In the meantime Mr. Gladstone is pushing on with the disestablishment of the Irish Church as effectually as if he were in office—perhaps even more so, as he is less trammelled, and has a less heavy burden of responsibility. The success of the Abyssinian expedition helps the Ministry, and yet does not, because it throws fresh discredit on the military system at home. The work has been done by an educated Indian officer with no connections to speak of, a kind of person whose successes are a kind of scandal at the War Office.

Barrett, the Fenian, who was the only person convicted of a share in the Clerkenwell explosion, set up a very good *alibi*, as *alibis* go, consisting of the testimony of several shoemakers and of an editor from Glasgow, who swore he was there on the day of the explosion. The jury did not, however, believe them. The evidence for the prosecution, as to his identity, was doubtful, of the three witnesses who swore to it, two having hesitated or changed their minds. He has been respited for a week, doubtless with a view to further enquiry. Burke, the ablest of the leaders, has also been convicted, and had a slight forensic scuffle with the judge before receiving sentence. At political trials in Ireland, when the prisoner is asked, after the verdict is brought in, what he has to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, an old custom allows him to deliver a gorgeous harangue, tracing the history of the country, with a suitable running commentary, from the landing of Strongbow down to the close of the year preceding the trial. Burke, it appears, showed signs of a desire to adhere to this practice, but it clashed with Baron Bramwell's notions of propriety, who lost his temper, and, having the gaoler on his side, silenced the prisoner on all points, except points of law. The impression left by the scene on the public does not seem to have been pleasant. All accounts from Ireland agree in declaring that the pending legislation against the Church establishment is killing Fenianism, and bringing the main body of the Catholics back to the paths of constitutional agitation. But it is not unlikely, on the other hand, that it will start and stimulate a large emigration on the part of the Protestants, to whom Ireland, with Catholic equality, will not be endurable.

It is very difficult to say how things are going in France. There is an incessant discussion raging about the probabilities of war, but the political condition of the country is curiously illustrated by the fact, that there are no data in the possession of the public for the formation of an opinion. The only source of information about it is the tattle and gossip of the hangers-on of the Tuileries and of the War Office. Fancy what a state of things this is for business-men! What makes it all the more embarrassing is that the Minister of State, M. Rouher, and the Minister of War hold different views—or at least express different views. M. Rouher predicts peace, but Marshal Niel says he is not so sure about it. In the meantime, there are now nearly 1,200,000 men under arms, and of course this of itself furnishes a constant temptation to fight.

The news of the success of the English Abyssinian expedition, strange as it may seem, has been received by the opposition in Paris as a piece of excellent political news, as it suggests a contrast with the Mexican expedition undertaken by France. To be sure, Theodorus was a much less formidable enemy than Juarez, but then the English had to penetrate an unknown country of peculiar difficulty, and make their roads as they went. However, as may be imagined, those who extract political significance from the comparison are not careful about making it very accurately or justly. The main point is that an enterprise undertaken by a despotic government in France against a distant and semi-barbarous power failed, while an expedition undertaken by a constitutional government against a somewhat similar enemy succeeded. The inference they suggest is obvious.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE RESULT OF THE TRIAL.

THE vote on the verdict, even if it has not resulted in conviction, has abundantly justified the House in impeaching the President. When thirty-five out of fifty-four senators pronounce him guilty, it would be absurd as well as unjust to say that there was not "probable cause" for instituting the prosecution, and one may take this view of the matter even after making some allowance for the influence of party feeling and political excitement. The trial of a President by the Senate for offences committed in the course of a long quarrel with Congress touching the limits of his power under the Constitution cannot be a fair one in the sense in which we speak of a fair trial before an ordinary tribunal, where the accused and the judge have never previously had any relations whatever. The Senate, being a branch of the legislature, must have many imperfections as a court of justice; to expect that it will not, is to expect that senators will prove themselves more than men. All the public can ask of them is that they will make all possible efforts to rid their minds during the trial of pride, prejudice, and passion, and govern themselves to the best of their ability by the law and the evidence. That in the present instance they have done so we have never seen good reason to question, and we therefore think their action a sufficient vindication of the action of the House in preferring the charges. One may still doubt the policy of its course, but one cannot accuse it of mere vindictiveness, or mere subservience to party spirit in pursuing it.

The failure to convict is to be regretted for several reasons, but that it leaves Mr. Johnson in the Presidential chair we no longer include amongst the number. In the first place, it is not unlikely that during the remainder of his term he will behave well; in the second, even if he should desire to do mischief, his powers of mischief now, as we have already pointed out, are almost *nil;* and in the third, if he should commit fresh follies and extravagances, although the scandal will be great, it will be more than compensated for by the fact that they will help the Republican party during the coming campaign. His last follies helped it materially in 1866. Moreover, after the exhibition we have had during the last week or two of the taste and temper of the men who would in case of his deposition have had charge of the Government, it is difficult to believe that the country would have gained by the change, and it is quite certain that the party would have lost by it, for it would have had to bear the burden of their indiscretions.

But the acquittal, although the largeness of the vote for conviction may justify the House morally, is not likely to strengthen the confidence of the country in the judgment of the majority. Moreover, it has some tendency to create a certain amount of confidence in the President's judgment. It leaves him less hopelessly in the wrong than he seemed six months ago, and it leaves him in possession of the honors of the field. His escape, to be sure, has been very narrow, but in politics, as in war, an inch of a miss is as good as a mile. He was, before the trial, in the position of a man whom Congress might crush, but would not; now, he is in the position of a man whom Congress tried to crush, but could not. It is certainly not Congress that has gained by this change.

The House, too, did not shine on the trial. It was not well represented. It tried hard to have the case tried on high moral grounds, or on grounds of general expediency; and yet it put in the forefront of its battle a lawyer whose opinions on high moral questions, or questions of general expediency, nobody heeds, and whose forte lies in his sharpness as pleader in courts of law, and whose want of manners, or rather want of decency, throughout the case gave the President a constant advantage, which increased up to the very last day. Moreover, the Managers were overmatched throughout in learning and ability. There is no use now in passing this over without notice. The contrast was patent to everybody throughout the trial, and was a constant subject of comment. What the Managers wanted in law and logic they had to make up by warmth of language; but this, though useful in a short case, is not effective in a trial protracted over several weeks, and before a tribunal of elderly men hardened to rhetoric, and in whom the fires of enthusiasm have long died out.

What has made the effect of acquittal most injurious, however, has been the conduct of a portion of the Radical press and politicians towards those Republican members of the court who were not satisfied by the evidence and the arguments of the President's guilt. To fail to convict at all was rather mortifying, of course; but to fail after having spent a week in holding the most honored of the party leaders, its wisest heads and purest characters, up to execration as perjured villains, is more mortifying still. Happily the great body of the party, certainly all the intelligent portion of it, and all its most influential and respected newspapers, made a determined stand against this amazing burst of folly, and thus saved the party from damnation—and, let us add, from well-merited damnation. For a party which coolly informs the world that its most trusted, longest tried leaders and counsellors—men honored for their learning, ability, and integrity—have committed perjury while sitting as judges in the highest court known to the law, and have accepted bribes from the "whiskey ring" as the reward of their baseness—as the *Tribune* and some kindred sheets informed the public every day during the past week about Messrs. Trumbull, Fessenden, and others—of course ought not to exist any longer. To vote its ticket after such a revelation would be a degradation of the deepest kind. It would be useless for the *Tribune* to assure us that all the other politicians of the party were honest except these. Nobody could be deceived in this way. Fancy following Messrs. Butler, Stevens, Logan, and Horace Greeley with implicit confidence, after Trumbull, Fessenden, Grimes, Henderson, Fowler, and Van Winkle had turned out shameless and corrupt scoundrels. The party would have had to be broken up as an abomination. No men in it have given such guarantees of honor, and purity, and zeal as the so-called "traitors." If these be false, it is imprudent to ask the country to trust any others the party can produce.

The more we look into this crusade against the fair fame of the dissentients, the more reason we find for feeling thankful that the main body of the party refused to share in it. As all our readers know, what brought impeachment down on Mr. Johnson was his violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act in removing Mr. Stanton and appointing General Thomas Secretary *ad interim* in his place. The other charges, including that of bad language in 1866, made in the articles, except the slender one of trying to seduce General Emory, were all brought before the House by the Impeachment Committee six months before the present articles were filed, were fully discussed, and it was solemnly declared by a large majority that they were insufficient to sustain a prosecution. When, however, he removed Mr. Stanton, the House agreed that he had at last done the deed which brought him within the meshes of the law, and voted for impeachment for *this act*, and in consequence of this act, and this only. Afterwards, and just before the filing of the articles, Thaddeus Stevens secured the addition of the eleventh article, which charged that the removal of Mr. Stanton was a high crime and misdemeanor, committed "*in pursuance of*" his declaration, made a year and a half previously, that "Congress was not the Congress of the United States, but only of a part of the States, thereby denying and intending to deny that its legislation was obligatory on him." The object of this article, therefore, was to connect the removal of Stanton in February, 1868, with a speech delivered in August, 1866; and this was an afterthought, too. It was not on this that impeachment was first voted; it was on the removal of Stanton taken by itself, as a violation in terms of a valid law of Congress. Now it is admitted that large numbers of the Republican senators would vote "not guilty" on the charge of violating the law in removing Stanton and appointing Thomas—that is, on the very charges which produced the impeachment. In fact, these charges, it now appears, are considered to have broken down in the course of the trial, so that a Republican senator may vote "not guilty" on them without laying himself open to the suspicion of corruption. Mr. Stevens, indeed, has declared that they have no weight; that the real weight is in his article; and his article

was submitted first to the vote as the strongest and therefore the best test.

The position of Messrs. Trumbull and Fessenden's assailants, therefore, is just this. A Republican senator might say on his oath, and yet be an honest man, that the removal of Mr. Stanton and the appointment of General Thomas did not constitute a high crime or misdemeanor; and he might say on his oath, and yet be an honest man, that the wild speeches of 1866 did not constitute a high crime or misdemeanor; but if he says on his oath that he believes the removal of Mr. Stanton in February, 1868, was not done "in pursuance of" a plan formed by Mr. Johnson in 1866, and of which the only evidence is a fragment of a stump speech made in that year—popularly supposed to have been delivered under the influence of whiskey—although Mr. Johnson has ever since gone on acknowledging the validity of Congressional legislation day by day in the ordinary course of business, he must be a corrupt scoundrel—bribed to violate his oath by fraudulent distillers. His guilt is evident; he is not only to be driven out of the party, but to be held up to execration as a dishonorable man. This is a strictly correct statement of the case. This is the charge against the dissentient Republican senators, and the whole of it. There is not nearly as much reason for suspecting a man's good faith who refuses to convict on the eleventh article as on the second and third, on simple grounds of evidence. The reason why the eleventh article has been made a test of morals is the will of the extremists. They choose to consider it so, and "there's an end on't." They say simply, "To this article we require your adhesion; on the others we give you your liberty. Vote it, or we blacken your character to the extent of our ability." We cast no imputation on anybody who voted guilty on that article; but we venture to say that the number of trained lawyers who could do so is small. Few, we venture to say, swallow it who have not worked themselves into the state of mental inflammation which seems to be endemic at Washington, and of which Mr. Boutwell offered such a striking symptom when he showed that Andrew Johnson's guilt was greater than that of Caius Verres by showing that the superficial area of the United States was greater than that of Sicily.

We believe, for our part, that the thanks of the country are due to Messrs. Trumbull, Fessenden, Grimes, Henderson, Fowler, Van Winkle, and Ross, not for voting for Johnson's acquittal, but for vindicating, we presume nobody but themselves knows at what cost, the dignity and purity of the court of which they formed a part, and the sacred rights of individual conscience. They have afforded American young men an example such as no politicians have ever afforded them in the whole course of American history, and at a time, too, when the tendency to put party claims above everything is rapidly increasing, and when we are adding to our voting population a vast body of persons on whom the great laws of morality sit only very lightly, and for whom party discipline has, of course, the attraction it has everywhere and always for those who have little other discipline to guide them.

The issue of the impeachment trial was no doubt important as regards the actual political situation; but the greatest of all questions for the American people is, whether amongst all the troubles and changes of this and coming ages the popular respect for the forms of law, for judicial purity and independence, can be maintained. As long as it can, all will go well, whatever storms blow; whenever the belief becomes general that a court of justice, and especially a "High Court," can be fairly used, whenever the majority please, as the instrument of their will, it will make little difference what its judgment will be or who fills the Presidential chair.

THE NEW CONSTITUTIONS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The time seems close at hand when many of the Southern States, having complied with the Reconstruction Act, are to rejoin the ancient sisterhood. The votes upon the new constitutions have been scanned with only a passing interest, which has yielded to the more engrossing topic of impeachment; while the constitutions themselves, and the very important facts to which they bear witness, have been honored with a transient glance of kindly recognition by a few only of the many who should be their warm supporters at the North. While the Democratic press has dealt in wholesale abuse, most Republican papers have seemed by their silence to admit that they had no case, and meant to let the matter go by default. Yet, to the careful observer, the composition not only of the constitutions, but also of the conventions which draughted them, offers perhaps the most satisfactory proof yet obtainable from actual experience of the soundness of the policy of Congress. Not to leave this statement unsupported, we propose to bring together in a compendious form the results of a pretty thorough examination into these matters—results both interesting and valuable, and which can hardly fail to bring conviction in their train.

First, then, to show the component elements going to make up the conventions themselves. It is well known that their members were chosen by the combined votes of blacks and whites, without either educational or other proper restrictions—a system which, according to the Democratic soothsayers, is to inaugurate and for ever ensure negro dominance. The canvass on the part of the Republicans was active and thorough. The negroes were in the first flush of power, of the extent of which they were fully informed. Yet they used it in a manner and with a moderation which surprised many even of their admirers. Here are the statistics. In Virginia, North Carolina, and Mississippi the black delegates were outnumbered by the white "Conservatives," so-called. In all the States except Louisiana (where the yellow fever had frightened multitudes of whites from the State) and South Carolina, the black members were in so small a ratio as to be, by themselves, utterly powerless. Save in the two above-named States, the proportions ranged from a minimum of one-fifteenth in Arkansas to a maximum of about one-quarter in Florida. These figures certainly show that, however resolved any white faction may have been to represent the dividing line as one of color, no considerable number of the blacks pursued the same illiberal policy; an immense majority of them must have thrown their ballots for white candidates; and a not inconsiderable minority actually sinned on the other side, and conferred their suffrage on thorough-paced "Conservatives"—a technical appellation the force of which is well understood. To our mind this last fact appears a much sounder proof of the intellectual unfitness of the blacks for suffrage than any other charge against them which has yet been sustained by proof.

To epitomize any considerable number of these constitutions would, in our space, be quite impossible. We select, therefore, as fair specimens, those of Alabama and of Florida. Alabama was the first State in the field, with a constitution quite as Radical as any since published, and subsequently invested with a peculiar interest by reason of the struggle over its adoption, and the practical lesson taught by that struggle. Curiously enough, it differs very little, in most respects, from its predecessor, which was so satisfactory to its opponents. It is true that it establishes universal suffrage for whites and blacks without any tests whatsoever; but it is equally true and evident that the trial of this theory in the Southern States is now a matter of sheer necessity, which cannot be evaded; and this is the only radical innovation in the entire document, unless the formal abolition of slavery and the recognition of the supremacy of the National Government may strike some minds as such. In its other parts, all the topics of the old constitution are touched upon, and all the views and principles of the old constitution are fully retained; the two run in quite parallel and similar courses until the subject-matter of the old one is exhausted. Then, indeed, we find certain additions; but they are objectionable only on the ignoble basis of a systematic obstruction of all progress whatsoever in civilization. They lie mainly in Articles XI. and XII. The former of these is a very long and thorough series of enactments concerning education, establishing a most complete system of universal popular training, and providing ample sources of revenue permanently to maintain the same in vigorous working order. The latter creates a Bureau of Industrial Resources, with large powers and correspondingly extensive and important duties, among which are the discovery and investigation of all the material resources of the State, and the general diffusion of information concerning them, and also concerning improvements in machinery, agriculture, manufactures, and the like. The great majority of the persons framing this document were native Alabamians, whose lot had been, and was to remain, inseparably bound to that of their State, and whose honest object it clearly was

to keep all of good that was transmitted to them from the past, and to engraft upon it all the improvements suggested by later years.

The constitution of Florida has more points of interest and novelty, and presents more matter for astonishment, than any of its fellows. In the convention about twenty out of eighty members were blacks. Yet the constitution probably surpasses in conservatism that of any State in the Union. A stable, and what is usually called a "strong," administration must, one would say, have appeared to these politicians to be the *summum bonum*. Thus, the governor and senators hold office for the unusually long term of four years, and the members of the Assembly for two years. The executive arm is further strengthened by the privilege of appointment, in conjunction with the Senate, to nearly every office of power, trust, or executive importance in the State. On the other hand, the Legislature is limited to an annual session of only sixty days, unless specially convened by the governor, when it may hold another session of twenty days. The governor appoints, and the Senate confirms, the judges, of whom those of the Supreme Court hold their position for life or during good behavior, and those of the Circuit Court for eight years. The customary Governor's Council or advisory board is, in this State, a cabinet proper, in which sit a Commissioner of Immigration and a Superintendent of Public Instruction; and to judge from the duties mapped out for this latter functionary, he will be the busiest and one of the most powerful officials in the State. Due provision is made to prevent bribery and tumult at elections; and principals and seconds to duels or challenges, and persons interested in any election bet or wager, are denied the right of suffrage. Neither was this convention slow to learn the lessons of the very latest passing hours of the age; they enact that officers may be impeached for "drunkenness, gambling," and "any conduct detrimental to good morals." Lastly, we notice the provision, which we have not seen in any other of these documents, to wit: that after 1880 the Legislature shall pass laws requiring educational qualifications in all persons voting for the first time after that date. While Democrats, who have probably never been at the trouble of reading this constitution, are loading it with unlimited abuse as the characteristic work of Radicals and demagogues, many Radicals, as Radicals, might criticise it with some asperity on quite opposite grounds; but we will content ourselves with showing the ludicrous impossibility which our opponents would find in making out a case if they would submit to the ignominious drudgery of discovering facts, and to the petty trammels of those facts when found.

One is irresistibly tempted to compare this constitution of Florida with that recently prepared by a purely Caucasian convention for submission to the people of this State. We are, of course, aware that the latter is not considered by the best of its framers as by any means perfect, or as anything more than the best attainable; but it is the work of white men, and of white men of whom a very large number doubted the propriety of ever letting negroes vote at elections, except under a property qualification, and this in a State in which nothing is required of electors of any other race except the possession of the human form and the male sex. Now, we are bound to say that, tried by any of the known tests—history, experience, or principles of human nature—this Florida constitution is not only a better one than the one we now have in this State, but, on the whole, better than the new one which, after twenty years of experiment, has been offered for our acceptance by the flower of the white portion of the community.

THE RAILROAD FRATERNITY.

The question of railroad management has lately attracted a large share of public attention. The great Erie quarrel, the New York Central monopoly, the various legal controversies arising from the doubtful action of several other companies, the violent fluctuations in the market price of many of the leading stocks, the repeated issue of large amounts of fresh shares by prominent lines, the awful accident at Port Jervis, and many similar events, have caused a great deal of enquiry, and nothing but the more exciting and pressing political events could well have stifled the general spirit of investigation.

To discuss the question intelligently, it is necessary to understand thoroughly that there are three parties in interest: first, the owners of the road, whether they be holders of bonds or of shares, who are believed to have something to say in the matter; second, the general public who travel and send freight over the roads, who are believed to have no voice or power whatever, but only a purse to deplete and a body to mangle; and third, that large class of individuals who, for want of a more expressive designation, are generally styled "the railroad-men." These railroad-men form a fraternity, a secret league, a united body, bound together by a bond, not acknowledged nor even fairly understood by themselves, but nevertheless real and substantial. This bond is none other than their acknowledged hostility to the general public and to the great mass of railroad stock and bondholders. The class of railroad-men consists of and comprises the great majority of the officers of all the railroads in the country, the presidents, vice-presidents, the acting directors, the engineers and superintendents, all the great railroad builders and contractors, the owners of rolling-mills who furnish railroad iron, the builders of cars and of locomotives, the land agents and land speculators, the great lobbyists and getters of land-grants and subsidies, the capitalists who advance the money, and the speculators who deal in the stocks. To these are added a crowd of hungry hangers-on, lawyers, judges, writers for the press, and petty politicians—the whole forming a grand army, or rather a series of grand armies, each under some tacitly acknowledged leader, all operating under the well-understood code of warfare known as railroad tactics; knowing no laws save railroad laws, and knowing these only to evade them; acknowledging no morals save railroad morals, something entirely apart from all other morals; all bound to live on the common enemy—the public, and to live well, and to accomplish it by the forcible or treacherous control of every highway and by-way of communication throughout the country. No generation of feudal barons in the fourteenth century were ever bound together by stronger ties of common interests than those that bind together the railroad-men of the United States in this nineteenth century of ours. No generation of feudal barons lived more openly or undisguisedly by force and fraud than do the railroad-men of our times. It is true the old barons ruled their countries sometimes well, more often ill, and hence may be thought to have done some good. But the railroad barons are also thought to serve the state by managing the railroad lines, and it is to the general prevalence of this belief, aided by their own audacity, that they owe their power.

To many readers this may seem a fancy sketch. But it is a simple statement of facts. There are unquestionably railroads honestly managed, and there are undoubtedly many honest men sitting as directors in railroad boards who are totally ignorant of the cheats practised under the shield of their honest names. But these are the exceptions, not the rule. Corruption taints the very birth of nine-tenths of the roads. The charter to build a road, however much needed by a community, is scarcely ever obtained without a great amount of log-rolling and generally of actual bribery. The charter, when obtained, has a cash value, and the men who own it receive from the company which is supposed to build the road a large amount of the company's stock for procuring the charter, in addition to the repayment of their actual outlay "for legislative expenses." The company thus starts with a portion of its stock given away before it has really come into existence. It has then to organize by electing directors. It is necessary to secure the services, or at least the names, of "prominent railroad-men" to give credit and standing to the enterprise. Neither their services nor their names can be had without payment. A number of shares are respectfully tendered to, and generally accepted by, each of them, and permission is graciously given to use their names as directors of the new concern. One-half or one-third of the authorized issue of stock is thus often disposed of without any "value received," before the existence of the company is made known to the public. And now the road is to be built. The "prominent railroad-men" introduce "well-known contractors," who undertake to grade the road—that is, to construct the road-bed and lay the ties—at a given sum per mile, and to take in payment the first-mortgage bonds of the company at seventy cents on the dollar, provided the company will undertake to "make a market" for the bonds. The price contracted for per mile is, of course, sufficiently large not only to secure the contractor against loss by the bonds not bringing the stipulated price, but also to enable him to

divide the profits of the contract with the "prominent director" who procured it for him. Of course, no bargain to this effect is made; it is quite unnecessary. Among "railroad-men" of good faith the thing is perfectly well understood, and any contractor who failed to make things right with his friends in the board would be immediately denounced to all railroad-men as unreliable and unsafe, and would be for ever cast out from the community of railroad-men, and never be able to get another contract. The same course precisely is pursued with the contractors for the iron and for the engines and everything else, and when the contractors get through they have generally received a one-thousand-dollar bond, of the market value of seven hundred dollars, in payment of labor and material worth perhaps five hundred dollars, the difference going into the pockets of the various "eminent railroad-men" connected with the enterprise. In this way the company has contracted a debt of one thousand dollars for which it has received value to the extent of five hundred.

The next step of the board of directors is to comply with that part of their agreement with the different contractors by which they bound themselves to "make a market" for the company's bonds. It is here that the services of "eminent financial men" connected with the enterprise come into play. By dint of judicious use of editors and reporters, the public is gradually prepared for the appearance of these bonds in the market. One of the eminent financial men is the treasurer and bond agent of the road. He generally agrees to buy of the company a round amount of the bonds at sixty or sixty-five cents on the dollar, provided the company will not sell any thereafter at less than seventy cents. At the expense of the company the bonds are largely advertised, the advertisers generally paying for a liberal amount of editorial and reporters' puffing. Every director, every contractor and mill-owner, has an interest in praising and endorsing the bonds; they recommend them to their banks, their brokers, to the insurance companies and trust companies in which they or their friends happen to be directors, and they do so with a certain degree of good faith, for the bonds are as good as the generality of railroad bonds, and the price is sure to advance. In this way a certain amount of the bonds is placed upon the market, and actually sold at seventy cents on the dollar. The company then at a convenient moment discovers that the bonds are selling faster than the money is required to construct the road, and the price of "this desirable security" is advanced to seventy-five cents on the dollar. Of course the eminent financial men who bought the bonds at sixty-five cents, and their friends who bought them at seventy cents, have made a very good thing out of it, and are, of course, warmer friends of the road than ever before, and can safely recommend the bonds as an excellent investment. After a while it is rumored that the company is again selling more bonds than it wants, and that the price is to be still further raised. Of course it can never be known how the secret got abroad, but it is apparently well authenticated; those who are fortunate enough to be posted buy more bonds at seventy-five cents, and sure enough before long the secret is made public by extended advertisement, and no more bonds will be sold at less than eighty cents. This operation is repeated two or three times, or as often as the market will bear it, and the market value of the bonds is "made," as agreed with the contractors who undertook the building and equipping of the road.

The road is then rapidly pushed forward, and if it runs through desirable territory, and is carefully laid out and well and honestly built by the contractors, and reasonably well managed and run by the directors, and no one else allowed to pilfer from it, the chances are ten to one, such is the need of railroads in our rapidly-growing country, that the road may be able to pay the interest on its first-mortgage bonds and never belie the statements of those who sold the bonds, nor the anticipations of those who bought them. But it will nevertheless be true that the road will be mortgaged—and this is the case with nine roads out of ten—for more than double its real *cost*, and generally more nearly for three times its actual *value*. Unfortunately the probability is that the road will not be managed as honestly as it should be—the temptations to be honest are nowadays so inadequate, while the temptations to be a smart "railroad-man" are, under the circumstances, almost irresistible.

We have seen how a large part of the stock has been disposed of. It is in the hands of legislators, lobbyists, editors, of the original owners of the charter, the eminent railroad-men who form the board of directors, all of whom obtained the stock without paying for it, but all of whom would like to see the stock valuable and salable in Wall Street or elsewhere. As long as the road is mortgaged for more than its full value, and does not earn more than enough to pay expenses and the interest on its mortgage bonds, there can of course be no dividends paid on the stock, and stock that does not pay dividends, or is not likely soon to do so, will not sell for a great deal anywhere. Here is where the temptation to be dishonest becomes almost irresistible. If only one or two dividends on the stock could be paid, the stock would readily sell for fifty to sixty cents on the dollar, and prove a liberal remuneration to the holders for their services in getting the charter or in lending their eminent names to the enterprise. A dividend *must* be declared, whether earned or not, and the money *must* be provided, honestly if possible, but generally otherwise.

A road that is in fair running order can be kept in equally good order by the expenditure of a given percentage of its receipts, say sixty per cent. If less is spent on it, it will deteriorate a little, slowly but not perceptibly, save to the experienced eye. If a good deal less is spent on it, it will run down more rapidly, but need not necessarily become unsafe, unless the neglect is long continued. The commonest policy for raising the money to pay a dividend is to cut down the expenses on the road to the lowest possible limit, so as to make a show of increased net earnings for some months, boldly to assert that the road is making far more than its expenses and interest on its bonds, and then divide the surplus as a dividend upon the stock, which then immediately acquires a market value and enables the holders to sell out wholly or in part. It is evident that this operation cannot be repeated, for whatever amount has been cut down from the expenditures for repairs must very soon be put back into the road, and even largely increased, to prevent the line from going to ruin. The consequence is, that after declaring a forced dividend the road will be more urgently in need of money than ever before. If there are no more bonds to sell, money will be borrowed on the general credit of the road, and the money so borrowed will appear, if it appear at all, in the next annual statement under the heading of "floating debt," and will not be very readily understood by the majority of the outside stockholders. Or else, under the pretence of extending the line or laying a double track, or of otherwise improving the property, a fresh amount of stock will be issued and secretly sold to the unsuspecting public, who think they are buying the old stock on which the company has just shown its ability to pay a liberal dividend. In the meantime, the eminent railroad-men in the board who know that this additional amount of stock is about to be issued, and that it will, of course, depress the price, sell through their own brokers for their private account large amounts of the stock, and after the fresh issue has become known and the price depressed, they buy their stock back again for much less than what they sold it for. After awhile the credit of the road becomes so bad that it can neither borrow money on its credit, contract floating debts, nor sell more stocks or bonds. The road is then allowed to get into very bad condition. Port Jervis accidents become more common, the reputation of the line is injured, its traffic declines, its income is no longer sufficient to pay expenses and interest on its mortgage bonds. Then the mortgage is foreclosed, the property sold at auction; if fortunate, the road sells at its full value, the amount of the mortgage is not fully realized, and the millions of stock held by the unsuspecting public are swept away and vanish into thin air.

We have purposely painted in strong colors, but there is no exaggeration in what we have written. While there are many well and honestly managed roads in the country which will pay dividends, and *earn* them too, through panic, famine, or pestilence, there are many roads in a tenfold worse condition than anything we have described; roads whose colossal proportions will some fine day tumble about the heads of their owners with a terrible crash; roads whose semblance of prosperity has been barely sustained by the most able railroad tactics, during a period of feverish activity, paper-money expansion, and general well-being, but which cannot bear up under any long continuance of the present general depression.

As far as the evils under which our present railroad management

labors affect the value of the property of railroad stock and bondholders, the remedy lies in the hands of the stockholders themselves. But the evils we have described have an influence on our national well-being far beyond what arises from their mere financial effects, and thus come directly and prominently within the sphere of practical statesmanship. Railroad legislation is one of the great socio-political questions looming up in the immediate future. It is a question not confined to our country alone; the same question is being actively agitated in England as well. It is, in fact, only one of a series of questions that are forcing themselves at this time upon the attention of all peoples of Anglo-Saxon race, and that will probably involve in their settlement some serious changes in the whole spirit of our domestic policy.

Probably no people of either ancient or modern times has given as complete a trial to the "no government" theory as that theory has received at the hands of the people of the United States. Nowhere has the policy of *laisser aller* had as full sway. Never has faith been more unlimited in the virtues of public opinion. Nowhere have equally magnificent results of private enterprise furnished illustration and proof of the folly of entrusting to governments what can be accomplished by individual effort. Yet with all this experience, with all this unlimited faith, amounting almost to a national principle of law, with all the resultant successes, there is, nevertheless, a growing disposition to return to the old-fashioned belief that, after all, government is not a bad thing in itself; that there ought, after all, to be responsibility attached to the actions of all men; and that somewhere the power must reside to enforce that responsibility. We are being gradually, not by theoretical arguments but by the invincible logic of bitter practical experience, educated to the conviction that public opinion, while immensely effective for doing evil, is, at times, utterly powerless for good; and each day now brings us a fresh example of the way in which great private enterprises, such as railroads, can be perverted into engines of the most tyrannical injustice, into means of gross official and private corruption, and into reckless instruments of destroying human life by wholesale. In England, where the "no government" policy has never attained to the same development as with us, the reaction has yet set in earlier, and for some years past there has been an active agitation of various practical suggestions looking towards an increased government control or a total absorption by the government of several important interests, notably life insurance, telegraphs, and railroads. In the discussion of these questions we are behind England, although everything indicates that we are rapidly travelling in the same direction; and it is safe to assert that, for the present, the "no government" theory has exceeded its tenable limits, and that we are at the beginning of a decided reaction. Only a few weeks back we had occasion to refer to a proposition for placing all the insurance companies under the control of the General Government, to be exercised in a manner somewhat similar to the present control over the national banks. Since then a bill has been introduced into Congress providing for the purchase of all the telegraph lines in the United States and for their management by the Post-office Department. And now we find, almost hidden amid the rank overgrowth of impeachment oratory, a resolution of enquiry into the condition of the railroads in all parts of the country. Let us hope that this enquiry may be the beginning of a thorough reform of everything that is objectionable in our present system.

MR. EVARTS AND HIS TRADUCERS.

When two or three Congressmen and several newspaper editors denounced William M. Evarts for acting as counsel for the defence in the late impeachment proceedings, spoke contemptuously of his services as a mere matter of "hire," called him a "hireling counsel," and accused him in coarse terms of betraying his party, we said to ourselves: "These are things which gentlemen do not say, and which no men say who comprehend the duties of a lawyer; let them pass." It was perfectly proper that honorable members who could enjoy the eloquence of Mr. Donnelly, and who have on more than one occasion made the galleries intolerable for ladies not hardened to Washington life, should be disgusted with Mr. Evarts.

But the *Independent* of last week, while devoting two columns to the extinction of Mr. Evarts, lays down a new rule on the subject of professional duty which calls for notice, because some simple people are likely to be deluded by it on a matter of even more importance than Mr. Evarts's reputation. According to this authority, Mr. Evarts might conscientiously "defend the lowest villain who ever stabbed a fellow-creature in a midnight brawl," and no one could censure him; but in "shielding a renegade President from the righteous and avenging judgment of the American people," he undertook a task "unpatriotic and base," "shocking," "indefensible," "disgraceful," and we know not what beside.

Whether rightly or wrongly, it is at least certain that the House of Representatives refused to impeach Mr. Johnson for anything short of a crime. He has been tried exclusively upon charges of misconduct which involved either the direct violation of a statute, or some grave moral delinquency. The Senate has not for a moment been called upon to investigate his errors of political judgment. The task which Mr. Evarts assumed, and which is so "shocking," "base," and "disgraceful," was therefore simply that of defending the highest citizen, in the highest court of the land, against charges of crime. If he had defended the lowest citizen, in the lowest court, against charges of the same character, or a thousand times worse, his act would be perfectly proper; but having done for Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, what he might without reproach have done for John Nokes, forger or thief, he is to be damned to endless infamy.

Perhaps it is we who are losing our senses; but if not, this is democracy run mad. Under such a rule the worst classes of society would be the most privileged. A lawyer must enquire, before undertaking to defend a party accused: "Is he sufficiently low, his character sufficiently bad, and his crime sufficiently great, to justify me in taking up his case?" Here, for example, in a neighboring city, an infamous and therefore influential politician is charged with murder. His conviction would be a severe blow to the political faction of which he is an ornament; his acquittal, by fair means or foul, a triumph for them. Yet no one will breathe a word of censure upon any counsel who may defend his cause. Mr. Evarts might do this with impunity. But if the accused is respectable and wealthy, and the crime with which he is charged comparatively venial, the question becomes a difficult one; while if he is at the head of the nation, the path of duty is plainly in the opposite direction.

Not content with denouncing the act of Mr. Evarts in general terms, the *Independent* joins in the vulgar assertion that he sold his opinions for hire, and even specifically charges him with being "bribed." It is a matter within our own knowledge that Mr. Evarts lost more than thrice the annual income of any ordinary lawyer by attending the impeachment proceedings; in other words, that he declined business vastly more remunerative, for the sake of conducting Mr. Johnson's defence; and, moreover, that Mr. Evarts has received no fee whatever for conducting it. This is a fact which Mr. Evarts would not condescend to state himself, and one which we should not be at liberty to mention had we learned it from him. We are almost ashamed to defend him at all against such coarse imputations; but unfortunately many well-meaning persons are deceived by them; and we must take this liberty with private affairs for the purpose of vindicating not a single member of the bar, but the whole bar itself—the profession upon whose independence, honor, courage, and zeal the whole world must rely for the security of justice.

Setting aside all insinuations of this unworthy character, there remains among many good people a vague impression that lawyers cannot act conscientiously in defence of clients whom they believe to be wrong. This impression naturally leads to a belief that lawyers must necessarily be dishonest, since they cannot always choose the side which they believe to be justly entitled to success. Every lawyer knows very well that this is an erroneous view. There is scarcely any case presented to the courts which has not two sides, for each of which a great deal may be truly said. And it often happens that a cause which the lawyer employed in it believes at first to be unjust, eventually proves to be a just one. We have known some very marked instances of this kind in which, if the lawyers employed had acted upon the popular theory of their duty as honest men, they would have committed a gross wrong.

It is the business of a lawyer to collect all the facts and the law which tend to favor his client, stating nothing untruly, but stating only his client's side of the case. It is the business of the judge, after this has been done on both sides, to decide upon the whole case, and the more thoroughly both the opposing advocates do their duty, the more easily can the judge ascertain what is exact justice.

This duty every lawyer owes to every citizen who desires his services. Eminence in the profession only increases the obligation of a lawyer to take every case which is offered him upon his usual terms, and to the extent of his physical power. Men like Messrs. O'Conor, Evarts, Field, Stanbery, and

their compeers have no moral right to refuse their aid to political opponents, when tried before courts of justice. Suppose that when, in times not long passed, Wendell Phillips was indicted for conspiracy to rescue a fugitive slave, all the lawyers of Boston had refused to defend him, on the ground that they thought him to be an enemy of the Republic, what would the *Independent* have said of them? Suppose (as was nearly the case) that when John Brown was brought under "the righteous and avenging judgment of the people" every lawyer in Virginia had refused to defend him, would not another indignant protest have made its way into Mr. Phillips's orations? Yet every lawyer in Virginia was as thoroughly convinced of the guilt of John Brown as any editor now is convinced of the guilt of Andrew Johnson. And the political necessity for conviction in the former case was tenfold greater than in the latter.

It is said that Mr. Evarts was required to render a political service. This is entirely untrue. His services were purely legal. The only value of his political *status* was in the guaranty which it afforded of such caution and impartiality in his statements as would secure for him a respectful hearing at the bar of the court. This was of immense value, undoubtedly, but it was an advantage to which Mr. Johnson was entitled, and which could do no injustice to the prosecution. In spite of the confident assertions to the contrary, made by editors who do not understand the men, we have no doubt that William Curtis Noyes, if living, would have done exactly what Mr. Evarts has done, and that Charles O'Conor would have done the same thing for Abraham Lincoln, if he had been called upon to do it. We should lament the decline of professional honor at our bar if we believed that its leaders would refuse, under the influence of political prejudice, to perform their legitimate duties.

THE DUTY OF DOING ONE'S BEST.

THE "elevation of the masses," that is, the diffusion amongst them not only of political power, but of such material comfort and intellectual light as our civilization supplies, having become the great work of the day, it is curious to see what a rush there is into it, and what an effect it is producing on literature and science and art. Until the close of the last century literature existed only for scholars, and literary works were marked by a polish and elaboration which, as critics are constantly informing us, have almost entirely passed away. Afterwards writers addressed themselves to the upper classes, people of sufficient wealth to have plenty of leisure, and sufficient taste to make it necessary to take some pains in supplying wares to them, although they were not as exacting as the readers of Milton and Clarendon's day. But now nearly everything that leaves the press is intended for "the million," or, if it is not, it is very soon adapted to "the million" by the issue of abridgments or of "people's editions." The supply of the wants of "the million" is proving a more attractive field both for capital and for inventive genius than any other. Two-thirds, at least, of the brain power of every civilized community is absorbed in the simple work of cheapening things—of finding out ways and means of placing them within the reach of a greater number of people. This is true of nearly every branch of industry; but it is doubly true of literature. There is, perhaps, no field of industry in which so great an effort is now made after diffusion. Periodical literature is the principal product of this effort; cheap publications of all kinds form another. But cheap publications were common, and the taste for reading widely diffused, for many years before much pains was taken to improve their quality. Scholars and literary men of the best class long held aloof from them. Even the newspapers for many years after they had come into general use were for the most part filled by persons whose follies and ignorance have left a stain on the press which, in spite of its prodigious improvement in every respect, it has not yet succeeded in wiping out. The monthly magazines were, until very recently, few in number, and their circulation was comparatively limited, and they were not intended to be and did not succeed in being popular, in the more recent sense of the word. The cheap weeklies, of the class of which *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* was the prototype, until very recently had no contributors who had made any figure in any other field, or were capable of any other kind of work.

Of late, however, a determined effort, and in a certain degree a successful one, has been made by publishers on both sides of the water to get writers who have already achieved renown as authors, or orators, or politicians, or philosophers to contribute articles on all sorts of subjects either to widely-circulated periodicals or to books intended to be popular—that is, to be bought and read by persons of limited education. In England the monthly magazines are now so numerous and so cheap that they can no longer be called a middle-class luxury. They are in everybody's hands; and although there is a very fair amount of really careful writing in them by persons who have something to say, and only speak about what they understand, the competition between them is so great that they are being forced into supplementing the indispensable serial story by the use of "names"—that is, the publication of costly but worthless articles written by persons of high repute for other things than magazine writing. Tennyson has been recently writing something under this head which we are afraid to characterize. Gladstone has been discussing "Ecce Homo" also in *Good Words*, a cheap religious periodical of wide circulation.

In this country the practice is still more common. The *New York Ledger* may be said to have begun it by getting Edward Everett to write a series of papers on all sorts of subjects; but after that it spread rapidly. There is hardly a man of eminence in the country, who has any facility in composition, whose contributions may not now be found either in religious newspapers, cheap periodicals, or the books got up to be peddled in the country districts. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred these contributions are below criticism, and are, in fact, too bad to be of much service to any human being. They are apt, too, from the necessities of the case, to treat of subjects with which the writer possessed no familiarity, and, to do him justice, with which he does not profess to have any familiarity. The publisher wants his name for his advertisement and his title-page, and he and the publisher together work themselves up into the belief that anything from his pen must do service to people who do not read much, and who, on account of his reputation, will pay attention to what he says—whatever it may be. The writer, too, being human, and generally in want of money surrenders readily to the plea that in this democratic age it is the duty of the highly cultivated to spread the results of their culture before the multitude; that the great work of our day is the diffusion of knowledge; and that none can do this so well as those who have been most successful in accumulating it. As soon as your professor or "belles-lettres scholar" hears this, and learns that by contributing a short treatise on early rising, a little blast against tobacco, or an analysis of the waters of the Dead Sea, with his name attached—for the name is even of more consequence than the article—he will not only receive a hundred dollars, but be entitled to the credit of having given one turn to the crank of modern civilization, he sits down and "strikes off" his piece with infinite relish. In fact, some men are now doing so much of this sort of work that it must, and does, make serious inroads on their time, and of course the result, in aught but money, must perforce be left to the imagination.

Of course there is a very large body of writers for popular periodicals and for book-peddlers' literature who, in doing this, are doing what they are best fitted for, and on whom therefore we simply bestow our blessing. Our object in touching on the subject at all is not to upbraid them with the poor quality of their wares, but to suggest to men and women who have made their names worth buying by achievements of real value, the possibility that when they are scratching off slipshod contributions, either on subjects which they only understand very imperfectly, or on which their say is not a whit more valuable than the say of hundreds of their neighbors, who are capable of nothing better than treating it, they are not doing their duty. We doubt very much if any man who has closely examined the needs and tendencies of modern democracy is not satisfied that what it wants most of all, and is likely to want, is not diffusers so much as accumulators; that its danger is not that the intellectual or moral wants of the many will not be satisfied, but that their cravings will not be intense enough, and their standard not high enough. Of diffusers of knowledge there is not the least chance of a scarcity. One of the first things that everybody does who feels the least leaning towards literature is to seize on some other man's ideas, and, having watered and otherwise disguised them, to hawk them about for sale. In this, as in most other branches of industry, there is a perfect glut of middlemen or distributors, and the work is certainly done passably well. When a publisher wants, for instance, for a book to be sold by agents, a chapter on the domestic life of Queen Elizabeth, or on the noses of eminent statesmen, there is no reason whatever, as far as the quality of the article is concerned, for his procuring it from Mr. Motley or Chief-Justice Chase. The first lively "magazinist" of his acquaintance will do it just as well—in fact, we make bold to say considerably better—so that the masses will not suffer by the compiler's being utterly unknown to fame, and never having done anything to entitle him to be known.

But what the publisher wants is the name. True; but should the author lend him his name? No; for two reasons. If the name is intended to make that salable which would otherwise be unsalable, by leading people to expect the commodity to be of a higher quality than it really is, the use of it is a fraud, to which the owner should not lend himself. If, on the other hand, the work can be just as well done by some other person as

by the owner of the name, and the owner of the name can do some other work much better, he is cheating the country and the race by not doing the latter. This brings us to the pith of our argument. We believe it to be the duty of every man to do his best, and his best only, and his best always, and we believe that it is by doing this that he renders most service to humanity, and does most for the elevation of his own character. There are cases, of course, in which men of extraordinary powers and acquisitions can not so well place the results of their labors before the general public as through the instrumentality of their own tongues or pens. Agassiz, for instance, is one of these, and therefore he is doing his appointed work not less on the platform than in the museum or laboratory. And generally wherever anybody, no matter what his attainments are, has extraordinary powers of statement or elucidation, combined with mastery of a difficult subject, his place is in the forum no less than in the closet; he ought to be found in the "enterprising and entertaining weekly" as well as in the ponderous folio. But when a man who is passably at home in political economy and jurisprudence, and whose researches on these subjects are of real value to the world, tries to persuade himself that he can do good by laying down his regular pursuits to occupy himself with writing articles on market-gardening, he deludes himself. Or if an astronomer of celebrity should undertake a series of papers in a Sunday-school magazine on the Milky Way, he would certainly be guilty of great waste of time, and of waste of very valuable powers. Instead of helping the race, he would be injuring it. There is no saying one hears oftener than that all labor is honorable, and there are few sayings more fallacious. All labor is not honorable. Labor is honorable only when it is the best labor of which the person engaged in it is capable, and when the doing of it is imperative. Moreover, all labor is not always honorable in the same degree even then. Nothing but a total want of respect for and appreciation of the human mind—the greatest of God's works—will lead anybody, for example, to place a manual employment on the same level in dignity or respectability with an intellectual one. A man grooming a horse, though he were doing it with all his soul and for God's glory, would not be doing as honorable a work as a man who was calculating an eclipse. There are degrees in the value of labor, as well as in the value of human beings. The meanest and poorest of human beings has something in him worthy of respect; the lowest kind of labor, if done in the right spirit and for the right reason, is honorable; but a noble and pure and cultivated human being is more valuable, judged by any standard, than any other, and the more exertion of the human faculties is involved in any employment, the more respectable will it be. So that if we saw Sir Isaac Newton taking a quarter of an hour from the "Principia" every morning to black his boots, the proper remark to be made would be not, "What a fine fellow Sir Isaac is!" but, "How can Sir Isaac be so silly? he can get his boots blacked for a trifle by a man who can do that better than he, and who can do nothing else."

The work of civilization—that is, the work of making the human race wiser and happier—is best done, like all other work of difficulty and delicacy, by a division of labor, and the more the labor is divided, the better will the work be done. Naturally, as civilization advances, it is divided more and more, and this division, were men wise, would be regarded with nothing but satisfaction. The whaler, who passes his prime in frozen seas storing up oil for the scholar's lamp, gains, and his children gain, by the scholar's researches. He loses, and his children lose, if the scholar uses the lamp to light him in making pantaloons. So, also, we are all gainers by having Chief-Justice Chase attend closely to the decision of contested suits in the Supreme Court. When he left the bench a year ago to teach negroes their duties under the Constitution, we were all losers, because that work could have been done by others. When, too, a good historian and an erudite professor occupies himself in writing entertaining twaddle or easily collected information for a speculator's book or for newspapers, he for the time being quits his post and leaves a portion of his real work undone.

Moreover—and this consideration is perhaps a higher one than the consideration of what a man owes to the rest of the race—every one owes it to his own character to do everywhere and at all times his best. His best will, of course, vary in excellence, and there are times when one is incapable of doing anything well, and when, nevertheless, it is imperative that one should keep working; but if we have to do bad work, it ought to be in our own line, and in the presence of familiar standards. If a minister must twaddle, let him twaddle in his own pulpit, with all his excuses in the way of weariness, or anxiety, or natural deficiencies ranged around him in their places. If the lawyer must talk slipshod folly, let it be in court, where there is some chance of its furthering the cause of justice or helping his own interests, and where he will, at all events, be conscious of his shortcoming, though it be in never so slight a degree. When a great author or statesman feels the need of putting down some crude thoughts or ill-digested information on paper, let it be in his own memorandum-book, so that it may serve afterwards for suggestion, for reproof, or for instruction. But do not let any one cart the stuff down into the forum, and call the people about him and say, "I am the well-known Robinson; my regular business is teaching school, but I have felt that the world would be the better of it if I made a few pairs of boots. Here they are; outwardly they do not look as good as if they were made by a bootmaker, and I doubt if they are as good for ordinary uses. Still there must be some virtue, surely, in boots made by a teacher, and I recommend you to purchase them and see. You will, at least, find them interesting." Now, not only does this performance lead Robinson's friends and pupils to doubt whether there be such a thing as excellence attainable in any vocation, or, at all events, whether absorbing devotion be necessary to attain it, but it leads Robinson himself to feel that all things are possible to him. When his man of business tells him the boots have gone off like wild-fire, fifty pairs a day, he naturally begins to consider himself equal to anything; instead of growing in modesty he grows in confidence, and his last end, instead of being better, is worse than his first.

Correspondence.

MONEY AND THE MINISTRY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

I am a minister's daughter, grand-daughter, wife, and so on, through almost every shade of clerical relationship and connection.

From an early age (say my sixth year, when I was presented with a pair of No. 7 ladies' kid gloves—black at that, if bitter memory does not mislead me—in which my little claws were, perforce, sheathed every Sunday, in certainty that should the donor, whose pew adjoined the minister's, miss the grateful vision of ten limp finger-ends dangling abjectly to his honor, it would be a *casus belli* in the parish) I have intended to publish, the day before my death, a folio containing some of the things I have wanted to say, but have been prevented from saying by the fact that I was in the ministerial succession. But the date of this prospective issue being uncertain, I venture to speak now on a single point of interest to minister and parish.

The majority of the laity, and here and there a clergyman, deprecate the mention of money in connection with the relationship between pastor and church. It is, forsooth, so unique, so sacred as to be out of the range of the vulgar considerations of prudence, humanity, and common honesty.

I have heard of an enfranchised clergyman acting as a member of an ecclesiastical caucus which was discussing, among other items, the annual stipend to be paid a new pastor, who adjured the session never to believe that the amount of salary they should offer would influence in any degree the decision of the favored candidate. But why should it not? The subtraction of a very few hundreds—in some instances, of a few tens—may make all the difference between an anxious, constrained life and a life sufficiently free from care to secure independence of spirit, the easy working of the mind, proper provision for the physical necessities of a minister and his several dependents, with the privileges of charity, and now and then a mite for art and letters.

Indifference on this point is not a badge of spiritual exaltation, as many maintain, but the contrary. Hear St. Paul: "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, *he hath denied the faith* [not glorified it], *and is worse than an infidel.*"

The publicity of the life of a clergyman and his family requires no proof. The sanctities of birth, marriage, and death, when known to be, or to be anticipated, beneath his roof, are sanctities no longer. The last farthing of detail is rigorously exacted for common circulation in the parish, and any reluctance thereto is ascribed to a sinful pride or want of confidence. "He don't seem to throw himself onto the parish," was one of the graves charges which a disaffected faction in a certain church were able to bring against their young pastor. He had done his work bravely and devotedly, as all admitted, but too reticently for their liking. They wanted to hear from his own mouth just how many pounds of flesh he was losing weekly in their service, and how many pounds he had not bought in the market which he needed to have bought; and had they heard these and other like pathetic statements from his trembling lips, they would doubtless have made up a purse which would have figured in the columns of a religious paper among the "Sunny-side items." Heaven destroy the mark!

The extent to which a minister is required to "throw himself onto the

SPECIAL NOTICE.

HAVING changed their mode of mailing the paper to all except New-York City Subscribers, who will continue to be served by carriers, the Publishers of the *Nation* wish to call attention to the meaning of the printed labels substituted for the previous written address.

These bear not only the Subscriber's name and post-office address, but the date to which he has paid for his paper; *and the change in this date will hereafter be a valid and sufficient receipt* for moneys sent in renewal of subscriptions. From them is apparent, at a glance, the precise relation of the Subscriber to the Publishers, and the latter would express the hope that arrears as soon as revealed will be paid up. When the label antedates the current issue of the paper, it may be regarded as a bill.

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E. L. GODKIN & CO.,

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NEW-YORK, May 21, 1868.

parish," in many cases, may be guessed from a single example: A young clergyman had just buried his young wife. In the early freshness of his grief he was waited upon by one of his deacons, with the announcement that Brother Smith had left his church and gone to the Methodists, "and Brother Smith does say that you—his own minister—have hurt his feelings so that he never can get over it." The tender-hearted shepherd was touched by this imputation and eager to atone to the aggrieved sheep for any unintentional wrong he might have done him.

"So up he took his little crook,
Determined for to find him"—

which he did, sulking over some job of his trade of house-carpentry.

After an expenditure of much affectionate entreaty and skilful cross-questioning, the minister elicited the following: "Well, the fact is, I knew there was n't much chance of your wife's getting well, and so I went to work two or three weeks before she died, so as to have it all ready, and made just the prettiest coffin for her that ever was turned out in this town. I 'd took her measure a hundred times sitting right back of the parson's pew, you know. I did n't say nothing about it to you beforehand, 'cause my woman had a notion it would sort o' cut you up. I do n't know why, but when I heard that you 'd telegraphed to Boston for one of them new-fangled burying concerns, I must say I felt as if I could n't set under your preaching no longer"—and "set" he did n't.

But offensive and torturing as the house-top proclamation of a minister's domestic concerns and most sacred interests may be, I desire that it may continue, and, if necessary, increase, till the obtuse majority shall perceive the absurdity and the wickedness of "settling a minister" upon an inadequate salary, to be, at the best, eked out by gratuities and hap-hazard "donation-parties," and supplemented, by way of a sop to conscience, by a subscription to the fund for superannuated clergymen and the widows and orphans of clergymen. Let not only the amount of each minister's salary be published abroad, but also the rates of house-rent, domestic service, schools, markets, etc., etc., in the town, and the income-tax of his parishioners. If he has incurred debts for his education, his library, the recovery of his health, give them the benefit of printer's ink. Recently in a country parish near us a clergyman actually offered his entire salary to any householder among them who would board him and his small family. As no one was willing to do this for the sum offered, I suppose the mercenary creature either took a clerkship or went to some more remunerative parish.

If any minister is the recipient of a donation-party, "surprise" or otherwise, let all its items appear, prefixed by a statement of just how much of the salary was over-due at the time of the free-will offering; how much money was jingled in the wincing pastor's ears by the jocose brother appointed to the presentation; how many of the "material comforts" remained undevoured or unmussed after the sated flock had departed; how abundant and how suitable to the average taste of cultivated men and women were the odds and ends of apparel and ornament left behind. And yet by no alchemy of print or photography could that be reproduced which often transforms gifts, in themselves desirable, into an insult and a curse. I mean the tone, the accent, the general expression and intent of the giver—this indelible impression is the one secret of many a minister's life.

How would you, who are a merchant, receive a company of your most obstinate debtors who should "surprise" you some evening by assembling at your house with the gifts of a few dollars, a few eatables (I am assured by a truthful friend that her father received during one week of a depressed pork season fifty spare-ribs), a light-blue dress for your brunette wife, and a bizarre hat for your dainty little daughter, "The Prince of the House of David," and a few other works of like inspiration, for your library, etc., etc., and all offered as so much supererogatory charity—the mere overflow of beneficent souls upon whom you had no claim? Why, if you were a poor man, and had no expectation of justice from them, you would—at least after a little experience—receive them as many a minister is obliged to do. Those few dollars are little compared with the man's rightful due, but they may purchase a new life-lease for his worn-out self or his wife, or supply some absolute need. He learns to bow his thanks courteously, and tell his thoughts to no one but his God.

But these gratuities are often given in earnest affection, and with gracious delicacy—this I can testify after much experience and observation; but better far that they should be rendered needless and unknown. A gift from friend to friend, be he minister or layman, is one thing, and a gratuity from parishioner to pastor quite another. Let the salary itself frankly express all that the parish are able to do for the man of their choice, and let him buy his own food and clothing, manage his living, and bury his dead how and where he please, with no restrictions save those which bind any Christian man, and let him do something (more or less as the parish and he are able) to provide for the future of his wife and children, which every man who is a man claims as his right and privilege.

Having entrusted to a man the cure of souls, you surely can trust him not to waste his substance in riotous living.

Not long ago a distinguished layman closed an eloquent remonstrance against the proposed increase of a minister's salary with the following aphorism, which I wish might be blazoned before the eyes of all whom it may concern:

"The strength of the Church has been the poverty of its clergy!"

To whose credit is this, pray? If it be true, and such magic strength lie in poverty, then let the pews hasten to share the tonic with the pulpit, and usher in the millennium. But until this consummation is reached, let every parish hesitate, for its own sake as well as his, to grind down its minister to bare necessities, so as to defraud him of all ability to exercise one of the manliest, most ennobling of virtues—*self*-denial.

ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

Notes.

LITERARY.

"PRINCE CANICHE," a translation of the "Le Prince-Caniche" of Edouard Laboulaye, is to be published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son.——Under the "Authority of the House of Bishops" the Rev. Mr. W. S. Perry, of Litchfield, Connecticut, announces his intention to continue the publication of the manuscripts, transcribed from English records, which contain so much material for the history of the Episcopal Church. Dr. Hawks, recently deceased, was his associate editor in the preparation of the "Documentary Annals of Connecticut," which are already published, and there remains for Mr. Perry the editing of one volume devoted to Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, two volumes relating to Massachusetts, one to Rhode Island, two to New York, one to New Jersey, two to Pennsylvania, one to Delaware, one to Maryland, one each to the Carolinas, one to Virginia, one to Georgia and Florida together, and one to the Church in general. These works, of undoubted value, are to be sold to subscribers.——Messrs. R. W. Carroll & Co., of Cincinnati, announce an English and a German campaign "Life of Grant," from the pen of Mr. Edward D. Mansfield, the "Veteran Observer" of the New York *Times*.——In the periodical called the *Proceedings of the Essex Institute*, for the second quarter of 1867 (April, 1868), the editor announces the conclusion in his next issue of the directory which has been for some time appearing—"of American Naturalists, so far as it has been in the power of the Editor to obtain them." Name No. 1369—the last published—is an *R*, and perhaps the last under that letter.

—Captain G. H. Preble, of the United States Navy, is collecting material for a history of the American flag, and has succeeded, he says, in getting together a good deal of anecdote, incident, and evidence concerning its origin, its transmigrations (?), and its first appearance in various parts of the world. He begs persons in possession of information illustrative of its early or later history—especially of its history during the civil war—to communicate with him, addressing him at Charlestown, Massachusetts. He informs the *Historical Magazine* that he has now no doubt that the stars and stripes were first displayed on the Thames by the ship *Bedford*, of Nantucket. The *Bedford* was a whaler which left Nantucket under a pass from Admiral Digby, and arrived out on the 3d of February, 1783, twelve days before proclamation of peace was made, and only a week after the London newspapers had got hold of the terms of the treaty. In the London *Political Magazine* of February 7, of the year above-mentioned, is a passage which reads as follows:

"THE THIRTEEN STRIPES ARE IN THE RIVER. Mr. Hammet begged leave to inform the House of a very recent and extraordinary event. There was, he said, *at the time he was speaking*, an American ship in the Thames with the thirteen stripes flying on board. This ship had offered to enter at the custom-house, but the officers were at a loss how to behave. His motive for mentioning the subject was that ministers might take such steps with the American Commissioners as would secure free intercourse between this country and America."

It is a curious fact that the *Maria*, a vessel that has been named by some writers as a contestant for the honor due to the *Bedford*, and which certainly was in the Thames in the course of the year 1783, is still afloat and in use. The Confederate States cruisers forced the old ship to take refuge under the Chilian flag, and she now sails from Talcahuana as a whaler. But the first display of the thirteen stripes in England was not from the mast-head of a vessel. When the king, on the 5th of December, 1782, in his speech from the throne, recognized the existence of the United States as a nation, Mr. Copley, the painter, who was among his hearers, went home

and put the new ensign into the background of a portrait—that of Elkanah Watson—which he had upon his easel at the time. He had kept the background unfinished, reserving it as a place "to represent a ship bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of American independence with the rising sun of a new-born nation streaming from her gaff."

—We suppose the law printed below to be the first "dog-law" ever passed in this country; though it is possible that unprinted records may contain an earlier. Mr. George H. Moore ought to be delighted with it. Certainly it shows that the Puritan, though his descendants in our day, animated by a sectional spirit, used to object to the chasing of negroes with bloodhounds, did himself rear hounds for the purpose of ranging the woods in pursuit of dark-colored persons. That the Puritan dog was employed to the end that his bigoted master and strait-laced mistress and the young Puritans might not be waked in the night to have their scalps stripped off their skulls is nothing to the purpose, perhaps. The act was passed by the Massachusetts General Court in 1706, and reads as follows:

"An Act for the Raising & Increase of Dogs, for the better Security of the Frontiers.

"*Whereas upon Tryal lately made of Rangeing and Scouring the Woods on the Frontiers, with Hounds and other Dogs used to Hunting, It has proved of great Service to discourage and keep off the Indians,*

"For Encouragement, therefore, to Raise and Train up a greater number of Dogs, to be improved.

"Be it Enacted by His Excellency the Governour, Council and Representatives, in General Court Assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That such Person and Persons living in any of the Frontiers within this Province, who shall take, keep, and raise up any Whelp of the breed of the Hounds, and have them at all times in readiness to attend the Hunt Serjeant, or others improved in that Service, when they shall Come to such Town, and require the same, shall be allowed and paid out of the Publick Treasury the sum of *Five Shillings* Per *Annum*, in consideration of their care and charge, for the raising and keeping of every such Dog. A Certificate thereof from year to year to be transmitted to the Commissary General, under the hands of the Commission Military Officers, and the Town Clerk of such Town.

"*Provided*, This Act shall continue in force for the space of three years next coming, if the War with the *Indians* last long, and not afterwards."

Possibly the Rocky Mountain legislatures might with advantage take a leaf out of the Massachusetts statute-book.

—Mr. J. S. Mill sends to the London *Daily News* a letter concerning Mr. Goldwin Smith and a certain critic of his in the *Quarterly Review*. The reviewer uses this impudently humorous language in reference to Mr. Smith's intended departure from England and residence among us:

"He has even announced his intention of turning his back upon an unthankful country, although his friends console us in an amusing aside by assuring us that he does not mean it. 'I am going,' cries the principal actor; 'but not if you elect him to Parliament,' whisper his friends to the audience. The little play reminds one of the wandering trader in a rural fair, whose threatened departure is only to be checked by the crowd buying up all his brass chains. This peculiar clanship of the radicals is constantly of the utmost service to them. They take it in turns to help each other. If one man bids a loud adieu to his native land, the others stand by to tell us his price for remaining."

Besides its other faults, this passage, Mr. Mill says, contains two or three "distorted statements." For one, Mr. Smith leaves England only temporarily. He comes here to study our political life, and has not given up his "unthankful country." Secondly, his country is not unthankful, and Mr. Smith has given a "determined rejection" to proposals that he should stay in England and take a seat in Parliament. Mr. Mill himself has been made "the medium through which the Liberals of a metropolitan constituency have vainly endeavored to induce Mr. Smith to consent to be put up for it," and it is within Mr. Mill's knowledge that other such offers have been made to him and have been in like manner declined. It is in one of the essays in the "Three English Statesmen"—in the essay on Pym, if we remember rightly—that Mr. Smith speaks of the journals of the aristocratic class as having been at that time quite as brutally violent and unscrupulous in their way of handling their political opponents as the journals of the lower classes. The remark remains just if made general. The bad behavior of both classes of journalists illustrates, we suppose, the same general principles—one which we here to-day see illustrated in the newspapers of the extreme men in American politics, as well and as often by the *Anti-Slavery Standard* as by the Mobile *Tribune* or the press of Richmond. Both alike allow feeling to enter, in too great force, the domain of reasoning. In Mr. Smith's own case, the *Quarterly Review* writers on radicalism are not more unfair, and are not unfair for a different reason, than (*e.g.*) Mr. R. J. Hinton, who not long since could see English timidity and besotted regard for prescription in the innocent remark with which the "Three English Statesmen" begins, "Let us not glorify revolution," because, says Mr. Smith, it is the business of true statesmanship to bring about by gradual processes that which even the most beneficial revolution can bring about only by violence—violence that is sure to have some effects which every sane man must deplore. Mr. Smith's friends in this country did not need to hear, but will be glad to hear, Mr. Mill's vindication of his friend.

—Now that American publishers are beginning to release us from the constant necessity of paying for cloth bindings which we do not want, it may interest our readers to see how binding is regarded in France, where only school-books are published with more than paper covers. We may have the same feelings about a bound book twenty years hence. The following fragment is from an article by Charles Asselineau in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile*:

"Molière was right in saying that it was something to be bound, even in calf. A book which is not bound is not a book; it is 'a pamphlet,' which one forgets in a railroad car or a cab, which one *lends*, which one leaves on a garden-seat, where it gets wet, or on a toilet-table, where it gets soiled, which the chambermaid, who finds it under a chair, tears up to kindle the fire. Bound, it is another thing. A book bound is a book which one has read and which one wishes to read again, which one keeps for days of sadness or *ennui*. It is one of the family, a friend, *the friend who never changes*, always ready to converse, to instruct, and to console. Now that everything is printed—which is doubtless the reason why everything is printed so carelessly and on paper so well fitted to kindle the fire—binding has become for authors what printing used to be, a decisive test, the patent of durability.

"In reading the latest work of a novelist, of a poet, of a historian, or a critic, I no longer say, 'Will it be the rage? Will it be bought?' but, 'Will it be bound?' And even at the theatre, listening to a new play, I do not ask whether it will be printed—that is already done before the rising of the curtain—nor whether there will be a jam at the door, and, as the formula is, 'The treasurer will rub his hands at the hundredth representation.' I ask, 'Will this play become a book; will it be read and bound?' And you may be assured this is to-day the true, the most reliable criterion. Do you wish to strike the literary balance of the year? Make two piles of the books which you have received or bought during twelve months; put on the left those which you abandon, on the right those which you destine to the *book-tailor*. . . . The first are trashy, ordinary books, the pleasure or the weariness of a day. The others are the suggestive, the substantial ones; they have made you think, muse; they have instructed or charmed you, and consequently the master pronounces that they are done in a workmanlike way. The touchstone of works of the mind at the present day is no longer, as it once was, the stamp of the royal censor, nor the *imprimatur*; it is not the puff in the journal, nor the advertisement, nor the seal in the colporteur's permit. It is the chisel, the punch, of the binder. He, the fine fellow, is the one who, without suspecting it, distributes praise and life. He is the true critic and the true censor. Whatever is thought of my book, however severe upon it the public and the Aristarchus of the street-corner have been, however cool the journal, however niggardly the purchasers, let me see it cuirassed with two sheets of pasteboard, bound or only half-bound in morocco, or even in calf, and I am content; I am certain to live—at least fifty years. Fifty years! the immortality of a civilized world."

—On the 7th of April the Italian Senate was notified of the appointment by the crown of twelve new senators. One of the twelve names was that of Signor Antonio Panizzi. It is hardly saying too much to say that wherever the English language is spoken, certainly it is not saying too much to say that wherever there are careful students of English literature, Panizzi is known as having been for many years the able and learned librarian of the British Museum. Not only his learning, but his administrative ability and his social influence, stood that institution in good stead. Indeed, it is said that but for his tact and energy, and the high esteem in which he was held by the great as well as by the cultivated, the funds required for the library of the British Museum very probably might never have been got from the House of Commons. Signor Panizzi's services to the world of letters in England are, of course, not the cause of his political advancement. But while in England he was as serviceable to his country as any ambassador could have been, and, indeed, was honored as being a true ambassador from the greater Italy than the Italy of contemporary politics; from the Italy of history, illustrious in whatever pursuit taxes human energies. He represented the Italian mind in some of its highest characteristics. The report is that the failing health of the new senator will probably prevent his entering actively on his political duties.

THE SPIRITUAL EXPOSITION AT PARIS.*

The Great Exposition of 1867 represented modern civilization under its industrial, inventive, and artistic forms. It presented to the eye the results of discovery, application, skill, in completed fabrics of infinite skill, but it exhibited few processes in detail, nor could it display the spiritual forces which had fashioned and applied these countless products of the useful and beautiful arts. But while the material exposition was on view in the Champ de Mars, there was in preparation a higher view of French civilization—*l'Exposé des travaux de l'Esprit*—an exposition of what had been accomplished by French scholars in the world of letters and of ideas, especially in science, pure and applied, in erudition and historical criticism, and in intellectual philosophy; and the spiritual progress of France during the past twenty years is now spread before the world in a series of reports issued with the direct sanction of the Government.

These reports cover a wide range in the topics thus indicated, and are most voluminous in the departments of physical science; but as our object is not to notice them at length, but simply to illustrate their method and value, we shall speak particularly of the historical and philological sciences, as possessing a more rare and curious interest. At the instance of the Minister of Public Instruction, the Institute of France, in a semi-official way, through members of its several academies, undertook the preparation of reports covering the interval between the two great Expositions. In the departments of history and philology, the memoirs, prepared by specialists in each topic, were edited collectively by M. J. D. Guigniaut, Secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. While the immediate object of each report is to show what France has accomplished for its specialty during twenty years past, yet a brief sketch is also given of the history and literature of the science, and liberal credit is given to scholars of other countries. Thus one finds in each memoir a complete outline of the subject of which it treats, sketched by the familiar hand of an adept, a reference to the leading scholars in this branch of study, and to all works of importance pertaining to it, including essays, reviews, and minor papers.

One volume, for instance, contains nine distinct memoirs, by as many specialists, upon studies relating to Egypt and the East. First among these is an essay by Count E. de Rougé upon the present state of Egyptian studies; and if any reader of the *Nation* is yet sceptical concerning the positive value and definite results of Egyptology, this calm and careful *résumé* ought to satisfy him that the elements of scientific certainty have been reached by the school of Champollion. In the art of deciphering hieroglyphics, the progress of the last thirty years has been truly marvellous. Texts have been classified in epochs, according to their style; many of the most important treasures in papyrus, of different museums, have been published, and monumental inscriptions of great value carefully transcribed; analytical translations have been subjected to the severest criticism, and doubtful readings have either been verified or corrected by subsequent discoveries; the Coptic language has been explored for illustration of the old Egyptian; grammars and dictionaries have been prepared; and, at last, the bilingual monument lately discovered at Tanis has furnished the most exact and unexpected verification of the system of deciphering the hieroglyphics, even at its contested points. In thirty-seven lines of hieroglyphic text with seventy-seven of Greek translation, there is not found one contradiction or disproof either of the method of decipherment or of its particular applications!

The period covered by this memoir has witnessed a decisive progress in our knowledge of early Egyptian history. The invasion and conquest of Egypt by a nomadic tribe of Arabs, commonly known as "The Shepherds," is fully established from monuments in the vicinity of Tanis, and not only the titles but the very features of the invaders have been recovered. The deliverance of Egypt from these invaders—either by Tothmes III. or Ahmes I.—is marked by the new epoch of monumental art at Thebes, and the ocular testimony of the monuments is confirmed by papyrus records. The greater part of the lists of the earliest dynasties of Manetho has been restored by means of the recent discoveries at Abydos, by MM. Duemichen and Mariette, although some questions of chronology are still indeterminate.

More marked has been the progress in our knowledge of the arts, literature, customs, and religion of the ancient Egyptians. Art has been classified in periods or styles, less prominent indeed, but scarcely less intelligible, than those of Italian painters, or of Gothic architecture. Poems, narratives, tales have been translated from papyrus rolls, which had remained unread for thousands of years. The Book of the Dead, now fully deciphered, puts us in possession of the most important articles of the Egyptian faith, especially the unity of the Supreme Divinity, and the immortality of the soul.

The deciphering of cuneiform inscriptions is described by the well-known expert, M. de Saulcy, under the general title of "Assyriology." This field has yielded results less rich and copious than that of Egypt, because its materials are far less abundant. But already a grammar and a dictionary have been published, and many important inscriptions deciphered.

M. Munk, an Orientalist of repute, furnishes the memoir upon Semitic studies as prosecuted in France since 1840—the Hebrew, the Phenician, the Aramæan, the Syriac, the Himyaric, the Ethiopian, and the Assyrian. M. Fulgence Fresnel regards the Ethiopian or Ghez, which is still the learned language of Abyssinia, as an offshoot of the Himyaric, transported into Africa from the south of Arabia. It is to be hoped that the British conquest of Abyssinia will contribute somewhat to the extension of ethnology and philology.

In the study of the Arabic language France has furnished the illustrious names of Silvestre de Sacy, Étienne Quatremère, Caussin de Perceval, Reinaud, de Slane, Renan, and others, whose translations of Arabic works, and memoirs upon special points of Arabian history and literature, constitute quite a library of themselves. The conquest of Algeria by France gave a new impulse to Arabic studies, and the French language is now rich in works on Arabic grammar and lexicography. The report upon this branch of philological science is from the pen of M. Defrémery.

One of the most interesting contributions to the history of philology is M. Dulaurier's report upon studies in the Armenian, a field in which he himself is an enthusiast. These studies are of particular value to the historical interpretation of Christianity—since the Armenian literature is to a large extent religious—but they have contributed also to the elucidation of general history and chronology.

In Chinese literature, who should represent France but Stanislaus Julien, the worthy successor of M. Abel Rémusat? Through the liberal support of the French Government, M. Julien has been able to publish several important Chinese works, with elaborate commentaries, one of the most curious and instructive of which is the journal of the celebrated Buddhist pilgrim, Hiouen-thsang. Some of M. Julien's labors have brought advantage to French industry—as, for instance, his "History of the Manufacture of Chinese Porcelain," which contains a description of the porcelain wares of different periods, and of many ingenious processes before unknown in Europe.

A memoir on Sanscrit and Comparative Philology closes this series of reports. A special report is added, however, upon the progress of Archæology by M. L. F. Alfred Maury: Numismatics—Grecian, Italian, Roman—of the Republic and the Empire, Byzantine, Syrian, Oriental, Iberian; Ancient Metrology and Glyptic; Sculpture, Bronzes, Terra Cotta, Vases, Pictures, Mosaics—these are the topics that are presented, with a distinct outline of each, and with continuous reference to the best sources of information.

Thus, in these reports, one has a panoramic view of the intellectual activity of France during the first half of the nineteenth century; and this exhibit, in connection with the history of science in Germany during the modern period, now in course of publication by the Munich Academy, will put one *en rapport* with the scientific spirit of Europe since the Reformation.

* "Recueil de Rapports sur les Progrès des Lettres et des Sciences en France. Publication faite sous les auspices du Ministère de l'instruction publique. Paris: à l'imprimerie Impériale. 1867."

THE POODLE-PRINCE.*

This story is of a young prince who, by the saving transformation of a good genius, has his first lessons in ruling corrected at every stage by a short though generally painful experience, as a dog, of the real nature of the government to which he has succeeded. It is a satire upon centralization in general, but particularly that which prevails in France. In form it is a fairy tale, consisting of the love of Jacinth for Tamaris, and of Narcisse for Giroflée. The scene is the kingdom of the Gobemouches, (simpletons), adjoining that of the Cocqsigrues (fiddle-faddlers), whom the prince is tricked into making war upon, winning the battle of Necedad (sheer stupidity), and annexing four rather desirable provinces, of which the people "had nothing in common with their conquerors, and even had a standing hatred of them, besides differing in language, religion, and customs." The Gobemouches pride themselves on being "la grande nation," but "they never know over-night what they will do on the

* "Le Prince-Caniche. Par Edouard Laboulaye. *Cosas de España.*" Deuxième édition. Paris. New York: F. W. Christern. 1868.

morrow, and they forget on the morrow what they have done over-night." With them, also, "what woman wills God wills, and what woman sees she persuades her husband to see." For them, the more noise the more pleasure. When Jacinth ascended the throne, they let loose (*déchaîna*) in the public squares every sort of trumpets, trombones, cymbals, tymbals, drums, and tamtams. Viewed as a whole, *trompeurs, trompês, trompettes* was the summary of the nation. Their extravagance was seen in the fête which was given by the city of Plaisir-sur-Or to the youthful sovereign. "They had worked a fortnight to consume in four hours the taxes of half a year." The queen's regency before the prince came of age was intolerable to them, not only because they were at peace with all neighboring nations, and every man planted his cabbages and talked and acted without molestation, but because there was an annual excess of revenue over expenditure, which was stupidly employed in wiping out the public debt and lightening the imposts. Their capital city was a miracle of uniformity. All the houses in the same street resembled each other; "the same height, same style of roof, same number of stories and of windows, same blinds, same balustrades, same doors; the only difference was in the numbering; say, a palace, a convent, a hospital, or a barrack five leagues long." The police saw to it that everybody went to the right, and kept step with his own line, and nobody could cross the street except to return home or take a side street, and even then must ask leave of the authorities, who, when not occupied in this surveillance, offered their arms to the ladies—as, in the palace garden, they swung the skipping-rope for little girls and their nurses. Every Gobemouche, further, from the lowest to the highest, wore on his sleeve a badge which indicated at a glance his origin, station, and domestic circumstances. For instance, to take a high example, Minister Touche-à-Tout (Finger-in-Everything), wore $625, $5^{2}29^{6}$, 3'56, which meant that he was born in the province formerly called Fauconville, January 18 (O. S.), the year of the world 7810, was now a widower with one child, a grand proprietor, and an official of the first rank.

The figure by which the prince was designated was zero. Jacinth did not understand why, until he attempted to get rid of a pack of dogs which his prudent mother kept in the royal apartments in order to conceal his unannounced metamorphoses. Touche-à-Tout protests that the affair is delicate and requires time. "Sire, there are a master of the pack and two assistants—functionaries who have committed no fault; the administration is under obligations to them." Jacinth suggests that the dogs might be sent *au diable* and the master retain his title and his pay. "Impossible! there can be no pay without a function; it would be illegal, the law is explicit. . . . The master of a pack is of little consequence, but, however little, the moment he makes part of the administration he becomes sacred. He cannot be touched without alarming all the servants of the state. Better a hundred times preserve a useless function than dismiss a functionary and offend the army which has received him into its ranks." Of these civil functionaries the Gobemouches are blessed with 413,394, divided into paid, supernumerary, and aspirant. They are regularly promoted at a rate which compels 229.90 nominations to be made every day, which the prince must sign without examining. But in spite of their number and their vigilance, the individual Gobemouche has many opportunities, between the cradle and the grave, of escaping them. To fill some of these gaps in a paternal government Touche-à-Tout proposes a law for the universal inspection of youth from one to ten years of age. The first article creates one male and one female inspector for each of the cantons of the state—*i. e.*, 66,666 inspectors of the second degree; the second article creates 3,000 male and female inspectors of the first degree, to inspect the foregoing 66,666; the third article creates 300 inspectors-general to inspect the foregoing 3,000. In time, the minister thinks, the Gobemouches will no longer be spoken of as a nation, but as a regiment! *Quel idéal!* Already they have an official morality, an official philosophy, an official history, official truth. The court journal is styled *la Vérité officielle*. When the prince first became a poodle, *la Vérité* reported that "the king, welcomed by the people with a mad enthusiasm, had experienced so lively an emotion as to impair his health." When Touche-à-Tout had resigned the office of premier, and his resignation had been accepted but his recall afterwards brought about by intrigue, *la Vérité* of the following day announced that "yesterday rumors of a change of ministry were current. There is not a word of truth in them." On the eve of war with the Cocqsigrues, speaking of a pretended review of the army at the camp of Canonville, the official journals said: "Happy the country that amuses itself with innocent pleasures, and in which the cannon thunders only to carry to heaven the joy of a people in transports!" In a week the frontier had been crossed, and six hundred thousand armed men were making forced marches to cut each other's throats.

Jacinth, having by the aid of "dog-sense" penetrated the mystery of his government and witnessed the misery it entailed upon his people, begs his fairy godmother to aid him in procuring a constitution for the Gobemouches. She summons Aristotle to an interview, and he, having divided all peoples, politically, into Barbarians and Greeks—that is, the races made to obey, as opposed to those made to govern themselves, or, in other words, civilized peoples—enquires to which the Gobemouches belong. Jacinth greatly fears the Barbarians, as the Gobemouches do not govern themselves, and among them men have more authority than the laws.

"'Is every citizen a soldier?' asked Aristotle.

"'No; there is a standing army.'

"'Barbarians,' said the philosopher. 'Do they choose their magistrates by popular suffrage and for a limited time?'

"'No,' said Jacinth.

"'Double Barbarians," rejoined the philosopher. 'Do they themselves decide in criminal processes?'

"'No,' said Jacinth.

"'Threefold Barbarians,' rejoined the philosopher. 'Do they meet together freely to consider public affairs? Have they the right to criticise every morning the acts of all their magistrates?'

"'Not always,' said Jacinth.

"'Fourfold Barbarians,' rejoined the philosopher. 'Is there a system of general education without distinction of fortune or birth?'

"'No,' said Jacinth.

"'Why, then, bother me, young man?' said the sage, with a frown. 'Govern as the great king of the Persians does; lead under your crook this bleating flock; build palaces, make war, indulge all the passions of your heart, but have no concern about governing men; there are none in your empire.'"

Jacinth finally fixes upon a charter which is a mixture of the Constitution of the United States and that of its republican offspring, Liberia.

As will have been seen, it is a long way from Rogeard to Laboulaye—as long, almost, as from 1848 to 1868. The corollary of "Les Propos de Labiénus" should have been the barricade and the Marseillaise; the lion of the Latin quarter and the eagle of the Tuileries *aux prises*. "Le Prince-Caniche" is none the less a freeman's apology for living under a despotic régime, but it is addressed to the reason, not to the spirit of revolt and vengeance. Cæsar, too, more than Cæsarism, was the aim of Rogeard's fierce sarcasms. "Poisoner of peoples," head of the "organized banditti whom history will style the Bonaparte gang"—such were the bitter personalities of a February revolutionist, in striking contrast with the philosophic irony of the professor. Both are radicals desiring the same end, but differing as to the allowable means of attaining it. Satire, Laboulaye says in his courageous preface, is the only weapon that succeeds in France. It is at least, for the French genius, one of the most powerful. To handle it so skilfully as our author is not given to every writer. A work more open in its essence to the condemnation of the censor of the press can scarcely be imagined, nor one less likely to be condemned. "Whoever," is the closing caution of the author, having this personage in view,—"whoever seeks here for allusions may eat 'em with his bread." Others besides the friends of centralization will undoubtedly discover "allusions." In the dog-pound, Jacinth is set apart by a doctor who is in the habit of coming there for subjects for vivisection, and wishes to use the poodle in solving the mystery of the Frigard tragedy (not named, of course). "The case is of a woman who some say has been poisoned, others suffocated; to-morrow we shall have clear minds on the subject; I shall first poison this pretty brute and then strangle him. The experiment will be one of the highest interest." And the Darwinian theory of selection is embodied in another statute proposed by Touche-à-Tout, "for the amelioration and regeneration of the canine race." Other allusions to recent events will reward the search for them, and the story is fuller of meaning than can be detected in one or two readings. The chapters which seem to us particularly enjoyable, after the preface, are those on political eloquence (chap. v.) and the political influence of dogs among the Gobemouches (chap. xii.) There are but one or two which seem to be tributary to the story rather than to the satire.

BARNES'S HISTORY OF THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.*

This book has much disappointed us; not so much by what the author has done, as by what he has failed to do. We turned over its six hundred and odd handsome pages, expecting to find a book enlivened with personal sketches, biography, and criticism. The eighteen steel portraits seemed to promise something of the sort. Here, thought we, is our "historic Congress," commemorated in fitting historic style; the characters are clearly delineated, and set in the framework of the great events in which they bore part. On the contrary, the substance consists of extracts, abridged but not condensed, from long speeches delivered in Congress by members of the two great parties; its

* "History of the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States. By William H. Barnes." New York: Harper & Bros. 1868.

only personal sketches, huddled together at the end of the volume, consist of the baldest outline of the birth, education, and official career of each member, and as much space is given to the obscurest as to the most distinguished. Out of the 576 pages which form the body of the work less than 66 consist of original matter.

Nevertheless, the book performs for us a very essential service, and for this we are well-disposed to thank its author and publishers. To those who would dismiss it as "merely a rehash of the *Congressional Globe*," we have to say that we know of nothing which more heinously needs "rehashing" than the seven ponderous and closely-printed quartos which loom huge upon our vision from the library shelf, and constitute the works of the Thirty-ninth Congress. Add to these the thirty-eight Congresses which fill up three-quarters of a century back, and the result becomes overwhelming.

The *Congressional Globe* grows like a huge, unwieldy snow-ball with each revolving winter, till it has become the butt of unhappy editors, the despair of our public men, and the harvest of the paper-dealer. Who is sufficient for these things? Will not some patient and kindly hand abridge for us the sayings and doings of each Congress, as Mr. Barnes has abridged the 10,000 columns of this one into one modest octavo? Benton's "Abridgment of Debates" only comes down to 1850, and needs, besides, to be itself abridged.

We have met Mr. Barnes once before in literature. His book, "The Body Politic," which was published in the West some two years since, was a thoughtful, though fanciful, treatise, drawing numberless analogies between the human body and the constitution of the state. In the present work his style has improved in clearness and vigor, and is so uniformly good that we regret the more his plan of letting his subjects do all the speaking, while he abstains from giving us a full and connected narrative. His preliminary sketch of the memorable organization of the first Congress after the war, is well done, the salient points standing prominently out, while trivial details are suppressed. Could not our author have done the same by each great debate?

In the absence of any pen-portraits of his characters, we must not withhold a word of commendation for the engraved portraits which our author puts before us, and which afford almost "speaking likenesses" of their subjects. They are far superior to the average of such engravings, bearing no affinity to the distorted resemblances of public men which abound in the "pictorials," and disfigure most of our "war literature"—such, for example, as we see in Mr. Reid's "Ohio in the War."

We must say a word about the peculiar index to the work. It is compiled upon principles the reverse of praiseworthy. The person to whom it was entrusted evidently lacks all idea of what alone makes an index valuable, viz., that it should be inclusive of all subjects or catch-words of importance, and exclusive of all trivialities and non-essential words. There is a "biographical index" and an "analytical index," both of which should have been thrown into one alphabet. Then, in the biographical portion, there is an array of figures after each name referring to the pages on which the subject is noticed, without the slightest indication of what the subject-matter is about which he there speaks. This needlessly protracts the labor of reference. In the "analytical index" we have the following specimens of analysis:

"Sun obscured by congressional acts, p. 337.
"Stars of heaven and the constellation of the States, p. 144.
"Koh-i-noor of blackness, p. 407.
"Boyhood of Mr. Saulsbury, p. 193.
"Sarsaparilla and the ballot, p. 163."

Turning in some bewilderment of mind to the pages indicated, we find on p. 337 that Mr. Chanler, of this city, predicted of the Constitutional Amendment: "Sir, this measure, if passed, will tend to obscure the *sun* from which the liberties of this country derive their nourishment, the brilliant orb, the Constitution," and so on; that Mr. Garfield invoked "the stars of heaven to illustrate our constellation of States;" that Mr. Sumner, after exhausting epithets against the Constitutional Amendment, called it "the very Koh-i-noor of blackness;" while Mr. Trumbull spoke of negro suffrage as a remedy for negro distress, as "the most sovereign remedy that I have heard of since the days of Townsend's sarsaparilla." And this it is to be "analytical" in the making of indexes!

We conclude by assuring our readers that, notwithstanding all faults and shortcomings, of which we have spoken freely, the book under review is a valuable contribution to our current political literature. It gives a clear account of the origin of the Civil Rights bill, the Freedmen's Bureau bill, the constitutional amendment fixing the basis of representation, the Tenure-of-Office bill, the bill to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States (commonly called the Military bill), and the other measures for which the Thirty-ninth Congress will be remembered in history. It also commemorates the ten vetoes which met, but failed wholly to overcome, these measures.

Not Wisely but Too Well: A Novel. By the author of "Cometh Up as a Flower." (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.)—As we remember it, "Cometh Up as a Flower" was a nice little story. It had, to be sure, plenty of faults, both of style and sentiment, but then it was autobiographical in form, and the faults were in very good harmony with the character of the supposed writer—a girl between sixteen and nineteen years of age. To girls of that age, with a sentimental cast of mind and an over-familiar acquaintance with the literature furnished by the circulating libraries, to quote is as natural as to breathe, or to underscore heavily the most touching passages of their favorite authors. The book gave, however, no indication that this adaptation of means to ends was to be credited, as intentional art, to the author. Still, had she given us no successor to it, she might have reaped the benefit of the doubt as to whether she were gifted with a nice perception, or simply with a wise reticence. As the case stands, it is quite safe to deny her either quality. Her new book is a moral tale of the kind with which Mr. Lawrence has made novel-readers tolerably familiar. Its plot is, in fact, almost precisely similar to that of "Sword and Gown." The technical morality of the book is all right. Notwithstanding the ardent and over-mastering passion of the heroine for her married lover, the fear of eternal punishment proves sufficiently strong to restrain her from running away with him. She betakes herself, instead, to alternate flirting and tract-distributing, finding not much comfort in either variety of dissipation. The hero being brought finally to much such an agonizing and untimely end as that of Guy Livingstone, the heroine becomes a Ritualistic Sister of Mercy, and remains such, although apparently without the consolations which might naturally be supposed to be derived from that vocation, until "He who is always reading over the long muster-roll of human names came to the name of Kate Chester, and she, hearing, rose up—yea, rose up very gladly; and having ended, whether well or ill, her day's work, passed as we, knowing not, yet hope, 'To where, beyond these voices, there is peace.'" We quote, in order to show what mastery of style may be acquired by unremitting study of such a model as Mr. Lawrence. There are other things, even less desirable, to be learned from him—how, for instance, to paint a love which shall claim to be spiritual and pure, while the words bestial and selfish, though perhaps a trifle harsh, would still describe it more accurately—and the author of "Not Wisely but Too Well" has paid quite too great an attention to the lesson. When a man sins in this way, it is not difficult to characterize him; but when a woman is the offender, one's critical duties become more difficult and more delicate. It would be of no use to counsel a writer whose books meet with a ready reception from the public to give up writing until she has either more years or more wisdom; it would very likely be equally useless to counsel her to alter the plan of her reading—to give a less undivided admiration to Tennyson—and to study life with a view to discovering whether love has not in it some nobler element than passion, and duty, and self-sacrifice—some virtue more elevating and more consolatory than she at present dreams of.

Vulgarisms and Other Errors of Speech: Including a Chapter on Taste, and one Containing Examples of Bad Taste. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1868.)—This book is open to the objections which may be brought against most books that treat of errors of speech. It is sound enough whenever the particular error it is dealing with is a perfectly obvious one; but when the point discussed is really difficult, we find a failure in knowledge and acumen. Of old it was known as a trick of the race of commentators to avoid the shaky places in their path, and to build vast bridges across tracts where, without any of their help, we all could have passed dry-shod, or which we all could have avoided. Especially is this likely to be true of verbal commentators, who so often are such because they are men ungifted with the powers of mind, and incapable of attaining the degree of information requisite to the handling of topics more weighty and universally interesting. Yet as language is nothing but as it is the instrument and expression of thought, it is plain that an unlearned or feeble-minded man must be but a bad critic of words. And besides the fact that he is generally uninstructive, except to people whose bad example is not dangerous, the verbal critic is pretty sure to be, for other reasons, an unpleasing creature. He is so apt to be opinionated and arrogant, and his scorn of men less exactly ill-informed than himself is usually so oppressive and exasperating, that friends of humanity naturally desire to nip him in the bud, so to speak, and browbeat him, and insult him, and resist him. The mistaken man who says "pled" when he means "pleaded," and habitually talks of

"pants," is, after all, a fellow-being; and one can hardly stand by and see him made the victim of the haughty critic's contumely. The latter ought to reflect on what he himself might have been had he not had two or three winters' schooling. However, one's hatred of tyranny ought not to blind one's eyes to the despot's good points, if he has any. Let us say, then, that the book before us will prevent the properly heedful reader from saying "our *mutual* friend," and will teach him how much more refined it is to say "our *common* friend." If it also teaches him that it is very wrong and ridiculous to say "he is *prejudiced in favor*" of this or that—why probably it would teach him differently if the teacher were wiser. This, at all events, is true, that, on the whole, one may say of it that among its probable readers the good it will do will outweigh the harm; and though we have no high opinion of the service such a treatise can render the cause of pure English, it is certain that the people are not few whom an instructor not overwise may perhaps save from the commission of blunders that make the blunderer somewhat ridiculous. Perhaps, we say; for it is doubtful if direct instruction can be of much service to persons who, for one or another reason, have failed to form tolerably good habits of speech. For another class of persons—those whose habits in this respect are not perfectly good, but still may be called good—a work of the same general kind, but of a higher order, is the right thing—such a work as Mr. Grant White's "Words and Their Uses," which is not yet published in book-form. Mr. White's zeal, if sometimes it is, as might be expected, a little amusing, is yet never a zeal without knowledge; and often he displays a great deal of accurate knowledge and a great deal of acuteness. His writing is almost sure to be pleasant enough reading, and a style subjected to his rules could hardly fail to gain in correctness, and consequently in force and beauty.

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The Week.

THE report goes that Congress is to sit till after the Fourth of July. What with impeachment and the Chicago Convention, the course of business during the week just passed lends confirmation to the rumor. On Wednesday week, Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, made some remarks to the editor of the Chicago *Republican*, who permitted himself to make some "conspicuously inexact" statements about Mr. Ingersoll's connection with the impeachment affair. No quorum was present, and the House soon adjourned. On Thursday the Senate was in session, and there was some debate as to whether the House had been violating the privileges of the Senate and insulting that body by its course in regard to investigating the vote on acquittal. The debate was full of the bitterness with which the last stages of the impeachment affair have unfortunately filled some of the Senators even; but Mr. Henderson was sustained in the position he had taken. He had been before the committee for examining the conduct of the Missouri Representatives, he said, but looked on the Managers' summons as an invasion of the privileges of the Senate, and should not obey it. On Monday last Mr. Trumbull gave notice of his intention to call up the bill for admitting Arkansas. Mr. Drake gave notice of an amendment to be offered, the gist of which is that Arkansas may come in when her present Legislature has bound her to adhere perpetually to her present constitutional provisions as to suffrage. The army appropriation bill was passed. In the House, Mr. S. F. Cary, the member from the Cincinnati Congressional district, kept his pledges to his constituents by offering a resolution declaring that the five-twenty bonds must be paid in greenbacks, or else both the letter and the spirit of the laws creating the debt are violated. Mr. Chanler introduced a resolution to the effect that this is a white man's government, and calling on all men to take notice that if they are not descended from "our European forefathers" they must recognize the fact that they are justly in jeopardy of having their right to vote taken away from them at any moment. The Committee on Elections are to ponder this averment in their hearts, and sometime they are to make a report upon it. The same Committee have just reported Mr. Delano entitled to the seat now occupied by Mr. Morgan, of Ohio. Mr. Schenck gave notice that the new Internal Tax bill is ready for discussion. Mr. Butler, from the impeachment Managers, acting as an investigating committee, made a report which reminds one of the rumors that reconciled us to the old Impeachment Committee's continuing in existence for so many months. It was always on the point of revealing enormities—"damning proofs" were within six or seven days' reach. The House accepted Mr. Butler's report, and agreed to a resolution that a Mr. C. W. Woolley, who had been contumacious, should be arrested and compelled to tell how he had used certain moneys.

The Senate has again voted on the impeachment articles—this time on the second and third—and with the same result as before. It has now adjourned, as a court, *sine die*. We shall, therefore, hear no more of impeachment, and we are glad of it. After what has happened, a verdict of guilty could have had no moral weight. The first adjournment of the court not only deprived the process of all value, but converted it into a national scandal and disgrace. The less said about it now the better, but we hope if there have been any attempts to bribe they will be ferreted out and the authors punished. The Butler investigation has thus far fastened suspicion on two of those who voted for conviction, a circumstance which we trust will not delay or impede enquiry. But no censure or punishment will be complete which does not reach the Missouri delegation, General Schenck, and the author of the Kansas telegram to Mr. Ross. The punishment of these last three offenders ought not to be so severe, perhaps, as that of bribers in money, but ought not to differ in kind.

Secretary Stanton's resignation was inevitable after the President's acquittal, and was not delayed. The position in which he now finds himself is such as every Republican must regret, and is one of the most unpleasant consequences of the confusion caused in the public mind by the Tenure-of-Office legislation.

The Chicago platform and nominations and the whole proceedings of the Convention seem to give unqualified satisfaction to Republicans, or at least to those Republicans who speak about them. The platform touches nothing that were better left alone, and speaks strongly on the one point on which strong speech was needed—the relations of the party to the public credit. The treatment of impeachment and of the regulation of the suffrage seems to indicate great weakness on the part of the extreme Radicals—the Spencers, Logans, and Cochranes, in fact, seem to have exercised no influence on the Convention and took no prominent part in its proceedings. The leading actors before the public were Carl Schurz and General Hawley, whose radicalism is undoubted, and whose character reflects credit on the party. The Soldiers and Sailors' Convention, which met in Chicago just before the nominating Convention, discharged a good deal of wrath on the heads of the Republican senators who voted for acquittal on the impeachment trial, but their resolutions were too violent to do anybody any harm, while they must have relieved those who voted them considerably.

The committee appointed by the House to investigate the charges of corruption made against certain Senators in connection with the impeachment trial has been pursuing its labors through the week, and made its report, through Mr. Butler, on Monday. Owing to the fact to which we drew attention last week, that only one side is represented on the committee, all persons opposed to impeachment being excluded from it, and that it is composed exclusively of gentlemen whose political fortunes and reputation are dependent in a great measure on the

President's conviction, and whose passions as against him, and all his friends and supporters, have been strongly excited by the events of the last few weeks, the enquiry is wanting in all the characteristics of a judicial investigation. There has been no cross-examination of the witnesses; the evidence to be produced has all been selected by Mr. Butler and those who feel with him. He has seized the telegrams in the Washington offices, produced such as he pleased, and suppressed such as he pleased, and has, in fact, in his report, regulated the light thrown on the evidence in such manner as suited him. We say this not for the purpose of insinuating that he has not discovered any facts of real importance, but for the purpose of preventing the public from even allowing him to *suggest* inferences. He is to be trusted just as far as his facts go, and not one hair's-breadth further. He promised monstrous revelations with regard to Mr. Johnson's crimes, when the great impeachment investigation was set on foot a year ago, but, as our readers may remember, when the report made its appearance his hints and insinuations were found to be quite baseless.

What appears from his report, and from the evidence he has produced, is simply this: That a number of persons, amongst whom Charles W. Woolley, a Kentuckian, practising law in Cincinnati; Sheridan Shook, a collector of internal revenue in this city; Hugh Hastings, an editor, now said to be connected with the *Commercial Advertiser;* S. S. Cox, Sam. Ward, and a person named Adams, said by some to have been in the Confederate, and by others in the Union, army, were, during the week immediately preceding the vote on the verdict, greatly occupied and excited about impeachment; that some of them were in Washington and others in New York, and they kept telegraphing to each other in a mysterious and suspicious way, indicating the existence of negotiations with some person or persons with regard to impeachment, and the movement to and fro of large sums of money apparently as part of the same transaction; that the purchase of certain senators was openly proposed by Adams to Collector Smythe of this port, and that Mr. Smythe, instead of thereupon kicking him out of the office, informed him that he would "consult" Thurlow Weed on the subject, and did consult him accordingly, and introduced Adams to him; that Thurlow Weed advised Mr. Smythe to have nothing to do with the business. Mr. Weed, nevertheless, afterwards discussed the same subject at his room in the Astor House with Shook and Woolley, and a certain Webster, and then and there the sum was named ($30,000) that would be necessary or sufficient to purchase three votes. Mr. Weed, also, was during the same period the recipient of telegraphic despatches from the same parties in Washington, and though he professed not quite to understand the despatches, he knew they concerned some movement with regard to impeachment. But the effect of his avowals on these points is marred, and our impression of the general character of the enquiry confirmed, by such episodes as this. Mr. Weed is under examination:

"Q.—Did Hastings make any report when he came back to you? A.—Yes; he told me he had been in Washington.

"Q.—Excuse me; I do not ask what the report was? A.—If you ask me literally if he reported to me when he came back, I say no.

"Q.—Did he see you after he came back? A.—Yes.

"Q.—Did he make any statement upon his visit to Washington. A.—Yes.

"Q.—How soon did he return? A.—My impression is in about two days; I am not quite sure."

The important thing here for the public is of course what Hastings said; but Mr. Butler, with the habits of counsel strong upon him, suppresses it, thus raising the suspicion, which may be unfounded, that it would injure the case he is building up; for this is really what he is doing. Woolley appears to have prevaricated, contradicted himself, and withdrawn himself from examination on false pretences. Altogether, no matter what the general value of the report may be, enough appears in evidence to make it imperatively necessary for the Senate to probe this matter to the bottom. Let us add, that unless Collector Smythe can show that Thurlow Weed's evidence with regard to him is false, his continuance one day longer in the public service is a scandal and insult to every decent citizen.

Mr. Sam. Ward, whom Mr. Butler's report deals with somewhat sharply, as a participator in the alleged bribery and corruption, writes a bitter and amusing letter to the *World*, of Tuesday, explaining the charges against himself. He says he explained his telegraphic ciphers to Manager Butler under protest, and that he left the committee "absolved by these conspirators from any complicity with the phantoms they are pursuing." He says, too, that he gave Mr. Butler a cigar, who smoked it pleasantly, and with all outward appearance of goodwill towards the donor; that Mr. Butler also produces one telegram of his which looks suspicious, but does not produce the following one which explains it; that he never received any information as to the sale of gold by the Government from Mr. McCulloch; that he sold gold short "at the coruscation of the Butler-Wade conspiracy," but "took it in" when he heard Senator Grimes was worse, and made hardly enough on it to pay for the box of cigars of which he gave Butler one. If Mr. Ward's statements are correct, and we know of no reason for doubting them, they only confirm our suspicions as to the way in which Mr. Butler is conducting this investigation, and we sincerely regret, for the sake of the party, that it has been allowed to fall into his hands. The quibbling way in which he replied to Mr. Baker's protest against the composition of the committee—Mr. Baker is a staunch Republican—will deepen the anxiety with which all intelligent members of the party watch his performances.

The investigation has brought out one rather amusing incident, in the shape of a charge of corruption against Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, whose righteousness in voting for conviction has furnished such a pleasing contrast to Mr. Ross's depravity in voting the other way. The charge is that, before making up his mind on the eleventh article, Senator Pomeroy tried to find out how much he could get for voting for acquittal, and only became satisfied of Mr. Johnson's guilt when his enquiries proved unsatisfactory. The fact is that when you set up a committee like that now sitting, and charge it with the duty of hearing any denunciations of any Senator that anybody pleases to make, it is sure to be provided with work, and we should not be at all surprised to hear that testimony had been offered showing that Senator Sumner had sold his vote to the Honorable Ben Wade for the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," bound in calf. Curiously enough, the only Senator whose personal interest in the result of his vote was enormous and notorious was Mr. Wade himself, and there is probably nobody filled with more holy wrath against Trumbull and Fessenden and the like. His vote, however, was not only an offence against decency, but against human society. A judge who votes in his own cause, if there be such a thing as natural laws, violates one of the most sacred of them. Mr. Wade's vote was, in fact, as far as our knowledge goes, an unprecedented scandal. A good illustration of the way in which rumors are concocted against character has been afforded in Mr. Henderson's case. The report after the vote was that he was one of fourteen Senators who had dined with Chief-Justice Chase, for the purpose of getting up a "new party," with the Chief-Justice as the head of it, and the dissentient Senators, of course, prime movers in it, being filled with hatred and envy of Mr. Wade. Mr. Henderson proved that he was the only Senator who dined with the Chief-Justice on that day; and that he had never had any communication with him on the subject of a new party, nor had the Chief-Justice ever tried to influence his mind on the subject of impeachment. From the leading part which dinners and suppers play in the foul charges which are constantly made against the Chief-Justice and other judges and Senators who do not happen to agree with Messrs. Butler and Stevens as to the eleventh article, one can hardly avoid the inference that in the minds of a portion of our Radical brethren regular meals, if at all of an elaborate character, are associated with moral depravity, and that a party of gentlemen can hardly meet at a good dinner without being "up to something." Without committing ourselves to a defence of dinners of a festive character, or, in fact, to the consumption of more or other food than is necessary to sustain nature, or to the consumption of any food while seated, we can assert positively that Conservatives and Anti-impeachers do frequently dine together for the mere purpose of innocent enjoyment, and without committing any worse offence than temporarily banishing from their minds the consideration of the welfare of the entire human family. Sydney

Smith said of Francis Horner "that he was so extremely serious about the human race that he was forced to compose his face half a street off before he met him." This state of feeling in one man may pass; but if a whole political party were to get into it or cultivate it, they would soon find the world too frivolous to be lived in or improved.

The Philadelphia *Daily Evening Telegraph* of April 28, to which our attention has only just been drawn, copies, in a very conspicuous place, an article from the *Round Table* on "Negro Suffrage," and ascribes it to the *Nation*. As the opinions contained in the article are diametrically opposed to those we hold, and as they are stated in a way which we should be very sorry, for intellectual reasons, to acknowledge as our way, the fathering of the article on us is not only uncomplimentary but injurious. We trust the *Telegraph* will, therefore, do justice to us, as well as to the author of it, by stating conspicuously where it came from.

The Polish question has apparently entered on a new phase. Prince Ladislaus Czartoryski delivered a speech at a recent meeting of the Polish Historical Society in London, as a deputation from a similar organ in Paris, in which he developed the Polish plans and expectations. He drew attention to the vigorous Panslavic propagandism which Russia is now carrying on along the Danube, and maintained that, should the ideas of "young Russia" ever be realized, 100,000,000 of one of the most gifted of races would be united under the sway of an absolute military monarch. On the other hand, should the Prussian programme be carried out, Germany will form another great monarchy of nearly 70,000,000 of a race of still greater powers and in a higher state of civilization. This consummation reached, Europe would virtually consist of but two states, and thus one of the most valuable guarantees of freedom and progress be destroyed. The remedy, says Prince Czartoryski, is to build up a third great monarchy on the Danube to interpose between these colossi. For this Austria offers the basis, and the Poles can render powerful assistance in the work. Moreover, Austria being separated at last in interest as well as in feeling from both Prussia and Russia, her partners in the crime of the partition, offers the Poles an asylum and rallying ground in Galicia, in which they can set up their old altars, keep alive their language which Russia is now making a desperate effort to extinguish, and prepare the way by practice in government and close alliance with Hungarians to bear their part in the next great shock of arms in Eastern Europe. Unless some such plan as this can be carried out and Austria saved and strengthened, Prince Czartoryski thinks Russia will one day encamp "on the shores of the Adriatic and at the foot of the Alps." Whatever may be the general value of these anticipations, there is no question that the concession of autonomy to Galicia, or even its enjoyment of its present constitutional government, does give the Poles such a base of operations as they have never had since the extinction of their nationality.

The news from Germany indicates increasing uneasiness in the relations between Prussia and France. Two recent incidents have done much to increase it. The "Customs Parliament," a body which meets simply to regulate the fiscal relations of the German states both north and south, all now being members of a Zollverein, or Customs League, has shown marked symptoms of a tendency to become something more than a regulator of import and export duties. The speech of the King at the opening, and the language of many of the members from southern Germany, gave strong indications of a tendency on the part of this organization to bring about a closer political union between North and South Germany than the mere alliance, offensive and defensive, which now exists. The French Government are making stout attempts to conceal or deny its existence, but the opposition is again taking the alarm, and its newspapers have begun to prophesy the speedy consolidation of all Germany under Prussia, and to taunt the Government with its blindness and imbecility in not seeing what is coming or making any effort to oppose it. The other incident is the extraordinary cordiality of the reception recently given in Italy to the Crown Prince of Prussia. He has taken such pains to make the cordiality marked and conspicuous that it is impossible to avoid seeing in his visit a political demonstration, and Bismark begins to be suspected by some of the shrewder Italian politicians of desiring to goad France into taking the initiative in hostilities by marked manifestations of affection for Italy, just as Cavour goaded Austria in 1859 by his hugging of France.

The French press bill is now before the Senate, but the newspapers have ceased commenting on it, on the ground that the arguments of senators are sure to have no weight, and that no matter how they argue the result will be the same. There is a strong opposition to it, however, from the members of the extreme reactionary party, who say that its passage will lead to the early overthrow of the government, as a free press would "corrupt" universal suffrage, and lead the ignorant masses to vote against the Empire. The way in which the debate on this bill in both Chambers has brought out the real views of the Imperialists with regard to universal suffrage is very interesting. They now make no secret of their looking on the popular vote as the leaders of the Democratic party in this country look on it, as safe and respectable only in so far as it is a blind confirmation of the opinions and policy of a few educated chiefs. Universal suffrage exercised by a thinking, reading people they regard with horror, and do not deny it. The Liberals, even those who were most opposed to the extension of the franchise before Louis Philippe's downfall, have now, however, embraced the universal suffrage with great ardor, and are turning on the Cæsarists their own guns. "Let us have universal suffrage," say they, "but let it be real. The numerical majority shall set up and cast down as they please, but everybody must have an equal chance of influencing them. Nobody must be gagged or called to account for anything he says to them. The préfets must not have a monopoly of advice or persuasion." M. Duverger de la Hauranne has been writing strongly in this sense in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, barring some very foggy passages on that very foggy subject, the "natural right" of voting, he writes with great force and clearness, and certainly sketches a programme from which the Imperialists have more to fear than anything the Liberals have yet attempted. In the debate on the press bill in the Senate, M. Segur d'Agouesseau frankly informed that body that if it passed the bill it would "commit suicide." One sign of the times of some value has just appeared in an election to the Council-General of the Department of the Deux Sèvres, where the Government candidate was defeated by a majority of 1,496 to 688, in spite of a circular addressed by the préfet to *the schoolmasters*, marked "private and confidential," directing them to canvass for the government candidate on the ground that his rival was opposed to "a government which defends the bases of social order." In three more important elections to the Corp Législatif, though the Government carried two, it did so by greatly decreased majorities, in spite of vigorous exertions on the part of the préfets.

M. Léon Plée, a Paris journalist, has been amusing himself with getting up a pamphlet, containing what he calls the "Curiosities of the (French) Budget." Some of the items are interesting. The legislature costs the country $2,921,182; but the Emperor costs it $5,000,000, the amount of his civil list. Supposing him to be worth, as a law-maker, the whole Corps Législatif, Senate, and Ministers of State put together, which we do not think is estimating him at all extravagantly, there still remains an outlay of $2,000,000 for the merely ornamental part of him, which, considering the comfort that it gives the French people, is certainly not dear. They like the "Chief of the State" to cut a good figure, and are willing to pay for the luxury of seeing him splendidly arrayed and lodged and attended. Louis Napoleon has an immense advantage over the Orleans dynasty in understanding this peculiarity of his subjects, and accordingly denies himself nothing. Probably nothing did more to shake Louis Philippe's throne, by loosening his hold on the imagination and taste of the French people, than his simplicity of living.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE PLATFORM AND THE NOMINATIONS.

THE last two nominations for the Presidency of the Republican party have had one excellent characteristic, in that the nominees were well-known men who had given tangible proof of a high order of administrative ability. Whatever may be thought of the system of nominating conventions in general, it is quite certain that no other system could have done better in 1864 and 1868 than select Lincoln and Grant for the Presidency, and no other system could have acted on a better principle of selection than that which guided the choice in these two cases. The latest nominations for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency have had another excellent characteristic in that—one might almost say for the first time since the manufacture of candidates was reduced to an art—"the claims of localities" have had no influence upon them. Grant has owed nothing to the fact that he comes from Illinois and Colfax nothing to the fact that he comes from Indiana, and neither has found his path impeded by the consideration that both are Western men. In short, Andrew Johnson, if he has done no other good, has taught the party a pretty sharp lesson, both as to the importance of the Vice-President and the danger of selecting him on complimentary or geographical grounds. We have, in fact, at last got two candidates for the highest places in the Government who owe their nomination to their own qualities and career simply, and one of them enjoys the singular and unprecedented distinction of having been selected without ever having made a speech, and without concealing his intention of never making one. It is impossible not to see in these facts evidence of the inroads which the rationalistic spirit bred by the war is making on the old political traditions. Not only have the old considerations had little influence on the nominations, but the old political managers have had less than usual to do in drawing up the platform and conducting the preliminary deliberations. Most of the great party sages of eight, or even four, years ago were absent from the convention. Its spirit and springs of action were supplied by younger men, to whom the ancient canons and the ancient ways were a scoffing and a byword. Men like Hawley and Carl Schurz, who were on this occasion high in the party councils, would eight years ago have been looked on as babes, and their talk as babble, and their ideas as visions.

Moreover, in spite of the prodigious amount of noise made during the last year by the "War Horses," we find neither in the nominations nor in the platform much, if any, trace of their influence. A man more decidedly distasteful to them than Grant it would be hard to select. Most of his most prominent characteristics are to them evidences of either weakness or immorality, and his reticence they consider either a vice or a disease. They were wildly opposed to his pretensions two years ago, and have only come over to him owing to his quarrel with Johnson, and the backsliding or misfortunes of their own favorites; but his character they do not admire, and never will. They are accepting him as they accepted Lincoln in 1864, as a horrible necessity. Mr. Colfax is much nearer their ideal; but then he is nearer everybody's ideal, because he has few salient characteristics, and has the happy knack of being all things to all men. Their peculiar ideas, too, have found no expression in the platform. It strongly endorses the Congressional plan of reconstruction; but it repudiates the idea of taking the regulation of the suffrage out of the hands of the States, and it opens up a prospect for the South not of perennial persecution and subjection, but of as early a removal of all political restrictions and disabilities as the state of the country will show to be safe. Moreover, instead of proposing "to take all seeming or actual wrong out of the public debt," as Messrs. Butler and Stevens proposed, by paying off the public creditors in rag money, manufactured by the Government, in accordance with the letter of the law, it proposes, in the heartiest and most emphatic language, to pay the debt in the spirit as well as in the letter of the law, as men of honor pay their debts, and not as sharpers pay them. In other words, it silences, as far as the Republican party is concerned, the repudiation cry in all its forms, and even administers Senator Sherman an indirect but well-merited rebuke in pointing out that the best way to effect a conversion of the bonds at a lower rate of interest is to improve the national credit. In fact, his plan of lowering the rate of interest to be paid by the Government by throwing doubts on its willingness to pay the rate it has already agreed to pay, was a striking illustration of the imprudence of hoisting one's sails before one knows for certain which way the wind is blowing.

The weak points in the platform are luckily mostly unimportant ones. If it pleases anybody to have it said that the thirty-five senators who voted for Mr. Johnson's conviction were right in so voting, we see no good reason for not saying it. Nobody, as far as our observation has gone, has ever blamed them. We should be very glad if we could attach a little more importance to the opinion of the Convention upon the force of the evidence in a case which they did not hear, and on points of law which they have never studied; but there is no harm that we know of in their making up their minds on both one and the other, and speaking it out, particularly as their doing so probably prevented the utterance of imputations on the character of the minority in the Senate and the committal of the party to a course which would have damned it. Republicans can least of all men afford to say, solemnly and calmly, that a trial in which the judges are sworn to decide "according to the law and the evidence," and in which witnesses are examined on oath, and the accusation is presented in distinct and definite articles, ought to be made a party proceeding. Such performances as this must be left to the Democrats and "them that hate the light."

The section in which mention is made of the corruption of the public service is, we confess, the only one that has thoroughly disappointed us, because it is both evasive and misleading. Mr. Johnson is no doubt responsible for some of this corruption, but for a very small amount after all. The great body of the cheats with whom the civil service is infested are persons who have been put into office on the recommendation of Republican politicians, whose suggestions Mr. Johnson could not, if he would, have disregarded. In fact, the influence of any President in this matter is very small. Nearly all appointments are in the hands of Congressmen, and the last thing these gentlemen think of enquiring into is the character and competency of their nominees. Mr. Johnson has no doubt retained bad men in office, knowing them to be bad, and appointed men with every reason to believe that they were not good, but then all Presidents have done this; all Presidents will continue to do it till the system is changed. Mr. Lincoln made many execrable appointments, and we should probably have never heard of Mr. Johnson's shortcomings in this respect if he had not quarrelled with the party. We do not dwell on this matter in a carping spirit. We may safely appeal to every honest politician in the country, and to every honest official, and to every man who has ever looked into the subject, to say whether he believes that any change of President will render the civil service of this country anything but a sink of corruption until the whole system of appointment is changed—and the system of appointment will never be changed till some party is found patriotic and high-minded enough to say that, for the sake of the country, it will surrender the means of rewarding its adherents and punishing its enemies involved in the control of the public patronage. The Republican party is not prepared to do this; we are not prepared to say that it is strong enough to do it; but we cannot help protesting against its attempt to shift the whole responsibility of the abuses on Mr. Johnson's shoulders. He is probably not even indirectly responsible for the loss of one-half of one per cent. of all the money stolen from the Government. Moreover, as we have taken the liberty of pointing out not long ago, vague denunciations of corruption in general deceive nobody, scare nobody, and do no good. All parties make them. The Democratic party will make one next July. They are all sure to meet with a hearty response, the voices of the thieves being always loudest. What we want is a definite plan of reform. Of that, one does not hear a whisper from any convention.

The resolution directed against the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance is, of course, only a kind of *feu de joie*. That particular doctrine has, just now, no defenders. The British Government is ready

to surrender it on demand; the Prussian Government has surrendered it; and the French do not assert it. The trouble is that nobody here seems to be in any particular hurry to have it settled. It was owing to Mr. Wright's zeal and activity that negotiations were begun on the subject with the Prussian Government, Mr. Seward rather hindering than helping him by discharging spherical bombast at all the nations of the earth through the New York *Herald*. The prompt settlement of the matter on a rational basis would also deprive Mr. Banks of his sole occupation, and he naturally lends no aid to anything of the kind; and it is to be hoped the formal utterance of the party on this subject will hasten legislation or negotiation.

It is impossible to say that the Convention has dealt with the suffrage question resolutely or sufficiently. It may be imprudent to talk now of the assumption of any power to regulate it on the part of Congress, but it ought to be said in clear terms that the question will never be settled, and agitation about it will never cease, and the condition of the South will continue to be a perplexity and burden, until limits are set by the Federal Constitution to the disfranchising power of the States. Conditions in the enabling acts will not hold water for many years, and Southern politicians will not give up what they consider the cause of the white race till they are robbed by a Federal prohibition of the power of disfranchising for anything but ignorance, or of treating the ignorance of a colored man as any greater disqualification than that of the white man. Nothing short of this will be a final settlement.

Nothing could have been better, however, than the spirit of the Convention or of the platform. No political party has, on the whole, ever set before itself nobler aims, or chosen wiser ways of attaining them. There has never been a platform which has had less to fear from the scrutiny either of the practical man or the theorist. It is impossible to read the speeches addressed to the Convention by General Hawley and Carl Schurz without feeling that any organization to which its leading men can speak in this strain must be capable of great things, and that the spirit, whatever it was, which gave the war its glory and sanctity, and brought it through many failures and many abuses to a triumphant issue, still lives in the party ranks, and will let perish none of the good things the armed struggle has accomplished, nor ever despair of adding to the number.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

Taking advantage of the comparative lull in the ordinary business of legislation, Mr. Jenckes on Thursday week introduced his bill to regulate the civil service of the United States. He reported it from the Joint Select Committee on Retrenchment, and he supported it by a speech which was reported in the telegraphic summary as having occupied an hour, but not one word of its contents or of the scheme of the bill was given. The plan is substantially that of Mr. Jenckes's original bill on this subject. It creates a department of the civil service, to be presided over by the Vice-President, with a board of four commissioners, to be appointed for five years. Their duties are, first, to prescribe the qualifications requisite for an appointment into each branch and grade of the civil service; next, to provide for the examinations and periods and conditions of probation of all persons eligible and presenting themselves for admission into the civil service; third, to establish rules for applications, examinations, and appointments; and finally, to examine personally, or by persons by them specially designated, the applicants for appointment into the civil service of the United States. The act then goes on to provide for the order and manner in which appointments to the civil service shall be made from those who have passed the prescribed examination and probation.

The proposed law is clear and simple, short and to the purpose, free from preambles and provisos, and it is so plain that he who runs for office must hereafter read it, and understand it. The army of office-holders now in place, and of their prospective successors, must look upon it as their shibboleth, and learn from it how to live and die in office. Of the greatness of the task which he has undertaken Mr. Jenckes shows a thorough comprehension. He proposes utterly to destroy the great American curse of party patronage. He says, on the eve of a Presidential election, that it is for the interest of the country to pass a law which will forbid the removal of fifty thousand officials as the result of a change in the political complexion of the Government. Not content with a theoretical discussion of the merits of a permanent civil service, Mr. Jenckes tells us that he has taken the testimony of the greater number of the chief officers in the existing civil service, and he gives us the result. The Committee on Retrenchment have received reports from 446 officers confirmed by the Senate, in all branches of the civil service, whose subordinates within the operation of this act number 12,819, and of these officers 362, having 11,561 subordinates, express themselves decidedly in favor of the proposed reform. Of the residue, 12 officers, having 143 subordinates, express a decided opposition to it, and the remainder either do not answer the vital questions at all or answer them evasively.

With such facts, plainly and tersely put, as they are in this speech of Mr. Jenckes, it is easier to find forcible arguments in support of the measure than to educe them from our general and theoretical belief in its efficiency. What are the substantial rewards which Mr. Jenckes promises for the fruits of his bill if it be made law? Double the amount of the present service at two-thirds of the present cost; a saving in the expense of the collection of the revenues of one-half the fifteen millions which it now takes; and, finally, an addition of revenue from the subjects of taxation proposed to be retained by the Committee of Ways and Means of fifty millions in the internal revenue and twenty-five millions in the customs. In short, the country will be richer by a hundred millions every year if it adopt a law which will do more to elevate the politics of the country from the great Serbonian bog in which it is now bedraggled and bemired, more to make statesmen of our politicians, financiers and economists of our revenue officials, more to save the people from corruption, more to preserve the Government from mischief, more to renew and restore and sustain the virtues of the Republic, than all the legislation of the last decade.

With a Constitution purified from slavery, with a Government under it that has undergone the throes of civil war, of dissensions between its co-ordinate branches, and with a people honestly and heartily in earnest to maintain both the Government and the Constitution, there is still a vice in the administration of the laws which almost palsies them. This mischief lies in the shifting, changing, uncertain, and gradually decaying condition of our civil service. Up to the breaking out of the rebellion it mattered little how the officers of the United States exercised their functions, for the Government was seen rather than felt, it was an idea rather than a fact. All this changed with the rebellion, with the enormous efforts of the Government to maintain itself, with the burdens put on the people by the success of these efforts, and with the taxes and the vast addition of revenue and outlay that were then voluntarily assumed. The task of adjusting these burdens to our capacity, to make sources of national income without destroying national wealth, has tested the fitness of our political system to do this work. In any other country than our own, with its youth, its wealth, its vigor, its unlimited expanse of territory, its growing tide of emigration, the Government would have broken down. That it will not do so now may well call forth all our gratitude. That it may be strengthened and fitted for the work that it has yet to do, in developing the power and capacity of the country in industrial and in other directions, there must be a reform in that one thing which has hitherto been the pitfall of every political party, and the blighting curse of the young men who belonged to one or other of the great armies of our Government by parties. This reform is, as we believe, effected by Mr. Jenckes's bill—at least it is aimed at; and as tentative legislation has been the best thing that we could get in other matters, so it may be the best, or in the end it may secure us that which is best, in our civil service.

As we have remarked elsewhere, every party and every politician is ready enough to denounce corruption in the abstract. Nobody will ever have the hardihood to get up and defend the appointment of dishonest men to public offices, or the practice of cheating the Government. There will never be a party avowedly and notoriously held together by "the cohesive power of public plunder," and which it will be sufficient to turn out of office in order to secure purity and efficiency. Therefore, when a party passes resolutions against corruption in general, as the Republican party has just been doing, it merely fires blank

cartridge. It makes a fine, exhilarating noise, but it does not hurt or frighten the knaves. Under the present system no party can be honest, because no party can change human nature. Therefore, the public ought not to be, and we trust will not be, content any longer with vague denunciations of fraud. It ought to demand practical measures of reform, set down in black and white. It ought not any longer to put up with windy abuse of Andrew Johnson or of the Copperheads. In this kind of work no knave ever is, or ever will be, found wanting.

This bill of Mr. Jenckes's we hold to be the first and greatest of the measures of reform now before the country—the one on which most is dependent not simply of money, but of public and private morality. He has worked long and hard at it, and it is a kind of work with which the regular party managers have, as a rule, little sympathy. He is not likely, we fear, to succeed without active and outspoken support from the public, and we trust he will receive it without stint in season and out of season, especially from that large class of young men who are now interesting themselves in politics, under the influence of the wider knowledge and higher aspirations which the war has bred. We trust, too, that he will be of good cheer. If political progress consist, as we believe it does, in the greater and greater subjection of human affairs to the control of enlightened reason, the future belongs to him and to such as he, and not to the windy declaimers who, while holding the great horn of humanity with one hand and blowing it lustily, generally hold with the other a leash of hungry peculators, to be let loose at every convenient opportunity on the unfortunate tax-payer.

PANSLAVISM.*

II.

The idea of Kollar, thus put into practice, was the first germ of Panslavism. From a literary union of all the Slavi there was, in thought, only one step to a political union. This slight *salto* was soon made by the Slavic agitators, who were secretly, and for obvious reasons, aided by Russian agents and subsidies, and here and there also by Austrian agencies, desirous to counteract the growing power of the Hungarian nationality. It was easy to prove from history that it was weakness arising from disunion among the Slavi which had subjected them and kept them subject to the sway of the Germans, the Hungarians, and the Turks; that it was through union alone that they could revindicate the prominent position due them by right of numbers and by right of history among the great races of the European world. Germany and Italy, too, after similar experiences, were striving for union. But as in Germany and Italy two opposite courses were pursued, by various political factions, toward the same aim—an agitation for democratic union through revolution, and an agitation for monarchical union through the houses of Hohenzollern and Savoy respectively—so the Panslavistic world soon split into a democratic party, aiming at a republican confederation—the result of a general revolution—and a Russian party, aiming at a union created and headed by the Czar. The democratic scheme, which could be achieved only by the total or partial breaking up of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey, and against the opposition of both Germans and Magyars, was adventurous and perilous in the extreme, and almost chimerical. The other was decidedly more practical, but it lacked the concurrence of all true liberals and Poles, who dreaded in the event of its success the final absorption of Poland and all other Slavic nationalities in Russia, the victory of Czarism over all its enemies, a centralism worse than that of the Roman emperors, and the triumph of Eastern barbarism over European civilization. But as long as the question remained, so to say, a theoretical one, the Panslavistic movement proceeded almost in harmony, the anonymous author of the "Pentarchy" (Leipsic, 1839)—an agent of Russia—the above-named Slavic writers, and a host of others, among whom we find the Poles Mieroslawski, Libelt, Wielopolski, and the late Count Adam Gurowski, contributing to its advance from various stand-points.

But powerful events soon made this Slavic movement one of the highest importance. The revolutions of February and March, 1848, convulsed the west and centre of Europe, shook the thrones of Austria and Prussia, and gave all power into the hands of the people. In Austria the Hungarians were the first to profit by this change, turning it to the advantage both of liberty and of the Magyar nationality. This led to violent anti-demonstrations on the part of the Croats, Slavonians, and Rascians, who demanded constitutional changes incompatible with the integrity of Hungary. The Austrian government, or rather the court of Vienna, not at all surprised by these dissensions and wranglings, secretly fanned them into a flame which kindled an internecine war of races, in which the Romanic Wallachs, too, took part against the Hungarians. In the meanwhile the Poles of Posen had risen against the Prussians, and had been defeated. Galicia, exhausted by the massacre of her nobles in 1846, remained inactive. The Bohemians now hastened to take the lead in the Slavic movement. A general Slavic congress, convoked by Palacky and others, assembled in Prague. The tendency of the time made it a democratic and revolutionary gathering; no Russians, except exiles, appeared. But before any important resolutions could be formed a collision between some Czech youths and the Austrian troops, under Prince Windischgrätz, led to a bombardment of the city, the disarmament of the Czechs, and the dispersion of the congress. Emboldened by this victory and by others in Italy, the Austrian government now threw down the gauntlet to Hungary, and ordered the Ban of Croatia, Jellachich, to invade that country at the head of a Slavic army. The Hungarian constitution, the only sheet-anchor of liberty in Austria, was to be put down by semi-barbarous Slavic hordes. At this critical juncture the chasm which separated the two Panslavic camps became apparent. The Czechs, deeming it possible to establish the predominance of the Slavi in Austria, declared in favor of the government, defended by the Croats and Rascians; the Poles, burning to revenge the wrongs of 1846 and to destroy one of their three oppressors, flocked to the banners of Hungary and freedom. And thus, throughout the Hungarian war of 1848 and 1849, Slavi fought against Slavi. The first practical attempt at Panslavism ended in smoke—in the smoke of bloody battle-fields. Russia finally decided against Bem, Dembinski, and Kossuth, and victorious Austria deceived the Croats, Rascians, and Czechs. When the victory was complete, Austria's last word was—Germanization without liberty.

But Magenta and Solferino, in 1859, revenged Temesvár and Világos. Hungary was to be conciliated, or the empire would perish. The House of Hapsburg vacillated and hesitated, until Königgrätz, in 1866, put an end to vacillation. Both Hungary and Galicia were conciliated, the Magyar and Polish elements, united with the German, forming the basis of the liberal system inaugurated under the lead of Deák and Beust; the Czechs and the South-Austrian Slavi were spurned. The Czechs, who even during the Polish insurrection of 1863–64 partly sympathized with Russia, and their southern allies, who had been long dreaming of a South-Slavic empire, to consist of parts of Austria and parts of Turkey, have now turned their eyes towards Moscow and St. Petersburg as the Mecca and Medina of the Slavic world. On their part, the Russian people and government, exasperated by their defeats and humiliations in the Crimean war, by the ingratitude of Austria, and still more by the threats of Western interference in favor of Poland which became loud in 1863, have now, almost without reserve, espoused the cause of Panslavism, in its Czaric form, expecting through it to revenge past insults, to extinguish the last vestige of Polish nationality, to extend the limits of Russia to the Adriatic and the Bosphorus, to rule, and even to regenerate, Europe. A grand Panslavic gathering, convoked and fêted last year at Moscow, at which even Palacky and Rieger, formerly leading liberal members of the Austrian Parliament, appeared as representatives of Bohemia, and at which high imperial dignitaries spoke in the name of Russia, has made it manifest to the world how far things have gone on both sides. The absence of the Poles, however—only Ruthenians representing, or rather misrepresenting, the Polish provinces—and some later demonstrations of even Czechic opposition, like the recent brilliant pamphlet of Fric, have made it equally clear that the Panslavo-Czaric coalition is far from being acquiesced in by all concerned.

But so much is certain, Panslavism has long ceased to be a chimera. It has become a live idea, agitating eighty millions of people—we exclude the Poles—and perhaps destined soon to shake the world as terribly as Islamism did in the seventh, and again in the fifteenth, century. Of those eighty millions of Slavi, two-thirds, united under the sceptre of the Czar and the emblem of the Greek cross, backed by

* See the *Nation* of May 14.

twenty million fellow-subjects of different race but mostly of the same creed, and aided by ten million Roumanian and Greek co-religionists in Turkey and Austria, are to call to arms—if not to regenerate and annex—almost all the rest of the Slavi (embracing nearly as many Greeks as Catholics), leading them to a deadly strife against Turks, Hungarians, Germans, and Poles. This struggle, if successful, whether ultimately resulting in the regeneration and independence of the south-western Slavi, or, which is more likely, in their subjugation by Russia, would in any case bring about the total ruin of the Moslems in Europe, the fall of Hungarian liberty and supremacy, the extinction of the Polish nationality, the breaking up of Austria, and the destruction of German civilization in the East; it would replace the crescent by the Greek cross on the dome of St. Sophia, would convert the Euxine into a Russian lake, and make the Czar, whose Cossacks even now guard the banks of the Amoor, the Araxes, the Jaxartes, and the Tornea, the most powerful ruler that ever wielded a sceptre.

Victorious Panslavism, therefore, means not only death to Turkey, Hungary, Poland, and Austria; it also means the domination of Russia and her Church, without a rival able to cope with them, in both Asia and Europe; it means Russian sway over the Aral and the Caspian, the Euxine and the Archipelago, the Baltic and the Adriatic; it means the pressing back of the eastern boundaries of Germany and a menace to her independence. Hence the constant dread of Turkey; hence the opposition of Austria to every step taken by Russia, openly or covertly, in the direction of the Danube; hence the alacrity of the Hungarians and Poles to meet the liberal, and this time sincere, advances of the house of Hapsburg; hence the jealous alarms of France and England, and their readiness to stand by Austria and Turkey; hence the activity of the Catholic clergy in opposing and baffling the intrigues and plots of Russian emissaries in Galicia, Bulgaria, and Hungary; hence the hesitation of Prussia—though she might at first gain by the fall of Austria and the extinction of Poland—to conclude a defensive and offensive alliance with her powerful eastern neighbor, a hesitation which may also keep the new Prince of Roumania—a Hohenzollern prince—from throwing himself into the arms of the Czar.

Will all these opposing forces, coupled with the financial weakness of the Russian empire, long prevent the Czar from crossing the Rubicon, and casting the die of war, urged on, as he is, by vistas of glory, the sting of opposition, and the fanaticism of his people? Will those opposing forces long remain in harmony, or will awakening mutual jealousies paralyze their action? Will an accident bring about the long-delayed fatal collision? Into which of the scales is Prussia likely to throw her weight? Into which is victory likely to throw hers? All these and many similar questions involuntarily present themselves, but it is beyond our powers, as it is beyond our province, to answer them.

POPULAR MOVEMENTS.

If you say to any young American between the ages of twenty-five and thirty that you lament the lack in America of leaders; of men capable of restraining and educating as well as sharing popular feeling; that you are sorry not to see a larger class composed of men like the Adamses and Jays of a former generation, the chances are ten to one that he will reply to you somewhat in this strain: "My dear sir, that is no longer necessary; the day of leaders of the people has passed, and the day of popular movements has arrived. It was very well in times when 'the people' meant an uneducated, thoughtless throng that they should be guided to the attainment of desirable objects by men of commanding intellect and temper, but now that the people are themselves enlightened and liberal, no such necessity exists. The people nowadays know what they want far better than any individual, and the proof of this is that all the great movements of to-day are popular in their origin and popular in their management. We know very well that our legislators and governors are rather the executors of our will than stimulators of it, and this is because we are our own legislators and governors. When anything is to be done, the people know and do it."

There are, however, many strong reasons for not yielding entire assent to this theory. It is a little curious, to say the least, that so important and interesting a theory as this one of movements *en masse* should gain so little ground in departments of human affairs not political. For certainly if in the most complicated of all secular arts leaders are no longer requisite, they cannot be needed in the rest. Yet we do not hear that war can be waged without generals—at least we have not heard any suggestion to this effect since Grant and Sherman and Sheridan showed us how well war with generals might be waged; we do not even hear that an exploring expedition can be successfully made without a chief, nor that a ship can be well sailed without a captain; shareholders in railroads find that a board of directors is necessary for efficient management, and it is generally admitted that those railroads are best managed which have the best board of directors. We may obtain instruction in this matter from children, who will tell any one that there is no game of base-ball without a captain of the nine, and no victory at hockey or foot-ball without leading minds—perhaps not aristocratic, but certainly leading. Is politics, then—a much more complicated game than either hockey or war—the only department of human activity where no organization and no management are required, where the most fitting act, as it were (and this is a metaphor very frequently in the mouths of those who believe in the theory of popular movements), is the act of surging? We do not deny at all that leaders, if they exist in America, must be sought generally outside of the places where politicians are to be expected—must be sought in the lyceum, in newspapers, and in magazines—but it is unfortunate and a mischief that they should so rarely be found anywhere else.

But these are general considerations. If you mention them to the young American to whom we have referred, he will admit them, but will still contend that you cannot point to any single important movement in American politics which has taken place of late years that has not been popular in its inception, organization, and issue. And it is precisely this assertion that seems to us contradicted by many recent facts. It is to these facts that we must turn. The anti-slavery movement, to begin with, is commonly cited as an example of popular movements, notwithstanding the fact that the anti-slavery agitators were for a long time the most unpopular and the most bitterly hated men and women in America; that this popular party were a mere handful in the midst of multitudinous opponents; that their popular tenets were unanimously denounced as immoral and subversive of order; that their popular presses were destroyed, and their popular leader mobbed in the streets. Did Mr. Garrison, when a rope was tied round his body, and he was dragged through Boston, believe that he was only witnessing a testimonial to the popularity of his principles? On the contrary, those were the days when it was said that there was a "great popular movement against the Abolitionists, sir;" and now that the Abolitionists have triumphed, the discovery has been made that the great popular movement was in favor of, not against them. The fact of the matter is that there was no movement at all; there was nothing but stagnation until men of leading minds and tempers were found, as Garrison, Phillips, and John Brown, to set the current of popular will flowing. It is very true that these men were not in places of political prominence, and that the men who were in the places of political prominence became less and less strong as the anti-slavery agitation became stronger, thus furnishing support to the fancy that there were no leaders in the country; but leaders may, as we have just said, be in one place as well as another—may be in Congress, on the stump, or conducting newspapers. Reconstruction on its present basis has been said to be another instance of popular management of popular measures, but reconstruction has been carried out as a corollary to the war, chiefly by the same leaders who attempted the solution of the main problem; and even in reconstruction we can recollect a time when the popular movement, or at any rate its direction, was so uncertain that a few gentlemen who were very much interested in the question thought it necessary to meet at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, and made speeches and passed resolutions, certainly intended to do the work of leadership, and as certainly having this peculiarity, that the ideas contained in them were destined to be embodied in subsequent Congressional enactments.

Take a more recent instance. A few months since two demagogues tried to persuade the country that there was a popular desire for repudiation, and for a little while there seemed a good deal of doubt whether the attempt would not be successful. For a short time

there seemed to be no movement at all; people were pleased or shocked, amused or alarmed, but nothing was done. General Butler prepared an argument of amazing force and conclusiveness, showing not only that dishonesty was legal, but that it was moral. What followed in one small State is very curious. While some persons were assuring their neighbors that a "great popular movement" in favor of repudiation was setting in, and others were deploring the absence of leading minds, and hopelessly regretting the decadence of American statesmanship, there appeared in the *Boston Advertiser* one or two letters signed with the initials "W. E." It is hardly too much to say that for Massachusetts the question of repudiation was settled by "W. E." There was seen in his letters a knowledge of his subject, a practical sagacity in dealing with it, and an honesty which won him a hearing, and, a hearing once obtained, the same qualities gave him the victory over his antagonist. Now, very few people knew "W. E.," or even knew who "W. E." was, and those who did know have, for the most part, very likely by this time forgotten what part he took in the debate on the payment of the five-twenties. He was not in Congress, not even in political life, not even a lecturer. Correspondents of newspapers are not recognized as a political body by the Constitution; and yet he did the work of a political leader. He furnished the people within the range of his influence with facts and arguments which required time, patience, and an educated mind to gather, all the more so because the subject to which they related had been obscured by the advocate of the repudiationists, while his reasoning was charged with the energy which is drawn from and also carries with it conviction.

It is said that the second election of Mr. Lincoln and the nomination of General Grant are examples of popular movements, and those who dispute the general theory are asked to show who, if not the people at large, were the leaders in them. The arguments already used incline us to believe that there were leaders—such as editors, contributors, and correspondents of newspapers and magazines, public speakers and lecturers not in political life, private speakers and writers and lecturers also. But we do not need to dwell very long on this, because in each case there was one leader, specially prominent, whose leadership was half the battle—in the case of Mr. Lincoln the leader was Mr. Lincoln, and in the case of General Grant the leader was General Grant. In 1864, a man who had won the admiration of the people by the careful management of the most intricate affairs of state, their respect by the qualities of character which he had displayed in a position exposing him to anxious watchfulness and sharp criticism, their sympathy by his own sympathy with them, was President of the country. A new President was to be elected, and the question in every one's mind was whom to elect. Now, it is very true that Mr. Lincoln did not publish a card recommending himself to the suffrages of the people; but, as plainly as any words could have said it, he said: "Elect me again, and you have a continuity of administration in the most difficult crisis of the war, when it is most needed; fail to elect me, and there is no certainty what the future will be. My arguments are my past government and what you know of my character." Mr. Lincoln was the most effective leader in his own election. And so also will it be with Grant. Grant never speaks or writes when he can avoid speaking or writing; he is not in political but military life; and it is argued from these facts that he cannot by any reasoning be shown to be a political leader. But he is saying, to all intents and purposes, every day of his life: "You want a cool, firm, quiet President, pledged to carry out a certain policy. Elect me, and you have one. Fail to elect me, and there is no certainty what you will have." There is no argument more effective than this, and there is no more effective way of putting it, for a man already well known, than not putting it at all. It seems clear, when the matter is regarded in this light, that Grant himself is the chief mover in Grant's nomination.

One unfortunate result of the prevalence of this theory of popular movements has been the diffusion of the notion that it matters comparatively little who have charge of the national affairs; it is becoming more and more common for persons of intelligence and patriotism to believe that the aggregate sense of a thousand untrained minds is a better test of the value of a political measure, or even of a legal opinion, than the individual sense of a single trained mind. We could not have a better proof of this than the evidence afforded by the resolutions lately adopted by mass meetings for the purpose of coercing Senators into voting for the conviction of Mr. Johnson. The resolutions state that in the opinion of the meetings the Managers of the Impeachment have made out their case—which is nothing less than saying that the passers of the resolutions are more competent to decide upon the value of evidence which they have not read, and the bearing of law which they have not studied, than men who have heard every tittle of the one and carefully examined all the points of the other. When the Senate is a court, if the people *en masse* are thought fit to exercise the functions imposed by the Constitution upon a judicial body, we may expect an early application of the principle to other fields. And a sign of that approaching application may be seen in Ohio, where a Democratic popular movement is on foot to impeach certain judges who recently decided a law passed by a Democratic legislature to be unconstitutional. Hitherto law has been felt to be a branch of knowledge over which the people had no power except in the way of legislative change.

JOURNALISTIC DRAMSHOPS.

We once, during the war, attempted to attend a political meeting at the Cooper Institute in this city, but were unable to obtain admission owing to the crowd, so we occupied ourselves with the proceedings of the outsiders who were assembled round a platform in the street, under the glare of a calcium light. The night was fine and warm, and there were a large number of persons sauntering about the open space, but the audience in front of the platform was small and listless. The orator was, nevertheless, working with all his might, and was dealing, as well as his physical powers would let him, with some of the weightiest problems of human society; but neither his loftiest flights nor his deepest descents seemed to produce much impression. Suddenly, having occasion to chastise some of the villains of the opposite party, he betook himself to a liberal use of the terms "damned" and "damnation" and "be-damned," and forthwith there was a general rush from all quarters of the square to the platform, and he found himself in less time than we have taken to describe it addressing a large and eager and interested body of his fellow-citizens. As long as he cursed and swore they hung on his lips, but when he dropped down to the ordinary level of his discourse and became simply didactic or argumentative, the listeners once more fell away, and he was soon wasting himself on the original band of disciples. A second outburst of profane commination produced a similar result, but the evanescence of his triumph seemed to dishearten him, for he did not try the successful vein a third time, and his peroration was delivered to a mere group including two policemen.

The incident furnishes a good illustration of the value of the principle on which the law is based which in this city—and for aught we know in others—closes the grogshops on election day. Men, of course, are prone to drink merely to kill time, but they are never so prone to drink as when they are greatly excited. The craving of gamblers for stimulants is one of the most familiar features of life in the great "hells." The numerous glasses of cognac which the man who has staked the remnant of his patrimony tosses off, thus adding fuel to the flame which is already devouring his brain, have heightened the horror of readers of "tales of real life" for many a year. In fact, there is nothing that the mass of men like as much as excitement, and one of the peculiarities of excitement is, that all excited people crave more of it. The Sixth Ward politician, when he is roused by the political feeling, finds his craving for whiskey absolutely intolerable, though there is no day on which his nerves need less stimulation than election day. The same thing is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of better educated—nay, of highly moral and religious people. When their blood is up, their everyday meat and drink become insipid. When they are agitated by a great political crisis, for instance, Reason assumes the appearance of an old grandmother seated in the chimney-corner, and advising them not to get wet feet and to avoid draughts. The arguments that were before good enough for ordinary use, by the aid of which, in fact, they were brought to the very position in which they stand, begin to taste like cistern-water after a warm day; the man who counsels reflection or forethought is regarded as a mere pedlar of simples, herb-tea, and the like, which may do for babes and women. Men need something stronger, and off they go to the nearest dramshop, which means in politics and literature the nearest newspaper office or hall in which the cursing and swearing vituperation of the wicked is served out to customers.

There is never any scarcity of these dramshops. Political and literary whiskey is just as plenty as the physical whiskey of the "rum-holes."

There is a certain class of newspapers and orators who keep a large quantity of it "in bond" during quiet times; but as soon as an election or an impeachment draws near, or a backslider has to be hunted down, they bring up their barrels and get their jugs ready, put in a fresh dash of alcohol, stick a placard in their window calling attention to their various drinks, which, however, they facetiously call "justice," "patriotism," "consistency," "fidelity," and so forth; the ingredients of all being the same, the difference of flavor being due simply to difference in proportions. During the impeachment, as might have been expected, they have driven a roaring trade. They have not for many a year made such efforts to satisfy their customers, and their customers have never before been guilty of such deep debauchery. During the ten days between the close of the case and the vote on the verdict they seem to have made arrangements to supply nothing but undiluted spirits, and the effect of this on the thousands of weak heads which thronged their bars may be readily imagined. In fact, the trade of ministering to popular passion has never worn a more repulsive aspect.

We are not, as our readers know, admirers or defenders of Andrew Johnson. We have our doubts whether the introduction into this country of the English system of turning the executive out of office whenever it lost the confidence of the legislature would work well. But there is much to be said in its favor; and if the elevation of men like Mr. Johnson to the Presidential chair, or the recurrence of crises like the reconstruction crisis, was likely to be frequent, we should unquestionably witness its introduction with rejoicing. But whether Congress ought or ought not to have the power of turning the President out of office was not the question by which the country was agitated two weeks ago, when our journalistic groggeries were supplying us with their strong drink. The question was whether it was right to clothe the mere execution of the will of the majority with the forms of a judicial enquiry; whether, after you had sworn men to act as a court, and to decide according "to the law and the evidence" on certain definite articles of accusation, after hearing the accusers and the accused, it was right for these men to act under the bidding of persons out of doors, who had taken no oath, knew nothing of the law, and had heard no evidence; whether it was right for them to sit and listen to the case with a determination in their minds to convict in any event; whether it was right, after all was over, for them to agree to set aside the conclusions of their reason and their conscience on the solicitation of unknown bodies of irresponsible persons, transmitted by telegraph?

It is generally considered painful to witness crowds of half-drunken Democrats going to the polls in New York to vote they know not for whom, and care not for what, provided the Democratic stamp be on the ticket. But the pain is lessened to any intelligent man by the reflection that they are ignorant; that they are learning; and that, after all, *their* vices leave the great springs of the national morality unpolluted. It is to us a far more painful spectacle to see the educated and "moral," as we have seen them during the last few weeks, drunk with the whiskey of folly and partisanship, making desperate efforts not to turn a bad man out of the Presidential chair—that is all right—but to convert judges into partisans, and to familiarize the popular mind with the spectacle of "verdicts" (*vera dicta*) cast under instructions from distant stumps, bar rooms, and newspaper offices. Whoever has shared in this work has endeavored to pollute the public morality at its very source. Courts are in every community the guardians of the fundamental idea on which all civilized societies rest—the idea of justice eternal, unchangeable, admitting of no modification; the idea, in fact, in which the human approaches closer than in any other to the Divine mind, through which the Divine government is most nearly reproduced on earth. Anybody who does anything to lead people to doubt its existence, or to doubt its value, or to disregard the forms which human experience has found to be necessary for its protection and perpetuation, is guilty of the gravest offence which a man can commit against his fellows. Societies may flourish under any form of government; but no society has ever flourished, or ever will flourish, in which the courts are shams, and the forms of law serve only as faded memorials of a better state of things. The "greatest criminal of the age," therefore, is not Andrew Johnson. Nothing that a poor Tennesseean tailor, ill-educated, ill-bred, raised to dignity by an accident, can do or say can shake the foundations of a political and social fabric such as ours. But when people are found amongst its moralists, sages, and philanthropists to talk of judicial independence as "treachery," of oaths as "cant," of corruption as a "duty," and when legislators are seen approaching a judge asking him to withhold his vote in a case he has sworn to decide, the real, double-dyed, unmistakable "criminals" are before us. Such conduct as that of the Missouri delegation towards Mr. Henderson ought to be legally punishable. To approach a Senator on the subject of his decision in a case pending in the "High Court," with the view of influencing him either by threats or promises or persuasions, ought to be a penitentiary offence. We say this deliberately and advisedly, and if impeachments were to be of frequent occurrence, which is not at all likely, legislation for this purpose would be the imperative duty of Congress. If such scandals as have marked the Johnson trial cannot be prevented in any other way, the "High Court" ought to be abolished, and the President made removable by joint resolution.

The press, as a general rule, has acted admirably. We know of no paper which makes a profession of putting thought into its articles, or of applying principles to politics, which has opened a bar and supplied grog to its customers during the late crisis. The leading retailers of strong drink have been old topers who even in the quietest times are themselves constantly fuddled, and whose sole idea of a journalist's duty seems to be that of acting as custodian of the private bottles of the *habitués* of their bar. The only difference between their behavior in ordinary times and their behavior in times of excitement is, that in the latter they draw from the cask and serve neat in jugs. There is one class of persons who are, if possible, more laughable and contemptible than they, and that is the large class of feather-headed but excitable persons who pass their time during stirring periods in running from one newspaper office to another, giving utterance to their weak convictions and their milk-and-water indignation by stopping one daily paper and taking its rival. They swear by the *Tribune* till Mr. Greeley bails Jefferson Davis; then they run to the *Times* till Mr. Raymond seems lukewarm about the New Hampshire election; then they run back to the *Tribune*, but feeling after each change as if they had given a striking proof of elevation of character. What adds to the interest of the process is, that the newspaper which gets them is frequently cheated into the belief that their coming over to it is conclusive proof of the soundness of its position. A large flock of them appear during the first week or two, for instance, to have gone from the Chicago *Tribune* to the Chicago *Republican*, owing to the former having stood by the minority of the Republican senators, though differing from them in its conclusions as to Mr. Johnson's guilt, and the *Republican* seems to have recorded their names in its books with as much satisfaction as if their adhesion made error for it no longer possible. The fact is, that any journal which finds its office filled with these worthies ought strictly to examine its ways. It may, of course, be in the right path, but their smiles are enough to excite suspicion in the mind of any prudent man. Their applause is generally due to their love of stimulants, and their change of papers is in nine cases out of ten a kind of moral "bender." After a few weeks they gather themselves up, pump on their heads, change their linen, and go back to their old ways, and very probably their old reading, and in two or three months will laugh with you unblushingly over their own excesses and hallucinations.

ENGLAND.

London, May 8, 1868.

The Irish Church question has already provoked outbursts of party spirit of greater bitterness than any which have been known in England for the last twenty years. As it is likely to be discussed for some considerable time to come, we have before us a pleasant prospect of vehement agitation and dogged opposition. A great public meeting was held on Wednesday for the purpose of discharging all the conservative big guns at the heads of the enemy. The Bishop of Oxford spoke, as usual, eloquently, and also, as usual, intemperately, and with that unctuous platform rhetoric which in a less reverend orator might perhaps be described as appealing to Buncombe. The Bishop of London—one of our most candid and in every respect most estimable prelates—and the Archbishop of York spoke with great force of the undeniable practical difficulties to be surmounted. Even Dr. Stanley, the excellent Dean of Westminster, spoke, I am sorry to say, on the conservative side. It is pleasant to add that the audience succeeded in roaring him down, because it shows that he was too liberal for their taste. Indeed he is a thorough liberal in his general tendencies, though his liberality is of the stamp which can reconcile itself to certain orthodox limits. Besides these great ecclesiastical luminaries, there were dukes, earls, and social celebrities in abundance. In short, a simple-minded member of Parliament asked Mr. Gladstone last night whether he meant to persevere with his resolutions in spite of such a weight of authority; and if the influence of bishops and deans, mixed with that of dukes and earls, would afford a sufficient guarantee for the permanence of our ancient Establishment, the Church of Ireland would be safe. Unluckily, we are only too well accustomed to the defeat of such authorities not to draw a favorable omen from their dogged opposition. The Church of Ireland will perish, and the peers

both lay and temporal, will be taught one lesson more; but the battle will be long and savage.

The House of Commons is already vehemently excited. Last night's debate was only one in a series of fierce tussles between the opposite parties. Mr. Gladstone's last two motions—affirming the desirability of immediate legislation—were carried without opposition, the Government having had enough of adverse divisions to learn wisdom. But a debate arose on a further motion to the effect that none of the funds of the Established Church should be handed over to the Roman Catholics. The Liberal party were divided amongst themselves on this point, and some animated sparring ensued. Mr. Disraeli taunted his adversaries with quarrelling over the plunder; Mr. Bright told Mr. Disraeli that he had been at once "pompous and servile;" Mr. Disraeli replied by insinuating broadly that Mr. Bright was not a gentleman; and other little pleasantries passed showing abundantly the difficulty which our legislators already feel in keeping their tempers. The state of the case is indeed unprecedented, and the Government have succeeded in thoroughly rousing the indignation of the House of Commons. The two divisions in which the Government was conclusively defeated would naturally have led to one of two results—a dissolution or a resignation of the Ministry. It is plain, however, that there would at the present moment be great practical inconvenience in either course. A dissolution always amounts to a heavy pecuniary fine; and, at the present moment, would be specially annoying to members, because the new constituencies under the Reform Bill receive their rights on the 1st of January next. A new appeal would necessarily be made to them, and, therefore, a dissolution now would imply two general elections in the course of a year, with enormous waste of time and money. A change of ministry would equally involve the waste of the present session; and as every one feels that practically very little progress can be made with the Irish Church question this year, it would be desirable, on general grounds, that the Ministry should be able to hold on, discharge the pressing business of the time, and appeal to the country as soon as the new constituencies can be qualified to act. The battle, however, has proven so warm on both sides that it is doubtful whether such a course is possible. The first outburst was provoked by Lord Derby. With characteristic gallantry and imprudence he expressed his contempt for the abstract resolutions of the House of Commons, and declared that the House of Lords would throw out the bill which they might pass. Lord Derby, though no longer prime minister, acts as a kind of protector to the Ministry in the upper House. His speech threw the House of Commons into that fury with which they always receive any attack upon their privileges. When Mr. Gladstone denounced the interference, he was received with those vehement bursts of cheers which testify that the House is put on its mettle and means to vindicate its authority. Thus the two Houses of Parliament were set against each other; but Mr. Disraeli achieved the more unpleasant feat of bringing the Queen personally into the quarrel. He went to her Majesty and had an interview, which has been explained so elaborately that nobody knows quite what it meant. The upshot was that he received a kind of indefinite power to dissolve the House of Commons if its action upon the Irish Church renders it necessary. The House thus lives with a vague threat suspended over its head to forbid it going too far. It is left uncertain whether the appeal is to be made, if it is made, to the old constituencies, or whether the new are to be called into action at an earlier period than that already fixed. It is sufficiently annoying that a minister, in a minority of over sixty, should have a whip put into his hands wherewith to scourge the recalcitrant assembly; and still more, that the Queen in empowering him seems to have been led a little beyond those strict limits of neutrality to which our constitutional theories restrain her action. The answer is, that the circumstances are quite unprecedented, owing to the uncertainty about the constituencies, and that the course proposed gives the best chance of getting some business done. It seems, however, that Mr. Disraeli endeavored to shelter himself rather too much under the Queen's authority, and, at any rate, the House of Commons has been furious.

Mr. Disraeli has been cross-examined, denounced, chaffed, and bullied in every way possible. His position reminds me of the Australian savages who show their agility by standing up and allowing themselves to be pelted by several antagonists at once; managing by dexterous shifts to evade the different weapons. Mr. Gladstone has been the foremost and most eager assailant. It is an article in the Liberal faith to swear by Mr. Gladstone, as at least the necessary leader of the party. Yet with all his talent and high character he suffers from the vehemence of his temperament. His warfare is never in play; he is ardent with constant moral indignation against his adversaries; he looks upon it, I should guess, as a burning shame that the Prime Minister of the country should be a shifty adventurer, without political principle; he is always eager to be at him, and by no means stands waiting like Sir R. Strahan and the Earl of Chatham, but hits always as hard and straight as his temper will allow. Of course, this impetuous, restless ardor gives frequent advantages to a cooler antagonist. On the present occasion, however, he is supported with equal eagerness by his party and by many more dexterous colleagues. Mr. Lowe, equally bitter if more cool, puts questions with the skill of a brilliant cross-examining barrister, though he suffers from certain imputations upon his party fidelity of which Mr. Disraeli has more than once taken advantage for a biting retort. Mr. Horsman comes in aid with elaborate quotations from past debates to prove Mr. Disraeli's inconsistency—a line of argument of which we are becoming rather tired. Mr. Bouverie, a well-known Liberal member, is great upon the constitutional argument, and proves that the Queen should be kept so carefully out of harm's way that we should be scarcely conscious of her existence more than of a kind of animated great seal. Mr. Bright comes down at intervals with a piece of vigorous English, like a rhetorical sledge-hammer. To these and many other antagonists Mr. Disraeli has replied single-handed with infinite dexterity. Though disapproving heartily of his principles, I cannot refuse him the admiration due to a consummate gladiator; like Fitz-James, in "The Lady of the Lake," his blade seems at once sword and shield; he defends himself with consummate skill and coolness, and might adopt the words, "'Come one, come all.' I am ready to meet you at all points." Last night, perhaps, he had a little lost his coolness; but the sight of a split amongst his antagonists, quarrelling amongst themselves, was undoubtedly tempting, and the sneers to which he treated them told with some force on their tempers. Meanwhile, his party, conscious of their strength, irritated by the attempts to oppose them to the Queen and the House of Lords, and with little respect for their leader—except as for a man with singular talent—are getting daily more unmanageable. Mr. Gladstone will introduce his bill suspending all creations of new vested interests, and as matters stand at present it is not improbable that a Liberal victory may lead to a dissolution. Mr. Disraeli will go to the country with the cry of "No Popery and no surrender!" and the Liberal party must appeal to certain wider prejudices. It is the fashion among many Liberals here to say that the Church of England will be strengthened by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, because it will relieve it from the imputation of being identified with so anomalous a body. I confess that I do not believe in this theory, and that I agree with the Conservatives in holding that the precedents will have a wider influence. In Wales, for example, the Church of England is almost in as small a minority as in Ireland, though the Welsh are for the most part Protestant Dissenters. In short, I hold that as the agitation spreads, as it may possibly do, the whole question of a state church will come into a more prominent position. This, however, is too wide a question.

The Abyssinia expedition is over, and has resulted in a more conclusive success than we could have hoped. The way in which the difficulties of the country have been surmounted does the highest credit to Sir R. Napier and to the organization of the Indian army. The enemy was, of course, below notice; and the distrust of poor Theodore reminds one too much of the proverbial gentleman who went out fox-hunting with a brigade of artillery. But it is something to find that we have a general and an army who can do the more difficult duty of marching great distances, in spite of great material obstacles, in a thoroughly workmanlike fashion.

Correspondence.

THE TRIBUNE AND IMPEACHMENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Will you be good enough to inform me in the next number of the *Nation* in what words used by the *Tribune* of Monday, May 19, you find even a shadow of justification for the following words, in the *Nation* of today: "On Monday . . . it (the *Tribune*) declared impeachment a mistake." I am, etc., C. C.

New York, May 21, 1868.

[We find the required justification in the following, which appeared in the *Tribune* of Monday, May 18:

"The Republicans who initiated and have sustained this prosecution have relieved themselves from a grave responsibility. For years, Andrew Johnson has been the terror of the Southern loyalists and the chief obstacle to the rapid progress of peaceful and loyal reconstruction. Thousands have impatiently murmured, 'Why is he not impeached and removed?' It was in vain that we urged that this was a big job—that it was likely to fail if attempted; *and that such failure would only increase his power for evil.* At

length he rashly struck the law and the law-makers a blow in the mouth by his second removal of Stanton and appointment of Lorenzo Thomas to fill his place *ad interim*. It seemed to most of us that this was a challenge that *must* be accepted, no matter with what result. To vindicate and uphold the law may not always prove practicable; but nothing will excuse a failure to try.

"So we have tried and not succeeded; *but the result is quite other than failure.* The Republican party stands for ever relieved from all responsibility for Mr. Johnson's future misdeeds. *Let him now wrest the command of the army from Gen. Grant—let him wield the military as well as civil power of the Government in the interest of rebellion and aristocracy—let him obstruct to the utmost the return of the Southern States, free and loyal, to the councils of the Republic—the country and the world will hold us wholly blameless.*"

In other words, impeachment may lead to Mr. Johnson's overturning the Government, in which case, however, the country will have the consolation of knowing that Horace Greeley is not to blame.

"The big job," having been attempted, has failed, as the *Tribune* feared it would. According to the same authority, this failure has increased Mr. Johnson's "power of evil." Why, then, is the result "quite other than failure?" Because, we are told, if Mr. Johnson should "wrest the command of the army from General Grant, and wield the civil and military power of the Government in the interest of rebellion and aristocracy," and "obstruct to the utmost the return of the Southern States, free and loyal, to the councils of the Republic, the country and the world will hold us [the Republicans] *wholly blameless.*" Impeachment was not, and ought not to have been undertaken, however, as "a good card" for the Republican party, and if its failure has increased Mr. Johnson's powers of mischief, as the *Tribune* predicted it would, and he is likely to use them, as it suggests that he is, by forcible resistance to Congress and General Grant, the assertion that the result of the late trial is "quite other than failure" was, of course, not expected to impose on all readers.

But all talk of Mr. Johnson's wresting the army from General Grant, or trying to keep any Southern representatives out of any "councils of the Republic," is simply tumid rhetoric. The *Tribune* might as well say that impeachment is a great success because, if Mr. Johnson should now suddenly bombard Washington, the Republican party will not be responsible for it. If "C. C." were to walk down Broadway some fine morning in chain armor—we ask his pardon for making the supposition even in jest—and his friends were to pronounce it a foolish proceeding, how would it do for him to defend it by saying, "Let the president of the National Academy of Design attack me with a bowie knife in front of the Astor House, and in the presence of several policemen, and then you will see that the wearing of chain armor, uncomfortable and unhealthy though it be, is a perfectly rational and praiseworthy performance." Of course this reply would be taken either as evidence of insanity or as a muddle-headed admission that he had been making a fool of himself and knew it. But insanity is not supposable of a newspaper. Many of the *Tribune's* performances, this last included, one is forced to explain in a less charitable way. The account it gives of the result of impeachment is, in short, a clumsy admission that it was a grand blunder from first to last, and the admission is made the more repulsive by being as usual carefully wrapped up in some unsavory fustian. Impeachment "quite other than failure," even if it result in enabling or tempting Mr. Johnson to seize on the army and overcome Congress by armed force, provided "the country and the world" hold the Forneys and Logans and Greeleys and Butlers "entirely blameless!" What a compensation this is for the destruction of a free government! "Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre," said Danton. "Let the government be overturned, provided our graceful skirts be cleared," says the *Tribune*.—Ed. Nation.]

THE WEST IN THE CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

The platform which has been adopted by the Republican National Convention, or rather the circumstances under which that platform has been adopted, should, once for all, put a quietus upon the allegation that in the Western States the repudiation doctrines of Mr. B. Butler were exceedingly popular even with the Republicans. It was well known at Chicago that in the Platform Committee the member from Illinois not only denounced Butler's doctrines, as well as Senator Sherman's insidious threats, in the most uncompromising language, but that under his lead the members from Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Tennessee, West Virginia, and South Carolina united in a solid phalanx in order to carry the most outspoken and unmistakable denunciation of all repudiation schemes whatsoever, while Pennsylvania opposed such plain talk; while New York, with all the New England States, except Rhode Island, were silent; and while Ohio was represented by General Lee, who at the Ohio State Convention had made a wild harangue in favor of the greenback plan. You, sir, have bestowed well-deserved praise upon the Republican platform adopted at Peoria, Illinois. Yet the Western members of the Platform Committee did not consider the Peoria resolutions sufficient. It was the member from Illinois that drew the committee's attention to the dubious meaning of the words "according to the letter *and* the spirit of the law," since Mr. Butler had made the letter to mean the exact reverse of the spirit. He insisted upon having the wording strengthened by saying, "not merely the letter *but* the spirit of the law." Again, while the Peoria platform had urged a reduction of the interest whenever it could *lawfully* be done, the Western members of the national Platform Committee, well remembering what sort of "laws" *may* be enacted, insisted upon having the term "lawfully" changed into "*honestly*," which, you will admit, is a considerable improvement. Then, a resolution, stating that the true way to reduce the burden of the debt was in improving the public credit by honesty, economy, and steadiness of the financial system, having been voted down in the sub-committee, a similar one was introduced in the full committee by the member from Rhode Island, was supported by the Western members, and finally adopted. It is believed that as yet no platform of any party in any section of the country has taken such decided ground in regard to the preservation of the public faith, nor has any as completely stopped all loop-holes through which even the "mildest" form of repudiation might creep in, as this Chicago platform, mainly drawn, urged, and passed by the representatives of the westernmost States. That being so, should not the insinuations against the position held by the West on the finance question be dropped out of sight?

A Member of the Convention.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Little, Brown & Co. announce for immediate publication "The Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus; Four Discourses delivered before the Evangelical Union at Hanover, Germany, by Doctor Gerhard Uhlhorn, First Preacher to the Court." The work is translated by the Rev. Charles E. Grinnell.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers have in press "Lord Byron, Judged by the Evidence of His Own Life"—the Countess Guiccioli's long talked-of book.——Messrs. Lee & Shepard will publish Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's account of her recent Cretan voyages; "From the Oak to the Olive" is the title of the book.——Mr. Loring has in press "Medusa, and Other Stories," by Madame Sartoris, whose "Week in a French Country House" has been so deservedly popular.——A book that will be looked for with very great interest in all literary circles is "The Spanish Gypsy," a narrative and dramatic poem, by George Eliot, which will be published immediately in this country by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. A part of it has already been given to the newspapers, and it promises to be a thoughtful poem of much eloquence.

—Some new English books of interest to the general reader are these: M. Jules Van Praet, a Belgian writer, has published a volume, entitled "Essays on the Political History of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries," which has been translated into English, the translation being edited by Sir Edmund Head (recently deceased). The translation, which was not by Sir Edmund, is a bad one, and this is particularly unfortunate, for M. Van Praet's style is anything but good, being dull by reason of perpetual repetitions, and without positive felicities of any kind. But the author has great knowledge and considerable philosophic insight, and gives the reader a comprehensive view of the territorial changes brought about in Europe between the time of Charles the Bold and the time of the Peace of Westphalia in 1648. The "Memoir of Baron Bunsen," compiled by his widow, is in two heavy volumes, which relate fully the life of the multifarious scholar, from his days of youthful poverty to his death, after a long life of literary labor and literary and political honor. The Rev. George W. Cox is bringing out in one volume a corrected edition of his "Mythological Tales," of which we have already spoken as it deserves, under the new title of "The Gods and Heroes." Parents and guardians might do much worse than give it to boys fitting for college, and we hope to see it put before the

American public in a form cheaper than the English one. Doctor Zeller's "Socrates and the Socratic Schools" is translated by Professor Reichel, who is to translate the learned author's less famous work, "Aristotle and the Elder Peripatetics." "A Glimpse at the Social Condition of the Working Classes during the Early Part of the Present Century" we commend to the notice of collectors of works relating to America. Its English author, a working-man, has a profound contempt for American newspapers, and contrasts the condition of the English laborer with that of his brethren in this country very much to the disadvantage of the latter. A curious book for readers of books that are purely books and nothing else, is R. S. Charnock's "Ludus Patronymicus; or, The Etymology of Curious Surnames." The author, however, had no mind to make a mere literary curiosity and relishing tid-bit. He thought "it might be acceptable for the purpose of enabling those burdened with objectionable names to discover their true orthography." A cheap edition of what is perhaps the best of Goldwin Smith's books, "Irish History and Irish Character," is to be issued for the use of "that class of the public"—some of the papers say with an air of not being in the best of humors—"whose historical reading is very elementary in its nature." To name the new books dealing with the Irish question would be to make a very long list; but Mr. Smith's is one that is very far from possessing only a local and temporary interest. The novels of the last month or two seem to be of no value. Lighter than a novel, and not unamusing, is B. W. L.'s "Corset and Crinoline," an illustrated book, showing many of the female costumes of the times since the so-called Dark Ages.

—Our clerical readers will be interested in hearing of several new works of some importance to them in their studies and labors. We have announced Mr. Grinnell's translation of Doctor Uhlhorn's book of sermons or lectures on the works on the life of Jesus that have formed so large and interesting a part of late religious literature. Emile de Bonnechose is the author of a little work, which may be had of F. W. Christern, "*La Crise Actuelle dans l'Eglise Réformée de France à propos de Théodore Parker et de son école.*" "The Gospel in Leviticus" is a new English book by Dr. J. A. Seiss, which contains twenty-one lectures on the Hebrew ritual, in which the author gives a popular exposition of the typical import and relations of the Levitical ceremonies. High-Church Episcopal clergymen will be glad of a pocket edition in two volumes of Bishop Sherlock's "Practical Christian." Another old English divine, and one of another school, the Rev. John Spencer, reappears in the revival of his "Things Old and New; a Storehouse of Similes"—a book praised by Mr. Spurgeon as containing a vast amount of 'salt." A book praised as orthodox in all its historical views is Mr. Philip Smith's "Ancient History, from the Earliest Period to the Fall of the Western Empire." It will no doubt be republished in this country. "Pax Vobiscum," by Doctor Daniel Fraser, has for its second title "The Bible and the Family," and presents Scripture in its characteristically family aspects. A more important work than most of these is by Dr. Samuel Davidson, the well-known Congregational divine and Biblical critic, who has just published "An Introduction to the Study of the New Testament, Critical, Exegetical, and Theological." It treats of the books of the New Testament in the supposed chronological order, and begins with the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, and closes with the Gospel of John, which Dr. Davidson refers to the year 150 A.D., and to an author unknown. A work of a totally different tone is a German "Popular Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Dr. Schenkel and a corps of free-thinking assistants, among whom are Bruch, Schweizer, Gass, Hitzig, Schwarz, Lepsius, and Reuss. It is, strange to say, the first sceptical Bible dictionary in German, and supplies a want long felt by the Rationalistic school. Dr. Schenkel is the author of another new work published in the interest of the school of which he may be called the present head—the "Life of Schleiermacher." It is spoken of as having been prepared for the purpose of showing Schleiermacher's general antagonism to the orthodoxy of his day. It is a centenary offering to his memory.

—The American reading public begins at last to make the personal acquaintance of M. Sainte-Beuve—"the great master of us all," as the perhaps ablest of "appreciating" English critics calls him. Roberts Brothers have just issued in English a selection from his works, under the title, "Portraits of Celebrated Women." As a sample of work of Sainte-Beuve's, of a sort that would perhaps be more generally interesting than even these fine essays, we copy some remarks of his upon Michelet—a man whom it is almost intolerable to be obliged to like. We must say first that, according to the report of an able letter-writer in Paris, no French critic dares express his opinion of Michelet or Victor Hugo or other distinguished contemporary authors. Renan had to wait till Béranger's death before he could speak frankly his real mind about the poet. Life would be made unendurable to any honest, outspoken French critic of French authors. If nothing worse happened to him, still he might have to suffer what M. Philarète Chasles not very long since suffered. He had the temerity to undertake a work which most French writers of position, no matter how much tempted by foreign editors, prudently decline attempting, and began a series of critical articles for a Russian newspaper. Suits were at once brought by offended parties, and M. Chasles, being heavily fined, speedily desisted from correspondence. It is only in a roundabout way, then, that Sainte-Beuve frees his mind about Michelet, who must have been long a source of acute misery to him. M. Firmin Didot, having written some "Observations on French Orthography," Sainte-Beuve, in criticising it, takes occasion to say: "*Émotionner* is certainly a horrible word. Will it be said, Do not admit it into the 'Dictionary of the French Academy;' do not give it the freedom of our city; *émouvoir* suffices? I reply to this: 'No, *émouvoir* does not suffice, for there are instances where I should use *émotionner* and where I should require it.' For example, if I would define the manner of a modern historian who by dint of making history dramatic has enervated it; who, in depicting the men of the Revolution, has described them with an impossible minuteness of detail, as Balzac has done for the heroes of his novels; if, in speaking of this historian, I say, In his 'History of the Revolution,' and in the scenes he depicts in it, N—— does not content himself with exciting sentiments of pity or indignation, he shakes the nerves; he is not satisfied to *émouvoir;* he wishes to *émotionner*—now, I ask, is not *émotionner*, in this instance, French, according to the justest meaning of the word? It is true, in introducing it into the dictionary care should be taken to indicate that the word *émotionner* may not with propriety be applied, except in an unfavorable sense." M. Michelet, we observe, has the satisfaction—not, we suppose, complete in the case of a man like him, but still, doubtless, a satisfaction—of knowing that he has just made a very profitable sale of his copyright in the said "History of France." He gets for a five-years enjoyment of it $34,000 in gold, and in cash.

—Going on with his criticism of M. Firmin Didot's treatise, M. Sainte-Beuve tells us that the Academy is engaged in revising the Dictionary, preparatory to publishing a sixth edition. The discussions upon new words have already commenced. *Absolutisme* was debated the other evening and admitted. M. Sainte-Beuve prophesies the admission of *Radicalisme* also when its turn shall come, and says in general that the Academy is in the true path, that of a progressive, enlightened, and sufficiently broad eclecticism. "We do not conceal," he says, "that there has taken place, from a variety of causes, a sort of general intimidation of the human mind on every subject. The reform of orthography itself is included in it, and feels it." In its first century the Academy was bold in making orthographic changes. Compare the third edition (1740) of the Dictionary with the first edition (1694), says Didot, and it will be seen that changes had been made in not less than five thousand words—that is to say, in one-quarter of the whole vocabulary. Thousands of parasitical letters disappeared; it was then that *laict* became *lait; apostre, apôtre; advocat, avocat; bienfaicteur, bienfaiteur*, and so on. Then there was timidity for a time; but the eighteenth was an audacious century. Voltaire, Dumarsais, Duclos, and the Abbé Girard pushed reforms which, however, were not wholly accepted by the Academy till the fifth edition of the Dictionary was published. Then Voltaire's rule—that *a* should be substituted for *o* in the spelling of all words where already the sound of *a* had supplanted that of *o*—was established, though not so firmly but that some writers—Lammenais, Chateaubriand, notably Charles Nodier, who hated Voltaire—supported the old orthography, and spelled *connaître* and *ivraie*, for example, *connoître* and *ivroie*. It is since 1835 that M. Sainte-Beuve sees, or thinks he sees, indications that a general timidity is creeping over the mind of our age; but he avows his intention to support the cause of reform in the discussions on which the Academy has just entered, and we have seen what his course has been as regards *émotionner* and *absolutisme*.

—There has been published a very small new edition of "Tommy Trip's History of Birds and Beasts," a children's book which was written by Oliver Goldsmith, and first published by Thomas Newbery, of St. Paul's Churchyard, some time before 1770. That was the first publication of Goldsmith's little work; but the book took its present form only in 1779, when T. Saint, of Newcastle, republished it, with sixty-two cuts by Thomas Bewick. It is for the sake of these cuts that the book is reissued now in its fifteenth edition. The publisher, Edwin Pearson, "of the Bewick Repository, 64 St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, W. C., also of 'Bewick Cottage,' Ovingham (Bewick's Resting-place), Northumberland," in a preface, garrulous and personal and of curiously awkward English, tells us how he bought, in 1865–6

the Bewick blocks which he found among Henry G. Bohn's stock of engraved blocks; how he found that he had come into possession of the original blocks of Tommy Trip, which had long lain *perdus;* how he hunted everywhere for a copy of the book from which to print a new edition; and how at last he found one, which was at once put at his service by its fortunate owner.

In the first part of this book we have an account, very pleasantly fancied, of Tommy Trip and his dog Jouler; and, incorporated in this—as Thackeray's

"Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin,"

is in his continuation of "Ivanhoe"—or as Lowell's

"Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown"

is in the Notices of the Press in the first volume of the "Biglow Papers"—appears a poem which is familiar, in a modified form, to most readers of domestic literature:

I.

"Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day;
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

II.

"Now, had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten tho usand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown'd.

III.

"You parents who have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them all at home."

The accounts of beasts and birds which follow this preface are striking for the boldness of their statements. We are carried back to the natural history of the Middle Ages by such statements as these: "Its Quills are about two Spans long, and when it is enraged it shoots them at Man or Beast with such Violence, that if they miss their Aim, they will penetrate and stick on the Trunks of Trees;" and, speaking of the Leopard, "He is thought to be produced by the Conjunction of a Panther with a Lioness." These descriptions of animals are interesting in biography and in literature, because the first beginnings of the celebrated "Goldsmith's Natural History."

The Bewick designs are in like manner curious and interesting, as being the first attempts of that great artist in that especial branch of his art which made him famous. They show but little sign of the peculiar and unequalled merit of his later engravings of birds and beasts, and, so far as execution goes, are little more than cuts in the simple and straightforward old manner, as free from modern striving after "effects" and the look of engravings on metal as they are guiltless of the exquisite handling and delicate truthfulness to nature of Thomas Bewick's own best work. They have been, as the publisher says in his preface, terribly abused; pieces have been chipped off, and the surfaces marred; the frontispiece especially has lost a great piece from one side. And they are not clearly and evenly printed—though how far this is done badly on purpose, in imitation of the old editions, we cannot say.

On the whole, the book is rather a curiosity than intrinsically valuable; and although it is well that it has been printed, it is probably well, too, that only 252 copies have been printed.

DYER'S KINGS OF ROME.*

Mr. Thomas Henry Dyer has written a history of the kings of Rome the special and avowed object of which is to refute the positions of Niebuhr and his followers, and prove that Livy's account is, on the whole, authentic and self-consistent. In this work he has shown great zeal, industry, and fairness. The opinions controverted are very fully presented, and, for the most part, in the words of the writers themselves, so that it is their own fault if, in any case, they come off worst in the discussion. This, we are bound to say, they frequently do. It is not hard, in dealing with antagonists of a fanciful or over-sceptical turn of mind, to show, as Mr. Dyer does in many instances, that the current tradition is not only better attested, but intrinsically more probable, than the view substituted. As instances may be mentioned his treatment of the origin of the Tarquins, of the fall of Alba, and of the story of the Horatii and Curiatii, in all of which he has very well shown the groundless nature of some of Schwegler's objections. There is a slashing kind of *argumentum ad hominem*, too, in which he is not without skill, and which, if not always convincing, is generally telling, and of which the following is a good specimen: "But, says Schwegler in a note, it may be asked whether Servius saw them [the *Annales Maximi*] with his own eyes. To which we answer, At all events in their public form; while it is certain that Schwegler never saw them, though he pretends to know so much about them" (p. xxi.)

But the real question is not whether on this or that point Dyer or Schwegler is in the right, it is not whether Niebuhr (the great object of Dyer's attacks) was correct in his details, but whether he was right in his method. Nobody pretends to hold with Niebuhr on all points, and those German scholars who have worked most faithfully in his methods have often gone furthest from his results. Mr. Dyer himself, on every page of his work, shows the influence of Niebuhr—his book could not have been written but for the impulse given by that great man to the critical study of the ancient records. For there are but two alternatives. Either we must accept the record without questioning and without sifting, and simply transcribe it into English, as Goldsmith did, or we must apply the critical method to it, weigh authorities, judge of probabilities, and draw inferences. One person will do this more skilfully than another, one will be more bold in his inferences, another will follow the record more closely; but the principle is the same in all, whether in Niebuhr's imagination, Mommsen's philosophical insight, Sir G. C. Lewis's scepticism, or Mr. Dyer's faith in the written word.

For our author is very far from swallowing the old traditions entire, after the manner of the early writers. It is true he places his mark further back than most scholars of the present day, but he has, like all the others, a dividing line, up to which he believes, and beyond which he refuses assent. Sir George Lewis will not go further than the capture of Rome by the Gauls; Mommsen admits names and dates up to the early Republic; Schwegler acknowledges the historical character of all the kings after Numa; Mr. Dyer claims Romulus and Numa as well, but says, "We abandon at once the whole history before the foundation of the city" (p. cxvi.) No reason is given, however, for drawing this arbitrary line, and we do not see why we are not as well entitled to believe that Romulus was a grandson of the Alban king as that Numa was a native of Cures. He admits, indeed (p. 68), that he cannot claim "that before the time of Tullus Hostilius the history rested on anything but tradition," although ten pages before he maintains that the Romans "possessed from the earliest times the art of writing."

Mr. Dyer has, indeed, a reason, and a very sufficient one, for cutting off the authenticity of tradition at the foundation of the city, and that is that he has a pet theory of his own as to its origin, with which the Alban story would be inconsistent. Yes, even Mr. Dyer, after all his indignation at the "reconstructing" systems of the Germans, falls himself a victim to Niebuhr's baneful influence. The temptation is too strong for him—or rather the decree of fate that everybody who touches Roman history shall broach at least one new theory. His is that Rome was, to all intents and purposes, a Grecian colony—a theory which, if it only had enough testimony in its favor, would be very consistent with the fact of an active Greek colonization going on in Italy and Sicily at the time of the alleged founding of the city. Mr. Dyer also rakes up a few words and customs which have a Greek look, as the festival of the equestrian Neptune, the word *curio*, which he derives from κύριος, the *celeres* from κέλλω, etc. He even identifies with these *celeres* the *celsi Ramnes* of Horace, which he says "commentators have racked their brains to explain"—although there are plenty of instances of *celsus* with the meaning "haughty." Apparently Mr. Dyer does not mean that Rome was *formally* a Greek colony, for then it must have had its *œcist*, its sacred fire from the *prytaneum*, etc.; but even if it were the mere settlement of a roving Greek adventurer, the Greeks would hardly have lost knowledge of it, and it would seem that we should certainly have some more definite evidence of it than any that Mr. Dyer is able to give. For we can find only one tradition to that effect, quoted by Festus (p. 266), among a multitude of others—all inconsistent with it, and all of equal weight. And no other proof is offered by Mr. Dyer, except the few coincidences in language and customs mentioned above. The volume, to be sure, abounds in expressions like "we shall endeavor to show," and "as we have seen," when this theory is alluded to; and if we trace forward and back these prospective and retrospective indications of a demonstration of it, we find them centring in the bold statement (p. 57), "To this we answer that the real name of Rome's founder was not Romulus, but Romus (Ῥῶμος). He was a Greek, or, at most, the second in descent from a Greek, and is called Romus in most of the Greek traditions." Q. E. D.!

It is hard to say whether our author believes or not that the name of the city was identical with the Greek ῥώμη (strength). He says distinctly that it was derived from the name of its founder, Romus, but at the same time alludes approvingly to the derivation given above, and its identity in mean-

* "The History of the Kings of Rome. With a Prefatory Dissertation on its Sources and Evidence. By Thomas Henry Dyer, LL.D., of the University of St. Andrews." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1868.

ing with *Valentia*, the alleged sacred name of the city. He laughs to scorn (p. 60) "Dr. Mommsen's odd derivation from *Rama*, and this apparently from *ramus;* since he considers it to mean the wood- or bush-town;" rejects, too (p. 52), any etymological connection between *Roma* and *Ramnes*, which latter "is evidently a Greek name, *Ῥαμνοῦς*." He magnanimously forbears to "claim for these Ramnes an origin from the Attic *demus* Rhamnus;" "it is enough that their name was evidently Greek, derived from *ῥάμνος*—a brier." So it seems that *brier* is a very good meaning for *Ramnes*, but that *bush* will not do at all for *Roma*.

Mr. Dyer frequently criticises the German passion for "reconstructing" history, often very effectively; and we desire to acknowledge very fully the service that he has done, not merely in single points of criticism, but also in calling attention to the unsafeness of this fascinating employment. As far as names and dates are concerned, it matters very little whether those which tradition gives us are the true ones or not. For our part, we have always held that the easiest way to account for the existence of the names, Tullus Hostilius, Ancus Martius, etc., was to suppose the existence of persons who bore the names. But the names are only a skeleton at best, and the real object of our studies in this direction should be the institutions of the times. And here is where it appears to us that Mr. Dyer makes his most fatal mistake in supposing, with Livy and Dionysius, that patriarchal institutions, like those of the earliest Roman state, could be created out of hand by the *fiat* of the man Romulus. With the *à priori* habits of thought of ancient writers, nothing is more natural or more common (see the case of Deioces in Herodotus); but when a person at this day looks upon primeval history from this point of view, we cannot argue with him, because we differ upon a fundamental and vital principle of historical criticism. Of course this does not apply to such organized institutions as are attributed to Solon and Servius Tullius. In these we see the hand of the lawgiver. It is in the primitive social structure which tradition ascribes to Theseus and Romulus that the individual lawgiver would be powerless—or if there could have been one, it must have been far back, centuries before 753 B.C.

Of all the German "reconstructors," who have so bad a name, Mommsen is the most obnoxious, because he starts frankly from the assumption that for this early period we have no trustworthy chronology, and devotes his whole energies to reconstructing society and institutions. Perhaps it would surprise many who think of him only as a German idealist, who has gone as far beyond Niebuhr as Niebuhr went beyond his generation, to learn that Mommsen is distinguished above all other scholars in this field by the degree in which he has returned to the traditions of the ancient writers, following their testimony more closely and arriving more frequently at their results than any of his co-workers. All this, however, by preserving a strictly critical spirit, and bringing collateral light to bear upon matters that often the ancients themselves evidently did not understand. "If," he writes in his "Chronologie," "in regard to a calendar by which Varro reckoned all his life long, we are not to accept the deliberate testimony of Censorinus (that is, of Varro himself), and that, too, when he recognizes emphatically the unaccountable nature of the facts, it is folly to desire to investigate antiquity at all." This is the spirit in which Mommsen's later works especially are written; but, he would say, it would equally be folly to accept all the statements of the ancients implicitly, as Mr. Dyer appears to argue. We must distinguish in their testimony between facts and inferences. Whenever a fact is given from their own observation, as in the one cited from Censorinus, it is worthy of all credence; but when it is inference merely, as must often be the case in regard to the early Roman constitution, it is claimed that we moderns can infer more correctly than the ancients by reason of our better processes of investigation. We suppose that even Mr. Dyer would not claim any authority for their guesses at the derivation of words, which are for the most part worthy only of the merest smatterers in etymology; and yet it would be as fair to apply to these as to any other questions his sarcastic words, "Of course nobody would presume to say that an old Roman knew so much about his language and antiquities as a modern German" (p. 69).

Setting aside Mr. Dyer's untenable position, that the institutions of the Romans began with the legislator Romulus in the seventh or, at earliest, the eighth century before Christ, we find much sound reasoning on the later development of those institutions. There is much to be said in favor of his opinion that the clients (and so a portion of the *plebs*) voted in the *curiæ*—it is certain that plebeians were members of the *curiæ* in the Republic, and we have no evidence as to the time of their admission to them except by inference. We think, too, that he is right as against Niebuhr, Schwegler, Becker, and Lange, in denying the identity of the *patrum auctoritas* with the *lex curiata de imperio*. On the other hand, we think, with Niebuhr, Schwegler, and Lange, that the most probable origin of the third tribe, the Luceres, is in the conquered Albans. There are many indications that the state was double (Ramnes and Tities) some time before it was triple; and not believing, with Mr. Dyer, that the events narrated for the reign of Romulus are historically attested, we are not troubled by the fact that Livy represents the three tribes as coequal.

As we have said more than once, our chief adverse criticism on the book is the general theory of primeval history upon which it proceeds, which is in direct antagonism to the spirit and the most important results of late investigations. The labors of linguists, archæologists, and philologists have been gradually gaining a knowledge of the process of development in thought and institutions in early times, which is seen to have been incredibly slow, and to abound in parallelisms in different communities. But, according to this, book all this is wrong; all this labor is wasted; institutions are formed mechanically by outside pressure, not organically by inward growth—society is created, not developed.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

Mr. Henry James, Jr., furnishes the good thing of this month's *Galaxy* in a little story which may be read with the satisfaction which one gets from any carefully finished work, slight work or weightier, of a thoughtful and clever writer. "A Problem," he calls it, and the question proposed for consideration is the not unfamiliar but not easy one, How far do prophecies—prophecies of events in which human beings are actors—tend to fulfil themselves? The mode of presentation adopted is to relate some passages in the life of a young married couple who both have had dealings with fortune-tellers. One prediction partially fails; but it has had the effect of preparing the minds of Emma and David to pay a somewhat unusual attention to such matters and to think there may possibly be some power of prevision in predictors. Then come to light two prophecies of a sort quite capable of fascinating understandings not very solid, and of a sort, too, to breed troubles between man and wife. The case is well managed; but perhaps the picture, suggested rather than fully delineated, of the honeymoon happiness of a commonplace young pair is as skilfully done and as pleasant as anything else in the story. "A Problem" may be spoken of as showing, not so forcibly as some of Mr. James's other stories, but still very well, its author's principal powers as a story-maker, and as showing them disjoined from a certain defect or fault that we, for our part, find in him. His subtlety in the dissection of motive is to be seen in it; and also there is present in its usual proportion his power to set before us, for inspection if not for action, a real person; but there is less of an enveloping atmosphere of what, for want of a more accurate term—in our inability to find a term nearly accurate—we call his voluptuousness. Women we have with us always in his stories; and almost always, we believe, his women appear in their strictly female aspect, in the aspect which they wear to the curious, somewhat puzzled, not very-much-admiring, much-interested young male of the species. It is, of course, easy to see how strong a temptation addresses itself to the artistic side of a story-maker's nature to deal with love and lovers.

The author of "Emily Chester" writes a piece called "My Note-Book," which we hope she has had lying by her for seven or eight years. It affords no proof that she has advanced beyond the stage of development which she had reached when Max was created. What cherub is it, we wonder, who sits up aloft and makes designing young bachelors his care? Of course, it is natural that the enchantress should feel a curiosity as to the feelings of the enchanted, and that she should try to image them to herself as vividly as possible. But to throw her thoughts into the form of a diary which "Dulaney," say, fills up very full in the evenings, and to make his diary a record of what things he did to commend himself to Miss Glenn's favor; what times he knew, and by what sort of glance he knew, that he had succeeded; why it was, as he now sees clearly, that he failed when fail he did; what sentiments of his it was that made her face "light up;" and what opinions of hers made him (and made him bear visible testimony of it) "reverence in her the true woman;" how it was that he acquitted himself when he found her sitting dreamily before the fire in a soft wine-colored silk; what conduct of his procured him an invitation to lunch—to do all this, unless the volunteer autobiographer has extreme artfulness, and has brothers, and has watched them closely at periods when they most shunned observation, is to do nothing at all but depict a highly impossible man, and to run the risk of revealing feminine secrets of great import. "Dulaney," with his diary, we assure Miss Crane, is an impostor, a woman in man's apparel, and a traitress to the diary-keeping sex.

For the rest, the June *Galaxy* has some verses, not of her best kind, by

Miss Phœbe Cary; Miss Lily Nelson has some pretty lines "To a Caged Canary;" "Apple Blossoms" is verse, by Miss May Mather; and Dr. Parsons writes verses ("To a Lady with a Perfect Ear—of Corn") rather better than their title would lead one to expect—which is saying little enough when such a writer as Dr. Parsons is concerned. In prose we have "Forced Marches," by Mr. De Forest; an article on "Railroad Management," by Mr. Edward Howland; "Jarocho Life," by Captain Mayne Reid; a not very powerful "Galaxy Miscellany" of five articles; "Driftwood," by Philip Quilibet; some very slight criticism of some of the Academy Exhibition pictures, by S. S. Conant; some not quite so slight book notices, by Mr. Grant White; and a separate notice of Mrs. Edwards, by Mr. Eugene Benson. We impeach Mr. Benson of talking sad nonsense where he declares that Mrs. Edwards's books "are rich in an experience full of distinction." As for Mr. Quilibet, by the way, we should hardly have thought ourselves repaid for going through his "Driftwood" this month if we had not lighted on a statement which, if we do not misapprehend it, is to be something of a literary curiosity, and not without value to the future historian. Apparently the writer was sure that before his remarks on "A Nation's Repentance and Faith" should be printed Mr. Wade and his new Secretary of State would be in the places of Mr. Johnson, impeached and certain to be convicted, and Mr. Seward. "The best thing," he says, "the *late* administration did regarded Fenianism. . . . . We throttled Fenianism at Buffalo, and strangled it in our own hands at the very St. Albans which witnessed the Canadian raid of 1864."

Hours at Home for June is full of sound reading, well adapted to the taste of its subscribers. One of its articles, the opening essay, "On Stockholders," is worth the careful consideration of the very secular no less than the religious reader, and its writer does good service in laying before the public his mass of facts. James Greenwood's paper on "Pawnbrokery in London" needs no further description than is given when its title and the name of the writer are given. Professor A. J. Curtis contributes a more than ordinarily well written paper called "Friedhof, the Court of Peace," which treats with an agreeable freshness the hackneyed subject of graveyards. "A Newly-discovered Hymn of Calvin" is a passable translation, with one bad blunder, of an original hymn which M. Felix Bovet found in an old Genevese prayer-book, together with metrical versions of nine Psalms, Simeon's Song, and the Ten Commandments, and which he conjectured to be the work of the great reformer. The editors of the new Strasburg edition of Calvin's complete works supported M. Bovet's view, and have admitted the twelve pieces (in their original Old-French form) into the sixth volume of their set. The stanzas are destitute of merit as a hymn or as poetry, and have no characteristic marks of their authorship. "A Chat with the Austrian Premier," Baron Beust, is translated from the German. It is brief, and what there is in it is the talk of a diplomatist and of a diplomatist talking to a newspaper editor, yet the baron apparently spoke in honest explanation of his course as prime minister of Saxony, and apparently is confident in the duration of the liberalism which has just secured the Austrian helm of state. We publish elsewhere an article which perhaps contains the best of reasons why Francis Joseph and his Prime Minister should be Liberal.

"Lookout Mountain, and How we Won It," "Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia," "Shooting Stars, Detonating Meteors, and Aerolites," an instalment of Mrs. Craik's "Woman's Kingdom," a full "Editor's Drawer" of jokes, a more than usually loquacious "Easy Chair," chatting about young Mr. Tyng's troubles, the Dickens dinner, and the American-minister's-clothing question—this is the good and bountiful provision which *Harper's* for June sets before its half-million or more of readers. It is reading so good and so characteristic that the magazine with its immense circulation is a thing to rejoice over. It may almost be doubted if in virtue of their *Monthly* and *Weekly* periodicals, and we do not exclude the pervading *Bazar*, the Messrs. Harper have not been the most potent of late civilizers of the American people. Their influence must be, humanly speaking, incalculably great, and that it is, on the whole, a good influence, would not be denied even by the defunct Alabama Legislature. Readers of *Harper's*, if they do not practise deception on the simple-minded comic editor when they write letters to him, always "turn first to the 'Drawer.'" So it is only in the second place that they will this month turn to an account of Allan Pinkerton's discovery and frustration of the Baltimore plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln. It is an interesting story as told here, seems true and unvarnished, and is so capable of being worked up into an effective book that it will be a wonder if some Loyal League does not have it in paper-covers between now and September, or if Mr. Pinkerton does not fall a prey to Mr. Edmund Kirke or Mr. Abbott. "Woman's Beauty, How to Get and Keep It," has a general effect of dust and bitter ashes, being full of sub-carbonate and carbonate of soda, chlorate of potash, borax, and so on, and the apothecaries of the West, where the water is not good, if we may make bold to say so, and canned food causes the art of the pottinger to flourish, may expect a heavy run on their stores. The author of the "Loot of Lucknow" had better material than he very well knew how to use. "Drawing Bureau Rations" is very good and instructive.

Without doubt it is the same author, Colonel De Forest, who furnishes the one article in *Putnam's* for June that saves the number from altogether too much dulness. His "Low-down People" is exceedingly readable; we do not know where to direct the reader for anything like so vivid and accurate a description of the refuse of Southern white society. Perhaps the Greenville Bureau Major had no opportunity in the hill country to photograph the very worst specimens of this unfortunate class. The low-down person must have a sandy habitat near a fever-and-ague swamp to be found in the perfection of his almost miraculous worthlessness. *A priori* he seems an impossibility on this continent; but there he is by the hundred thousand, scattered through almost every slave State—a living proof, by the way, that there were worse conditions for man than that of Southern slavery. Mr. Duyckinck's revival of Dr. John Moore, author of "Zeluco," and father of Sir John, is another essay that we except, dubiously, from the general criticism we have just made. The magazine enters on its second volume with this number. We must not leave it without protesting against the libellous caricaturing of "prominent men" that has been going on in the last two or three numbers. The June Colfax is worse than the May Greeley or the April Beecher.

Lippincott's contains as its most noticeable article a long poem written expressly for the publishers by Mr. Swinburne, who foams at the mouth and flushes with feverous heats only a little this time. "Popular Novels" is grammatically correct criticism on Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and other novelists; "To Please Aunt Martha" is an agreeable little love story—a first one, we hope; "The Strange Passengers" is by Mrs. Prescott Spofford, who is best when, as here, least pretentious, "weird," and thrilling, and so forth. "American Culture" and "American Forest Trees" no one need read, and the same thing is to be said of "Across the Sierra Nevada," but not so absolutely. A shade better than these are the two articles on "The Home of Robert Burns" and "Major M. M. Noah," each of which gives us either a new story or a new version of an old one, but neither of which rises above the rank of padding. "Dallas Galbraith" goes on and continues to be a tolerably readable story, though perhaps it is dragging a little now.

Robert Buchanan has in the *Broadway* a somewhat affected piece on "Burns's First Bosom Friend," "Daintie Davie," whose suggestive surname was Sillar, and who merits no excess of affection on the part of the poet's admirers any more than he merited it from the poet. Mr. Buchanan in prose is almost sure to be offensive by his "bumptiousness" and the rolling of his poetic frenzied eye and his various affectations. He and Mr. Swinburne are enough to corrupt all the boys in the neighborhood.

The *Catholic World* is of average excellence this month. It selects from foreign sources several articles of interest and value. There is one noticeably interesting, translated from "Etudes Religieuses, etc., par des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus," which gives a new chapter—new to us, at any rate—in the natural history of the spider. "The Flight of Spiders" it is called, and the reverend observer, who writes very pleasantly indeed, tells how he has watched spiders ascending into the air till lost to sight, and how he has been entirely convinced that each year there is a general migration of spiders of certain sorts towards the atmosphere, where they pass the whole warm season, and whence they return only in the winter. The gossamer that used to puzzle our fathers is fully accounted for in the light of these newly-discovered facts—it is the web of these aerial spiders which some higher than ordinary fog has loaded with moisture and brought down to the earth. "John Tauler" is also from the French, and on a good subject, but desperately rhetorical and not instructive. "Sketches from the Life of St. Paula," and "An Italian Girl of Our Day," both from the French, are both for pious readers, and the latter will be much liked by persons who were affected by the religious part of Eugénie de Guérin's diary. It is the beginning of a series of the letters written to her betrothed by a young girl, Rosa Ferrucci, of lovely character and excellent mind, who died while the preparations for her marriage were making. Some of them are charming. "Edmund Campion," a readable account of the politico-religious martyr, opens with a statement to which a correspondent calls our attention, and which to mention is to condemn, as they say. The writer calls Elizabeth "Queen of Great Britain," which is to antedate the Union in a surprising and not allowable manner. "Mexico" is an aimless sort of a re-

view article which contains, however, a literary, or rather bibliographical, remark or two about Humboldt's "Mexico" that it may be well to remember. "Harem Life in Egypt" reviews with amusing respect Miss Emmeline Lott's rather sad performances; "Cowper, Keble, and Wordsworth" is nothing if not, or if it is, critical; "The Early Irish Church" is good reviewing by some one who apparently knows his subject. "The Episcopalian Confessional" is the sensational article of the number—or might be called so if the *Catholic World* ever descended to the sensational. Its conclusions will be accepted by most people. But the author makes rather a mess of it when he speaks of the Episcopal or Anglo-Catholic clergymen who hear confessions as if they were not penetrated by a sense of their supernatural calling to the work of hearing and absolving, and as if they were not exercising a power which they conceive to have been conferred upon them by the words of ordination. It is saying nothing to a Ritualist—in other words, an Anglican who hears confessions and absolves from sin—to talk to him as if he were a Protestant Episcopalian minister. Much, however, of what the writer in the *World* says would doubtless be accepted by the persons to whom it is addressed as true and well said. Aubrey de Vere has a sonnet on "Le Récit d'une Sœur."

We have not left ourselves space to speak at any great length of the June *Atlantic*, which, however, is not a number that demands much notice. Mr. Lowell's "June Idyl" is pretty much all of it. Mr. Eugene Benson talks more restrainedly than is common with him, and so that one can listen to him without more than an occasional shuddering, about Théophile Gautier. "A Literary Artist" is the second title of the essay. One notes the fact and thinks of a number of persons who just now are keeping themselves in a badly inflamed state about the junction of art, or Art, with Morality. To keep Art separate from Immorality is apparently not part of their mission, and really they are less "purely artistic" than most ruling elders, as far—only on the other side—as the ten commandments themselves from *un*-morality. However, this essay is a good one. Let us suggest to Mr. Benson—it is a small matter of phraseology merely; it is of no great consequence—that "haughty and unique thinkist" would probably have been the late Artemus Ward's way of depicting M. Baudelaire, and that to us, too, it seems better than "haughty and unique thinker." "Thinkist" goes more naturally with the adjectives. "The Discovery of Etherization" is an unhesitating ascription of the invention of the great anæsthetic to Doctor Jackson, and the evidence in his favor is put forth fully.

"The Talmud," by Dr. Stowe, gives some facts in regard to the history of that work, and an intelligible description of it. The writer, in using his various German authorities, has been quite careless, and bad work is made of the spelling of proper names. Meir, for example, is spelled in three ways; it never appears twice alike, and it never appears in its correct form. "Meyer" we have, and "Mair," and "Meier." The German j is also translated into the English *j*, instead of into *y*; the sound of *sh* in Hebrew is rendered by the German *sch* instead of by the English *sh*; and there are various similar mistakes, some of which are perhaps due to the printer, but some undoubtedly to the writer. "Vix" is a tribute full of good feeling, and pleasant to read, to a pet horse. "Abyssinia and King Theodore" we found readable; "St. Michael's Night" gives fair promise, or almost gives fair promise; "A Week on Capri," and the "Casa Guidi Windows," both by Mr. Taylor, one in verse, the other in prose, we found dull—indeed, dull to a great degree. "A Castle of Indolence" is good, after its kind; and "The Beauty of Trees" is tolerably good after its kind, and may probably be useful in bringing the Eastern farmer to a better mind than he has had heretofore—

> . . . . "For in the blood
> Of our new-world subduers, lingers yet
> Hereditary feud with trees"—

as Mr. Lowell says and as everybody sees who sees New England—a land of "side-hills" and "paster land" and nakedness.

If Mr. Lowell's admirers could have poems from him for the asking, a June idyl would probably be the second choice of nearly every one of them; doubtless a new "Biglow Paper" would be what they would wish for most. They have reason to be satisfied with what this *Atlantic* gives them. The idyl is not full of the rapture of June, as the little lyrical outburst in Sir Launfal is; this is evidently the June of other years; the poet now muses, possessing the month instead of being in a manner possessed by it and meditates and moralizes and indulges a thoughtful fancy. The poem is in a talking blank-verse, so to speak, which fits to admiration the substance of it. Occasionally matter and manner rise a little, or rather become a little more literary, or bookishly poetical, as poets' meditations are apt to become, we suppose. This is seen at the end. As we speak of the end of the poem, we quote a few verses, for the sake chiefly of the happy stroke with which the passage closes; though half the rest seems fine too:

> . . . . . "The sliding Charles,
> Blue towards the west, and bluer and more blue,
> Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes
> Look once and look no more, with southward curve
> Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair,
> Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold;
> From blossom-clouded orchards far away
> The bobolink tinkled; the deep meadows flowed
> With multitudinous pulse of light and shade
> Against the bases of the southern hills,
> While here and there a drowsy island rick
> Slept, and its shadow slept; the wooden bridge
> Thundered, and then was silent," etc.

This also ends in a lucky "statement of the thing:"

> "Under this willow often have I stretched,
> Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,
> And gathering virtue in at every pore,
> Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased,
> Or was transfused in something to which thought
> Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was lost,
> Gone from me like an ache, and what remained
> Became a part of the universal joy."

But we have no space to go over all the things that give us pleasure in the reading and recollection, nor to find the things that interfered somewhat with our perfect enjoyment of the poem.

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The Week.

The legislative event of the week has been the passage by the Senate of the bill admitting Arkansas. The House, it is expected, will make no difficulty about concurring in the Senate's amendment, which simply enacts that Arkansas shall not change her present constitution so far as it makes citizens of all colors (except, of course, the Indian not taxed) equal in all respects. In the House, the most important thing of the week has been the introduction of the new Tax bill by Mr. Schenck, who made a solid speech that will be read with interest. There has been, besides, a quantity of miscellaneous work done, some of it of a sort that it would have answered very well to have left undone. Miss Vinnie Ream, on motion of Mr. Bingham, was ordered out of a room in the Capitol which she has been occupying as a studio. Woolley, the contumacious witness, is to be confined in it—that is, it is to be used as a guard-house. On Wednesday week, in the Senate, there was a round of explanations from the senators who have been so much abused. A committee was appointed to examine and report whether attempts were made to intimidate or bribe senators during the impeachment. Mr. Ross made a speech which did him credit, and set an example that a hundred or more of the "eloquent" men in the "Halls of the Republic" might follow with great profit. It reads like the talk of a modest and honest man. Throughout the week the Woolley business has been constantly coming up, Mr. Butler succeeding in having his own way, but sometimes by bare majorities, for the House is evidently very sick of the business into which it let him lead it. On Monday, in the Senate, there was a warm debate on a resolution thanking Mr. Stanton for his services as Secretary of War both during and since the rebellion. Mr. Fessenden made a fine eulogy of Mr. Stanton, whose services to the country and whose character seemed to him to merit the very highest respect. The recent brief but fierce storm through which Mr. Fessenden himself has passed seemed to be in his mind. It certainly was in Mr. Henderson's, who voted against the vote of thanks, as did Mr. Fowler and Mr. Ross. Mr. Trumbull, on the other hand, and Mr. Van Winkle, like Mr. Fessenden, voted for it. So it is said that they, with Mr. Grimes, are going to hold entirely aloof from what is called the Chase movement, while the other three may go over to it. We suppose nobody ever, when at all cool, imagined Mr. Trumbull or Mr. Fessenden or Mr. Grimes out of the party. As to the others, the country knew less about them.

No progress has been made in getting anything out of Woolley. No more is known of what he did with that $20,000 than was known last week. The assumption in which the New York *Tribune* indulges every day, that it was used in the corruption of senators, is entirely gratuitous. Unhappily there is too much other corruption going on, a share in which Woolley would be afraid to own, to make his silence of any great value as evidence on this point. Miss Vinnie Ream has been turned out of the room in the Capitol basement in which she was moulding a statue of Lincoln, to allow it to be converted into what Democratic members call a "Bastille," but, in plain English, a place of confinement for Woolley. The interruption of Miss Ream's labors we are sorry not to be able to regret. The commission to make a statue of Lincoln ought never to have been given her, and the voting of it in the teeth of the remonstrances of everybody in either House who knew anything about art was simply a triumph of folly and ignorance.

If the majority in the House of Representatives have a real regard for the Republican party, they will take the great Woolley case out of the hands of Mr. Butler. His performances in it are doing serious injury. It will not do to depend too much on General Grant and the platform. They are both strong, but they need to be braced up by general good behavior on the part of other prominent politicians between now and November. In the first place, the general seizure of telegrams was a high-handed measure, seeing that the telegraph is now the means by which a large mass of private and confidential correspondence is carried on; but it is in certain cases a justifiable measure, and we think this Woolley case is one of them. Whenever the House orders such a thing, however, it ought to be very careful to whom it commits the execution of the order. A duty requiring more delicacy and discretion than that of going over them and picking evidence out of them it would be difficult to imagine. To say this is simply to say that it is not to Mr. Butler alone it ought to have been committed, nor even to a committee composed exclusively of persons of one party or of one way of thinking. As we have said before, the task of examining the evidence thus selected, and of deciding what portions of it should be published and what suppressed, ought not to have been left to a one-sided committee, much less, as it has in the main been left in this case, to Mr. Butler only. It gives him, as a correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* has pointed out, an opportunity of giving his enemies side stabs, and this is a kind of opportunity which he never misses. He has used it fully and adroitly in this case. We submit whether on the whole the House and the party have not had about enough of Mr. Butler. He certainly has no reason to complain of either. The House has given him an opportunity of displaying all his strong points. Nobody will now deny that he is the smartest, sauciest, most intrepid criminal lawyer that ever rasped a witness or bamboozled a jury. This confession made, what good purpose is served by allowing him to carry on a little game of mystification and vituperation with Mr. Woolley? The business of the House has been greatly interrupted by it, and the House itself has been disgraced by listening to

and confirming the smart quibbling by which Mr. Butler defended the exclusion of all anti-impeachers from the committee.

Mr. Schenck, from the Committee of Ways and Means, has made his financial statement to the House *apropos* of the new Tax bill. His speech had the merit of great clearness, and his views, in so far as he has developed them, are eminently sound and sensible. He acknowledges at last that he and the majority of last Congress were wrong in thinking that a whiskey tax of $2 a gallon could be collected. He confesses it has not been collected, and that under its operation, instead of getting $120,000,000 from whiskey duties, we only got this year $13,000,000. But this is not all. The high tax has spread fraud through every branch of the public service, and created an organized band of plunderers called the "whiskey ring," who for the last two years may almost be said to have governed the country, so far as they chose to govern it. Moreover, the manufacture and consumption of whiskey have been enormously increased by it, and thousands of men previously honest and upright have been seduced by it into perjury and peculation. Mr. Schenck now proposes to reduce the tax to 75 cents, as being the sum which distillers will pay sooner than cheat. If this be the conclusion to which the committee have come after careful investigation we have nothing to say, but Mr. Kelley's proposition to reduce the tax to 50 cents pleases us still better. From 75 cents Mr. Schenck calculates on a revenue of $70,000,000 during the coming year. We should not say one word by way of criticism on Mr. Schenck's conversion to the low rate if it were not that during the past two years he and others persisted in keeping on the $2, in the teeth of the experience of other countries, and of the principles of human nature. Now, there is no excuse, under all the circumstances, for insisting on our making the experiment ourselves, at such enormous cost, when it had been so effectually made for us by others. A more striking example than this of the value of study, observation, and a teachable spirit is not often afforded in politics. We beg to call the attention of the "Thoughtful Teetotaller" to it, as he will see by it that hatred of drunkenness is not all that is needed to qualify a man to legislate against it.

Mr. Schenck also proposes to consolidate and simplify the tobacco duties, to take away from street-car companies the power of exacting the tax on their receipts from their passengers, and to leave everything else where it is. The public income last year was $405,794,459; the expenses $379,178,066. The *probable* expenses of the coming year will be $352,320,629; the probable receipts, supposing the whiskey tax to reach $70,000,000, will be $406,560,000. Mr. Schenck wisely and nobly says: "There is but one way after all in which the debt of the country can be paid, and that is by working it out. Industry, commerce, the productions of labor and of the soil are eventually to pay the debt."

Other good features of the bill are the bestowal on the Commissioner of the Revenue of absolute control over the employees in the service, making him responsible for their behavior, thus giving the revenue service an accountable head, which it now has not, the President and Secretary of the Treasury being able under the present system to shift from one to the other any blame arising out of the rascalities of their subordinates. We have not seen the Tax bill; but we have no hesitation in saying that if it does not contain a provision protecting the commissioner against the influence of Congressmen, his control over his officers will amount to nothing, owing to the way in which appointments are made in the first instance. Nearly every revenue officer is either an active politician or is the *protégé* of an active politician. The first thing he will do, therefore, in case the commissioner punishes him, is to go to work to get his superior "decapitated," and in this he will have the active assistance of all the other knaves and their patrons, and they will in the end either drive the commissioner out of office or send him to the lunatic asylum. We appeal to anybody who knows how these things work to say whether this is an unreasonable prediction. We come back, therefore, once more to our old position, and say that, although the concentration of power in the hands of one person is a step in the right direction, he will bear the sword in vain unless the mode of appointment be also changed in the manner advocated by Mr. Jenckes. Public men are twisting and turning a good deal to avoid this, but to this they must come for radical reform, and we warn the public that all changes which do not involve this are delusive.

In his proposed legislation against the foreign brokers who come over here and do business at their rooms in the hotels, thus evading the tax of $22 exacted from the native brokers, Mr. Schenck seems to us to be falling into the error from which he has just been escaping on the whiskey business. He proposes to tax these foreign brokers $5,000, and if they do not pay to send them to the penitentiary. We predict that the result of this will be that the law will never be enforced, but that the fear of it will drive away any decent men there may be amongst these foreign brokers and fill their places with double-refined scoundrels, who will reduce illicit brokerage in hotel bedrooms to an art and sell more goods than ever. If they pay any money at all under the law, it will be to confederates in the revenue service. We draw our inspiration in this matter from the same source from which we obtained our inspiration with regard to the whiskey tax, about which, though we say it, we have prophesied with considerable success.

We have been looking anxiously through the week for a reply from Mr. Collector Smythe, of this port, to the charge made against him by Mr. Thurlow Weed on oath, of having taken into his serious consideration, or, in other words, "consulted" with two persons about the propriety of bribing United States senators sitting as judges in a legal investigation. Failing a satisfactory reply, we are still in hopes of Mr. Smythe's resignation. The *Sun* thinks we are too sanguine in expecting his resignation, inasmuch as, if he felt rightly about his own position and character, he would have resigned at the time of the "Mrs. Perry" scandal. We excused him for his share in that affair, however, on the ground that he had just taken his first plunge into "politics"—as this disgusting jobbery and intrigue is called—and in conniving at the misappropriation of the public funds simply did what his predecessors had been doing, and what, under the present system, any collector must do to keep his place. But the bribing of senators in an impeachment trial is something entirely novel, and is not, under any existing theory or practice, a legitimate portion of the duties of a United States collector of customs. In "consulting" upon it—if "consult" he did—Mr. Smythe drew from his own private fountain of wickedness, and we therefore again suggest that he either answer Mr. Weed's charge, or pay his neighbors a small tribute of respect by resigning.

The Radical editors of Missouri have just been holding a convention, at which they mutually pledged themselves hereafter to think for themselves on political questions, and not to accept their opinions ready-made from Congressional politicians, or to advocate everything which a small caucus in Washington decides upon as the party policy. A convention of this kind ought to be ludicrous, but it is not. It ought to be as absurd for editors to meet together and interchange vows of independence and honesty as for women to bind themselves in council to be chaste, or for lawyers to make a covenant with each other not to cheat their clients. As matters stand, however, the public reads of a convention of this kind with tears of pious emotion, and the editors have probably gone home, thinking, and thinking rightly, that they have been taking part in a revolution. There are plenty of papers, of course, all over the country whose editors think for themselves naturally, and for their own comfort and credit, as they wash their faces or pay their rent, without registering a vow to do so; but then there is a vast body who receive their opinions by mail, and construct them on a model with Chinese reverence for authority. If this Missouri movement should spread, it will not only raise the profession of journalism in the estimation of mankind, but it will give journalism a claim to the gratitude of mankind such as it has never had. It will help to destroy utterly the old Democracy—a great flock led by two or three shepherds, with party editors barking round the outskirts to keep the sheep together, and to hasten the reign of the new democracy, in which a party is a great collection of intelligent men, bound together by a few

leading ideas, differing freely on minor ones, reaching their conclusions by reason and discussion and not by dreams and animal secretions, and aided in the discussion by a press which makes it its business to test both legislators and legislation by principles. In such a party as that, men like Trumbull and Fessenden will not be "read out" by men like Colonel Forney and General John Cochrane.

Our readers may remember that during the interval between the two votes in the impeachment trial, Senator Ross received a telegram informing him that "Kansas had heard the evidence" and demanded conviction. We have ever since been curious to know what kind of tribunal "Kansas" was, where it sat, and how it took evidence, whether orally or by written interrogatory, or by common rumor. Our curiosity has been satisfied by another telegram sent to Mr. Ross in reply to one of his, saying that he would vote according to the dictates of his judgment and in obedience to his oath. This second telegram shows that the court called "Kansas" is composed of "D. R. Anthony and others," and it delivers a calm opinion on Mr. Ross's share in the judgment of the court below in the following chaste and elegant language:

"Hon. E. G. Ross, United States Senator, Washington, D. C.:

"Your telegram received. Your vote is dictated by Tom Ewing, not by your oath. Your motives are Indian contracts and greenbacks. Kansas repudiates you as she does all perjurers and skunks.

"D. R. ANTHONY AND OTHERS."

Mr. Buchanan is dead, after a long and, on the whole, brilliant career. He may be considered the last of a school of statesmen who have left no successors, and who, for want of a better name, may be called a "sensational" school. Their great aim during the greater portion of their career was to turn the national attention away from slavery by a succession of startling strokes and brilliant effects, sometimes in home and sometimes in foreign politics. Mr. Buchanan was very bold where it would have been well to be cautious and prudent; and in the great crisis of his public life, when courage was the one thing needful, he proved the most timid of men. But of his kind of politician he had in his day few superiors.

The Cable brings the news that Mr. Disraeli has "written a reply to Mr. Gladstone," admitting that further resistance to the Church bill is hopeless, and announcing that he will offer no further opposition to its passage. To what this was "a reply," and why it was written instead of being spoken in the House of Commons, we are unable to say. It is not very important in any case. The bill had been "committed" by a large majority in a full house, and its passage in the Commons, at least, was certain, no matter what Mr. Disraeli's feelings might be. His assent to its passage only makes his retention of office more embarrassing and less defensible. The only excuse he has for staying in is that a dissolution must legally take place in the winter, in order to bring the new Reform bill into operation, and he wants to see what the effect on his fortunes of the new election by the new constituencies will be before he resigns. Nobody else has the least doubt what the effect will be, and people believe that he has none either, so his course simply resolves itself into a vigorous effort to stay nine months longer in office. The Church bill prohibits the filling of any vacancy in any archbishopric or bishopric which may hereafter occur, or any new appointment to any living in the gift of the Crown or of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and directs that when benefices fall vacant, temporary provision simply shall be made for the spiritual wants of the parish. The act continues in force till August, 1869, and is of course simply an essential preliminary to more elaborate legislation for the formal extinction of the Establishment. The Irish bishops have protested in an address to the Queen, the Archbishop of Armagh at their head. He is a Beresford, and it is calculated that his family have, in different generations, drawn nearly $20,000,000 from the Church Establishment. It is not uncharitable to say that the archbishop's objections to the whole movement are natural.

The great event of the week in Paris has been M. Thiers's speech on the treaty of commerce with England. M. Thiers is an intense protectionist, but his advocacy of the cause is marred by total ignorance of, and in fact great contempt for, political economy and political economists. Indeed, he makes a boast of not studying the works of these gentlemen, his dislike of them being due, it is suggested by some of his enemies, to their want of imagination. He assailed the treaty on two grounds—one, on which he was very strong, the assumption of the Emperor to regulate the commercial policy of the country by treaty; and the other, on which he was very weak, the condition of trade and industry, in consequence of the treaty. Here he falls an easy prey to the economists, and he has accordingly been vigorously bombarded by them. M. Benard has launched a pamphlet at him, in which he twits him with a few of his old predictions about wool duties and railroads; but his most formidable antagonist is M. Dupontis, writing in the *Journal des Débats*. In 1859, he shows, France exported manufactured articles to the value of $280,000,000; in 1867, to the value of $356,000,000. Her total exports to England during the same period had increased from $118,000,000 to $230,000,000 in 1867, and the advance with all other countries is in the same proportion. Her general trade in 1859 amounted to $1,082,000,000; it amounted in 1866 to $1,625,000,000. In fact, there has not been a period of such extraordinary commercial prosperity in the whole of French history. The provisions of the treaty have since 1860 been extended to Belgium, the Zollverein, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden and Norway, Holland, Spain, and Austria. Certain branches of trade—iron-works, for instance—are depressed, but an enormous manufacture of machinery has sprung up in consequence of the admission of cheap iron, enabling the French to compete successfully in foreign markets with the English and Belgians. In other branches of industry, too, there is just at present more or less depression, owing to political uncertainty and the bad harvests of last year. One of M. Thiers's opinions is that there should be corn-laws keeping up the price of grain to a "reasonable price." He alleges that the fluctuations have been much more frequent and violent under the free-trade policy than under the protectionist one.

The point that the Emperor has no right to settle the commercial policy of the country on his own mere motion M. Thiers pressed with great force, informing the ministers that, "august" as the Emperor was, "august" as everybody in the Tuileries must be considered, there was something in France still more "august," and that was the nation, throwing into vigorous prose the idea which Mr. Bright not long ago borrowed, in one of his most powerful and effective perorations, from, he said, an "old Puritan poet," in the lines:

> "There is, on earth, a yet auguster thing,
> Veiled though it be, than parliament or king."

M. Thiers maintains that, as the state of things for which England has been striving for one hundred and fifty years is now established on the Continent, in the erection of a great power hostile to France, and of which France is really afraid, the commercial treaty with her might be abrogated without risk. Having got what most she wants, she would not fight.

Austria has at last come to terms with the German Zollverein. There was a commercial treaty between Austria and Prussia from 1849 to 1865, the terms of which were imposed by Austria. In 1865, Prussia having recovered her freedom and become more confident in her strength, refused to renew it, and entered into the Anglo-French treaty with France, and asked Austria to join. Austria refused, and tried to get the South German States to leave the Zollverein and join her in a protectionist league of their own, but they declined. She has accordingly during the last two years been trying a high tariff on her own account, but it has broken down. With cheap goods on every side of them the people would not submit to it, and Baron Beust has given way, and has negotiated a treaty with the Zollverein early in this year, which is now before the Customs Parliament and will doubtless be passed. The treaty lowers the Austrian duties on most articles, in various degrees ranging from sixty to ten per cent.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

THE moderation, foresight, and sound judgment manifested by the Chicago Convention, alike in the selection of candidates and the construction of a platform, have given new justification to the preference which the American people have given for the last forty years to the system of nomination by delegates chosen for the particular purpose, over the former system of nomination by the members of Congress in caucus. It seems strange, on some accounts, that it should be so; yet there can be no doubt that a Republican Congressional caucus would have greatly imperilled, by its rashness, the party victory which the Convention has done much, by its prudence, to secure.

This unexpected moderation, in the very height of a passionate excitement over the failure of impeachment, which might naturally have misled the Convention, has given a warning to the Democratic party which its Eastern managers, at any rate, are disposed to heed. The preference of a majority of the party for Pendleton, and a platform committed half-way to repudiation, and unequivocally against negro suffrage, is beyond doubt; and the personal inclinations of three-fourths of the nominating convention will be in the same direction. But the desire of the delegates for success in the campaign will probably suffice to overcome their attachment to candidates and principles, if they can be convinced that the latter impulse can be gratified only at the expense of the former.

The nomination of Pendleton, upon a platform taken from his speeches, would excite the enthusiasm and zeal of the "Old-line Democrats" to a degree which could not be surpassed by any other scheme, and which might not be attained under any other candidate, except, possibly, Horatio Seymour. The workers of the party would labor in such a cause with all the energy that party pride and personal attachment could inspire, in addition to that which comes from the hope of office, and would be encouraged by the general and unselfish enthusiasm of the mass of the party.

This peculiar and valuable zeal cannot be aroused by any candidate of less pronounced opinions. It cannot be bought or coaxed into existence. The desire of office is a very important motive to the Democratic mind, probably strong enough to outweigh any other single consideration; but it does not make the work of a campaign as easy as it is when all motives are brought into full play. The nomination of General Hancock, and still more that of Chief-Justice Chase, would awake no other enthusiasm among old-fashioned Democrats than such as springs purely from the love of place and power. This is a very serious drawback to the advantages which might be gained by such nominations.

On the other hand, there are strong objections, on grounds of policy, to the nomination of Mr. Pendleton. He is extremely obnoxious to all supporters of the war on the part of the North, and to all men who are honest enough to be squarely opposed to repudiation of the war debt. And he cannot get the vote of any self-respecting colored man, except by force or fraud. The blots upon his record concerning the war and the debt are certain to prevent his carrying any of the New England States, and would make him the weakest candidate that could be named for the Middle States, while his general reputation would deprive him of every electoral vote south of Maryland, except, perhaps, that of Arkansas. With no reasonable hope of carrying Pennsylvania or Ohio, and but very slender chances in New York, he would start in the canvass at a vast disadvantage. Indeed, if we are right in believing that he cannot carry Pennsylvania, his case is hopeless; for, as we shall demonstrate, the vote of that State is indispensable to the election of a Democratic President.

The reconstruction of the insurrectionary States under universal suffrage is now substantially complete. Virginia, Alabama, and Texas are the only States which have not yet adopted new constitutions. Alabama will undoubtedly adopt a constitution upon a new vote being taken. Virginia and Texas seem likely to delay their reorganization until after November. If they do not, it will be because a majority of their voters are Republicans; and in that case we shall have understated the Republican strength.

Assuming that the reconstructed Southern States are to be admitted in time to vote at the Presidential election, we think the electoral vote should be divided as follows, classing as doubtful all States the result in which cannot be foreseen with moral certainty:

REPUBLICAN.		DEMOCRATIC.	
Maine,	7	New Jersey,	7
New Hampshire,	5	Delaware,	3
Vermont,	5	Maryland,	7
Massachusetts,	12	Kentucky,	11
Rhode Island,	4		
South Carolina,	6		
Louisiana,	7		
Ohio,	21		
Michigan,	8		
Wisconsin,	8		
Kansas,	3		
Minnesota,	4		
Iowa,	8		
	98		28

PROBABLY REPUBLICAN.		PROBABLY DEMOCRATIC.	
Pennsylvania,	26	Connecticut,	6
West Virginia,	5	New York,	33
North Carolina,	9	Georgia,	9
Florida,	3	Arkansas,	5
Alabama,	8	California,	5
Mississippi,	7	Oregon,	3
Tennessee,	10		
Indiana,	13		
Illinois,	16		
Missouri,	11		
Nebraska,	3		
Nevada,	3		
Total,	212	Total,	89

Of the doubtful States, while we expect them to vote as we have indicated, we believe that the votes of a majority will depend greatly upon the course of future events, and especially upon the action of the Democratic Convention next July.

No reasonable politician will dispute with us as to the vote of any State included in our list of certainties, except as to New Hampshire, Ohio, and Wisconsin on one side, and New Jersey on the other. We have put these States in accordance with their last votes; and though we are aware that enthusiastic friends of Mr. Pendleton insist that he can carry Ohio, we do not see the least reason to believe it. The position of the other States referred to scarcely needs any comment. We wish we could see a chance for redeeming New Jersey from its present masters; but the largeness of the Democratic vote last fall leaves no room for hope.

Connecticut having given Governor English 1,750 majority, on the largest vote ever polled, must be conceded as likely to vote the same way in November. There was a larger fraudulent vote cast there in April than can be polled next fall; but after allowing for this, the majority for a Democratic candidate of good antecedents is likely to be over 500. We do not think, however, that Mr. Pendleton, or any one like him, could carry the State at all. Mr. English carried it by the aid of "Conservative Republican" votes; and though Senator Dixon and his friends in office may feel bound to adhere to his new allies under all circumstances, his Republican friends who are not collectors or postmasters will not agree with him.

New York will be hotly contested, both parties being sanguine of success, and both having such chances as may well induce each to make its utmost effort. Besides its thirty-three Presidential electors, the State elects a governor, representatives to Congress, and the lower branch of the Legislature, upon the complexion of which depends the choice of a United States senator. The probabilities are that the Democrats can carry the State for any candidate except Pendleton, and elect their governor, but that the Republicans will carry the Legislature, and therefore the United States senator. The Democratic majorities are furnished principally by the cities of New York and Brooklyn, which last fall gave 74,000 Democratic majority, and will next fall give

at least 80,000. The rest of the State gave 27,000 Republican majority last year, but gave 70,000 for Governor Fenton in 1866. Fenianism helped the Republicans in 1866 as it never will again, and there is no ground for expecting that even the excitement of a Presidential campaign will draw out a larger Republican majority in the interior of the State than was polled in 1866. This calculation would leave a Democratic majority in the whole State of about 10,000. But this does not carry the Legislature with it. Enormous majorities concentrated in small districts are not as available for this purpose as small majorities scattered over the whole State. There are several Assembly districts which give the Democratic party from seventy to ninety per cent. of their vote; while the Republican assemblymen rarely obtain sixty per cent. of the vote cast; but they are none the less sure of their election. New York city and Brooklyn elect thirty members of the Assembly, who will probably be all Democrats; but the rural districts elect ninety-eight members, of whom the Republicans seldom fail to have at least seventy—a clear majority of the whole. This is not the result of any unfair apportionment; it is merely the natural consequence of the concentration of the Democratic vote in one corner of the State.

Pennsylvania gave a small Democratic majority last fall; but only on personal grounds, many Republicans preferring the Democratic nominee for judge of the Supreme Court. The State is somewhat doubtful, and will be vigorously fought for; but we cannot see any reason to believe that it can be carried for any candidate yet named among the Democratic party. We feel quite sure that Mr. Pendleton could not get its vote.

West Virginia will become more doubtful as the course of time diminishes the force of her laws excluding rebels from voting. The sons of rebels will vote, and will be apt to vote for the restoration of their fathers to political privileges. But, for this year, the State is likely to remain with the Republican party, unless its zealots succeed in turning out all the friends of the two senators from that State, as they are trying to do.

North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee cannot fail to vote for Grant unless the Democratic party should adopt a candidate and a platform which would divide the colored voters—an improbable event. If Governor Brownlow should die, and his successor fail to administer the registry laws with Brownlow's stern determination, the vote of Tennessee would become doubtful in any aspect of the canvass.

Georgia has given the Republican governor only 7,600 majority, and the negro vote was divided. The white vote will be larger in the fall, and it seems probable that the State will be carried for any Democratic nominee not personally obnoxious to the colored people.

Arkansas gave no more than between one and two thousand majority for reconstruction, and we think that will be overbalanced at the next election by additional white votes.

Missouri, like West Virginia and Tennessee, owes its Republican majority to disfranchising laws, which become ineffective through mere lapse of time. We think that Grant will carry the State, but it is not absolutely certain.

Indiana is a closely contested State, with a naturally small majority either way. Its population has been largely increased of late by immigration from the South, and for this reason we think it much more doubtful than it has been for some years past. If the Republican nominations were less popular than they are, we should concede the State to the Democrats.

Illinois gave a Republican majority of 56,000 in 1866, and it may therefore seem a needless concession to call it doubtful. But this large majority was partly derived from Fenian aid, and cannot be repeated. Still, we see no reason to believe that the State will fail to give 20,000 to 30,000 majority for Grant.

Nebraska gave only a small Republican majority in 1866, which may have been overcome by the immigration of the last two years, though we think not.

Nevada, California, and Oregon are controlled by similar influences, and California especially is receiving large accessions from the Southern States. We do not think that the Republicans can regain it, and we are not over-confident that they will retain Nevada. But that is a small matter.

We are not yet satisfied that the Democratic Convention can be induced to nominate Mr. Chase; and our calculations are not, therefore, made upon the basis of his nomination. If, by any extraordinary influence, the Convention should be led to accept him, and the party could agree to support him, he might, and probably would, carry several States which otherwise are hardly doubtful.

To elect their candidate the Democrats must carry, in addition to the States which we have mentioned as likely to vote for them, the States of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana, Missouri, Nebraska, and Nevada, with either Illinois or some one of the reconstructed States, besides Georgia and Arkansas. If they carry Illinois, they can spare either Missouri or the three small States. Even with the aid of Pennsylvania their task is a discouraging one; but without that aid it seems to us hopeless. How, under these circumstances, the party can imagine the success of Mr. Pendleton to be possible, is beyond our comprehension, unless they contemplate his installation by force, on the ground that the Southern votes should not be counted. But this is a step for which they are not prepared, and any attempt at which would only result in the destruction of the faction guilty of it.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S SPEECH ON THE CURRENCY.

It must be admitted that the fears which many people entertained after the war was over touching the prominence in our legislative bodies which successful soldiers would probably acquire, have been proved groundless in a very striking way by the facts. It is remarkable but true, and true almost without exception, that the military temper—impetuosity, impatience of discussion or delay, love of arbitrary procedure, contempt for study and experience—has been shown during the last three years by civilians, or by nominal soldiers, who did little or none of soldiers' work, properly so-called. The real soldiers, men who had won distinction in the battle-field and on the march, have, in the great majority of cases where they have been called into political life, shown the possession of the political sense in a very high degree, and have brought to the treatment of political questions not only as much knowledge as the civilians, but a judgment and discretion to which most of the civilians who are most active as legislators can lay no claim.

Of this class of soldiers whose services in the field seem to have prepared rather than spoiled them for political life, General Garfield, of Ohio, is an excellent specimen.

Bred a lawyer, he was, at the time he entered the service, at the head of a college in Ohio, in the district represented for twenty years before by Joshua R. Giddings. At the time of his unsolicited nomination and election—for he was absent in the field—the doubt entered many minds whether he could hold the position in Congress in the place which his predecessor had so worthily filled. But this doubt is set at rest. True upon all the questions of reconstruction and of equal rights, General Garfield has, since his entrance into Congress, recognized the fact that the great question looming up in the future—the rock on which we might yet be stranded—was the great fiscal question, the question of currency and taxation, and to this he has applied himself with indomitable industry. In his speech upon "The Currency," delivered on the 15th May, he has proved his power to become a leader of his constituents upon this matter; and although a majority of them may have been deluded by the arguments of politicians of the Butler stamp, or disheartened and confused by the weakness of their own Senator Sherman (who of all men should have stood firm), yet we doubt not that before the nomination for the autumn campaign they will be glad to continue their good practice of retaining an able and an honest man as their representative, as they did his predecessors, one for sixteen, the other for twenty years.

Although he is without practical experience in financial matters, General Garfield's speech is not the speech of a mere theorist or doctrinaire. He does not attribute *all* our difficulties to a bad money system, as many of our so-called *financiers* are apt to do, but he has recognized the need of "patient examination of facts, and careful study of principles which do not always appear on the surface, and which involve the most difficult problems of political economy;" and he exhibits that wisdom so rare among the people of this country, of

being willing to "consent to be instructed by the experience of other nations."

We shall give a short sketch of his speech, advising any reader of the *Nation* to write to him for a full copy. He first proves that our so-called hard times bear no comparison to the difficulties with which other countries which have not been in active war are struggling, but he shows that almost every country in Europe is suffering from a dearth of food and from stagnation of trade to a far greater extent than we are, rightly attributing this state of things to the condition of passive war involved in the maintenance of standing armies of 3,000,000 men at an annual cost of $1,000,000,000. He next proves that our civil war and the return to peace produced an industrial revolution in this country; first, the war gave an undue stimulus to many branches, we may say to most branches, of industry, resulting in an over-investment of capital in many of them, which can only be corrected by our rapid increase of population. He rightly says: "Rising prices increased the profits of business, but this prosperity was caused by the great demand for products, and not by the abundance of paper money. As a means of transacting the vast business of the country, a great volume of currency was indispensable; and its importance cannot well be over-estimated. But let us not be led into the fatal error of supposing that paper money created the business or produced the wealth. As well might it be alleged that our rivers and canals produce the grain which they float to market. Like currency, the channels of commerce stimulate production, but cannot nullify the inexorable law of demand and supply."

We think he alleges too positively that the rise in prices was not in part, at least, the result of the issue of paper money; and he also admits too fully the need of more currency than we had, although he touches upon the fact elsewhere that an excessive issue of currency stimulated exchange and speculation of the gambling kind; hence, when the war ended, and the whole army of men returned to peaceful pursuits, too large a proportion were tempted into trade, and too small a portion returned to the production of commodities, the exchange of which constitutes trade. To this cause, we think, may be attributed the peculiar condition of the past winter; in the cities there has doubtless been more than the usual amount of destitution and want, while in every part of the country there has been a vehement cry for more labor, both male and female, and in almost every branch of occupation pursued in the country districts, whether mechanical or agricultural. To quote the words of another of our successful generals, now settled in the interior of Missouri, "law, physic, and merchandise are full; brains at a discount—muscle wanted."

General Garfield next gives a compact and clear statement of the function of money, ending with these conclusions:

"When the money of the country is gold and silver, it adapts itself to the fluctuations of business without the aid of legislation. If, at any time, we have more than is needed, the surplus flows off to other countries through the channels of international commerce. If less, the deficiency is supplied through the same channels. Thus the monetary equilibrium is maintained.

"Not so, however, with an inconvertible paper currency. Excepting the specie used in the payment of customs and the interest on our public debt, we are cut off from the money currents of the world. Our currency resembles rather the waters of an artificial lake which lie in stagnation or rise to full banks at the caprice of the gate-keeper.

"Gold and silver abhor depreciated paper money, and will not keep company with it. If our currency be more abundant than business demands, not a dollar of it can go abroad; if deficient, not a dollar of gold will come in to supply the lack. *There is no legislature on earth wise enough to adjust such a currency to the wants of the country.*"

We mark the last paragraph in italics, as it presents a truth which many of our legislators fail to perceive.

He next meets the insane or iniquitous proposals for an increase of currency by affirming that

"No such change of values [as would be produced by an increase] can occur without cost. Somebody must pay for it. Who pays in this case? We have seen that doubling the currency finally results in reducing the purchasing power of each dollar one-half; hence every man who held a legal-tender note at the time of the increase, and continues to hold it till the full effect of the increase is produced, suffers a loss of fifty per cent. of its value; in other words, he pays a tax to the amount of half of all the currency in his possession. No more unequal or unjust mode of taxation can possibly be devised. Some one may say: 'This depreciation would fall upon capitalists and rich men who are able to bear it.' If this were true it would be no less unjust. But unfortunately the capitalists would suffer less than any other class. The new issue would be paid in the first place in large amounts to the creditors of the Government; it would pass from their hands before the depreciation had taken full effect, and, passing down step by step through the ranks of middlemen, the dead weight would fall at last upon the laboring classes in the increased price of all the necessaries of life. It is well known that, in a general rise of prices, wages are among the last to rise."

This truth has been by no one better stated, and there is ample evidence that the mass of the people are becoming alive to the fact that such is the truth; and hence we find politicians of the Butler stamp attempting to explain away what they have said.

We cannot help regretting that General Garfield should have presented in his speech a specific plan for the resumption of specie payment. It is open to criticism and does not seem to us a good one. We know that he attaches but little importance to it himself, and we regret that attention should by it be diverted from the principles so logically and ably presented in the main body of the speech.

The question of resuming specie payment is one of *will*. If bank officers and experts in finance do not join heartily in devising the easiest and safest method—and we fear that many of them are passively opposed to any speedy method—we may rest assured that the *will* of the people will manifest itself and bring about the result at any cost and at any sacrifice of the interest of the banks, or any other special interests which may stand in the way, and with much greater difficulty and disaster than is absolutely necessary in the process.

In fact, we believe with General Garfield that the most difficult point has been passed. Our enormous natural resources are asserting their full power, and, notwithstanding the alleged stagnation and depression of business, the fact that the receipts of our railroads and canals are greater than ever before, although the prices of freight are lower than they have been, proves that the aggregate exchange of commodities is larger, and that production, the true test of prosperity, is increasing at an enormous rate. The vehement demand for labor in almost every department of industry further proves that production and exchange do not, on the whole, fail to pay a profit to the capital which is the fund from which all wages are paid.

JUDICIAL INDEPENDENCE.

THE three great questions of the day we hold to be the reform of the civil service, the condition of the judiciary, and the finances. As regards the first, we see good reason for feeling hopeful. The performances of the whiskey ring are doing for it what years of honest agitation could hardly have done; it has enlisted the services of able and energetic men in Congress, and a larger and larger proportion of the public is every day convinced of its importance. Besides, its evils lie on the surface, or, as the French say, "they leap into your eyes." No means have as yet been discovered of disguising or defending them.

The judiciary and the finances, on the other hand, labor under unusual difficulties. The issue of legal-tenders in paper has caused great confusion in the popular mind touching the nature and functions of money, and it is this confusion which those who are now contending for the honorable discharge of all the national obligations find their greatest impediment. Once let the great mass of the people be convinced that the greenback is not money, but a promise to pay money, and that, though it may temporarily and imperfectly serve the purposes of money, it cannot without absurdity be tendered in final discharge of the debts of the issues of it, the repudiation movement will be at an end. That we shall reach this consummation before many months we do not doubt.

As regards the judiciary, however, a number of circumstances, only indirectly affecting it, combine to render reform in it exceedingly and increasingly difficult. Nobody who has observed how much what Carlyle calls the "earth-rind of habit" has to do with maintaining good government, as well as with maintaining abuses, can witness without alarm anything which tends to blur or distort the popular conception of the nature and functions of a court of justice, or of the place filled in society by the judges. There can hardly be a greater misfortune than the occurrence of anything which accustoms people to think of a court as an agent, a servant, a delegate, or, in fact, as anything but pure judg-

ment. Now, various incidents have of late been helping to convert the judges in the popular eye into mere delegates, the instruments not of abstract justice, but of the majority, and not even of the popular will in fair weather, but of the popular will in a storm.

In the first place, the introduction of the plan of electing the judges has been gradually assimilating in the popular eye the functions of courts to those of the legislatures, and has been leading people to consider the judge's decision in all cases in which the party which elected him is interested as much its due as the votes of the men it has sent to the legislature. We could give numberless illustrations of this, if they were needed; nearly everybody is familiar with it. This tendency was stimulated by the conduct of the Supreme Court in the slavery controversy. The popular respect for that court was enormous, and was, it is safe to say, one of the most valuable of the national possessions, when the Court itself destroyed it in a day by presuming too much on it in the Dred Scott decision. Then the expediency of "reorganizing" the court, with the view of making it the minister of the popular will on the question of slavery, began immediately to be discussed and to grow in favor. The complications arising out of the reconstruction problem have increased the suspicion with which it has been regarded, and led to more vehement denunciation of the judges, and more earnest questioning of their right to oppose themselves in their decisions to the prevailing sentiment of the hour, not on slavery only but on any question. The duty of all judges to submit themselves to the voice of the people, and the meanness and dishonesty of all judges who refuse to do so, has been a favorite subject on the stump for the last two years. In fact, fierce denunciations of the court in anticipation of possible decisions on probable cases were a favorite occupation of Mr. Boutwell and other Radical leaders in the early part of last winter.

Most inopportunely at this juncture came the impeachment trial before the Senate. It was undoubtedly the intention of the framers of the Constitution not that the Senate should try impeachments, but that the senators, and no others, should be members of the court for the trial of impeachment. In other words, they did not mean to add to the duties of the Senate; they simply determined the composition of the court, and when a senator took his place in it he ceased to be a senator or delegate or representative, and became simply a judge. His character is fixed still more clearly by the proceeding. The oath administered to him to decide "according to the law and the evidence," the presentation of the charges in formal articles, the hearing of witnesses and counsel, the presence of the Chief-Justice, all proved clearly that the minute a senator takes his place in the "High Court" his connection with his constituents is severed *ad hoc*. He is then under no responsibility to anybody but God and right reason. Now, this transformation it was hard for the popular mind, especially in a time of great excitement, to follow. It needed, in following it, all the help it could get from the press and from influential politicians. A portion of the press did its duty as well as it could, but it was a kind of duty that it was difficult under the circumstances to do otherwise than timidly. The other portion of it which made itself the instrument of folly and fanaticism was under no restraint whatever, and under the play of its rhetoric the judicial character of the Senate, faint from the beginning, gradually disappeared from the mind of a portion of the Republican party.

That it was a great mistake to impose any such duty as the trial of impeachment cases on the Senate, or, rather, that impeachment should have been made a judicial process at all, or anything more than the removal of the President, as a legislative act, by a two-thirds vote, we think the result of the late trial proves. But this result has been unfortunate in more ways than one. It has not simply proved the unfitness of a legislative body, under such a government as ours, for purely judicial functions; but it has helped to increase the confusion in the popular mind touching the nature of judicial functions. We think under this aspect the late trial has done mischief from the effects of which it will take all that every intelligent writer and talker in the country can do for some time to come to enable the public to recover, for it has strengthened and confirmed the already too prevalent opinion that it is the duty of the judge to carry out the will of "the people" (the majority) in every case about which the people cares anything—or, in other words, in the very cases in which judicial independence is most needed.

We have been induced to come back to this subject by the letter in another column, signed "S.," on the subject of Mr. Wade's vote on the verdict. The casting of that vote, and the small amount of reprehension it has excited, would of themselves furnish all the justification we need for the amount of attention we have bestowed on the nature of the trial. Mr. Wade is not only utterly unconscious himself of the impropriety of his own conduct, but he and his friends evidently think it was something very fine. Now, we can discuss his conduct on the impeachment trial only as the conduct of a judge. No matter what he may say or think, we *know* he was there as a judge and as nothing else, because we know the oath he took, and we know that, after he had taken that oath, he was no more responsible for what he did in his judicial character to the Republican party or the people of Ohio than to the Austrian Reichsrath. Therefore, when Mr. Johnson was brought before him, and he perceived that the result of a verdict of guilty would be to give him, Benjamin Wade, a free house, $25,000 a year, a place of power and much dignity, a great increase in the number of his friends, and the disposal of forty thousand offices, more or less—in other words, a prize so enormous that there is no man in public life whose head is not completely turned by the smallest prospect of it, his plain duty was to abstain from all share whatever in the proceedings. The rule is clear, and is as old as civilization. It is embedded in the human conscience as well as in the common law. It does not need a direct bribe to disqualify a judge. It only needs interest in the result. Hobbes stated it admirably when he said:

> "And seeing every man is presumed to do all things in order to his own benefit, no man is a fit arbitrator in his own cause, *and if he were never so fit.* . . . For the same reason no man ought to be received for arbitrator *to whom greater profit or honor or pleasure* apparently ariseth out of the victory of one party than of the other, *for he hath taken, though an unavoidable bribe, yet a bribe,* and no man can be obliged to trust him."

Moreover, the Constitution excludes the Vice-President from all participation in the trial of the President on this ground. That the exclusion was not made to cover the President of the Senate in the trial of the Vice-President when acting as President was doubtless due to the feeling that the contingency was too remote to make it worth providing for. But the rule as it stands furnishes an analogy which Mr. Wade and his friends ought not to have disregarded. We must not be told that Mr. Wade is honest, or would not be warped by his interest in the result. He has no right to ask us to trust him. It is only a part of a judge's duty, as we took the liberty of saying when discussing Chief-Justice Chase's position some months ago, to be honest; a more important part still is to inspire the public with confidence in the administration of justice, and this there cannot be if judges decide causes by which they lose or gain, though their virtue be adamantine. Bacon said in his apology, when charged with corruption, that though he might have made suitors pay for just decrees, he never made them pay for unjust ones; but this excuse was worthless, because, as Bentham says, "it was notorious he took money for his decrees, and disputable whether they were just or no, and the Court of Chancery, therefore, wore in the eye of the public the appearance of a great auction-room, in which all the fortunes of the kingdom were selling to the best bidder, for the benefit of the judge." In short, any action on the part of a judge, let his motive be ever so pure, which produces a feeling of insecurity, by shaking the confidence of the community in judicial integrity, produces as bad consequences as action dictated by the most corrupt motives. For this reason the law orders an ordinary judge to leave the bench when a case comes before him in which he has an interest. It does not trust anything to his character; it does not wait to see whether his vote will affect the result or not, or whether he will not vote against his own interest. It says: "No matter what the value of your vote may be, or what your purity may be, come down. You must not give scandal; you must not only be pure, you must be unsuspected. Your duty is not simply to judge righteously, but to magnify the judicial office, to cherish the faith of mankind in the existence of justice. You shall not wait to hear the case; you shall not make any display of your virtue in deciding against yourself. You shall not familiarize the people with the spectacle of a judge deliberately ex-

posed to temptation, or with the idea that a judge may, under any circumstances, court temptation. Come down."

Mr. Wade's casting his vote, therefore, after the result was certain, does not alter his position. It was still a scandal; his conduct in taking part in the trial was still indecent. We make no charge of dishonesty against him. We accuse him of crime only in so far as all great blunders of public functionaries are crimes. And all claim to consideration, on the ground that he was simply indiscreet or overzealous, he has effectually destroyed by his behavior to Messrs. Trumbull, Fessenden, and others since the trial closed—behavior which clearly shows that he is not willing to allow to others the liberty he claims for himself.

We single him out for animadversion, too, for the simple reason that, as we have often said, there is in these days of incessant preaching little use in denouncing any of the great public abuses unless you point your moral with actual cases. To inveigh against corruption and judicial indecency in general terms, carefully avoiding all reference to A.'s corruption or B.'s indecency, is to waste one's words on the desert air. Moreover, we have been amongst the number of those who have, during the last three years, urged incessantly the admission of great bodies of ignorant people to the franchise. Whoever does this, and does not at the same time preach with greater earnestness than ever the supremacy in politics of reason over feeling, the value of judicial independence and of the forms of law, incurs, no matter how small the amount of his influence, a greater responsibility than we are willing to assume.

THE MIND'S THE STANDARD OF THE MAN.

WHOEVER surveys America as it is to be seen in newspapers is aware that we have among us, flourishing in what begins to look like excessive luxuriance, a class of political persons with a decided horror of "mind." Especially they are at bitter enmity with "the so-called judicial mind" and with "the so-called legal mind," both of which they seem to consider forms of head-disease resulting from moral profligacy. "Whenever," says one incisive writer of this school,—"whenever we hear of a man's getting 'a great legal mind' on the brain, we give up all hope of him;" the state of despair into which the writer permits himself to fall being due, we suppose, partly to horror at the wickedness of the man in admiring mind, particularly mind of the legal variety, and partly to grief and anger because his fellow-creature does not cherish the preference he feels for always throwing himself on his instincts; or rather, to speak more exactly, on his eternal instincts. Eternal instincts is the more proper name, we believe. That is, at any rate, what is usually said by the school of which the authority above cited is one. God-given instincts would perhaps be the best term. It would cover not only the kind of instincts designated as eternal, but also those of a fleeting, temporary kind—the corporeal and strictly personal instincts of the individual avoirdupois man. And apparently these latter are held to be very important. For example, take this paragraph by an own brother, in spirit, of the gentleman quoted above. No attention whatever is to be paid to what he says at the commencement; "they seemed odd remarks," says he; but that is merely his way of talking. Evidently in his secret heart he considers them not odd, but thinks there 's a great deal in them. We may as well confess, too, before we quote, that it is our belief that the old Roman of a senator who is made to father the remarks is fabulous, and that they are the writer's own. Old Romans are not so plenty in the Federal District. However, this is what is attributed to one of them:

"They seemed odd remarks that a grand old Roman of a senator made on Saturday evening, when he said: 'Just look at those men who betrayed us to-day; they are *not well-made men;* there 's something the matter with every one of them. Look at Fessenden; he is half dead with dyspepsia. See Trumbull; he looks as if he were made of parchment. Look at Henderson: he is too long for the blood to circulate in his head and in his feet at the same time; and Van Winkle is so obese the circulation would be as slow in the other direction. Then there 's Fowler and Ross; poor little creatures! Don't they look like just the men to slink away and do a mean thing the very moment you are depending on them to do a right one? There 's not a squarely-built, well-put-together man in the whole lot.'"

"Seven men," the argument seems to be,—"seven men pretending to be politicians, and yet, what with derangement of the circulatory system, and a bad state of the digestive organs, and defective stature, not one full set of instincts in the whole seven of them put together!"

It will help to give a clearer notion of the school if we set beside the previous passage the passage following, as it gives a description of the truly great man, and one may see in it the ideal public man of the men of instinct:

"*Have* we a great man? If we have, he is not great because he commands the lore of ages, nor great because he competes with the masters of thought, nor great because he is eloquent, nor great from any intellectual power solely. He is great because he is the master of every evil force in his own soul; because he is stronger than envy or jealousy, hatred or malice, revenge or ambition; he is great because he can lift his face to the eternal God and declare, 'I love Truth and Justice, I love Mercy and Purity; these only will I serve.'"

To this definition we might make thousands of objections, but want of space forbids us to dilate upon more than one or two of them. It certainly is a definition which tends strongly to confirm a valuable theory of the late Mrs. Farnham's—namely, that woman is a truly great man far oftener than her male tyrant is. That can be said in its favor. But that alone is not a sufficient justification of it. It may be said, too, that it gives, for the first time, a fair chance at greatness to boys—to all boys over eight years of age who have had the advantage of instruction in schools. Nothing equals The Boy, except the Sixth Ward Man, when it comes to lifting up his face, as in the definition, and asseverating that he loves Truth; that his desire, even his demand, is Justice; that he is fond of Mercy, and that he has not done a thing the whole afternoon but serve them and them only. And the negative qualities also which are set forth in the ideal character he possesses perhaps in the highest degree. The Boy never "competes with the masters of thought;" he does not "command the lore of ages," nor the lore of his own age unless upon well-founded apprehension of personal violence; he is not eloquent, nor a prey to devouring ambition, nor to jealousy, nor malice, nor thirst of fell revenge. But though this is so, though the definition puts true greatness within the boy's reach, that is no more a sufficient justification of it than that it does the same for Mrs. Farnham and woman generally.

The fact is, there is no complete justification for it. It tacitly pours contempt on brains; for that reason it is to be utterly condemned and rejected. The great man may be of as middling stature as he sees fit; there may be not one internal organ of him which is not in a state of the most healthful activity; his skin may be moist as skin can be and of a color the furthest removed from the color of parchment, in every way competent to perform every proper function of a skin; his wind and limb may be sound; his moral character may be better than that of two ordinary men; his obesity may be less than that of all mankind in a lump; but unless he is gifted in some degree with the poor despised reasoning faculty he is not, in our eyes, truly great. Admit him perfectly able to lift his face up every few minutes and swear eternal fealty to Justice and to Purity and to Truth. What editor of all the instinctive school will tell us how he is going to know what Justice is, or what are Truth and Purity? Is there, possibly, some one of the organs in his square-built, well-put-together body which gives him absolute truths by a process of secretion, secerns them from his blood? Which one is it, we wonder, of his nobler entrails that would exude, so to speak, a sound Bankrupt Act, for instance? Has he glands that would give us as good a Bill to Regulate the Civil Service of the United States as that one which Mr. Jenckes has drafted with no other aid than the feeble light of reason, assisted by a dull poring over the records of half-a-dozen countries of Europe?

Or, if he does not secrete political and other truths from his chyle and blood, whence does he derive his claim to his own unhesitating confidence and our profound reverence? Is it that to the great man of the Instinctives there has been vouchsafed direct inspiration? Of course, if a man is in the constant receipt of profuse revelations from heaven there is nothing surprising if he disregards, and if his uninspired followers scorn with a great scorn, the slow plodding men who have to have minds and who endeavor to use them, who can see no better way of handling a weighty matter of government or what not than to get done "lifting up their faces" over against it as soon as may be, and instead to learn what they can about it and kindred things, even at the hazard of their complexions and digestion. There certainly is no good in brains if one is the subject of a constant though anachronistic miracle whereby the place where the brains ought to be, and where they are in the case of uninspired editors and Congressmen, is filled with ideas ready-made, fresh and hot, infallible, on all the most difficult sciences and arts. We who look on and mark the fervent heat and the appearance of infallibility, and the contempt of reasoning, and the scorn of the lore of ages, and the firm refusal to "compete with any of the masters of thought," and the double-leaded invocations of Eternal Justice as distinguished from everyday justice, which can be perceived by mere mind and which has to lean on statute-books—of Eternal Truth as distinguished from truths that have been painfully wrought out by the labors of many

generations, and of Eternal Freedom as distinguished from freedom without a capital F—freedom which has been slowly acquired by people who got what schooling they could,—we who mark the peculiar manner of the "Eternal" man and see how he shines more in preaching policies than in debate, who observe his animal fondness for the "previous question," who note his habit of putting his head down, like an excited bull, and eternally going at anything that requires his attention—it is natural that we should take him to be under the influence of his instincts. Especially in the light of the flesh-and-blood passage we have recently read. But perhaps it is inspiration. There is a bare possibility that Colonel Forney has revelations. Mr. Stevens's gold bill may have been inspired into him instead of being due, as some said, with a loud voice, for the space of about three days, to his instinctive good sense. When Mr. Logan made his remarkable assault on the Secretary of the Treasury, and a rational being got up and cast great discredit on him and on his charges, and he declared that "he cared nothing for any committee on earth or in heaven," it looks more as if he were giving play to his instincts; probably heaven had not inspired him; but it is difficult to tell. And it is not possible to be sure whether it was inspiration in General Cochrane, or glands secreting political propositions, that made him announce that he would support the devil if the devil were the regular nominee of the party. There is no saying what may be revealed to a man; you have to take his word for it.

But if the despisers of brain are not inspired, and if their secretory glands are the same as those of other people; if they have no natural or supernatural means of taking immediate cognizance of truths, political or otherwise, then, for anything we can see, they also, like the rest of us, must fall to using their reasoning powers with what ability they may. Once get the most soaring correspondent, or the Grandest public man, or the editor most intolerant of "mind," to admit that probably he is essentially the same in his inside as the grovelling "judicial-minded" man, and then get him to disavow any claim to inspiration, and what is there left to him but to desist from prophesyings and come down, bringing what mind he has with him into the arena where gentlemen are requested not to call names or kick, and where disputes are settled by arguments drawn from reason, supported by a conscience to be sure, but a conscience enlightened by as much knowledge of the subject as a man can get hold of?

That our instinctive school of philosophers will speedily come to this we have little doubt. To see God in history, it is better to survey it by centuries than to look at it week by week—or as often, say, as one gets on his legs to make a speech, or bends over his pen to write "an editorial like a clarion blast." Indeed, to take contemporary events and attempt referring them to their true place in the general scheme of things, and apportion each its true importance in the counsels of Providence, is as sure a way of making blunders as man has ever invented. So it may be that we are egregiously mistaken in believing, as we do, that the band of Instinctives saw its greatest glory a year or so ago and that it began its descent last fall when it flung itself against the Supreme Court—when the *Independent* was very earnest for a decision based on the letters sent by the people to the judges, and the *Tribune* demanded that the will of the people should govern the sentence, and both wanted the court swamped by Congressional enactment. For some little time before that period of ruin they had been having everything their own way. In the first year of the war mind had little chance. Even strategy was secreted by prominent men, perfectly sound, here in New York. But after the first "On to Richmond," as the business in hand admitted of no theorizing, we betook ourselves to persons educated for that particular business; in other words, we called in "mind." Everybody remembers how, one by one, the instinctual leaders retired and left the field wholly to the plodders. Then came peace and the beginning of reconstruction, and the men of Eternal Instincts after a severe struggle for the foremost place found themselves in a minority in both Houses of Congress, and that the terms offered the South were not their terms.

"'Unfortunately,' the future student of history will say, unless we are mistaken,—" unfortunately just at this juncture that became manifest which had long been suspected. Instinct was in the White House also. The President rousing the instinctive political faith of the Sons of the Sunny South, the Sons proceeded to the enactment of the most oppressive Black Codes for the government of the Negroes. People who respected their minds saw but one course open to them; it was a choice between submitting themselves to Instinct and Oppression-for-the-Freedmen, or to Instinct and Protection-to-the-Freedmen, and they chose as might have been expected of them. This, however, gave the lead in affairs to the instinctual or revealed-political or—to unite in one name both theories of their nature—the glandular-inspiration portion of the Republican party. Thenceforward things foolish and unnecessary were done so often that the party soon found itself in process of serious diminution. There was one period when the investigations of a prominent leader of the Instinctives—who had not a 'legal mind'—cost the party about two thousand votes per diem. This, however, was at a later period. When the inspired men were at the culmination of their influence in Congress, though perhaps when their hold on the country had become loosened, they attacked and threatened to destroy the Supreme Court, and avowed a determination to carry on government by popular agitation. It was not necessary that a man should have at command much of the lore of ages in order to be able to see in this project nothing less than anarchy. The Men of Instinct made a gallant fight; but from that time forward they sank lower and lower in public credit, and at the time of the Chicago Convention, which nominated President Grant, they were dwindling in numbers, and their power was a thing of the past."

SCANDINAVIAN NEWSPAPERS AND REVIEWS.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the civilized world took very little interest in the periodical press of the Scandinavian countries, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. No events of great importance interrupted the even tenor of the domestic history of those states. King Bernadotte governed Sweden in a manner highly honorable to his sagacity and liberal tendencies. It was even true, to some extent, what he said to his countryman, the French historian, Jean Jacques Ampère, who paid him a visit at Stockholm, and expressed to him his surprise at the simple and unpretending style in which the royal court lived, and at the extreme mildness with which the king ruled over his people, — "Ah, my friend, you must not forget that in me you see a republican on a royal throne." It is true, the rulers of Denmark were animated by a less liberal spirit, and their rule was, in some respects, oppressive enough. But the Danish people submitted to it, if not cheerfully, at least patiently, and the wrath which the German subjects of the kings of Denmark in the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein entertained against them was not to break out until a later time. In short, entire domestic tranquillity reigned both in Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula. Equally unimportant was the part which the Scandinavian countries played in the international politics of Europe. Sweden seemed to have abandoned all hopes of recovering Finland, which Alexander of Russia had taken from her in 1808, and the existence of Denmark seemed entirely safe under the jealousy of the Great Powers, which were mutually interested in keeping the Sound, that highly important gate of the Baltic, in the hands of a third-rate power.

Under these circumstances, very little interest was taken abroad in the periodical press of Scandinavia. Few people out of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark were familiar with the languages spoken in those countries. Only the merchants and clerks in the German ports on the Baltic, such as Rostock, Lübeck, Stralsund, Stettin, and Danzig, which had intimate commercial relations with Denmark and Sweden, tried to acquire a smattering of Danish and Swedish sufficient for the requirements of their intercourse with the merchants of Copenhagen, Gothenburg, Calmar, and Stockholm. At that time it was difficult to find a Danish or Swedish newspaper even in such great commercial cities as Hamburg and Lübeck.

The great events of 1848 not only gave a remarkable impetus to the development of the periodical press in Sweden, and, above all, in Denmark, which then for the first time was placed in possession of the constitutional liberties that had been promised to it as far back as 1814, but excited also the liveliest interest of the whole of Europe in the polemics, the leading articles, and the editors of the Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish journals. For the first time in history the politicians of the Old World spoke in terms of great interest of the savage editorials of the *Faedrelandet* (Fatherland) of Copenhagen, of the semi-official statements of the *Berlingske Tidende* (Berling's Gazette), of the piquant articles of the *Dagbladet* (Journal), and of the impassioned leaders of the Stockholm *Aftonblad* (Evening paper). The revolution of 1848 secured an entirely free constitution to Denmark and it must be said, in justice to that blunt and eccentric king, Frederick VII., that he honestly carried out the provisions and principles of this constitution from the moment when it was granted, in 1848, to the last day of his life, in November, 1863. The events of 1848 exerted a less sensible effect upon the liberties of the Swedes and Norwegians, because, as we said before, they enjoyed by far more freedom since 1814 than their neighbors in Denmark.

In consequence of the important events of the revolutionary year the old papers of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Christiania gained large numbers of new subscribers; they improved their outward appearance, increased

their reading matter, and profited in every way by the chances offered to them at that time to augment their influence and importance. Besides, a great many new papers were started, especially in Copenhagen, by enterprising journalists under the newly-acquired freedom of the press, and favored by the perpetual political excitement prevailing in Copenhagen during the wars between Germany and Denmark, from April, 1848, until January, 1851. In 1814, sixty-seven daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals were issued in Sweden. In 1833 this number had risen to one hundred. Ten years later, in 1843, it amounted to one hundred and twenty. In 1853 the number of periodicals published in the Swedish kingdom was one hundred and thirty-eight, of which twenty-one were published at the capital, Stockholm. Of these hundred and thirty-eight periodicals one hundred and five were political journals; the remaining thirty-three were literary and political reviews. In 1860 the number had been increased only by two journals, and in 1868 by nine more, so that the number of periodicals issued in Sweden at the present time is one hundred and forty-nine. As the kingdom of Sweden has 3,700,000 inhabitants, there is about one journal issued to every 24,800 inhabitants. This proportion is comparatively favorable, for in 1850 Germany had but one journal to every fifty thousand inhabitants. About the same proportion prevailed in France and England, while in Russia there was in 1850 but one journal to every 357,142 inhabitants.

The oldest Swedish paper is the *Post och Inrikes Tidningar* (Post and State News). It was established in 1645, when it appeared as a small weekly, and contained articles in four languages—Swedish, Latin, French, and German. In 1659 its size was enlarged, and this was done again when Charles XII. ascended the Swedish throne. A great many extras of the paper were issued during the marvellous career of that heroic madman, and since 1719 it was published as a tri-weekly. In 1790 it became a daily paper, and did a flourishing business during the eventful period preceding the French Revolution. The court had always used it as its special organ, and in 1814 it was formally declared the official journal of the Swedish Government. Its political tone is, of course, moderate and conservative, though it never exhibits any of the slavishness which is so often met with in the official journals of France, Germany, and Russia. It is well printed on a large sheet, and has a circulation of between three and four thousand copies.

In 1767 an enterprising printer of Stockholm started a paper in opposition to the official *Post och Inrikes Tidningar*. He issued his new journal every day, and called it *Daglight Allehanda* (Daily Miscellany). The *Daglight Allehanda* was a liberal paper and met with good success. The despotic Wasas repeatedly tried to suppress it, but its proprietors always thwarted the persecutions directed against them, although they were repeatedly compelled to change the name of the paper. They finally chose that of *Nye Daglight Allehanda* (New Daily Miscellany), which is still in existence, and has a daily circulation of six or seven thousand copies. As of old, it advocates the principles of the liberal party, and is chiefly noted for the great care which is bestowed upon its literary department. Emilia Flygare Carlen, Fredrika Bremer, Maria Sophia Schwarz, and other distinguished Swedish romancists contributed to its columns. The *Aftonblad* (Evening paper) is the best and most widely-circulated daily paper in Sweden. It was established by Lars Hjerta on the 10th of December, 1830, and has now a circulation of ten thousand copies. Its leading columns contain contributions from the pens of the ablest members of the liberal party throughout the kingdom, and to its extraordinary influence may be attributed in great part the final overthrow of the ancient constitution of Sweden—the representation of the four classes at the Stockholm diet—and the substitution in its stead of a parliament elected by the whole people. Several years ago one of the editors and proprietors of the *Aftonblad*, Hellgren, was involved in a criminal tragedy in which he played a most unenviable part. This injured the influence of the paper to some extent, but skilful management soon restored its former standing, and it is now, as it was before, the most important and influential journal in the kingdom. Its literary matter is excellent, and it has had the honor of introducing through its columns some of the foremost writers of Sweden to their countrymen and the European public in general. The Swedes do not advertise much, but the advertising receipts of this paper are comparatively large; they amount annually to about forty thousand dollars.

Norway is inhabited by a sparse, poor, but liberty-loving population. It has few considerable towns, and hence the number of its political journals is comparatively small. It is remarkable, though, that of the papers published in Norway not only nine-tenths are organs of the liberal party, but that they are all edited with uncommon ability. Christiania has several dailies, of which only the *Morgenblad* (Morning paper) has a good circulation, between three and four thousand copies being issued every day. It is not near as large as its contemporaries of Stockholm, but edited with equal ability and with the characteristic spirit with which the Norwegians have always asserted and maintained their liberties. Bergen, Drontheim, and two or three other cities likewise boast daily papers of small size and limited circulation.

The Danes like to call themselves "the French of the North," and their beautiful capital, Copenhagen, "the Paris of the North," and not without reason. No other nation can boast of so many eminent men in science, art, and literature, in proportion to its population, as the Danes. Denmark has at the present time only 1,200,000 inhabitants, and yet it occupies a high place in matters of science, art, and literature. The greatest nations on earth would be proud of such naturalists as Oersted, such novelists as Hans Christian Andersen, such dramatists as Oehlenschläger, such sculptors as Thorwaldsen, such composers as Niels Gade. And it should be borne in mind that Denmark, beside being a small country, is a poor country; that it lacks most of the means by which larger and wealthier European states foster the development of art and literature, and that but few prizes are held out there to eminent *savans, littérateurs*, and artists. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that Denmark should possess so many. For instance, besides Hans Christian Andersen, whose works have been so extensively read in America, Denmark has at least twenty novelists whose works deserve to be translated. Its political press, too, occupies a position far above that which we should look for in so diminutive and poor a country. Except the United States, no country has more political journals in proportion to its population than Denmark.

Eleven daily papers are issued in Copenhagen. Three are sold at a lower price than is charged for any daily paper in the world. One, the *Berlingske Tidende*, is a large paper, and sold at a high price. It is believed that it could not live without the financial assistance which some wealthy Danish noblemen render to it. The *Faedrelandet* and *Dagbladet* are likewise large papers, and known to be in a very flourishing condition. The *Faedrelandet* is edited by Mr. Ploug, an able and fearless journalist, who, during the despotism of Christian VIII., got himself frequently into serious difficulties with the Government. Since 1848 his paper has ranked among the foremost journals of Denmark. It is noted for its enterprise in procuring news, and uses the telegraph with greater liberality than almost any other paper in the north. Its daily edition is between six and seven thousand copies. Its formidable rival is the *Dagbladet*, whose editor-in-chief, Mr. Bille, is one of the leading democratic politicians of his country. The *Dagbladet* is the sprightliest paper published in Copenhagen, and has obtained the largest circulation. Its ordinary subscription list is between eight and nine thousand copies; but when events of great importance occurred as many as twenty thousand copies were sold in a single day. Both the *Faedrelandet* and the *Dagbladet* are incessantly at war with the German journals. They denounce Prussia with great virulence. The German journals do not respond in the same violent tone, but treat their Danish adversaries condescendingly. "Do not get excited, my little *Dagbladet;* you are too much of a dwarf to annoy us seriously," is the style in which the Berlin and Hamburg papers reply to the fierce attacks of their Copenhagen contemporaries.

A great many monthly magazines and quarterly reviews are published in Sweden and Denmark. Mr. Kramer, a clever journalist of Stockholm, issues a quarterly review in French, devoted to politics and literature, and those who wish to familiarize themselves with the political questions agitating Scandinavia, and with the current literature of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, will find able and succinct reviews of all this in the columns of the *Revue Suédoise*. The interest which the Scandinavian public takes in this review is not very great. Its subscribers are chiefly Germans and Frenchmen, and the support with which it meets is so limited that it has been repeatedly obliged to suspend publication. The most famous Scandinavian review, and one that is of a very remarkable character, is the *Nordisk Universitets Fidskrift* (Northern University Review), which was established in 1854 and since then has constantly grown in favor with the educated classes of Denmark and Sweden. Its cover, which is adorned with singular emblems and mottoes, indicates the object which it has in view. On the first page of the cover is to be seen a banner, similar to the one which is generally carried in front of the societies of the Scandinavian students when they visit their fellow-students at the other universities. The last page of the cover is decorated with the *Buddstikke* (message-staff), that is to say, the famous staff which, in ancient Scandinavia, was sent from village to village to convoke a judicial meeting, or to call upon the people to take up arms, while beacons, lighted here and there upon the summits of the mountains, spread the same summons to the most distant parts of the country. Under the *Buddstikke* are written the words, "*Bud og hilsen*," and "*Bud och helsning*" (message and greeting), the former being Danish,

SPECIAL NOTICE.

HAVING changed their mode of mailing the paper to all except New-York City Subscribers, who will continue to be served by carriers, the Publishers of the *Nation* wish to call attention to the meaning of the printed labels substituted for the previous written address.

These bear not only the Subscriber's name and post-office address, but the date to which he has paid for his paper; *and the change in this date will hereafter be a valid and sufficient receipt* for moneys sent in renewal of subscriptions. From them is apparent, at a glance, the precise relation of the Subscriber to the Publishers, and the latter would express the hope that arrears as soon as revealed will be paid up. When the label antedates the current issue of the paper, it may be regarded as a bill.

Any errors which may be observed in the address, and any discrepancies between the account on the label and the last receipt of the Publishers, should be promptly pointed out to them for correction; as well as information given of any undue irregularity in the mailing.

Money should be sent, when possible, by money-order through the post-office.

E. L. GODKIN & CO.,
3 Park Place, N. Y. City.

NEW-YORK, May 21, 1868.

and the latter Swedish. In effect, every number of this review, of which one number is issued once a year at each of the four Scandinavian universities—Christiania (Norway), Upsala and Lund (Sweden), and Copenhagen (Denmark), is a message and fraternal greeting to the other three. Each number contains a fresh motto, taken either from contemporary poets, or, still oftener, from the Edda or the ancient Skalds, and admonishes the readers that patriotic sentiments ought to unite the Scandinavians now as they united their remote ancestors in times of yore. Here are some of these mottoes: "If you have a friend, in whom you confide, blend your soul with his;" "The more threads of equal strength there are in a string the stronger it is;" "If you have a friend, visit him often, for the road trodden by nobody becomes obstructed by thorns and thistles;" "The pilgrim separating himself from his companions runs great risk of falling into the hands of robbers;" "We speak a single language, and Frigga is our common mother. Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, let us be brethren!" "The Latin grammar taught us once four regular conjugations: the first, *amare*, to love; the second, *docere*, to teach; the third, *legere*, to read; the fourth, *audire*, to hear. To love, enlighten, read, and listen to each other would not, even at our age, be so bad a conjugation."

A peculiar feature of the periodical literature of Scandinavia is the great number of reviews, in which all articles are written by the same author. Such magazines and reviews would hardly meet with much favor in other countries, but they flourish in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Thus, the celebrated Crusenstolpe has issued at Stockholm for twenty-nine years past his *Stallringar och Forhallanden* (Situation and Circumstances), a monthly magazine, devoted to contemporary politics and history. Mr. Crusenstolpe, a man of extraordinary ability, familiar with all the intricacies of European diplomacy, and possessed of a curious collection of unpublished political letters and documents, knows how to lend a peculiar charm to his essays, and his magazine has obtained a very large circulation. In Norway, Professor P. A. Munch, of the University of Christiania, publishes in a similar way his *Norskt Maanedsskrift* (Norwegian Monthly), composed exclusively of articles written by himself. Professor Munch is one of the most learned men in Europe. When he visited Rome a few years ago he surprised the learned librarians of the Vatican by explaining to them, in an off-hand way, certain ancient inscriptions which nobody had until then been able to decipher. Great homage was thereupon paid to the Norwegian professor, who spent a long time in the Eternal City, without interrupting the regular publication of his monthly magazine. The world is indebted to Professor Munch for the best history of ancient Norway, and the curious accounts of the Norsemen's voyages to America several hundred years before Columbus discovered the New World were first published in his *Norskt Maanedsskrift*. Mr. Goldschmidt, a Danish journalist and novelist of great ability, publishes a similar magazine, remarkable for the great variety of subjects which are treated in it.

The best Danish magazine which, like our American periodicals of the same class, has a number of contributors, is the *Dansk Maanedsskrift* (Danish Monthly), of which Mr. Steenstrup is editor-in-chief. Its circulation, however, never exceeded two thousand copies.

Correspondence.

THE TRIBUNE AND "THE MISTAKE."

To the Editor of the Nation:

I cannot say that your reply last week to your correspondent, "C. C.," appeared to my mind properly conclusive, and I may say, too, that I was not much surprised at the asperity and astonishment expressed in his note. What you had previously said of the *Tribune's* course in regard to the seven senators gave me a great deal of satisfaction. That paper's peremptory demand for a verdict selected by its editors—regardless of the wear and tear of senators' consciences—and its screams of "bribery," "lying," and so forth, when it could not get what perjury it wanted, seemed to me, if anything, more insulting to the rest of the party than to the particular Republican leaders whom it was trying to insult. For my own part I found it best to refrain for some days from reading it. The Washington correspondent alone, by the time he had compared Mr. Grimes, who has just had a stroke of paralysis, to "a sick hedge-hog," was altogether too much for me, so I let my Democratic friends talk, and waited for Mr. Greeley to come back to the office—or his senses; I could not tell which. I was not absolutely sure, then, that you had erred in regard to the *Tribune's* change of front; but very much surprised I certainly was when I read your statement to that effect. As it looked to me, only a complete change in the editorial corps could make it possible that there should be such an admission as that would have been of folly and recklessness on the part of its conductors. And the paragraphs you quote in your remarks to "C. C." bear out, I think, my view of them. They are not, perhaps, what Mrs. Todger calls "as plain English as the shining sun," but is not this the meaning of them? "By removing Stanton, Johnson gave us a challenge—dared us to impeach. So we impeached, thereby doing our duty, for we relieved ourselves as a party from a grave responsibility." This is what the *Tribune* said, and how is this an admission that impeachment was a mistake?

Respectfully yours, R. J.

New York, May 30, 1868.

[The case is simply this. The *Tribune* on Monday, the 18th, announced that it had opposed impeachment on two grounds—one, that it would probably "fail" (*i.e.*, result in acquittal); the other, that if it failed it would increase Mr. Johnson's "powers of mischief;" but that it had afterwards recommended impeachment as an answer to a challenge thrown out by the removal of Stanton. Impeachment proved, however, as the *Tribune* had predicted, "a failure," in that it resulted in acquittal. The question then was, had the acquittal also increased Mr. Johnson's "powers of mischief," and would he use them? That it had increased his powers of mischief, and that he would use them, the *Tribune* admitted by suggesting that he would now perhaps "wrest the army from General Grant," and prevent the return of Southern delegates to "the Councils of the Republic" (fustian for "Congress"). In commenting on this performance in our paragraphs of "The Week" we did not profess to quote the *Tribune's* words. We followed our usual practice of putting on them what we conceived to be a fair and reasonable construction, and asserted that in the passage we quoted last week the *Tribune* "declared that impeachment was a mistake." To this the *Tribune* might reply that this is not a legitimate construction, because it never used the word "mistake" and because its words apparently denied that the process was "a failure." We paid no attention to this denial, because the reason on which it was based was ridiculous, so ridiculous as to be, as regarded the public, impudent. That reason was, that no matter what happened, even though Johnson overturned the Government, the Republicans would no longer be responsible for him! If the effect of language could be got rid of in this way it would, of course, make the conviction of impostors and fortune-tellers and confidence men and quacks very difficult. A doctor might cut off a patient's leg to cure a corn, and, while admitting that the patient would probably die of the operation, show that this admission was not a confession of malpractice, inasmuch as the corn would give no more trouble. The course of the *Tribune* in this matter has been of a piece with its course towards the seven Republican senators. Its flat contradictions during the week ending May 23 of what it said about these gentlemen during the week ending May 15, and which some of the papers have published in parallel columns, and its course at this moment in treating the evidence produced in the Woolley case as conclusive that some of these gentlemen were bribed, furnish painful reading for honest men. They would put the paper beyond the pale of criticism if it were not for the number of its readers. We are in hopes, however, that after reconstruction is settled there will be no "cause" left in behalf of which any considerable portion of the public will consider anything and everything lawful. Its pretence of not knowing who "C. C." was, and its modest suggestion that probably he was some indignant *Tribune* subscriber, reminds us of the astonishment of the showman when his confederate rises up amongst the audience on the back benches in the guise of an honest countryman, and offers to bet him five dollars that he can do the trick better himself.—Ed. Nation].

MR. WADE'S VOTE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In the last number of the *Nation* you commented with severity on Senator Wade's vote on the eleventh article of impeachment. Did you not do him injustice?

The Washington correspondents of the press had assumed to say what Mr. Wade would do in case his voice were necessary to convict, and what he would abstain from doing if conviction could be had without his vote; but neither his "friends" nor his enemies had speculated as to his probable

course in the contingency which actually occurred. Had his vote been an essential means of his own advancement, or had it, though not necessary, co-operated to that end, there would be some reason for censure.

His honesty is not questioned. Had he honestly voted "not guilty," would that have been "indecent"? But when he did vote, nineteen senators had pronounced those words, and conviction was seen to be impossible. Was it indecent for him to vote according to his conscience and his oath, "well knowing" that it could not profit himself? S.

RONDOUT, May 26, 1868.

WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I write to you from one of the most interesting antiquarian localities in the United States. The American Bottom is a vast alluvial, stretching nearly one hundred miles along the Mississippi, in the State of Illinois, having a mean breadth of seven miles. Standing in groups upon this great plain, and stretching in connected series from bluff to river, are numerous ancient mounds, varying in size from a few feet to nearly one hundred feet, and in form conical, ellipsoidal, and angular. These tumuli belong to that ancient class of earthworks which abound over the Ohio, Mississippi, and subordinate valleys. The question of origin, purpose, and contents is still among the unsolved problems. Who were the mound-builders? Whence came, and whither went, that mysterious people? Were they autochthones? If so, how did they derive their semi-civilization? how lose it?

It is surprising that these extensive and interesting remains should have received so little attention. No examination has been made by men whose opinions are entitled to consideration. Half a century ago Breckinridge, Flint, and perhaps other early writers, roughly described them, and occasionally the Western press, particularly that of St. Louis, gives brief and hurried accounts of them, but no reliable or accurate description has ever been given of these most interesting monumental remains. So little has their character been known or understood, even by those whose studies and pursuits should have led them to the examination, that their entire nature and purpose have been misconceived. The works are so remarkable, some so gigantic, that uninformed visitors have imagined them to be natural. A favorite notion has been that they were fluviatile, while the State geologist of Illinois, in the fulness of his wisdom, has declared them to be loess!

These doubts, scepticisms, and ignorant assumptions have been abundantly dissipated by the researches now in progress. Dr. De Hass, whose general study and thorough investigation of Western antiquities, particularly in the valley of the Ohio, have made him known, is now engaged in a series of explorations in the Mississippi Valley proper, and giving special attention to the mounds and other ancient remains on the American Bottom and in the vicinity of St. Louis. His explanations have thus far been of the most satisfactory character, and the future promises results of great value to science.

The mounds are undoubtedly artificial—the product of man's industry and spirit of combined action.

A populous community occupied, in pre-historic times, this great alluvial and the adjacent bluffs. They were agricultural, for the very implements with which they tilled the soil have been recovered, and are among the most interesting relics of the Stone Age on this continent.

The people who raised these huge tumuli and dwelt around them practised both inhumation and cremation. They buried in the mound, upon the plain, and on the bluff. They used stone-lined cists and cinerary urns.

They were adepts in working stone. Many of the relics discovered display much taste and skill in their fabrication. They are of porphyry, hornblende, serpentine, steatite, etc. The flint implements and weapons are of the finest variety.

The fictile art also flourished among the early occupants of the central Mississippi Valley. Pottery of fine finish and vessels of great size have been discovered. It is a mixture, which has been exposed to the action of fire of clay and broken mussel shell, but, occasionally, I have detached small rhomboidal fragments of white spathic carbonate of lime, used instead of the shell.

It is probable the results of present explorations will determine that different and distinct peoples occupied this valley in pre-historic periods.

HISTORICUS.

AMERICAN BOTTOM, Ill., May 18, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

BY an oversight we omitted to announce last week a translation of Octave Feuillet's successful and clever novel of "Camors." Feuillet may be said to be already popular in America as a novelist, his "Romance of a Poor Young Man" having made him known favorably. Messrs. Blelock & Co. are publishers of the translated "Camors," which is now ready.—— Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press a number of valuable editions of the Scriptures: (1) Bagster's Comprehensive Bible; with the text of the King James Bible as revised by Doctor Blaney, with that commentator's Various Readings, with Archbishop Usher's Chronology, with Parallel Passages, with Notes (exclusively philological and explanatory, that is to say, unsectarian), with five different indexes, with introductions to each book, with a table of contents historically arranged, and every other feature of a truly comprehensive English Bible. The plates of the work have just been purchased by the Philadelphia firm from Messrs. Bagster & Sons. (2) A new edition, the fourteenth, of "Bloomfield's Greek New Testament." It will be in two volumes. (3) A Bible to be known as "Lippincott's Imperial Pulpit Bible." (4) A new edition of Dr. Hahn's Hebrew Bible, with the editorial work revised by Dr. Isaac Leeser. (5) "The Student's Treasury Bible," a work for the pocket. It will contain references to parallel passages, but these will be not in a column as is usual, but at the end of each verse. The same house announce a paper-covered edition of Swinburne's latest poem, "Siena;" the fifteenth volume, "Ernest Maltravers," of the Globe Edition of Bulwer; "Tricotrice," by "Ouida;" "John Ward's Governess: a Novel;" "Gold Elsie," by E. Marlitt, who has just been making American friends by her "Old Mam'selle's Secret;" a volume of Burns, with a glossary and memoir prepared by Alexander Smith; the second series of Baring-Gould's "Myths of the Middle Ages."

—That part of the literary world which opposes the passage of international copyright laws is morally bound to bestir itself and give an open answer to the pamphlet just published by the International Copyright Association. We recommend a perusal of it to everybody who is interested in the subject. It contains the never yet answered arguments on the question considered as one of morals, and we hope soon to be able to recommend a second pamphlet containing arguments equally conclusive on the question considered from the point of view of good policy—of the lower expediency, too, as well as of the higher expediency which is the close and hardly separable companion of justice. Mr. Palfrey and Mr. W. Gilmore Simms, in letters which form a part of the report before us, mention treatises of theirs which would be useful in the preparation of such a pamphlet, and there is a "publisher's note" which also bears on the question we hope to see treated next. That such a work will have to be done before the House passes Mr. Baldwin's bill, or any bill, no one doubts who knows the House and the Congressional history of the subject. In this pamphlet there are letters from various eminent literary men and argumentative addresses by Mr. Bryant, Doctor Lieber, Doctor Prime, Doctor Schaff, and Doctor Osgood. These are followed by several papers, of which the one most valuable is perhaps the letter from Albert Matthews, Esq., who gives a summary of the famous decision in Millar vs. Taylor, by Lord Mansfield, who then (1769) declared the common law as regards copyright, handling the subject in a way that, as Mr. Matthews says, should make this decision the text of all who discuss the right of authors to the fruits of their labor. Mr. Grant White's recent article in the *Broadway* is also given, and is very good; it states the case forcibly, and contains a lucid historical account of the great landmark of English legislation on the subject, showing how by the statute of the eighth year of Queen Anne the common law rule which recognized property in copy was overset completely. As we have said, the pamphlet is to be recommended for instruction and reproof; it is to be wished that a copy of it were in every newspaper office in the country, and that the House would spend a Saturday or two in hearing the clerk read it over half a dozen times; any one, able or unable to do thinking by himself, who is equal to coarse print, and will spend twenty minutes on as many pages, may understand the whole matter, and be made to see why the law as it stands is a disgrace to us as moral and intellectual beings—how it makes the United States a robber of foreign writers, a prey to foreign publishers, and a step-mother to her own literary children. As to the two latter points, Doctor Prime declared, and we suppose he knew, that more than fifteen hundred American copyright books had been stolen by British publishers. As to the other, we all partly know how many foreign books we have stolen—since we began setting a general good example to unfortunate nations in Europe. But there is some hope of better things; though

we are to wait, we suppose, till the next session and the new President, and meantime to work at indoctrinating the wilder Congressmen.

—*The Workshop* is a monthly magazine devoted to the reproduction, by wood engraving, of designs and patterns for all kinds of ornamental work. Thus, one of the numbers, after an essay "On Surface Decoration," gives a picture on quite a large scale of a carved stone panel of good French Renaissance work; next an early French classic window-cap from the Louvre; then Fig. 3 is a piece of wall decoration from St. Francis of Assisi, a good and instructive design, but of course not to be adequately rendered by printing and black and white, and not so accurately described as to be of much use—"green leaves," "circle brown with yellow clasps or nails," and the like, not being very instructive to the student of color. Then we have a great piece of carved ornament from the new Paris Opera House, modern work of almost the worst type, all hand work, and no brains nor feeling. Fig. 5 is a bit of flat pattern from a mosque at Cairo; Fig. 6 is a lot of designs of modern conception and of no importance, meant for china painting, but equally appropriate to ladies' embroidery; and Fig. 7 is a carpet. There are thirty-five different pictures, embodying perhaps as many different designs, and besides these, a large folding leaf gives on both sides full-size outlines and details of ornament. An illustrated specimen sheet informs us that "this periodical is the American edition of a German monthly, *Die Gewerbehalle*, which is published simultaneously in German, French, and English." It is announced by E. Steiger, of 17 North William Street, and the three numbers which we have received announce themselves as Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Vol. I.; that is to say, of the American edition, for it seems to be not now first established in Germany.

—A much more important and better work of the same general character is *L'Art pour Tous*—"Art for All," published in Paris, and supplied here by the publisher's New York representative, D. Charnay. This periodical is not merely a series of fashion plates for workmen to copy from, and so smother all chance of originality and native force—it is indeed open to the objection that it can be used in that way—but it is also for the student of art a valuable collection of examples, serving to illustrate the history of decorative design. In a country like this, without old work anywhere visible, and without museums and public collections, such books are invaluable. The text is in French, English, and German; but the English is of the lamest, and seems to have been constructed by a Parisian possessed of a French-English dictionary, and of but little English more. This periodical has a large folio page, and costs twice as much as *The Workshop*.

—Dr. Hook, whose "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury" promises to become a standard (High) Church history, has some remarks, in a note in the first volume of his new series, on the subject of anonymous criticism. He admits that "much may be said in favor of the anonymous in political journalism, but in favor of anonymous criticism scarcely a word can be said. When the question relates to the merits or the demerits of a literary or scientific publication the public ought to be informed whether the critic, who represents the plurality of voices by whom judgment is pronounced, is a man competent to sit in judgment upon the author." This view corresponds exactly with the semi-papistical one which is set forth in the same volume on a theological point. Dr. Hook agrees with Protestants in general in upholding the Bible as the only source and standard of a true religious belief; but he denounces as a fanatical absurdity the common notion of the right of each individual to interpret Scripture for himself. "Though the Bible is the authority, it is an authority only when rightly interpreted." In both cases, therefore, it is assumed that the public is not a competent judge of the questions at issue, the inference being that a decision is to be given by some recognized authority. But how are we to arrive at that unanimity which Dr. Hook, both as an ecclesiastic and as a man of letters, appears to consider so desirable? Catholics believe in an infallible church; Dr. Hook tells us that in England the Roman Catholics are a mere body of sectarians and schismatics. The difficulty would be still greater in the case of literary and scientific questions, for nobody, we suppose, would claim infallibility for an academy, or propose to set a pope over the republic of letters. The truth is that unanimity in matters of faith, of opinion, of taste—in everything, in short, on which the *pro* and *con.* cannot be brought to a demonstration—is as undesirable as it is unattainable. It is the unity that underlies diversity, not the unity that crushes diversity, which is the true aim and product of investigation and of culture. A really cultivated mind, instead of desiring to make its own preferences universal, will require only equal candor and sincerity in others, and will rejoice in the variety of channels through which kindred emotions and ideas may be transmitted and imbibed. Criticism is not, as Dr. Hook appears to think, a "representative of the plurality of voices," or a *dictum ex cathedrâ*, but merely the expression of different and often conflicting views, which, when analyzed and compared, afford a better index to the character of the work and the effect it is capable of producing than any report of an academical committee would be likely to give.

All this, however, proceeds on the presumption that the criticism, whatever its defects, will be honest. Dr. Hook justly considers that much of the contemporary criticism bestowed upon an author is dishonest. The spirit of clique and a thousand petty personal motives are dignified or sheltered by the anonymous "We." But when Dr. Hook points to the example of France, in proof of the advantages to be gained by discarding the anonymous, he is confounding the cause with the effect. Such men as Sainte-Beuve and Taine do not write with impartiality because they have a reputation to sustain, but they owe that reputation to their impartiality, in conjunction with other qualities. We believe that, by the public at any rate, more is lost than gained when the anonymous system is discarded, whether in literary or political journalism. Possibly so far as concerns the writer, the gain may be greater than the loss, but this we doubt. We doubt if the anonymous system ever kept from fame any writer who had earned it and desired it, and that it has kept many writers from dishonesty and from quarrels there is no doubt at all. We had occasion last week to speak of one bad effect the system of signatures has had on French literary criticism—even that of such men as Renan and Sainte-Beuve. But it is of course true in general that criticism stands on a far higher level in France than in England. It has been cultivated by the French as a distinct and independent branch of letters. There are no *professional* critics in England whose names any one would care to know. The class that confine themselves to this kind of writing are not men of letters, but literary apes. Whatever is really deserving of the name of criticism comes from persons whose regular labors lie in other fields, and whose visits to this are occasional. What they contribute, therefore, is special knowledge or accurate observation; they do not give any such analysis or estimate as the cultivation of criticism as an art might have enabled them to give. We should gain nothing by forcing such men to speak in the first person singular and attach their names to their articles. The *Fortnightly Review* is trying the experiment, but we doubt its success The April number, for example, contains a review of Pearson's "England during the Early and Middle Ages" over the signature of Edward A. Freeman. Mr. Freeman is a scholar, and he has evinced a minute acquaintance with early English history. In the article in question he shows himself painfully conscious of the fact. He aspires to speak with freedom, yet he evidently fears the imputation of rivalry. He talks of his own studies, and almost gets to the point of discussing his own merits. We remember a former article of his—an anonymous one—in which he recommended to the author under review to drop the use of the "We" and substitute "I." Mr. Freeman "will do well"—to use a phrase of his own—to abandon the "I" and betake himself to the "We."

—Some of our readers have doubtless seen a photograph of Erckmann-Chatrian. They are, therefore, aware that the mental unity which owns this compound name has a corporeal duality. There is not even a band uniting the two breasts in which, nevertheless, all the throbbings and pulsations would appear to be in unison. What is still more remarkable—what, indeed, would seem to give the lie to the whole science of physiognomy—these literary twins, instead of looking like two cherries on one stalk, are as dissimilar in person, feature, and air as it is possible to conceive. One is tall and solidly built, rather bald, with a high brow, a snub nose, and a mien to inspire unbounded confidence on the stock exchange. The other is short and slight, with flowing hair, a sloping forehead, a very long and slender nose, and a poetical—we had almost said a lackadaisical—expression of countenance. This contrast indicates, we suppose, what the two names would also imply—a difference of race. Nor is there any singularity in the fact that the Teutonic Erckmann and the French or Celtic Chatrian are natives of the same region, since this region is one where the two races and the two languages have been intermixed from the earliest historical times. By a misnomer, they were lately spoken of in an article in *Lippincott's Magazine* under the title of "Two *Alsatian* Novelists." It would be as correct to speak of "Chevy Chace" as a Scottish ballad, or of Joseph and Xavier de Maistre as Swiss authors. Both Erckmann and Chatrian were born in the Département du Meurthe, which lies wholly within the ancient limits of Lorraine and Bar. Here, or in the adjoining department of the Vosges, also a portion of Lorraine, the scene of most of their stories is laid—commonly, it is true, in the mountain region which forms the boundary between Lorraine and Alsace, and sometimes, as is natural, transferred to the plain on one side or the other. The legends, the tra-

ditions, the names they are so fond of commemorating belong not to Alsatian history nor, in a strict sense, to that of Lorraine, but to that of the border-land, where in primitive times the mountain fastnesses were held by clans and chiefs whose allegiance to any sovereign was at the best but nominal. Alsace, it may be added, was at one time included in the Lotharingian monarchy; but the Duchy of Lorraine was always, politically as well as geographically, a territory quite distinct from Alsace.

SAINTE-BEUVE'S PORTRAITS.*

THE essays collected in the volume introduced to American readers by Miss Preston in this very agreeable translation (to which the translator has prefixed a well-written and discriminating preface) belong to the early period of the distinguished writer's career, and may be said, moreover, to treat of persons not especially dear to the American public. And yet on this occasion we have no hesitation in speaking of the book and its author; for M. Sainte-Beuve still lives and writes, and so long as he has not gone to join those illustrious departed spirits to whom in this modern world he has given a voice and a shape, he may be deemed in literature one of the subjects of the day. Miss Preston's translation, we say, is agreeable; but is it always exactly faithful? In the article on Mme. de Sévigné, the author, commenting in a note on a description of his heroine by a contemporary, writes: "*Que c'est bien elle!*" etc., which Miss Preston renders, "This is worth while." This is the first error on which our eyes fell; we have not pursued the search; perhaps it is the only one.

Of the nine women whose lives are here sketched, three alone are known even by name to American ears—Mesdames de Sévigné, Roland, and De Staël. Who is Mme. de Duras, Mme. de Krüdener, Mme. de Rémusat? Each of these ladies, in the early part of our century, wrote two or three novels which thirty years ago—the date of these articles—were in a fair way to be forgotten in France. M. Sainte-Beuve, in his inimitable manner, said a good word for each; but did he arrest the wave of oblivion? On the contrary, his word was doubtless felt to be the last word, and his heroines received their quietus. It is not as that of a novelist that the mystical Krüdener's ghost of a name appears to us. To read and enjoy his various articles must have seemed to ordinary readers an all-sufficient tribute to these departed women of talent. They read M. Sainte-Beuve's extracts, and this was quite enough. Who nowadays sits down to a perusal of "Edouard" or "Valérié?" M. Sainte-Beuve himself, in the current year, would admit that we can make a better use of our time. There is, to our sensibilities, something sad and spectral in the sight of these poor old French ladies, summoned from their quiet graves, deep in the warm and comfortable soil of oblivion, and clad afresh in the chilly drapery of our American speech. With all deference to the translator's opinion, we cannot help thinking that this was not a book to translate. For our own part, we should have wholly deprecated any translation at all; but if such a work had been determined upon, we should have suggested a selection of articles from the immense repository of the "Causeries du Lundi," where the translator would have found at once greater perfection of manner and heroines more generally interesting. The article on Mme. Roland in the present collection is extremely good, but it is wholly inferior to the admirable paper on the new edition of her memoirs contained in the eighth volume of the "Nouveaux Lundis." And so any one of the essays before us, with the exception of the first, the fourth, and the fifth, might have ceded its place to the sketch in the "Derniers Portraits" of Mme. de Staal-Delaunay, the author of one of the most deeply-interesting volumes of memoirs ever written. To induce an intelligent reader to go through the memoirs of Mme. de Staal-Delaunay would be a better service than to lead him (or her, we may say, as Miss Preston chiefly covets female readers) to rest content with a few extracts from three or four feeble and elegant tales of fifty years ago. Let us add the expression of our regret that the translator has judged best to omit the article on Mme. de Charrière, a lady no better known indeed than her sisters, but far more deserving of our modern attention. This person, a Dutchwoman by birth, and for a long time a resident in Switzerland—it is doubted that she ever visited Paris—was perfect mistress of a delightful French style, in which she composed two excellent novels as well as several inferior ones. From these two works M. Sainte-Beuve gives a number of extracts, all remarkable for strength and truthfulness. Mme. de Charrière looks like the first of the realists. But with the realists, as we have learned, one must proceed cautiously, and it is very possible that with all her merits Mme. de Charrière could not logically hope to figure in these chastened English pages.

"The quiet fairness," says Miss Preston in her preface, "with which M. Sainte-Beuve estimates feminine effort and achievement in letters, as contrasted alike with the indulgent praise and considerate blame which they ordinarily receive, is to a woman, at least, absolutely affecting." This is doubtless perfectly true, and yet after all the author's tone is by no means the pure judicial one. On the title-page of the French edition of the work before us is the following bit of dialogue, by way of an epigraph: "'Have you ever been a woman, sir, that you should pretend in this way to know us?' 'No, madam, I am not Tiresias the soothsayer; I am only a humble mortal who has loved you much.'" He has loved them much—this is the motive and the secret of M. Sainte-Beuve's deep appreciation of the characteristics of women. To our mind it is not his fairness that is affecting, but his devotion; the exquisite humility of his intellect—its servility, one may call it—under the charm of feminine grace and talent. In one sense it is a deeper and more disinterested devotion than that of the great poets and romancers. These writers construct lovely women by the dozen, and lose their hearts to their own creations; but their heroines are emphatically their creatures; they bear the stamp of their own passions and prejudices; they flatter their genius. M. Sainte-Beuve takes women as they come, neither ideally beautiful nor ideally gifted, full of foibles and disenchantments and incompleteness, and places his faculties at their service to act upon society; waits upon them, interprets them, exhibits them, repeats their faint accents in a louder key. It is decidedly as they are—as they have been, even in the past—and not as they may be and as many of them wish to be, that he studies and admires them. The translator, we think, forces a point when she intimates that M. Sainte-Beuve has caught a glimpse of that luminous future which shines from afar in the eyes of the more sober and strenuous of her sex. She even goes so far—*horrescimus referentes*—as to mention in this connection the word suffrage. This term suggests an order of facts and ideas to which we may be sure that the mind of the illustrious critic is a stranger. We may best express at once the extent and the limitation of his conception of the feminine nature—of *das ewige Weibliche*—by saying that he deals only with women as established in society, and that he uses the word society in its artificial and modern sense of *good company*. If we regard this circumstance in connection with the fact indicated in the epigraph—the fact that he maintains an emphatically sentimental relation to the ladies of his choice—we shall see that it is no easy task to enlist him on the side of reform, progress, emancipation, or any tendency foreshadowed in these formidable words. Society, in the sense necessarily attached to the word by M. Sainte-Beuve, does not exist, and is not likely to exist, in this country. To M. Sainte-Beuve it has, as much as anything can have, probably, an absolute sanctity and meaning. In France, from the time of Madame de Sévigné down to the present day, it has gradually assumed form and substance, and has constituted the only possible medium of life and action for superior women. Each of the ladies described in the present volume was a woman of the world—of the nine no less than seven were members of what is called the great world, of the inner circle of society. This inner circle was composed of many elements, among which it would be unfair not to mention literature. But the further one penetrates into it, it seems to us, the more those complex elements tend to reduce themselves to two simple ones—in the first place the *salon*, and in the second place love, or, as it would be more correct to say, lovers. Miss Preston admits, correctly, that what our author chiefly values in woman is the "capacity for passion." Of course the love indicated in our quotation is not all on one side. M. Sainte-Beuve repays himself for his own effusion of sentiment by detecting and pursuing the emotion in the lives of his heroines. Assuredly, it is not directed towards himself; but this is of small account. Provided it is really the process, the act of love, he is quite content to be but a spectator. The translator has, of necessity, omitted from her volume the last of the original portraits, a sketch of a certain Madame de Pontivy. This lady, who flourished in the first half of the last century, was in no sense of the word a celebrated woman; she was not even a literary woman, and we remain in ignorance of the documents in which her history is revealed. Her sole claim to our interest is her love-story—the fact that for a large number of years, a whole lifetime indeed, in the midst of a faithless and licentious society, she maintained privately, and yet in all its fulness, a passion of the most exquisite quality. There is nothing in the story but that; no wit, nor wisdom, nor action—nothing but happy love, pure and simple. M. Sainte-Beuve relates it with excellent skill, and with the most generous sympathy and unction. But that he should relate such a story in such a manner is conclusive evidence that he is very little of a moralist and, in a really liberal sense of the word, not overmuch of a thinker. We are half sorry that the translator might not have ventured to retain the sketch. To a serious mind it offers perhaps more matter for reflection than any of the other essays.

* "Portraits of Celebrated Women. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated from the French by H. W. Preston." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1868.

What we ourselves most enjoy in the writings of M. Sainte-Beuve is their numerous literary merits. The literary merit of the present volume so far exceeds its merits in other particulars that it seems futile to look upon it as anything but a contribution to pure literature. A writer and a psychologist—an empiric, if you will, in each case, but a most successful one—these seem to us the terms which best describe M. Sainte-Beuve. We admit that it is dangerous to assume aught of a trenchant tone in speaking of the constitution of his genius. He contains a little of so many things in a degree that sadly puzzles the critic's mind and leads him to forswear the attempt to classify and label him. He is a little of a poet, a little of a moralist, a little of a historian, a little of a philosopher, a little of a romancer. But successively, with patience and care, you detect each of these characters in its littleness—you detect the wonderful man in flagrant default of imagination, of depth, of sagacity, of constructive skill, and you feel that he is reduced to logical proportions. At the same time you feel that there is another element of his mind which looks small from no point of view, but which remains immeasurable, original, and delightful. This is his passion for literature—in which we include both his insatiable curiosity and his eternal gift of expression—his style.

The Old Mam'selle's Secret. After the German by E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—This is a very pleasant book—superior to the average novel by reason of its simplicity and artistic completeness, the purity of its sentiment, and the quality of its thought. Lest, in making the latter statement, we should repel those readers who object to the discussion of problems in novels, we hasten to add that the author's thinking appears in the book as a result, and not as a process. The woman question, and certain aspects of the religious question, have doubtless engaged her attention and, in part, suggested her story; but she understands the novelist's business too well to make studies in public. She plays the part of narrator simply, and reflects and moralizes only by implication.

The story of the book, told briefly, is as follows: Felicitas, the little daughter of a juggler, is adopted and taken home by Herr Hellwig, a benevolent gentleman who is present when her mother is accidentally shot during the performance of some juggling trick. His wife, one of those hard, severe religionists whose piety is impious, and is only saved from being hypocrisy by the fact of its imposing upon themselves, hates the child, as is only natural since she feels assured that as the offspring of "players" its soul must be incapable of salvation! Felicitas is, however, well taught and well treated until the death of her adopted father, which occurs when she is about nine years old. She then learns for the first time to what class her parents belonged, the fate of her mother, and her own preordained eternal misery. She falls, by her protector's will, to the care of his eldest son, whom she sees for the first time at his father's funeral. This young man, who has been brought up in the strictest manner by a severely pious relative of his mother, shares in her aversion to the child—not on personal grounds, but because she comes of a degraded stock. He leaves her to the tender mercies of his mother while he pursues his medical studies "in a distant city"—puts a stop to her education, which had been begun by his father, and orders her to be trained as a servant. Felicitas fortunately makes the acquaintance of the "old Mam'selle," a relative of her adopted father, who lives in a secluded manner in some rooms in a remote part of the house, and is secretly instructed by her at odd hours during the next nine years. She grows up extremely beautiful, with a fine and well-cultivated mind and a noble character. In her eighteenth year her guardian, now become an able and distinguished physician, returns to his mother's house. The usual thing happens. His prejudices have been partially destroyed by his scientific training, and the beauty of Felicitas and the purity and strength of her nature complete the work of their destruction. His pride of birth and social position yield fully to these influences, but are yet more completely humbled by the discovery of the old Mam'selle's secret, which is that the virtue and respectability of his family are built upon a sham, and that their wealth was obtained by a fraud practised by one of his ancestors upon the family from which Felicitas sprang. The secret plays, however, no really important part in the story, the interest of which depends entirely upon the characters of Felicitas and her lover, and the delicacy and purity with which their love story is told. The book is a little too dramatic, and the character painting, though clever, is by no means in the realistic style—was done, rather, on the principle of artistic selection for definite ends. Supposing the chief end in view to have been the production of a readable and entertaining novel, this principle seems to have worked very well; but the book is neither high enough in its idealization nor close enough to nature in its realism to take rank in the highest department of fiction. Still, it is extremely pleasant reading, and much better than most recent novels.

Mrs. Wister seems to us to have done her part of the work remarkably well. There remains in her version none of the hardness and cumbrousness which, in literal translations from the German, is apt to strike the reader unpleasantly.

King Sham, and other Atrocities in Verse; including a Humorous History of the Pike's Peak Excitement. By Lawrence N. Greenleaf. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.)—Mr. Greenleaf's title-page, with its touch of humorous frankness, seemed to promise something that should be not atrocious, but good, perhaps. The name of the book is, however, to be read as literal description; atrocious it is—altogether a very saddening affair. This is in the author's best manner:

> "See Scituate, that famous town,
> 'Tis situated near the sea:
> Where lived Joe Kerr, of great renown—
> A great jo-ker was he!"

Then a joke of the practical sort is described, and evidently Mr. Kerr, like his biographer, is one of those witty persons who make life in small New England towns more depressing than Providence intended.

History of the Reconstruction Measures of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses. 1865-68. By Henry Wilson. (Hartford: Hartford Publishing Company. By subscription only. 1868.)—In his "History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eight Congresses" Senator Wilson had arranged and condensed in the most convenient manner the talk and legislation of the Capitol for the five years 1861-65, the most important in our history. The service was no slight one, as everybody who attempts to consult the record of that period through Mr. Wilson's compendium will gratefully acknowledge. In the present volume, bulkier in appearance but containing considerably less matter for obvious reasons, the Congressional journal is continued to the present year, with the change of topics caused by the President's perfidy in regard to reconstruction. Those measures, however, like the Tenure-of-Office Act, which grew out of the abstract controversy as to the powers of the Executive, and only indirectly concerned the freedmen and the South, are omitted in this résumé, while, for the rest, we shall render all-sufficient praise when we say that, like the previous history, it has been made as the compiler intended, brief and impartial, following the excellent method originally adopted. In the reconstruction enactments Mr. Wilson's own part is perhaps not so signal nor so memorable as in some passed during the war; but besides taking the initiative in measures which were either let drop or were not adopted in the shape in which he proposed them, he carried with his usual tact a bill to disband the rebel militia, another abolishing corporal punishment at the South, a third striking out "white" from the Federal militia laws, and a fourth abolishing peonage in New Mexico—landmarks both in reconstruction South and in the progress of the entire nation. It would be easy to show from quotations that Mr. Wilson has not expressed all the juice from the Congressional debates. The last phrase of Mr. Wade's that struck us was that he was "too old-fashioned" for something, and here on p. 143 he declares himself "a little too old-fashioned to be charged by the executive branch of this Government as a traitor on the floor of Congress, and not resent it." We doubt if Mr. Wade would have relished, in taking the vote on impeachment, the practical adoption, by the President's friends, of his own tactics on the Civil Rights Bill. Senators Wright and Dixon were sick, and the Democrats wished the vote postponed for their recovery. They were told, as many will remember:

"I yield to no importunities of the other side. I feel myself justified in taking every advantage which the Almighty has put into my hands to defend the power and authority of this body, of which I claim to be a part. I will not yield to these appeals of comity on a question like this; but I will tell the President and everybody else that if God Almighty has stricken one member so that he cannot be here to uphold the dictation of a despot, I thank Him for his interposition, and I will take advantage of it if I can."

A Practical Grammar of the Hebrew Language for Schools and Colleges. By B. Felsenthal, Ph.D., Minister of the Zion Congregation, Chicago. (New York: L. H. Frank. 1868.)—The intention of the author in writing this manual was not, as he informs us in his preface, to elaborate a complete system of Hebrew grammar, but to place in the hands of teachers of that language a text-book containing "the main points of grammar, so arranged and illustrated as to meet the wants" chiefly of beginners. "Encumbering details on grammatical niceties are purposely omitted." His principal aim was to satisfy a want seriously felt in Jewish schools, the pupils of which generally begin the study of Hebrew before the knowledge of Latin makes it possible for them to use systematic manuals elabor-

ated on the principles adopted for the use of the classical tongues. Plainness and easy gradation were, therefore, the chief requirements. We believe the author, whose name does not for the first time appear among the cultivators of Hebrew science in this country, has well executed his task. Excellent for the instruction of Jewish beginners of a tender age, his book will be appreciated as a very satisfactory guide also by teachers in higher institutions of learning. The rules are clearly and plainly presented according to the inductive method. The orthoepic part and the verbal paradigms are especially full. The illustrations are well chosen. Translating exercises are attached. What is wanting can easily be added by teachers who are to a degree masters of their subject. The print is fine, distinct—excepting, perhaps, the *h* and *'h*, which resemble each other too much—and very correct. *Bayith h(a)ggadol*, on page 48, contains the only misprint we have discovered, besides being a grammatically unexplained example. The author's Latin equivalents for the Hebrew letters and vowels are very good. The capitalization, however, in the use of grammatical terms appears to us arbitrary and inconsistent. We should also prefer *k'thibh* (or *K'thibh*) to *Kh'thibh*. We wish the learned author the success which his useful publication merits, and such as would encourage others to follow in his path. We have specially in mind Dr. Deutsch, of Baltimore, whose full and scholarly Hebrew grammar, long completed, has already too long remained in manuscript, for want of a publisher, to the detriment of American learning.

Recent Republications.—At the time we announced the American edition of Darwin's latest work* it was going through the press, and it now appears in very handsome shape from the office of the *Agriculturist*. The author contributes a short preface, offering a respectful greeting to his American readers, and explaining his reason for descending, in the first volume, into such minute details concerning the differences of domestic breeds of animals. He also calls attention to his theory of *Pangenesis*, which, as Prof. Gray points out in a succeeding preface, has nothing to do with the theory for which Mr. Darwin is famous. Prof. Gray also recommends this book to practical agriculturists and breeders; and it is not difficult to believe that they will be intensely interested in it, and perhaps led to proffer the author some of their own experience, as many have done and are thanked for in the introduction. Indeed, one can hardly over-estimate the value to the popular mind, for habits of observation and reflection, of the widespread circulation of such scientific and yet thoroughly intelligible works as this and Mr. Marsh's "Man and Nature;" and we are led to regret anew the want in this country of the Continental mode of publishing cheaply even the most enduring monuments of the human intellect.

We must not omit to add that the present edition contains the corrections and changes which were made in the second English edition, with some which have since been sent over in manuscript by the author, and have not before been printed.

A continuing place in our literature is secured for "Vathek"* by Lord Byron's praises, by the fact that the manner of its composition was a remarkable literary feat, and more legitimately and surely by the really impressive vision with which it closes. The Hall of Eblis is a powerful conception. Unborrowed—if we except the somewhat Miltonized Satan or Eblis—from any of the famous poetic conceptions of the abode of the damned, it is yet a conception not wholly unworthy of a place among the most terrific of them. But it is true that this scene gives to the tale an ending grander by far than properly belongs to it. Certainly there are several passages in the story not destitute of power, but there is almost none not very seriously injured by something quite trivial—some farcical circumstance, some feeble satire, something modern, and modern French very likely, in the sentiments. It is safe, we suspect, to say that the once lauded Orientalism of "Vathek" is essentially "Brummagem." The tale might, however, permissibly be out of keeping with itself, and very permissibly it might be out of keeping with the supposed place and time, if it had in it much thought, but at best we get only the thoughts of a boy of twenty, who, with an inadequacy to be expected, sets before us, in the adventures of Mussulmans about as real as the philosophic Chinese of the encyclopædists, the proposition that there can be an inordinate desire for knowledge, and that he who seeks "forbidden science" falls into the clutches of the fiend.

Still, "Vathek" ought to have, and will have, readers. For one thing, it is worth while to look at it and see in the Sultan—when the author does not make him inconsistently ludicrous—the germ of the grand, gloomy, and peculiar Corsairs and Manfreds of a later and greater than Beckford, and in the Vizier the germ of Moore's Fadladeen. And though the personages are ill-depicted, and little more than names or sketches of impossible people, still the imagination of the reader is excited by them and their surroundings something as it is by the "Arabian Nights." The East of fable, if not the real East, is at least suggested, and the amiable Princess Scheherezade, with her enchanted armies, allies herself to the new magician, and helps him to subjugate us. And then at the end is the awful abode of the pre-Adamite sultans; we see King Solomon waiting and watching till the cataract shall cease to flow and the day of his forgiveness shall come, and we see walking up and down with hands pressed on their breasts, while their hearts burn underneath, the innumerable multitude who have sinned by excess of ambition and pride.

The edition before us is well printed, though not without some errors, from an English edition of the translation which the author approved. An edition with a better prefatory memoir, with certain passages omitted, as better suited to the grosser taste of Beckford's day than to the decency of our own, and, finally, with illustrations by some one of our artists who joins to a certain degree of poetic power some measure of Doré's gift of uniting the cynically humorous with the horrid, would make a book fit for readers of every age and every degree of culture, a book for the holidays, and all the days, of many years; and we hope to see some of our publishers and artists attempt it soon.

* "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., etc." Authorized edition, with a preface by Prof. Asa Gray. 2 vols. With illustrations. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1868.

*"Vathek: An Arabian Tale. By William Beckford, Esquire." New York: James Miller. 1868.

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The Week.

WORK has gone on in Congress during the week with considerable rapidity, the heat, the coming campaign, and the exciting session making everybody desirous of coming further North. On Wednesday week Mr. Sumner brought forward half a dozen resolutions to this effect: first, the people have a right to make censorious remarks in regard to senators sitting as judges; second, the Senate trying impeachments is not a true court at all, and the senators' taking an oath to decide according to the law and the evidence does not make it so. On the same day there was debate in the Senate over the name for the new Territory. Territories often keep their names when they become States, so we may be glad that "Cheyenne," to be pronounced "Shy-en," was not adopted. "Lincoln" was rejected for an obvious and, no doubt, sound reason. Apparently, nobody had a better name to offer, though there must be plenty of Indian words that could properly be used, and, for the present, the insignificant "Wyoming" is retained. In the House, on the same day, there was a dispute about the wording of resolutions in reference to Mr. Buchanan's death. Mr. Morgan, of Ohio, was ousted, and his seat given to Mr. Delano. On Thursday the House asked for a committee of conference on the Arkansas bill, and discussed at great length the new Tax bill. The Senate elected Mr. Gorham, of California, successor to Mr. Forney, its former secretary—a choice which may probably have some effect on the Presidential election in California.

On Friday the Senate passed a bill authorizing contracts which specify that payments shall be made in gold. There was a long debate on the Omnibus Reconstruction bill, the point in dispute being the amendment that Alabama should be admitted at the same time with the Carolinas, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi. This Mr. Wilson urged, but the objection seemed strong in the minds of senators that it would be a plain violation of the faith of Congress to admit Alabama without a new election. For the rest, the point of difference between Senate and House as regards these bills—that for the admission of Arkansas and the Omnibus bill—relates to the question whether the "fundamental condition" clause shall merely state the proposition that civil and political inequality on account of color is wrong and forbidden, or shall ordain that "the promises of the present Constitution" shall never hereafter be altered. The term "*brutum fulmen*," applied by Mr. Trumbull to one of these propositions, applies equally to the other, and it is not easy to see why there should be two words about the matter, except, of course, that in one case rather more manifestly than in the other Congress puts itself in the position of apparently threatening to do what it will not do and probably knows it cannot do. In the House, the Tax bill was amended by striking out the section which creates a new department, puts at the head of it the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and gives to him absolute power to dismiss his subordinates and appoint new ones. Commissioner Rollins, tired of responsibility without power, felt obliged, as soon as its defeat was known, to resign the office he has filled so well. The House on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday was occupied with the Tax bill, "the contumacious Wooley," and the Arkansas bill, which on Monday last went to the President.

Wooley has at last surrendered. He says the mysterious telegrams which passed between him and his "client" in New York had reference to some "lawful" influence which he was endeavoring to exert on the Tax bill, and particularly on that portion of it relating to the whiskey. He has also explained what has become of that mysterious $20,000, or $17,000, or $15,000 after which Mr. Butler has been keeping up such a keen pursuit. It appears that he and Sheridan Shook, being drunk and in bed at their room in Willard's, he (Wooley), in the presence of Mr. Van Valkenberg and others, offered to bet Shook $20,000 on the Presidential election, and threw down a roll of bills on the table, Sheridan Shook being entirely unable to comprehend the transaction or take cognizance of the money. Van Valkenberg, fearing it would be lost, took it up, counted it, and found the sum to be $17,000, and determined to take care of it for Wooley. He accordingly deposited it in the office safe of the Metropolitan Hotel, where it has lain ever since. The evidence adduced in support of this story is that of Van Valkenberg; of Robert Strong, who was present with him at the drunken scene; of Cornelius Wendell, who went with him to the hotel office, saw the money counted and deposited in the safe; of G. H. Shelly, one of the proprietors of the Metropolitan Hotel, who, though he had no recollection of the making of the deposit, on being spoken to about it in New York, a few days later, telegraphed to his partner, Mr. Potts, to put the parcel in the inner safe for greater security, which he did. There it was found in due course and restored to Wooley. A plainer story is not often told in a court of justice, and there is no flaw that we can see in the evidence. Wooley's ignorance, and Shook's, too, of what came of the money, can be readily understood, and also the unwillingness of the former, if he had learnt what had become of it, to tell the story. We beg to remind our readers, that during the last fortnight charges of corruption have been incessantly made against Republican senators, based simply upon the presumption that Wooley's refusal to tell what he had done with this money was *proof* that he had used it to influence the impeachment trial.

We shall repeat once more, *apropos* of the Butler investigation, as it affects the characters of several prominent men, that, to make evidence worthy either of confidence or respect, it must be taken either by an unbiassed, impartial, and trained examiner publicly; or it must be taken by examination and cross-examination, the result of the cross-examination being produced along with the result of the direct examination, and the examiner and cross-examiner must represent different parties or different interests. Mr. Butler supplies none of these guarantees. The committee which the House has charged with the investigation are exactly in the position of the counsel who have lost a case, and who are trying to show that the jury who gave a verdict against them must have been bribed by the opposite party. They are, there-

fore, not impartial examiners; they are actuated by strong personal interest; and they not only propound questions as counsel, but exercise the functions of a judge by deciding on the propriety or admissibility of the questions; and the result of their interrogatories is not tested or modified by cross-examination. The condition of Mr. Butler's mind was well illustrated by his calling in the House on Monday the witness who is under examination before him "a perjured, defaulting, contemptuous, and contemptible witness." It is a gentleman who talks in this way who is now conducting a secret enquiry, and who has it in his power to spread rumors at any time, or get rumors spread by his admirers in the press, that he has "damning proofs" of the guilt of anybody in the community he pleases to fix upon. We do not recollect a case in recent times in which the moral as well as the technical requirements of judicial investigation have been so completely disregarded.

The week has afforded one good instance of the way in which the Democratic leaders in the House cover themselves and their party with credit whenever they attempt action. Mr. Buchanan having died, Mr. Woodward proceeded to utilize the dead man. He would show the Republicans up as tramplers on graves. To this end he prepared resolutions in which Mr. Buchanan was declared a patriot sage, and a committee was called for to attend his body to its last resting-place. Everybody is a sage, of course, and the House would have been perfectly willing to say so. And, in a sense, Mr. Buchanan was no doubt patriotic, though his moral and mental helplessness prevented the late Confederacy from giving him very high honor, and made the North talk of hanging him. Mr. Woodward's resolutions were, of course, as he had foreseen and wished, rejected. Some honest and sufficient resolutions having been offered, were passed. The affair would hardly be worth mentioning, if it were not that it fairly shows the height to which Democratic statesmanship in the House usually rises. There never was a time, we suppose, in the Congressional history of the country when the opposition in the House was so feeble and incompetent to any tolerably good work.

The talk of Chief-Justice Chase's acceptance of the Democratic nomination on a platform specially prepared for him still continues to grow. Of the moral character of the arrangement we have spoken elsewhere. Mr. Adams is the last person named for the Vice-Presidency. But it does not seem within the bounds of possibility that the party can make any arrangements which would bring either of these gentlemen within its fold without a sacrifice of character which they are not capable of making. Whatever the party managers may be willing to agree to now, the Convention will scarcely be persuaded to fling away everything on which the rank and file place any value. Chief-Justice Chase has written a letter to a "personal friend" which appears in the New York *Herald*, in which, after replying to the attacks on him touching his share in the impeachment trial, and disclaiming all political ambition, he expresses a gentle hope that "the Democratic party may take ground which would assure the party against all attempts to subvert the principle of universal suffrage in eight and to be established in all of the Southern States." Should he see this, he intimates that he "would not regret his absence from political labors." We venture to say that a very large proportion of the public would not regret his absence from them even now, before that great consummation has been reached. His "labors" are an affliction to all thinking men.

The Australians seem to have been driven crazy by the attempt on Prince Alfred's life. The President of the Upper House in New South Wales, an old and prominent advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, has expressed in his place in the legislature a desire to have O'Farrell "hanged fifty cubits high;" and, more than this, desires to have "the gallows stand till the last Fenian is exterminated!" The Bishop of Sydney (Protestant) also made the startling announcement, at a meeting of the clergy, "that there were many fathers in the community, since this dreadful crime had been committed, who did not dare to look their own offspring in the face, for very shame that their children should have been born in a country the shores of which have been stained with the blood of the Queen's son." When one remembers that this ineffable nonsense was uttered by a prominent teacher of religion to an assembly of his brethren, one gets a shocking idea of the condition of the colonial mind. As long as the eye of God Almighty has to look down upon the various crimes of every degree which are committed night and day in her Majesty's Australasian colonies, we think the clergy may fairly encourage the Australian fathers to meet the eye of their children unabashed, even when the assassination of a prince by a weak-minded adventurer is spoken of. The utterance of such teachings by such men on the subject of moral responsibility at an exciting crisis, is a disgrace to the Church. When the public in any country is carried, by exciting events, into forming exaggerated or distorted estimates of the nature and guilt of crimes, it is the duty of the clergy, more than of men of any other class or calling, to keep their vision clear, and to hold the balance calmly. If they cannot do this, half their value in a civilized community is destroyed. The ladies have joined the clergy in swelling the tide of folly. Two thousand women held an indignation meeting in the Exhibition building in Sydney, to "denounce" O'Farrell and congratulate the Prince. The resolutions were moved and seconded and the speeches made by clergymen, other "males" being sparingly admitted by ticket, and only allowed standing-room on the outskirts. A Jewish rabbi, at the close, communicated the views of his co-religionists on O'Farrell's crime.

The Colonial Legislature also passed a ridiculous treason felony bill in one day, making it punishable with imprisonment and hard labor for life, or not less than seven years, to "propose a peaceful and friendly separation of the Colonies from England;" or with imprisonment with or without hard labor for three years or less "to speak disrespectfully of the Queen," or to refuse "factiously" to join in a loyal toast "in honor of her Majesty." The London *Spectator*, commenting on this legislation, sensibly suggests that the best way to cure the delirium which is at the bottom of it, would be to send out a few princes from England, so as to familiarize the colonists with them. In England, their presence is found to have a calming rather than exciting influence on loyalty.

The protectionist cause in France has met with a much more powerful champion than M. Thiers, in the person of M. Pouyer-Quertier, a Rouen manufacturer. In addition to M. Thiers's avowed ignorance of political economy, both in theory and practice, his steady support of various antiquated ideas—such as that the weakness and degradation of her neighbors are necessary to the greatness of France, that the Papacy is a valuable institution and ought to be supported by French bayonets, that Italy should be again broken up—weakens the force of all he says on behalf of any old doctrine whatever. He is, in short, a statesman of the Guizot school, without Guizot's deep religious feeling, and the world has travelled a good way since that school exercised any real influence on the affairs of men.

M. Pouyer-Quertier made a powerful speech, although not a practised orator, and, being very popular and a princely entertainer, he made a good deal of impression. He did not take up, as M. Thiers did, a position of downright hostility to free trade at all times and under all circumstances, but maintained that the Emperor was, in the first place, wrong in forcing it on the country of his own mere motion, and, secondly, that he did not reach it in the right way. He charged him with having violated the promises he made in his letter of 1860, written after the conclusion of the commercial treaty with England—declaring that before concluding any fresh treaties France should improve her own agriculture and means of transport—the rivers and canals being enabled to compete with the railroads—diminish taxation, and do away with prohibitions. M. Pouyer-Quertier then asserted that the navigation of the rivers had not been improved, that the canals had not been improved, and that taxation, so far from being diminished, had in eight years increased from $360,000,000 to $460,000,000. The army, too, he said, weighed terribly on French industry, and operated to prevent France competing fairly with England. Finally, he attacked the accuracy of the customs returns, and he and M. Jules Brame, a brother member, circulated, the day after his speech a written undertaking, signed by them both, offering to pay

$20,000 to the Empress for distribution in charity, if it should appear, after an examination of these returns by four sworn accountants, chosen half by protectionists and half by free-traders, that a majority of the articles which were valued in making up the amount of the "general trade" of the year had not been counted twice, thus nearly doubling the apparent amount.

To this M. Rouher replied, that the Emperor had promised in 1860 to spend $65,000,000 on public works; that he had actually spent $80,000,000 in the eight years referred to; that the traffic rates on canals had been lowered 70 per cent. in the same period; that although the English budget is lighter than the French one in appearance, this proves nothing as to the comparative taxation, because the French budget contains the departmental and communal taxes, which the English one does not, and that, as a matter of fact, while taxation only amounts to 39 francs a head in France, it amounts to 60 francs in England for the year 1869. In answer to M. Thiers's attacks on the lowering of the differential duty in favor of French shipping, M. Rouher showed that of 307,837 tons of direct imports, 273,100 came in French bottoms; that there are from 200 to 400 French vessels which, caring nothing for the protection afforded them in their own ports, are exclusively engaged in the carrying trade between foreign ports; that France has now 55 per cent. of the navigation in the Mediterranean; and that, under the reduction of the coal duty from 3 francs 20 centimes to 1 franc, the production in the French mines has increased in seven years 65 per cent., while the importation has only increased 42 per cent. The debate has been on the whole highly interesting, but was not protracted to the extent desired by the protectionists, many of whom were cut off from speaking by the pressure of the ministers for a division as soon as M. Rouher had concluded. The extreme Liberals took the free-trade side, M. Emile Ollivier speaking in its favor. The only hard blows struck by the protectionists were, as we have said, those of M. Pouyer-Quertier. The treaty M. Rouher announces will stand, the Government being more convinced than ever of its advantages to France.

A report was spread some weeks ago that an attempt had been made by the Archbishop of Algeria to repeat on some of the young Arabs the experiment which the Pope found so successful in the case of the young Jew, Mortara—that is, to seize them and bring them up in the Catholic faith in defiance of their parents—and Marshal McMahon, the general in command, was said to have interfered on behalf of religious and parental rights, and had been compelled to quarrel with the archbishop in order to protect them. There has been a serious difference between the two functionaries, and the archbishop has come to France to appeal to the Emperor, and the latter, it is said, sides with the marshal; but the archbishop's course turns out not to be so reprehensible, from a moral point of view, after all. He has not employed, or sought to employ, any constraint whatever, and has not interfered, or attempted to interfere, with parental rights; but he has sought to proselytize through teaching, preaching, and charitable aid offered directly to the Mussulman population. To this Marshal McMahon objects, on the ground that if many conversions are made, though in never so legitimate a way, it will rouse the suspicions and fanaticism of the whole Arab population, and perhaps lead to a bloody rising, or make it impossible to preserve order without the employment of an immense force. There is much to be said on both sides. It is hard to see how the archbishop, with his views of the probable future of the Arabs, can desist; and hard to see how the marshal, with his experience of Arab powers of mischief, can give way. But it is right to add that similar fears to the marshal's long prevailed amongst English functionaries in Hindostan, and were found to be not only groundless but really injurious to English interests. There is, however, always something in the teachings of the Catholic Church, when it has the civil authorities or military force at its back, which makes the blood of the infidels, heretics, pagans, and Jews boil a little, although there are no more patient and devoted missionaries than the Catholic missionaries when the heathen have the arm of flesh on *their* side. The marshal's opinion is all the more deserving of respect from the fact that he is an old personal friend of the archbishop, and was mainly instrumental in having him transferred to Algeria from the Bishopric of Nancy.

There is still talk of war between France and Russia, but the period of its outbreak has been judiciously postponed till the autumn, a season in which no power engages in hostilities in northern climates, except under pressure of absolute necessity. Every reason—except the want of a proper armament and a sufficiently large force—which existed a year ago for believing France unwilling to fight, exists still. The condition of the finances and of industry is a fresh guarantee for peace at present. This is what is rendering the Emperor's position insecure, and war could not mend it. Prussia, too, is struggling with financial difficulties. She used, before the late war, invariably to have a surplus of revenue; this year she has a small deficit; and the fiscal systems of all the states which have been brought into the Confederation have undergone more or less derangement, owing to the increase in their military and other burdens.

The story of the Briggs colliery, in Yorkshire, England, of which most persons who are interested in Co-operation have heard, has just been published in the Sixth Report of the Trades Union Commission. Briggs & Co. were the proprietors of large coal mines. They found their business in 1865, after ten years of difficulties, on the verge of ruin through strikes, quarrels, and "play days." They were at the mercy of their men, who, Mr. Briggs says, "seemed utterly reckless as to what loss they inflicted on their employers and fellow-workmen." In that year, therefore, almost in despair, the firm was dissolved and a joint-stock company substituted. The old partners reserved 6,000 out of 9,000 shares, of $50 each, the rest being offered to the workmen or any one who chose to buy. Then it was arranged that capital should have, first, ten per cent. of the profits; the remainder to be divided into two equal parts—one-half to go to capital, in further remuneration; the remainder to be divided amongst the employees of all kinds as a bonus proportioned to earnings. The experiment has been a complete success. Before the change the firm rarely made five per cent. on their capital; they now realize 10 per cent. always *and* a surplus, divided as we have described. The shares are at twenty-five per cent. premium. Strikes have ceased. Mr. Briggs has very much more control over the men than he ever had, in fact, and says he "is infinitely more proprietor than before." Moreover, the Trades Union organization has been driven out of the district; and, more wonderful than all, the employers have to interfere to prevent the laborers working each other too hard. What if the proprietors of the great collieries here, in such abodes of bliss as Mauch Chunk, were to try this experiment?

A French economist of distinction, M. Louis Reybaud, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of April 15, makes, in discussing the state of political economy in the United States, some rather amusing comments on the dispute which long raged between H. C. Carey and Ricardo on the nature and origin of rent. Ricardo maintained that rent represented the difference between the best and worst land in cultivation, and as to the origin of it, he said when "first settlers" came into a country they naturally chose the richest land, river bottoms and so forth; and rent did not begin till, all the best land having been occupied, soil of inferior quality had to be brought into cultivation. Here Mr. Carey presented himself and made what we believe he considers one of his greatest discoveries. He denied that rent originated in the way described by Ricardo, and showed that, on the contrary, feeble man, instead of first cultivating the rich alluvial soils, first settled on the poor uplands, and only comes down to contend with the river bottoms when population has become dense and labor more abundant. M. Reybaud points out with French neatness that this celebrated discussion has not a particle of foundation either in tradition or observed facts, and that one theory is, therefore, just as good as another. Neither Mr. Ricardo nor Mr. Carey has ever seen or read of or heard of any country being settled in the manner he describes, so that his origin of rent is constructed out of his imagination. In fact, the controversy bears a strong resemblance to that which occupied philosophers in the last century about the origin of society. The "Social Contract" of Rousseau had just the same kind of basis as Messrs. Ricardo's and Carey's theory of the origin of rent, and the "natural rights" theory of some of our own politicians is no better off.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE AND THE DEMOCRATS.

WILDLY improbable as it seemed two or three months ago, the nomination of Chief-Justice Chase by the Democrats is beginning to be set down by very shrewd observers amongst things certain. At all events, all the usual influences are at work to bring it about. Negotiations are pending; the Chief-Justice has stated his terms; the Democratic managers are trying to find out whether they can safely accept them, and it begins to seem to many people not only a feasible but rational thing that they should do so. Pendleton is said to be the choice of the West; but then he is weak on the subject of the public credit, and still weaker on the subject of the war. In other words, he is the representative of those portions of the Democratic creed which have during the last seven years placed the party in a hopeless minority. To give it a chance of recovering its lost position, it must give up the very things in the defence of which Pendleton has won all the distinction on which his claims to the Presidency are based.

Supposing the war heresy, however, and the greenback heresy to be discarded, the Democracy has still the "white man's government" theory to stand upon. On this point, however, Pendleton has no special value. He has not done anything very remarkable in defence of this doctrine, and then the doctrine itself has very little practical value. It had some value in 1865; but instead of urging it at that time on the attention of the Southern States, persuading them to come into the Union on the fourteenth constitutional amendment, under which the maintenance of a white man's government would have been possible, the Democratic party stood up so stoutly for the "dignity" of the white man that his chance of retaining the control of the government was allowed to slip by. Government for all colors is now established at the South. Whether it is the best kind of government is not now a practical question. It is the actual and only possible government. The vast body of the Northern people would now, we are sure, sooner leave the political relations of the two races at the South to be decided by their relative mental and moral capacity and power of multiplication than attempt a new resort to restrictive or partial legislation.

Supposing the Democracy, however, to give up its secession doctrine, its greenback doctrine, and its white man's government doctrine, and to prepare a platform accepting negro suffrage, sustaining the payment of the national bonds in gold, and guaranteeing the existence of the national banks, could Chief-Justice Chase honorably take his stand upon it? He is apparently of opinion, if his sentiments are truly reported by his friends, that he could. These, he says, are his "principles." His party he may change, but his "principles" never. If the Democratic party adopt his principles, there is no reason why he should not cast in his lot with them, particularly as he has ceased to sympathize with the Republican party on some important points in its policy, such as the military government at the South and its treatment of the Supreme Court. Our views about the propriety of his becoming a candidate at all, no matter of what party, are well known to our readers. We urged them early last winter, when many Radicals were lauding him to the skies as their ideal standard-bearer, and talking darkly and mournfully about Grant; we said that it was a scandal for a Chief-Justice to carry his political ambition up to the bench with him, and use his position to help him in urging his "claims." We felt satisfied that Mr. Chase's willingness to do this was of itself either proof of his unfitness for the Presidency, or a good reason why every Republican who valued judicial purity and independence should refuse to vote for him.

But granting, for the sake of argument, that there is nothing improper in making the Supreme Court a step to the Presidency, we hold that the acceptance by Mr. Chase of a nomination from the Democratic party, on a platform which has been prepared simply for his reception, and from which, for the purpose of securing him, the principles and traditions of the party have been carefully excluded, would be a shameless juggle, in which we cannot yet believe he will participate. A party is only respectable and only useful in so far as it is held together by faith in certain ideas, and attachment to a certain policy embodying these ideas. Without this bond it is simply a faction, and the strife of politics becomes simply an ignoble and repulsive gambling for offices. A party which repudiates the ideas that have created and preserved it, and furnished it with the reason and justification of its existence, and which formally makes a profession of adopting others against which it has always fought, for the avowed purpose of securing a valuable candidate, and through the use of his name securing office, is not a party at whose head a respectable politician can put himself. If Chief-Justice Chase does it, he will have done much not only to destroy what remains of popular confidence in the Supreme Court, but to carry politics a step lower down in immorality than they have yet gone. Whether the people of any party would permit such an abuse of political organization, we still doubt.

Moreover, the excuse which Mr. Chase would probably put forward, that his acceptance of a Democratic nomination on a platform containing his principles would, if he were elected, help his principles, is too flimsy to afford him much cover. A "platform" has not the slightest value, except as an expression of the opinions and feelings by which the great body of the party adopting it are animated, and as an indication of the policy they are likely to pursue in legislation. A platform is not in itself legislation; it is not a formal compact or pledge to which the party can be held. It has no legal and not much moral force, as far as the mere form of words is concerned. It is apt to be forgotten, and is often, in part at least, repudiated soon after the election is over. Why we all look for it with eagerness is, that party usage and sound morality make it in the main the formal enunciation of the principles on which the party is based, and for which it has been fighting and *means* to fight. To talk of a platform, therefore, in which a party repudiates every principle for which it has fought, and adopts others which up to that moment it has denounced as wicked and impolitic, as something valuable or important—something on which the country can rely, or on which an honest statesman can take his stand—is really to be guilty of an attempt at imposture on a great scale. We do not like to use the word, and we only use it because we still have hopes that the plan which elicits it will not be carried out.

Such a platform as Mr. Chase would stand on could not possibly serve the Democrats as a basis of legislation, even though they elected him on it, without a total change in human nature. To cast in his lot with the Democrats on condition of their formally adopting his "principles" is really to commit his "principles" to the guardianship of their enemies. Nobody believes—Mr. Chase, surely, cannot believe—that if he were put in the White House by Democratic votes, and the public offices were filled with Democratic politicians, and Democrats had a majority in Congress and the State legislatures, any ideas in the service of which he has won much distinction would be faithfully carried out—that the principle of equality would be respected, the public credit be maintained, by the very men whose political career, during the last ten years, has consisted of a bitter and passionate struggle against both one and the other. The very notion of such a thing is preposterous. Democrats may adopt what platform they please, the radical differences between the two great parties would still exist. Their spirit and aims would still be different. Their views of the object and nature of the Government would be different. The Democrats would still retain that hostility to reform of all kinds which has made them so worthless as an opposition, and which has rendered their resistance even to Republican excesses so futile, and Chief-Justice Chase would find himself, after four years' leadership of them, as friendless a politician as Andrew Johnson, and even more detested. He would end his days amongst the fallen angels of American politics, and would have nothing to console him, except the reflection that his descent had begun at a higher point and ended at a lower one than that of any of his companions in misfortune.

ONE REASON WHY RAILROADS ARE BADLY MANAGED.

IN a recent article we pointed out how some of the evils complained of in the present system of railroad management arise from the faulty financial basis upon which many of our principal companies have rested from their very inception. If we had not observed, from the dis-

cussions going on in private and in public, that the subject is attracting unusual attention, we should still be satisfied, from the various communications received in reply to our comments, that the public mind is gradually awakening to the importance of this whole question of railroad management, and that the time is slowly approaching when some attempt at a practical settlement will undoubtedly be ventured upon. Unfortunately, the knowledge necessary to discuss this question intelligently is confined to a comparatively small number of men whose interests rather lead them to keep that knowledge to themselves; and hence the present discussion wears the aspect of a somewhat confused wrangle, without, so far, giving any promise of practical result. It seems to us that the chief cause of this want of system in the discussion of so extremely important a problem lies in the fact that all writers on the subject fail to make the necessary distinction between the different parties to the quarrel, or rather between the different quarrels that are being carried on simultaneously between different parties in relation to the same interest.

There are, as we have already stated, three principal parties in interest: first, the railroad fraternity, interested in maintaining untrammelled their present extremely profitable control over the roads; next, the actual stockholders in any given road who desire to see their property made very valuable and very productive, without any labor or care or responsibility of their own, and with the least possible cost to themselves; and lastly, the great body of travellers and freight-senders, who are, *nolentes volentes*, compelled to trust their property and their lives to the hands of men they mistrust, and on terms in whose adjustment they have had no voice. It is between these three great classes that there is now preparing throughout the civilized globe a civil conflict of larger proportions than any the world has witnessed since the abolition of feudalism. The object of this conflict is none other than *to restore the freedom of locomotion*. Disguise it as we may, this and none other is the unrecognized, unacknowledged, but yet undoubtable motive power of the present agitation. It is solely in order to maintain untrammelled the monopoly of locomotion that the railroad men have done those things which have got them into trouble with their stockholders. It is because the stockholders are at war with the railroad men, the recognized opponents or all, that the people look to relief from a change which shall restore the control of the roads to the shareholders. It is a popular error which will soon be discovered. But until thoroughly understood, this erroneous idea will be the guiding one throughout the conflict. Hence, for the moment, all questions are lost sight of save the one of how to restore the control of the roads to the stockholders. We repeat, the people are dissatisfied with the management of the railroads, the imperfect accommodation, the insufficient number of trains, the high and arbitrary rates of fare and freight, the difficulty of obtaining redress for wrongs, and, above all, the constant and frightful risk to life and property; the stockholders are dissatisfied because their property is wasted and rendered unproductive, and because they themselves are held in part responsible by the public for all the shortcomings of the railroads; the railroad men—and our strictures must not be understood to imply that there are not among them men as pure as they are skilled, as honest and disinterested as they are far-sighted and never-tiring—the railroad men throw the blame upon the system, the incessant and urgent demands of the people for more roads, and the indifference and want of co-operation on the part of the stockholders. The stockholders in turn throw the blame upon the railroad men; and, as the errors of the managers are much more easily understood than the errors of the stockholders, the public readily accepts the views of the latter, and stands prepared to give them all the aid and sympathy that they can ask for with any plausible show of justice. It is worth while enquiring how the stockholders have lost that control over their property which they are now so anxious to regain. This loss of control is attributable to several causes, the first and most important of which is the system of mortgage indebtedness.

Nothing appears at first sight more reasonable than that an individual or a corporation should have the right to pledge his or its property as security for a loan of money, especially when that money is applied to improve the property itself. Indeed, as a question of *right*, it is utterly beyond the pale of discussion. But as a question of wisdom or policy it is, as applied to railroads, not only open to doubt, but, in our opinion, deserving of the most emphatic condemnation. According to law the ownership, the responsibility, the control of a corporation vests in the holders of stock, who alone have the right to vote, to elect officers, to regulate its policy, and to dispose of its property. According to common sense the ownership and control of a corporation ought to vest in those who have the largest interest at stake. This common-sense view is practically ignored, indeed totally reversed, in the case of railroad and other corporations whose property is encumbered by mortgage. It is scarcely too much to say that, leaving out of view half-a-dozen or ten exceptional lines, the railroads of the United States are, on an average, mortgaged for an amount fully equal to the market value, even at present inflation prices, of the whole of their stock, while many are mortgaged for more than even the nominal value of their stock, some for more than all the road is worth, and others never had any real stock capital at all, but were built exclusively with the money raised by the sale of the bonds for which the road is pledged. The effect of this is seen at a glance. Not only have the holders of mortgage bonds no vote in the management of the property, in which they frequently own the largest interest, but the management falls into the hands of those who have the least interest at stake, and sometimes actually into the hands of men who really did not fairly invest a single dollar in it. It is only necessary to state the case to show the wrong of it. But the worst does not even appear in this simple statement.

A road that is doing a prosperous business and is well and economically managed, earns enough in ordinary times to pay, say, seven per cent. interest on its mortgage bonds and seven per cent. interest on its capital stock. These are the net earnings of the road, after deducting all its expenses. To make net earnings sufficient to pay this interest and dividend, the gross earnings, that is, the receipts of the road, must be very much larger. In earning one hundred dollars a railroad will incur say seventy dollars of expenses, and will thus have thirty dollars left, fifteen for interest and fifteen for dividends. But it will require almost the same expenditure to earn only eighty-five dollars. If, through dull times, bad management, or competition, the earnings of a road decline from one hundred to eighty-five dollars, and its expenses continue at the rate of seventy dollars, it will then have only fifteen dollars of net earnings to pay its interest and dividends. The interest on its mortgage bonds *must* be paid, the whole fifteen dollars of net earnings go to the bondholders, and not a cent is left for dividends to the stockholders. It is thus seen that, when a road is to any extent encumbered by mortgage, a comparatively slight decline in its earnings is sufficient to entirely destroy its power to pay dividends; the stock of a road in whose dividends comparatively slight influences can produce such a radical change will be of very uncertain and fluctuating value, and will be far better suited to the purposes of stock-gamblers in Wall Street than to the wants of a capitalist or others seeking investment. It must now be easy to understand how a mortgage debt introduces into railroad investments an element of excessive fluctuation and uncertainty, and how it becomes the source of other evils which we now proceed to explain.

If a railroad or other company repeatedly fails to pay its dividends, or pays irregular and uncertain dividends, the market value of its stock fluctuates largely, investment holders sell out one after another in disgust, and the stock becomes the foot-ball of speculators, whose sole object and aim is to make it fluctuate still more widely, in order to make still larger profits on the changes in its price. Speculators never *own* railroad stocks in the ordinary sense of the word. They buy them to-day and sell them to-morrow. Sometimes they sell them first and buy them afterwards. They care nothing about the property represented by the stock, nothing about the management, neither how it is managed nor by whom, frequently do not know where the property is situated, sometimes doubt whether there is any such property in existence—and these are the men whose votes control the management of a railroad upon which thousands of men, women, and children daily risk their lives and sometimes lose them. Is it necessary to show in detail how the management of such roads falls into the hands of reckless, corrupt, dishonest men, who make the name of "railroad" a synonym with all that is repulsive and offensive

to honest people? Of course, the temporary holders of such stocks have no objection to give their proxy, their power to vote at an approaching election, whether the vote will be cast for an honest management or for a dishonest one. Sometimes the proxy to vote is given away, sometimes sold for money or other valuable consideration, such as early information likely to affect the value of the stock. Or, instead of merely buying the proxy, the stock itself is bought in order to secure the necessary number of votes for any plan or policy; and thus, previous to an important election such will be the competition among rival factions for the possession of the stock that the price will be advanced five or ten per cent. in a few days, only to fall back again immediately after the election, thus introducing a fresh element of fluctuation and uncertainty, and involving the buyer in a loss which, if his "ticket" at the election is successful, he will somehow or other manage to repay to himself, directly or indirectly, out of the company's property. In this way armies of drummers are employed previous to an election canvassing, begging, bribing, and buying proxies, until at the election itself proxies of half the stock of a company are in one or two hands, and until a stockholders' meeting of a company representing ten millions of capital, owned by five hundred individuals, frequently consists of half-a-dozen smiling knaves and a doorkeeper. The directors elected at such a meeting have full control over all the property of the road for one year, with no earthly power to call them to account save the next yearly meeting of stockholders similar to the one just described. This evil is more directly due to the existence of a heavy mortgage encumbrance than to any ten other causes combined.

Of course, so long as the property continues to be fully worth the amount of the mortgage or a little more, the bondholder cares little or nothing what becomes of the road. The interest on his bond is sure to be paid as long as there are means to raise a dollar, for a failure to pay the interest would lead to an almost immediate foreclosure and sheriff's sale, which is equivalent to a total sequestration of the stock capital and an almost equally total loss of occupation by the managers connected with the road at the time of its occurrence. In this way the bondholders, the men who really have the largest moneyed interest in the whole enterprise, not only have no vote in the management, but even, being amply secured, are practically indifferent whether the management is good or bad. Nay, worse; for if the management be bad, while the property is intrinsically good, there is even a slight temptation to a not over-scrupulous first mortgage bondholder to give the preference to the worse management. For if, in consequence of bad management, default is made upon the interest, the first-mortgage holders can foreclose and frequently acquire a desirable property at much less than its value. Or even when a foreclosure does not take place, some sort of reorganization is sure to result, with plenty of opportunities for profit; and there are not wanting instances in the history of Wall Street of combinations between corrupt managers and corrupt bondholders to ruin a road, prevent it from paying interest, and then allow the mortgagees to foreclose and get a property for the amount of the mortgage which was in truth worth double the amount.

It must be evident that if a road is not encumbered with mortgage it will be less liable to great changes in the rate of its annual dividends, less liable to violent fluctuations in the market price of its shares, and that consequently a larger portion of its shares will be held for permanent investment by persons who will give some little attention once a year to the management of the company's affairs, and not sell their proxies for a dollar or two a share to some stockjobbing railroad magnate, whose prime object in seeking an election may be to ruin the road for the benefit of some competing line.

For all these reasons we urge, as the very first step towards railroad reform, the abolition of the entire system of mortgage indebtedness. It is not easy to say precisely how this is to be accomplished, even if the people can be convinced that its accomplishment is desirable. But much will be gained if railroads could, either by State or Federal legislation, be prohibited from placing any new mortgage upon their property, or issuing any preferred stock or shares, or in any way allowing any interest in their property to be represented by or to consist of any security whatsoever, save only simple common stock. It might even be desirable to prohibit the renewal of any expiring mortgage, and compel all companies to devote a certain proportion of their net earnings annually to the redemption and cancellation of all now outstanding mortgage bonds, authorizing an issue of a corresponding amount of common stock to replace the bonds so redeemed.

Of course we are fully prepared for the many objections to our suggestion. It will be long before its force will be acknowledged, but that some such action will ultimately be taken we entertain no doubt. The gravest objection that can be made to it is, that without mortgage bonds, with simple shares, railroad companies would not be able to raise the necessary funds, as the majority of investors do not think shares safe enough, but prefer, and indeed insist, upon having bonds. In answer to this objection, we remark that there are railroad companies in the United States who have raised their capital exclusively upon shares, and who have issued no mortgage bonds at all, or only for nominal amounts and exceptional purposes. It is true the instances are rare, but their existence proves that it is not impossible. It will, of course, be difficult also to convince holders of mortgage bonds that common stock would be a better security; but it is susceptible of almost mathematical demonstration that the depreciated value of the shares is mainly due to the recklessness and mismanagement which the mortgage system has engendered, and that without the first introduction of this system the shares would to-day in many of the roads be better than the bonds. The recent example of England, where millions of debentures or bonds have been swept out of existence, warns us of what may possibly be in store for us. It is notorious that many of the recent issues of mortgage bonds are secured by the mortgage of roads as yet unbuilt, while others are secured by the mortgage of roads worth one-half or two-thirds of the mortgage. While many excellently managed roads have large mortgage debts, the bonds of which form unquestionably one of the most desirable investment securities obtainable anywhere, there are also, unfortunately, many overgrown concerns, with high-sounding names, that cannot stand two successive bad seasons without bringing the mortgage question to a test that may result very unfavorably. But the probability that some mortgage bonds may prove valueless is not likely to induce the holder of undoubtedly good bonds to exchange them for doubtful shares, and if the object of the proposed legislation were merely to influence investments, the legislation itself would be an unwarrantable interference with individual rights. The change is not intended to influence investments at all, nor to restrict private rights. It may do so incidentally, but its object is solely and exclusively to protect the public against the evils of railroad companies without responsible owners. This is one of the very difficulties to which we referred in speaking of the conflict between the different interests. In relation to any ordinary property, it would be absurd to attempt to restrict the right of mortgage. But railroad property is *not* ordinary property. Railroad property consists of a monopoly of the right of locomotion between given points, and the people, who alone can grant that monopoly, must and will have the right to restrict and fence it in with just such safeguards as they may think best. If it can be proved that the mortgage system is eminently productive of bad and dangerous management, the mortgage system will have to give way without regard to any advantages that may have been derived from it. That it is and must be productive of just these evils, we think cannot well be doubted by any one who will give the matter calm and dispassionate consideration.

CRITICISM OF SENATORS.

We have always held that criticism was at worst a harmless occupation, that it might be made a useful and dignified occupation, and that, whether well done or ill done, it was the principal business of a journalist, in so far as he made comments of his own on public affairs. But we have always understood that a great many of our Radical brethren did not like it when directed against prominent men in "their own party." They said there was no time for it; that it was not kind to the persons criticised; that their past services ought to protect them from it, and many other things of the same sort. And yet we have never ascribed difference of opinion to personal rascality; we have never followed an opponent into his dining-room, in order to turn against him his conversation with his guests; we have never examined his bank account, in order to insinuate that he made base uses of his

money; we have never drawn inferences from his personal appearance, or his birth, or parentage, or education, unfavorable to his moral condition. We have confined ourselves rigidly to the discussion of the public acts of public men. We have known them only through their bills, speeches, and resolutions, administrative acts and professional career. We have, it is true, on more than one occasion spoken disrespectfully of the early training of some distinguished citizens, but only when they had put forward this early training—nay, its very defects—as furnishing a claim to political honors. We have, too, carefully admitted personal character to weigh in expressing an opinion on men's title to the confidence of the public. More than this, we have labored in season and out of season for the exaltation of character as a political force. And yet many good souls have been tried by our course. They could not bear to have the discretion of Sumner, the wisdom of Stevens, the moderation of Wade, or the knowledge of Banks even doubted. They have thought that if we wanted to criticise we ought to expend our energies on Seymour and Pendleton and Vallandigham and the other men of "the concern over the way," they being an insignificant minority who were exercising little more influence on the great political crisis through which the country was passing than the Indians not taxed.

Our pleasure and surprise may therefore be guessed when we lately saw so many of the leading Radical journals rushing into "criticism" of Republican senators, and even of the Chief-Justice. When we saw what criticism it was, too, we began to feel astonished, in fact ashamed, of our own past moderation. Our own opinions on questions of law and politics may not be very valuable, but then they are as carefully formed, and are as dear and trustworthy to us, as those of any journal are to it. We have, therefore, frequently felt indignant with Thaddeus Stevens, and Benjamin Wade, and Charles Sumner when they were not of our way of thinking, and have frequently scolded at them—nay, we have ridiculed them occasionally, being of the opinion of Tertullian, that "there are many things which ought to be mocked at and made fun of, in order not to give them weight by combating them seriously." We never dreamed that it was open to us, when these gentlemen differed from us on a point of law or of policy, to insinuate that they were corrupt fellows in the pay of expectant office-seekers, or that their villanous expression of face indicated the loathsomeness of their moral nature; or that they had committed deliberate perjury; or that they had voted in a particular way on an important occasion in order to help sporting relatives of theirs to win their bets; or that honest men were defiled by sitting near them in Congress, and so on. Yet we find now that we might have said all this, and more than all this, and it would have been all legitimate "criticism;" for large numbers of our Radical brethren have been saying it during the last few weeks of members of the Republican party as old, as honored, as useful, and as trusted as any we have named, and, having said it, they now defend it with unblushing front.

The St. Louis *Democrat*, which, so far as we know, has not gone as far as this, has recently read us a long lecture for "maintaining that it was a disgrace for American journalists to censure the seven senators for the discharge of their sworn duty as jurors," and alleges "that it is about time to bring this cant face to face with a little common sense." It goes on to say:

"Every other public servant, in the discharge of every other public duty, is justly subjected to public criticism for his conduct. We claim to be a free people, and do not know that Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Trumbull, or the *Nation* itself has any right, as ruler by right divine, to expect to be free from criticism. We say nothing for the moment of alleged unworthy motives. If there were not a shadow of reason for suspecting the integrity of any of these men, the press, the party, and the people would still have an absolute right to form an opinion as to the correctness or justice of their action, to judge whether it was calculated to benefit or injure the country, or to aid or to betray the great cause to which these senators had pledged fidelity, and, having formed that opinion, to express it in such terms as the honest judgments of their acts require. Nay, more; it is not only the right, but it is the duty of the press to form and to express an opinion, and if Senator Fessenden was under obligation to vote as his conscience dictated, so every honest and patriotic man in the land is also under obligation to approve or disapprove as his conscience may dictate. But Mr. Fessenden was 'a juror.' Well, what of it? Is an oath to try a case more sacred than an oath to perform all the duties of senator? The sanctity of the oath under which Mr. Wade and Mr. Sumner act does not preclude the *Nation* from savagely berating them whenever, in its judgment, they do not faithfully or wisely perform their sworn duty. If a man may err in the one case, he may also err in the other—oath or no oath. If the one may properly be censured by the *Nation* for his error, the other may, with equal propriety, be censured by nine-tenths of the Republican papers in the country for failing to discharge his sworn duty with fidelity or sound judgment. More shallow nonsense was never hatched in any human brain than this notion that a senator's vote may be criticised in one case but must not in the other, because he happens to take one oath instead of another."

We greatly enjoy seeing "cant face to face with common sense." We never knowingly lose an opportunity of bringing the parties together, and purpose to help the St. Louis *Democrat* to do it on this occasion. We are delighted to see that journal such a friend of "criticism." We hope its love of it may spread, take root, and be perpetual. But then we must call the *Democrat's* attention to the fact that we have not opposed, do not now, and never shall, oppose criticism of the vote of the seven senators in the impeachment case. We are in favor of having every Radical editor in the country, who thinks it worth while, devote two articles a day to the discussion of the reasons given by these gentlemen for their vote. Of course we shall reserve our right to form our own conclusions as to which is entitled to more respect, the opinion of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Fessenden on the evidence and the law, or the opinions of the editors. At present we admit fully that we have a good deal of respect for what Messrs. Trumbull and Fessenden say about a case which they have heard as judges, and that we have uncommonly little for that of excited persons at a distance who did not hear the case at all.

What we have objected to and denounced strongly is the attempt which has been made by a great many Radical newspapers and politicians not to criticise the vote of the senators, but to force them by threats and intimidation beforehand to vote in a particular way. We may criticise the verdict of jurors as much as we please after it is rendered; we may say it is against the evidence, or that the jurors were corrupted, or swayed by passion or prejudice. But we may not force ourselves into communication with the jurors during the hearing of the case, or into the jury-room while they are deliberating on their verdict, or threaten them with a good drubbing, or with being sent to Coventry, or driven out of the town, if they do not find for the plaintiff. And yet this is what was done during the late trial. Lawyers of forty years' standing and of stainless reputation were duly informed by that renowned jurist, Horace Greeley, and his youthful disciples, that if they did not follow his instructions in deciding the case they would be held for ever infamous and perjured. Moreover, whether you may decently accuse jurors of corruption or perjury after verdict rendered depends largely on their character and standing. Character tells, or ought to tell, on such an occasion, if it is ever to tell on any occasion. You are not at liberty to impugn the personal integrity of a man of unblemished character, simply because he differs with you on a point of law or on the force of evidence, unless you have strong proof at your back. If Bishop Potter and Dr. Adams and Jonathan Sturgis were on a jury in a criminal trial, it would be iniquitous to go and threaten them with persecution in case they did not find a particular verdict; and after they had found one in opposition to popular clamor and the opinions of their intimate friends, it would be silly as well as iniquitous to accuse them of corruption unless you had positive proof. The man who did it would be universally considered a malignant blockhead. And yet it would be very proper to criticise their verdict, to point out facts they had overlooked, considerations they had not duly weighed, and points of law they had misinterpreted. Of course, "an oath to try a case is not more sacred" than "an oath to perform all the duties of a senator." Who ever said that it was? An oath is an oath. The sanction of all judicial oaths is the same, but the oaths differ in their object. That it should be necessary to point out this distinction in the present case is both singular and humiliating. We have never accused Mr. Wade or Mr. Sumner of breaking their "oath to perform all the duties of a senator." We have accused Mr. Sumner on several occasions of not reasoning soundly about his duties as a senator. We shall do so again in all probability, but we shall nevertheless retain the very highest respect for Mr. Sumner's personal character. We have accused Mr. Wade not only of not reasoning well, but of being headstrong, passionate, a poor political economist, and too slenderly educated for the proper discharge of many of his duties. We could not surrender this opinion though we were ridden on a rail by "D. T. Anthony and

others;" but we have never said that Mr. Wade was bribed by the "Whiskey Ring," or that he wore the appearance of a perjured scoundrel. Moreover, the "duties of a senator" is a very vague term. It gives room for the widest diversity of opinion on the greatest variety of questions. A man may be held to discharge these duties properly who votes as he thinks well himself or who votes as his constituents instruct him. A senator is a representative sitting in a legislative body.

But when a man takes his seat in a judicial tribunal, and takes an oath "to do impartial justice according to the law and the evidence," he swears that he will be guided in forming his decision by the testimony adduced before him, and by the legal arguments presented to him by counsel, or by those which his own learning and experience may supply. He swears, in other words, that his decision shall be the product of his own reason, and not the product of Horace Greeley's reason, or of that of any other editor or distant patriot, and that it shall not be supplied to him by Bishop Janes, or General Schenck, or "Kansas," or Charles S. Spencer, or General Logan.

When one is stating propositions of this kind, one can hardly help feeling that he is breathing a mediæval atmosphere. He feels transported back to the dawn of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, when the great principles on which our criminal codes and our mode of trial are based were slowly struggling into shape and recognition, when law was still two-thirds barbarian usage and one-third monkish theology, when men got at the truth of a controversy either by getting twelve men to swear to the same opinion on one side without a hearing, or by setting the plaintiff and defendant to cut each other's throats in a ring. One fancies one sees Horace Greeley go by in the guise of a barefooted friar, Benjamin Wade in that of "an abbot on an ambling pad," and Benjamin F. Butler assumes a strange resemblance to Duns Scotus, and the "burning editorials" of distant Radical periodicals sound in one's dreaming ear like the wild music of the troubadour's guitar. But we must not give way to these enervating visions. The great body of the people live in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century. The experience of five hundred years, and the labors of twenty generations of statesmen, jurists, and philosophers, have not lost their value in the popular eye, and are deeply embedded in the popular common sense, so that, though there were twice as many persons given over to the delusions of which we believe the St. Louis *Democrat*—and we say this with all possible respect for its honesty and ability—to be the victim, we should still feel no doubt whatever of the continued supremacy as well as of the soundness of the great legal ideas on which our freedom is based, and without which it would not exist for a year.

READINGS IN THE RUSSIAN ARCHIVES.

ONE day in Moscow the writer was in the Tchertkof Library, an excellent collection of about 15,000 volumes, relating solely to Russia, though in all languages, the property of Mr. Tchertkof, but open to the public, when the librarian, Mr. Barténef, showed him a little biography he had written of Count Morkóf, and said: "Count Morkóf was ambassador at the Hague and at Paris, and says in his despatches some interesting things about the Americans. If you will go to the archives you may find something of importance." I learned from him then that all the despatches and papers of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs down to the end of the eighteenth century are kept at Moscow, and as what he said had made me a little curious, I determined to do some reading in the archives. The next day I called on Prince Obolensky, who has charge of the archives, and obtained full permission to see everything and copy what I chose. They are kept in a dilapidated-looking stuccoed building with iron shutters, formerly the mansion of some noble. The only entrance is through a large garden. After going up the staircase and through the ante-rooms, you come to four moderate-sized rooms, hung with portraits of the czars and emperors, and the chancellors and vice-chancellors of the empire, with bookcases about the walls. These are the rooms of the officers. In one of them are four small tables, which are quite enough for the limited number of readers.

I took my seat, and soon had before me the despatches from the Hague for the year 1782, in four neat pasteboard boxes. These despatches were written in various ways. Those to the court either in Russian or in cipher, those to the vice-chancellor usually in French. Then there was often enclosed some document, pamphlet, or newspaper in Dutch.

At this time Catherine II. was empress. Count Osterman was vice-chancellor, and Prince Demitri Galitzin was the ambassador at the Hague, to whom in the spring Mr. Arkadi Morkóf was sent as adjunct, with special instructions to mediate between England and the Netherlands, and endeavor to bring about a peace.

The first notice of American affairs which is of any account is in a despatch of Morkóf to Osterman, dated 25th February (8th March), in which he mentions Mr. Adams's arrival.

Two weeks after, Prince Galitzin says that the States General have begun to talk in earnest about recognizing Mr. Adams as ambassador. This, however, is only to hear what he has to say, for the writer is sure that their High Mightinesses will not be brought so easily or so soon to recognize the independence of America. A few days later Morkóf says that Mr. Wentworth, before leaving, made him ample confidences, "but never touched upon the Americans, except to say that England was not without friends among them, nor upon Mr. Adams personally, except to complain of his proceedings and show inquietude about their result. I can now use the orders your excellency has given me, by regulating my conduct toward Mr. Adams so as to facilitate my relations with him, if new orders from your excellency or some request from England authorize me."

On the 9th (20th) April he writes that, the consent of the Province of Guelders having arrived the day before, the States General immediately recognized Mr. Adams as Minister of the Thirteen United States of America. Social troubles were the consequence of this recognition, and though Mr. Adams wore a court dress, his position was no pleasanter than that of his grandson lately. On the 13th (24th) April Morkóf writes: "Yesterday the French ambassador gave a grand dinner (*dîné*) to all the diplomatic corps, to which Mr. Adams was also invited, and he presented him to us as a new member of our body. To-day he came himself to our doors and left his cards, to notify us of his recognition. We have, notwithstanding, agreed among ourselves not to return this visit, at least till we receive express orders from our respective courts."

To this letter Osterman replies on the 6th May: "Now that their High Mightinesses have proceeded to the formal recognition of Mr. Adams as Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, I must instruct you that her Imperial Majesty does not wish any demonstration on your part that can lead to the presumption that she approves of this step. You must then abstain from receiving or paying visits either to Mr. Adams or to any other person accredited from the colonies which are separating (qui se font détachées) from Great Britain."

It would, of course, have been very improper for the Empress Catherine to recognize the United States so long as she held the position of a mediator, and the independence of America was one point in the quarrel. But there was apparently no desire on her part ever to do this. She had a wholesome horror of rebels of every kind, for she had just succeeded with great difficulty in putting down the rebellion of Pugatchef, which had threatened to tear away some of the best provinces of the empire. It was about this time that Radistchef printed surreptitiously in his own house his "Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow," which exceedingly displeased the Empress. She did worse than confiscate it; she wrote a very severe and very witty review of it, which she published herself. But in conversation she said, "Radistchef—he is worse than Pugatchef: *he praises Franklin.*" This shows her feeling toward the Americans at the Hague. Not long after this a portrait of Washington was sent in the Russian despatch-bag to Mr. Francis Dana, the unrecognized American agent at St. Petersburg. Count Osterman returned it to Prince Galitzin, with a sharp letter, in which he says:

"With your despatches came a portrait of Washington, to be delivered to one Dina [*sic*], an American gentleman [nobleman in the Russian] here. But as this man is not known to her Imperial Majesty or her ministry, you are commanded by her Majesty to return it to the source from which it reached the courier, together with documents accompanying it. Her Majesty wishes your excellency, as well as Mr. Morkóf, in future not to receive from or for Americans any letter or anything else to be despatched by the courier; for besides the reason given in my letter of the 10th May, it is not pleasant to deliver them to people with regard to whom her Majesty's ministry does not know where they are nor why they are here."

By the 2d of May Mr. Adams had made himself very popular in Holland. Galitzin says: "Mr. Adams really turns people's heads." Morkóf writes:

"Far from growing calm, people are getting bitterer every day. A scene that recently took place at Nimeguen during the session of the States is a new proof of this sad truth. A Mr. Syngledon (or Singendonk), a relative of the Register Fogre and a member of the state of Guelders, being at a dinner that one of his fellow-members had given, was invited to drink to the health of Mr. Adams. He had the imprudence to refuse, which so pro-

voked the guests that they almost threw him out of the window, and he regarded it as a piece of good luck to escape with blows only, and to take refuge at the Hague. He was pursued there by anonymous letters, addressed to the Prince of Orange, the Grand Pensionary, and other persons of the government, in which they threatened with a similar and even worse treatment all those who did not adhere to the principles adopted for the recognition of America and the war against England. There is a general inundation of libels, each more violent than the other, in which the chief attacks are directed against the Stadtholder and the Duke Louis. The Grand Pensionary, notwithstanding the servile complaisance with which he lends himself to the views of the dominant faction, is not even spared. He is the butt of sarcasms and ridicule bestowed upon him without measure."

Mr. Adams apparently endeavored to make a good use of his popularity, for Galitzin writes on the 7th May:

"Mr. Adams has opened a loan of five million florins at 5 per cent. for the Americans at Amsterdam. Your excellency can easily imagine that notwithstanding the enthusiasm here for the Congress, the purses will hardly be untied for him till one can see great sureties for payment. He has then asked their High Mightinesses for a guaranty; and I am assured that he threatens not to conclude the commercial treaty with the republic if this guaranty is refused."

The Dutch expected great things from this commercial treaty, so that this threat was not without significance. According to Morkóf, it was pushed hastily through all the provincial diets, for fear lest, if it was not finished in time, there might be put in the treaty of recognition by England some exclusive advantage for the commerce of England, to the detriment of that of the republic. Everybody was then expecting the close of the war. Mr. Adams went to Paris in October, 1782, and there are no other notices of importance on American affairs in the Russian despatches, except the conclusion of the various treaties. Copies of these are sent, but there are no special remarks on them. In April, 1783, Morkóf also went to Paris, being at the same time created a count for his services. Here he renewed his relations with Adams, and seems to have been on intimate terms with him as well as with Jay. The latter endeavored to begin negotiations for a commercial treaty with Russia, but the Empress was still unwilling to recognize the Americans.

The regular Russian ambassador at Paris during all the period of the Revolution was Prince Ivan Bariátinsky, the grandfather of the present field-marshal and conqueror of the Caucasus. His despatches are very copious, and are nearly always in Russian or cipher. They are full of interesting matter of all descriptions. On European intrigues of course there is a great mass. In one despatch is a description of the first representation of Voltaire's "Irene," and in another is a long—as yet unpublished—account of the death and funeral of Voltaire, by one of his intimate friends.

I have had time as yet only to examine a part of the papers for the year 1778, and so far have found nothing particularly amusing or piquant on America. American affairs, however, receive their full share of attention, and every battle is described, and usually a plan of the battle is enclosed. This is a proof of the interest which was taken in Europe in the struggle in America.

Bariátinsky gives the following account of what seems Dr. Franklin's first reception by the king, but he makes no mention of the appearance which Franklin presented. It is dated March 11 (22), 1778:

"Most Illustrious Sovereign, Empress, and Autocrat of all the Russias:

"Most gracious Madame: Day before yesterday Dr. Franklin, Dean and Lee, with the other Americans here, had the honor of being presented to his Most Christian Majesty by the Minister of State, Count Vergennes, in the quality of deputies from the United States of North America. His Most Christian Majesty assured them of his favor, and that the treaty which had been concluded would be inviolably preserved. To this his Majesty was pleased to add that he thinks that the treaty will be advantageous and profitable to both nations. The king was pleased to say to Dr. Franklin that he justified his reputation, and that his Majesty was pleased with his conduct during his whole residence here." . . . .

About this time Mr. Adams arrived in France to replace Dean, and there came also various reports that the French treaty had been repudiated by the Congress. Dean and Gerard, the head clerk of the French Foreign Department, left together, and their destination was a great theme for conjecture. Most people supposed that they were going to Spain to secure the recognition of the United States by that country. It was not until the arrival of the account of Gerard's reception at Philadelphia (this is sent in full to the Empress) that even Bariátinsky knew certainly where he had gone.

The direct relations of Russia with America, as contained in the archives, comprise only five or six documents.

Francis Dana was the American agent at St. Petersburg from August, 1781, to September, 1783, but appears never to have been officially recognized by the Russian Government. There is first a letter of Dana to Osterman, dated February 24, 1783, informing him that he has been named minister and asking for an audience to deliver his letter of credit. On the 10th of April Dana writes again, saying that he had received a verbal reply from Count Osterman that, as it was the first week in Lent, he had not had time to lay the matter before the Empress. A conference then ensued on the 12th of April, at which Osterman stated that her Majesty, having been invited by the courts of Versailles, London, and Madrid to mediate in conjunction with the Emperor of Germany, cannot consistently receive a minister from America without the consent of those Powers; that the present treaty between England and America is provisional only; that Dana's credentials are dated previous to this provisional treaty and recognition; and that her Majesty ought to wait until an American minister has been received at London. On the 27th of April Dana sends a memorial in reply to this answer of Osterman, stating arguments against such objections. On the 3d of June there was another verbal conference. Count Osterman states that her Majesty is greatly pleased with the special compliment of an envoy sent expressly to her, and will recognize him with pleasure as soon as the definite treaties of peace are concluded. "Notwithstanding, her Majesty intends that you shall enjoy not only for your own person, but also for all of your countrymen who come to Russia for commerce or otherwise, the most favorable reception and the protection of the law of nations."

On the 5th of June Dana writes to express his thanks, and to say that he will wait until the definitive treaty of peace is concluded before making any further proposition. On August 3 he states that, in accordance with his own request, on account of bad health and of his affairs at home, Congress has granted him permission to return to America; that he has now a good opportunity to do so; that though it would greatly flatter his vanity to be received as minister, yet as he should be obliged immediately to depart, he will not ask to be recognized, but will go at once. After this there are no documents of any kind down to 1800. As the first treaty with Russia was concluded in 1824, it becomes an interesting question whether the date usually given of September, 1783, for the recognition of the United States by Russia, is correct, and how that recognition was accomplished.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 22, 1868.

THE political struggle still continues; the ministry, though at times in an almost intolerable position, seems, on the whole, rather to gain strength than otherwise. There have been already several so-called crises, produced by adverse votes on different subjects; but Mr. Disraeli, after taking time to consider, has hitherto decided to struggle on without either dissolving or resigning. The position is, of course, altogether anomalous, and under any other circumstances must have led long ago to one of those alternatives. The general desire to avoid a dissolution, and also to avoid the waste of time and the delay in business which would result from a change of ministry, will probably, as it now seems, lead to a continuance of the position until the essential business of the session has been done, and Mr. Disraeli can appeal to the new constituencies. The battle is indeed so even, and the chances vary so rapidly, that it would be rash to make any confident prophecy. Loud as is the clamor from the Liberal side against the baseness of a ministry which consents to hold office whilst in a minority, I suspect that there are many Liberals—and those very sound ones—who in their hearts would be sorry to force a dissolution. Besides the general inconvenience and expense, they feel that they can extort more from a Conservative ministry in a minority than they could get from their own leaders when clogged by official responsibilities. Moreover, they are not confident as to the result of an immediate appeal to the country. The attack, indeed, upon Mr. Disraeli has been vehement enough, but it has come principally from those who would gain office if he were turned out. The Independent Liberals have been less eager than the recognized leaders of the opposition. The fighting amongst the chief combatants has been keen enough, in all conscience. The *Times* has thought fit to warn the House of Commons that they are losing the dignified freedom from personality and disorderly abuse of which they were wont to boast. Mr. Bright has called Mr. Disraeli "pompous and servile" (as I think I mentioned in my last); and Mr. Disraeli has retorted that Mr. Bright was not a gentleman. A member last night said that the state of the House was drawing down upon it the contempt of every thinking man in the country. Another added that the worst he could wish for his enemy would be that he should sit on the Treasury bench as a minister under Mr. Disraeli. A third retorted by comparing the first speaker to the cur in Sir Roger de Coverley's pack: "If an old hound opened but once he was immediately followed by the whole cry, while a raw dog might have yelped his heart out without being taken notice of." Many other little amenities passed, justifying the remark of Mr. Bernal Osborne that the House was giving way rather too much to its fondness for "baiting a minister." And, indeed, the best description of the last few weeks' debates is

that they have been a succession of minister-baits. Now, most modern spectators would sympathize rather with the bull or bear than with the dogs; and I think that Mr. Disraeli is gradually profiting to some extent by the sympathy which naturally follows a man who, rightly or wrongly, is able to pose himself as a martyr, especially when it is possible to accuse his assailants of being actuated chiefly by a desire for office. I entirely disapprove, for my part, of Mr. Disraeli's policy; but I doubt whether much good will come of the eager attempt to kick him out of office at once and at all hazards, which looks like persecution, and which also is obviously not free from all suspicion of interested motives. In short, I would hope that he may be allowed to transact such business as remains and then dissolve with all practicable speed.

It is a difficult question what will be the consequences of an appeal to the country. If the present constituencies are consulted, it is far from improbable that Government may gain strength. The charge of factiousness will do something against the opposition, and it is not impossible that some effect may be produced by the "No Popery" cry. Hitherto there has been singularly little response to the appeal made to the bigotry of the Protestant party; but there is a considerable reserve fund, as it were, of prejudice to draw upon; and a desertion of only a moderate fraction of the Protestant Dissenters, who are generally the mainstay of the Liberal party in towns, might make a great difference. They hate a state church, but many of them hate any semblance of a concession to Popery still more. It is not yet safe to say that Mr. Disraeli's appeal has been entirely thrown away.

Other business, of course, has to wait. The Government have abandoned their education bill amidst general indifference. Another bill, which has a strong interest for Liberals, was talked to death the other night. The English universities have for some time been thrown open to Dissenters, in the sense that Dissenters may, and frequently do, become students. But no one may enjoy a share of the endowments who does not declare himself to be a member of the Church of England; and as the endowments are really the mainspring of the whole machinery, the leave to share in everything else is felt to be little better than a mockery. The House of Commons would have passed the measure, as they have previously done, by a large majority, although the House of Lords might have rejected it for the time. However, Mr. Beresford Hope, who is an accepted representative of the High Church party in the House of Commons, and privileged to the use of something like buffoonery, managed to get rid of the bill on a side-wind. A bill for allowing metres to be used instead of yards happened to have precedence of the university tests bill, and Mr. Hope talked about metres and yards and the radius of the earth and the decimal system till there was no time left to consider the university question. Consequently we shall for another year suffer our universities to remain in the hands of a privileged sect. In spite of all the archbishops and bishops in the kingdom, no one fancies that they can long be preserved; but Mr. Beresford Hope's eloquence about the metrical system has gained another breathing-space for an ancient abuse. Another abuse excited a little splutter of talk, only to be once more put aside, which must some day or other revive. Mr. Trevelyan, a young member of much promise, and supposed to have inherited a share of the talents of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, brought forward the consideration of the purchase system in the army. No one, we would have thought, could defend the system seriously on any ground except the difficulty of changing it. However, the question is still in that early stage in which the Conservatives can take a bold line of defence. *The Times* and Sir John Pakington prove that there cannot possibly be any better way of promoting officers than to let them buy their places. Nothing is so encouraging to merit or so conducive to the efficiency of the army. By our system, says Mr. Trevelyan, we get the dregs of society for our rank and file, and the froth for our officers. Well, says *The Times*, and what better can we do with the froth and the dregs? Do we not make from them that incomparable army which won at Waterloo and killed King Theodore, and excites the enthusiasm of every true Briton? In short, the present argument still is that our system is the best conceivable. In a session or two more the argument will be that, though obviously bad in theory, it cannot be abandoned in practice. Then we shall declare that to abolish purchase is to introduce the thin end of the wedge, and soon after that we shall be wondering how we could ever have been so foolish as to tolerate the system at all. Such, at least, is the course through which all political argument seems to pass as regularly as a caterpillar goes through its proper transformations. But under present circumstances there is the shorter argument that Parliament has not time to do anything except bait the ministers.

Governor Eyre has at last been committed for trial, the Jamaica Committee having prosecuted him for a misdemeanor instead of bringing the graver charge of murder. Had this course been adopted when the matter was fresh, I think that Mr. Eyre might not improbably have been convicted. As it is, he is profiting in the same way as Mr. Disraeli. His antagonists, however good may be their case, have the air of persecuting, and, moreover, of persecuting a man for an error of judgment under very critical circumstances. For every one remembers that the negroes tried to get up an insurrection, but no one can be expected to remember two years and more after the event that a few hundred of them were shot, flogged, or hung without sufficient cause. "Surely a murdered nigger may rest quiet in his grave after a year or so; one feels less for a hundred niggers than for a living Eyre." This, at least, appears to be the general view of the case, and I suspect that the grand jury will throw out the bill accordingly.*

The lawsuit between Home and the Spiritualists and Mrs. Lyons has just ended in Home being compelled to return the £60,000. Meanwhile a smart controversy has been raging between Home and Professor Tyndall. The professor asserted that Home had been afraid to meet Faraday with a view to a scientific examination of the spirits. Home replied that Faraday had imposed unfair conditions; and on Faraday's letter being produced it certainly did appear that he had asked some preliminary questions which had an insulting tone. For example, he enquired whether Home would be glad to see the fallacious nature of his performances exposed. On this ground, then, Home had a fair opportunity of evading the proposed test, and, to be fair, I must confess that he wrote plausibly, and certainly came out of the controversy with considerable success. He informed Professor Tyndall, in answer to his challenge of a further trial, that he would give him a chance of witnessing the phenomena whenever he should be in a humbler frame of mind. Since then others, including Mr. G. H. Lewes, have joined in the controversy, and the result is that a challenge, to which Mr. Home can hardly object, has been held out to meet him for a fair experiment. He has not yet answered, but it would certainly be pleasant to have the spirits and the philosophers brought for once face to face.

* It has thrown it out.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT announce the following works: "Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," by Elise Polko, translated from the German by Lady Wallace; "Select Works of S. Schwartz," from the Swedish—"The Man of Birth and the Woman of the People," "Two Family Mothers," "William Stjernkrouna," "The Children of Labor," and others; "Taine's Ideal in Art," from the French by John Durand; "Taine's English Literature," "Taine's Italy" (Florence and Venice); "Taine's Philosophy of Italian Art," "Taine's Ideal in Art," "Taine's Philosophy of Art," a new edition; "Manual of Mythology," by the Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A.; "Tables from Ancient Greece," by the Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A.——D. Appleton & Co. have announced a republication of "Faraday as a Discoverer," a memoir, by John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., author of "Heat, a Mode of Motion," with two portraits.——Virtue & Yorston have in press "A Treatise on Colors," by Professor Ernest Brucke, of Vienna; edited by Robert Mallet, A.M., F.R.S., etc.; "The Holy Land, Past and Present: Sketches of Travel in Palestine," by the Rev. Henry S. Osborn, M.A., new edition, with fifty-eight illustrations on steel and wood.——J. B. Lippincott & Co. will republish the "Memoirs of Baron Bunsen," by his widow; "Half-Hours with the Telescope," by R. A. Proctor; and "St. Francis of Sales," by Lady Herbert.

—The *American Naturalist* for June contains several excellent papers of a kind that are intelligible and valuable to others besides men of science. That on "The Warblers" appears to be the fullest catalogue ever made of those songsters. "The Goldsmith Beetle" and "The Parasites of the Honey-bee" concern country people very nearly, and should be extensively read. Mr. W. J. Brigham begins a promising description of numerous tropical fruits which, we doubt not, are destined to effect great changes in the world's diet, if aerial transportation shall ever be realized. The department called "Natural History Miscellany" has a great variety of interesting communications, and the "Entomological Calendar" keeps pace with the insect pests. We regret that a publication so useful and so well-conducted—so creditable to the country in every way—should not be supported liberally, as appears to be the case. The editors represent their expenses to be in excess of their revenue, and the success of their enterprise to depend on the immediate exertions of its friends. We are glad to repeat

that the *Naturalist* deserves long life and the amplest development, and we especially regard it as of service to the young for inducing habits of careful and precise observation in fields too generally neglected in our primary education. It is published at the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass.

—The *Northern Monthly* having been merged in *Putnam's Magazine*, its place is taken and more than filled by two new magazines. One is announced by Messrs. P. S. Wynkoop & Son (late Wynkoop & Sherwood), and is to be "a scholarly Christian monthly of 64 pages." It will be the fourth periodical of that general character. Messrs. Pott & Amery sell the *People's Magazine*, which is in its way really excellent, and will, we doubt not, when "pushed" as magazines have to be, become widely popular, especially among the Church of England people. Messrs. George Routledge & Sons are publishing agents of *Good Words*, also a very good magazine for the family circle and with much good writing and valuable reading in it every month. Then we have Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co.'s *Hours at Home*, which is known to most of our readers as occupying a middle place between *Harper's* on the one side and the religious weekly papers on the other, and as containing much profitable Sunday reading. What Messrs. P. S. Wynkoop & Son will make of their *Good News* we do not venture to predict. The *Cornhill Monthly* and *Literary Recorder* is to be published in Boston, and is to be, so far as we can judge from the prospectus, a combination on a small scale of the *Publishers' Circular* and something more literary. It is to be issued monthly, is to have thirty-two pages, of which sixteen are to be filled with advertisements; five will be devoted to announcements of new books, issued and in press, with brief editorial notices; five will be filled with items of literary intelligence; and six will be given up to "communications and general intelligence." "All publications sent to the editor will have a full, impartial, and discriminating notice." Further, it is said that, "as a purely *literary journal*, it is intended that the *Cornhill Monthly* shall equal any work of a secular character ever offered to the reading public," "some of the best talent of the land" having been engaged.

—The Boston *Transcript* frankly and fairly retracts the charge of "ignorance" it made against the *Nation* last week with reference to our remarks on Professor Stowe's article on the Talmud in the last *Atlantic Monthly*. We cannot help saying one word, however, of protest against the manner in which the charge was made, which was exceedingly improper. If the *Nation* were to criticise an article on any such subject as the Talmud without knowing well what it was talking about, it would be guilty of gross imposture, to use no stronger term. We may add that we have satisfied Professor Stowe privately that we were not only correct in the small criticism we made on his article, but that we might have pointed out more errors of the same sort had we thought it worth while. We did not think it worth while because these errors, though they deserved in the interest of accurate scholarship to be mentioned, did not detract in any material degree from the merit of his paper, which was, in all its statements of fact, both trustworthy and instructive.

—New English books of interest to readers of various sorts, and most of them of interest to the general reader, are these: Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Hales having brought to completion their edition of the folio manuscripts on which Bishop Percy founded his "Reliques," it is proposed to sell a certain number of copies to persons other than members of the Early English Text Society. The price put on such copies will be a little more than the price paid by subscribers, which was excessively low—one guinea for four large octavo volumes containing so rich a treasure of English ballad literature, and edited, as our readers have been informed, in the best manner. A work not very dissimilar to this in kind—still more like the recently published curious collection of "Slave Songs" of our Southern negroes—is a translation, by the Rev. Canon Calloway, of the "Nursery Tales, Traditions, and Histories of the Zulus," an intelligent, spirited South African race. As the solidest of three new works on art we mention first Professor Lubke's two-volume "History of Art," translated by F. E. Bunnett. It is illustrated by more than four hundred engravings. That pleasant writer, intelligible to the lay world, for which also art exists, as well as to the art-workmen, Mr. Philip G. Hamerton, has written a work entitled "Etching and Etchers: a Treatise Critical and Practical," which is adorned with original plates by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Dujardin, Collot, and other masters. The Clarendon Press Series is to contain a work, by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrrwhitt, entitled "Handbook of Pictorial Art; with Numerous Illustrations, and Practical Advice." This is, we believe, the first work devoted to art which has made its appearance in this excellent and truly catholic series of educational works. Two other publications, belonging to the same set of works, which we see advertised with Mr. Tyrrwhitt's "Handbook," are Mr. Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest" (Vol. II.) and Spenser's "Faery Queen" (Book II.), edited by the Rev. Mr. G. W. Kitchin. We see it stated that the continuation of Mr. Kinglake's "Crimean War" has been delayed by reason of the care requisite in preparing the numerous maps and military plans by which it is to be illustrated, but that the work may be expected immediately. We may mention here, although it is old, another historical work, of which two new editions are just appearing, and as to which there is a sharp quarrel going on between two publishers. The copyright in the first edition of Hallam's "Middle Ages" has just expired, whereupon Messrs. Alexander Murray & Co., "violating the courtesy of the trade," begin issuing in parts a cheap edition. Mr. John Murray, however, has advertised the purchasing world that the new reprint is a reprint of the first edition, full of errors, afterward corrected by the author, and destitute of the volume of notes and dissertations which Mr. Hallam appended to the original work in 1848, thirty years after it was first published. Mr. Folkestone Williams's "Lives of the English Cardinals" is nearly ready. It may well enough be a history of the Roman Church in England from the days of the Conqueror to the days of the Reformation. Whether it will be, we do not know. We, in our own day, have seen the Roman Church in England recovered from the blow of the Reformation and again making English cardinals. Closely allied to history would be a good life of Lord Brougham. A work entitled "Life and Career of Lord Brougham, with Extracts from his Speeches and Notices of Contemporaries," is announced as the first volume of a series of "Representative Biographies," which will be for sale in this country by Messrs. Walter Low & Son. A better biography—if it is not a blunder to regard an autobiography as a biography—is Count Maffei's translation, with notes and an introduction, of Azeglio's "Recollections"—a charming book; pronounced far better than the author's excellent novels. Mr. Cyrus Redding, whom Maginn was so far from being delighted with, has put together three volumes (very heavy) of "Personal Reminiscences of Eminent Men." Still, there are several new things in it; there almost never was a book of this kind not worth turning over. Oftener, perhaps, than any others, such books justify a remark of Swift's—we forget where he got it—that one often reads with some pleasure a book which inspires one with contempt for the writer. "A Life of Sir John Richardson," in one volume octavo, is the well-told story of an interesting career; the book is full enough of adventure to be a Christmas story for boys, and yet does such justice to the scientific aspect of Sir John's life as to be interesting to the savans. In poetry we have the fourth volume of the new six-volume edition of Browning. Why, we do not know, but the poet is nowadays publishing things of his which he was before displeased or rather unwilling to see in the hands of readers. "Pauline," in the first of these new volumes, is a specimen of the class of poems we refer to—a poem long out of print, and known only to the poet's more enthusiastic students and admirers, and the publication of which has caused a vast deterioration in the value of several poetical scrap-books. William Blake's recent revival by certain art-critics and by Mr. Gilchrist in his memoir, and by Mr. Basil Pickering's publication of the "Songs of Innocence and Experience"—poems which only need to be known to be admired—a revival not stopped, and possibly even aided, by Mr. Swinburne's performance, has made the mystical poet and painter somewhat popular. Mr. Pickering now announces an edition of Blake's "Poetical Sketches," poems first published in 1783, and never republished in complete form. "The Spanish Gypsy," by Mrs. Lewes, we already have on this side of the water, with the imprint of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. A good novel is not to be forgotten. "The New Landlord" is a translation of a Hungarian story by Maurice Jokai. It depicts the strifes, humorous and otherwise, between an honorable, gay-hearted old Austrian, a retired officer, who has for tenant a haughty, but patient, fine-tempered old Magyar chief. But in the house of Ankerschmidt there is a little maid, and in the house of Granvölgyi there is a youth, and the old Imperialist and the old Magyar finally unite in blessing the union of Aladar and Elise. The pictures of Hungarian life, the critics say, are set in scenery agreeable by its novelty, and the story altogether is fresh and pleasant.

—We take pleasure in commending to the notice of our clerical readers especially—and to them especially only because they are to so great an extent Bible-readers to many besides themselves—a new version of the Psalms which will be liked by all who like poetry, and by all who, whether they like poetry or not, like the Psalms, and would be glad to understand them. The title of the book reads as follows: "The Psalms Chronologically Arranged: An Amended Version, with Historical Introduction and Explanatory Notes. By Four Friends." This is hardly the place for criticism, but we can describe the book easily by asking the reader who remembers the 121st Psalm ("I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help") to consider how much more force and beauty he perceives in it when he learns that it was probably composed by a Hebrew going into exile, who,

passionately longing for his home, turns his eyes to the hills he is leaving for ever behind him: and then, seeking comfort somewhere, appeals to his heart to know where it is to be found, and finds it not in the hills, as our version seems to say, but in his God. With unforced and small yet important changes the beautiful lyric begins thus:

"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills.
Oh! whence cometh my help?
My help cometh from Jehovah,
Who hath made heaven and earth.
Will He suffer thy foot to be moved?" etc.

Other new religious publications are these: The vast mass of divinity that St. Thomas Aquinas put into his "Summa," which will never again be studied as a whole, except by here and there some one enthusiast, is being broken up into parts for the convenience of our modern theologians. "A Digest of the Doctrine of Saint Thomas on the Incarnation" has been made by the same compiler who had previously made digests of other parts of St. Thomas's doctrine—Mr. Humphry, formerly one of the cleverest of the Puseyites, now recently become a Romanist. The Rev. Orby Shipley has prepared the Third Series of "Tracts for the Day." It contains essays on education for girls, "The Divorce Courts," "The Natal Scandal," "Prayers for the Dead," and similar topics, and will give a more or less pleasing and refreshing change of reading to persons who have had the civil aspect of marriage, and Mrs. Dall's theory of female education, and the Broad Church view of Bishop Colenso for a long time forced on their attention. Professor Russell Martineau's new edition of "The History of Israel," by the great Ewald, first of Hebrew scholars, will comprise two volumes, and will continue the history to the time of the death of Samuel.

—We on this side of the water never fell into the extreme admiration and reverence for Lord Macaulay which the English, even the Conservatives after some feeble resistance, felt for him. Poe, to be sure, in one of those newspaper criticisms, acute and too sharp, in which he imitated Hazlitt's hastier works with much success, was almost a little enthusiastic about the great reviewer's rhetoric and style—which was much for Poe, who seldom became warm except when it was a question of exalting some good or bad obscure poet over poets, good or bad, whom he detested. We had an extremely brilliant "Boston Macaulay" in spite of Rufus Choate's declaring the style of the English one very tiresome and otherwise disagreeable. Even to this day there are young Americans who imitate him; one of the May magazines had an amusing specimen of such writing. So it was not with any horror that we saw Matthew Arnold's severity and disdain when "the chief of the Philistines" was mentioned; or the very lukewarm liking for him entertained by M. Taine, who assured the surprised English years ago that he found in Lord Macaulay nothing "like the best French manner." In England this tone of speaking about him, we are told, is still offensive to vastly more people than are pleased by it. It is not so long since Alison, the Tory historian, avowed his attempt to copy the Hastings trial passage in the Whig historian's essay; Sir James Stephen painfully put his feet into Macaulay's footsteps; and these are two of a countless host whom one may track through all English periodical literature. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's attack on him counted for little; perhaps hurt Mr. Dixon more than Macaulay—though there is no doubt that the latter was all wrong on the matter in dispute—and is probably at the bottom of much of the acerbity with which Mr. Dixon is spoken of by many of the critics. The other attacks made on Macaulay for the inaccuracies of his history had little effect at the moment. But the foundations of his reputation are now getting a very thorough overhauling. We recommend our readers to look over an excellent article in the last *London Quarterly*. It is said to be by Mr. Hayward, the translator of "Faust." It may be said to give in profusion well-proved specific instances of the "Philistinism" which Matthew Arnold made the ground of his contempt. There is almost no one who will not get new light on Francis's claim to the authorship of "Junius" from reading the testimony adduced by Mr. Hayward; and Macaulay's pictures of Marlborough, of William III., of the Scotch Highlanders, are also shown to be anything but photographic. As to the Junius matter, we think the essay contains something that is new; as to the rest of it, what has before been said is at any rate put forcibly. For several reasons its study is to be recommended to young men who are in their "Warren Hastings" and "Milton" and "Boswell's Life of Johnson." As to Mr. Hayward's having written the article, the notes on the margin seem at first inconsistent with such a supposition; but, on a little consideration, are seen to be not necessarily so.

—Among late French works interesting to the American public we find these: Welter's "History of Coffee," which we have already noticed at some length as an agreeable essay on the berry for the sake of which the Frenchman unwisely forsakes and despises tea. M. F. F. Steenacker has done some whitewashing for the benefit of Agnes Sorel, the mistress of Charles VII., and almost equally famous contemporary of the Maid of Orleans. It is a book of amusement merely. The Abbé Maistre's "Witnesses of Christ" may be called valuable as a reference book for clergymen. It contains biographical memoirs of each of the seventy-two disciples of Christ, the first witnesses of his miracles, the first pastors of the first churches, and so forth, and is in one octavo volume. And clergymen will be pleased to read M. Emile Caro's "Materialism and Science."

—G. S., the correspondent of the *Publishers' Circular*, who seems always to have good information as to what goes on in the publishing circles of Paris, gives in a recent letter some statistics which show the relative popularity of authors in France: "Let me make a note of the success of some works; their fate is curious. M. Guizot's 'History of Civilization in France' has reached a 10th edition; his 'History of Civilization in Europe' a 9th edition; his 'Essays on the History of France' a 12th edition; Mme. Craven's 'A Sister's Story' a 15th edition [soon to be set before Catholics in this country also]; Mme. de la Rochejaquelin's 'Memoirs' an 11th edition; Pinnock's edition of Goldsmith's abridgment of the 'History of Rome' a 21st edition; Gustave Droz's 'M. et Mme. et Bébé' a 24th edition, and his 'Entre Nous' a 12th edition; Victor Cousin's 'Mme. de Hautefort' a 3d edition; Count J. de Maistre's 'The Pope' a 21st edition; Auguste Nicolas's 'Philosophical Studies of Christianity' a 19th edition; a translation of Miss Strickland's 'Alda' a 5th edition; Ch. Tondeur's 'Stenography' a 28th edition; Defaucopret's translation of Scott's novels a 21st edition; and Gustave Droz's 'Cahier Bleu de Mlle. Cibot' a 10th edition." As in England and in this country, so in France too; among the books that sell best are sure to be several adapted to the needs of the religious world. We dare say statistics from publishers of devotional books would make this still more plain than it is made by the figures we have given above.

—The Bishop of Orleans in his last pamphlet gives a lively picture of the *bête noire* which terrifies him whenever he tries to approach as near as he gladly would to popular education. It must be confessed that he has some excuse for his horror and trepidation; for our friends the French Liberals are not, all of them, the most judicious of creatures. There are reckless Freemasons, it appears, who have made a league for educational purposes, and who are strong both in Belgium and France. The covenanters consider religion as anything but a sound basis for morality; they specify the works of Madame Sand, Jean Jacques' "Emile," and M. Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" as far preferable to the Bible for making the child a healthy moralist. M. Duruy, the bishop says, has authorized an educational course favored by the league. And there is another plot against religion to which the Minister of Public Instruction lends himself. The newly established public lecturers on scientific subjects, especially on medicine, are avowed materialists. What did one thesis writer do only the other day? He declared that he recognized but one master, Auguste Comte, but one doctrine, Positivism; he thought, he said, that Fetichism would be rather less favorable to the formation of brain diseases than the ordinary faiths held by European people; belief in a God and a soul always seemed to him, he said, very decided indications of predisposition to insanity, and so forth. Then there is the lady who translated Darwin into French, and who loves the law of Lycurgus—"Let the father without delay destroy the malformed infant;" she hates the way in which man wars against the law of selection, and out of foolish charity preserves alive the physically and morally incurable of his race; "it is all the work of old Bibles, of old women, and of those beasts of books called moral which soften the brain." We can hardly believe the bishop when he says, by implication, that persons of the power of brain above indicated are so common in France that they need be fought against very hard.

BROWNE'S SKETCH OF THE OFFICIAL LIFE OF JOHN A. ANDREW.*

Those who had occasion to visit Governor Andrew in his room in the State House will all remember the large, square table, heaped with papers and letters, at which he worked. Directly opposite, they will remember, sat his military secretary, Colonel Browne, the author of this interesting volume. They will remember the watchful interest with which this young man, without neglecting his own business, observed the movements of his chief—always

* "Sketch of the Official Life of John A. Andrew, as Governor of Massachusetts, to which is added the Valedictory Address of Governor Andrew, etc." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.

prompt to aid and serve him, though usually very quietly and silently. No man had a better opportunity of witnessing the various activity in the official life of this great worker, and he has used his opportunity well. He is one of a family to various members of which Governor Andrew was warmly attached, whose sympathies and interests were always in those ideas and objects dear to his heart. In fact, it may as well be said at once that, though John A. Andrew was a wide liker, and one of the most genial of men, no one had stronger friendships for individuals or more loved certain intimate relations where he felt himself more at ease. He had his favorite retreats in certain households, where he made himself one of the family. Arriving once at one of these homes, we remember finding the family in one room, and Governor Andrew asleep on a sofa in another. He had escaped from his work into his friend's house, to take an hour's rest.

The volume before us, being devoted to the five years in which the great war-governor did his official work, can, of course, say little of the period in which his power was being trained and developed. Like Oliver Cromwell and some other distinguished practical men (Mohammed among the number), he was more than forty years old before he became conspicuous in public affairs. His friends knew his sagacity, intrepidity, and perfect loyalty to truth and duty, but not even his best friends knew the greatness of his force. His qualities were not dazzling; and so it was not seen that in him were combined all the faculties necessary for a chief. For, in fact, there seemed nothing he was not capable of directing. He had in his brain the happiest combination of all the executive requisites. There was the faculty for details which noticed and remembered everything with unfailing accuracy, the judgment which could seize at once the essential question and keep to it, the power of immediate prompt decision, and behind all the determination, reinforced by conscience and hardened into habit, which kept him steady to his work till it was wholly done. His mind was both discriminating and comprehensive. He saw both sides of every question, yet kept to the immediate practical issue. Then, too, there was no prejudice to blind, no vanity to mislead, no private aims to be gratified, no passions to weaken and betray.

It will be easily seen that a man might possess all this power and yet not find occasion to display it outside of the regular routine of duty. It must be confessed that it is not the *great* men who are most talked about, but the men who have the love of praise joined with brilliant talents. Great men are content to wait, before they do a great thing, until a great thing comes to be done. So that, very possibly, if it had not been for the civil war, the exceptional combination of power in Governor Andrew had never been known.

Impatient of pedantry, disliking all formalism, an intense realist, his thoroughly practical mind always kept in view the *object*. The majority seem almost immediately to forget what they are working for. His eye never let go the object to be attained, while examining all the means by which to attain it. The famous case of the "overcoats" illustrates this. Projecting his judgment forward, he saw that when the war broke out it would be sudden, that men would be wanted immediately, that it might be cold weather, that their health and consequent efficiency would depend on their being warmly clothed, that the overcoats would be the garment they would not be likely to have, and which would keep them warm. So he ordered the two thousand overcoats, amid the derision of that class of people who laugh at the propositions of the man who sees further than themselves, and then, when his foresight is justified, forget immediately that they ever laughed at all.

Colonel Browne says: "There was a furious snow-storm on January 5 1861, the day of his inauguration. Without waiting for it to abate, his first official act, immediately after the inaugural ceremonies, was to despatch a confidential messenger to the governors of New Hampshire and Maine, to acquaint them with his determination to prepare the active militia of Massachusetts for instant service, and to invite their co-operation. Then followed, week by week, in the face of ridicule from many sources and bitter opposition from many more, that series of military orders and those purchases of war material to which the whole country now looks back as evidences of unequalled foresight.* . . . Nothing disturbed his steady purpose. The people to-day know how the troops were warned for duty by general orders issued in January, but they do not yet know the extent of his efforts —how he urged that our militia should be summoned to garrison Washington at the time of counting the electoral votes for President and Vice-President, in February; how a confidential understanding was established between him and General Scott, which served, perhaps, more than anything else to inspire the veteran commander with confidence that the country's cause was not hopeless; how, in consultation with General Scott, written memoranda for the direction of our troops on the march to Washington were drawn up, by which it was provided, in anticipation of obstruction of their route overland, that they should proceed by sea, and be disembarked, either under cover of the guns of Fort McHenry at Baltimore, or else at Annapolis; and how steamers were kept for weeks in readiness at his bidding to transport them to the Chesapeake" (pp. 28–30).

Here was a man who had all his life been engaged in civil pursuits, who was thought to be not only unmilitary, but opposed to military preparations; a friend of peace, and active member of a peace society; who yet was so wise, and so little governed by personal prejudice or whim, as to see that if you fought at all, it was best to fight in the most thorough manner. His whole mind, heart, and hand were on the side of philanthropy and humanity. But he escaped the shallowness of merely sentimental philanthropists by the absence of conceit and self-opinion, and by his making philanthropy something to be *done*, not something to be talked about. And so, let it be added, he was truly consistent all through. Long before there was any expectation of war in this country, we heard him make an address, by request, before a peace society in Boston. Declaring himself strongly and entirely convinced that war-making ought to come to an end, and would do so, he nevertheless added: "But, gentlemen, I ought to say that I am no non resistant. I never believed in that nonsense. There are times when it is more Christian to fight, even to the death, than not to fight. A noble peace, founded on a Christian basis, ought to be the object of every good man's aim. But, meantime, a war for freedom, justice, and human rights may often be a great deal better than a peace based merely on selfish mercantile calculations of profit and loss."

Colonel Browne's book is throughout full of facts and remarks which help us to form a good view of the remarkable man whom he describes. It is an invaluable contribution to the biography of Governor Andrew. Perhaps no other man was so near him continually during the war. But Governor Andrew was so full, rich, complex a character, that it will take a great many such delineations from different points of view to show us the entire man. His friendships were so wide and his sympathies so various that no single pen can properly describe him. He was intimate with men of the most opposite opinions, tastes, and habits. He once told us that there was hardly one prominent man in Massachusetts with whom he was not personally acquainted. His *intimate* friendships were with persons so various as Father Taylor, the Methodist; Father Finotti, the Roman Catholic; Dr. S. G. Howe, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Frank Bird, Mr. Theophilus Chandler, Mrs. Rachel Howland, the Quaker preacher, and Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Blair, of Washington. He almost always went out to Silver Spring to see the Blairs when he was in Washington, and had a very high opinion of their sagacity. We heard him once say that "when old Mr. and Mrs. Blair sat quietly down on the opposite sides of their parlor fire at Silver Spring, and talked over any difficult public question, if *they* could not see into it, it was no use for any one else to try."

One example occurs to us of the power which Governor Andrew possessed of throwing his mind into any subject, and of thinking it through. In the midst of the war, being at church one Sunday morning, after the service we asked him a question which led him to speak of Harvard University. In answering the question, he went on to consider the whole subject of university education, and as we walked he developed a complete theory of the ends to be kept in view and the methods to be adopted by the college government. "If I were appointed president of the college," said he, "this is what I would do"—and then, for nearly an hour, as we walked round Boston Common, he explained his system and the way in which he would try to carry it out. Those who met us and saw his earnestness of manner no doubt thought that he was explaining some important matter connected with the war. This power of concentrating his mind upon any theme and holding himself to it constituted no small part of his force, and made him capable of filling almost any position with success.

As governor of Massachusetts it was his duty to look after those who may be regarded as the *wards* of the State—the children in the public schools, the paupers, the prisoners, the deaf and dumb, the insane, the blind. No governor before ever gave such attention to these in times of peace as Governor Andrew did in the midst of the awful war. Once, when he was visiting the reform school for boys at Westboro', having spent the morning in examining classes, dinner-hour came, and the company of visitors moved toward the dining-room. Governor Andrew was following, when he heard some shrill little voice calling his name. He looked around and saw no one; but still the little voice piped out "Governor Andrew! Governor Andrew!" At last it was found to come from a room high up above the hall, in which a little boy was confined for some offence. He had the boy brought down, heard his appeal and his petition to be allowed to join his companions, called back the officers, enquired into the case, requested the authorities to forgive the child and remit the rest of the sentence, and then, calling together again

* One of the principal arguments used against him in the campaign preceding his first election was that he was unmilitary, opposed to war, and hostile to the militia!

the rest of the boys, told the story of their companion to them, showing them how they might help such a boy to do right or make him go wrong. The governor lost his dinner; but that evening, as he related the story in full, it was easy to see that his generous heart had entered fully into the case of this poor lad and made it his own.

One more reminiscence, and we must stop. Toward the close of his term there was a great outcry made against him because he refused to sign the warrant to execute Green, the Malden murderer. The crime was a brutal one, and the community cried for the man's blood. The governor would neither sign the warrant nor publish his reasons for not doing so. A storm of reproach and complaint arose; but nothing shook his solid mind. One day, at this time, walking in the country, we were overtaken by the governor in his carriage, who stopped and took us in. Being alone with him, we took the opportunity to ask his reasons for this course. "Well," said he, "people say I do not hang him because I am opposed to capital punishments. But since I have been governor I have signed *two* death-warrants, so that I need not sign another in order to show that I *can* hang a man." He then proceeded to explain, at length, that Green had not been tried, but had pleaded guilty, and had been sentenced on that plea; but that by the law of Massachusetts there were two degrees of murder, the first of which was punished by death, and the second by imprisonment for life. Now, in pleading guilty to murder, Green had not (in the opinion of the governor) been properly made to understand the difference between these two, and the governor did not believe that he meant to plead guilty to murder in the first degree. That question, he thought, ought to be tried, especially as, by the concurrent testimony of those who had known Green from childhood, the ministers of the town, the mayor, and the detective who had worked the case, he was a person of very imperfect intellect. Explaining all this at great length, and with all the reasons and facts fully given, the statement was so impressive that we said: "Governor, if this were published it would produce an entire change of opinion through the State in twenty-four hours in regard to your course." He answered: "Very likely. But I shall make no such statement. I could not do it without seeming to blame the courts, and I do not think it right to set the executive and judicial departments of the government even at apparent variance now. No; my back is broad enough to bear all the reproach, and I would rather have it fall on me than on the judges." His course on this occasion and in regard to the liquor law were the two bravest acts of his life, for on these occasions he alienated his own party and his friends. But he never seemed to mind it. He was no more afraid of his friends than of his enemies—the rarest courage in a public man.

It really seems, in considering his course, as if Wordsworth must have had a prophetic vision of John Albion Andrew when he wrote his poem of "The Happy Warrior." The whole of it is very applicable to him—perhaps most of all these lines, which, though they have been already so applied, may well be quoted again here:

> "Who, if he rise to station of command,
> Rises by open means; and there will stand
> On honorable terms, or else retire,
> And in himself possess his own desire.
> Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
> Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
> A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
> But who, if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment, to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
> And through the heat of conflict keeps the law,
> In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw. . . .
> Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
> Nor thought of tender happiness betray,
> Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
> Looks forward, persevering to the last,
> From good to better, daily self-surpast."

FREDRIKA BREMER'S LIFE.

A BIOGRAPHY of Miss Bremer, written by her only surviving sister, an autobiography which covers but a few pages and extends only to her thirtieth year, when she had as yet hardly more than begun her literary work, a number of letters, most of which were addressed to the sister who publishes them, and some slight sketches in prose and verse, comprise the contents of this volume. Miss Bremer revealed herself so fully in her own writings that those who are familiar with them, as most novel-readers are, will probably find in this story of her life little that is absolutely new. Readers who may chance to hold the theory that the successful novelist, or, to make the statement a little wider, the successful artist in any department of art, relies more upon the facts of his observation and experience than upon his imagination—than upon his creative power engaged in performing the feat known as evolving from the consciousness—may find in it a plausible argument in favor of their views. There is hardly a detail of this unhappy childhood and wearisome youth which will not be familiar, and in a form which really differs but little from that in which it is here given, to people who remember "The Home," "The Neighbors," "The H—— Family," etc. The history of the real Fredrika seems a sort of plagiarism from Fredrika's novels. Her overgrown and much-experimented-with nose, and her childish verses, are hardly so much her own as they are Petrea's. Miss Hallevi Hansgrebel told, in "The Neighbors," the story of these benumbing evening conversations, from which all topics beyond those furnished by the occurrences of the day were rigidly excluded, better than it is told here. The book forms a sort of key to the novels. For the rest, it affords some quite pleasant reading—the biographical portion of it especially. Miss Bremer died in December, 1865, at the age of sixty-four years. Her sister Charlotte was, perhaps, a year or two her senior, and, until she undertook this work, had probably never written anything more ambitious than a friendly letter. The desire to be full and truthful in her account and the life-long habit of constraint are curiously at war in her writing. She is a bit of a critic, too, and feels the necessity of explaining and apologizing—and doing it, moreover, in a sort of covert way, that the reader may not be too certain that an apology is needed—for what she evidently considers some rather innovating vagaries of her sister's. It appears to her that Fredrika speculated too boldly on the woman question, especially after her return from America. Our own agitators in that direction would generally consider her quite too timid; but that she should have advocated giving to girls the same educational advantages as to boys, and leaving all employments, offices, and honors open to them on the same terms, strikes her sister with a wholesome suspicion. She has herself some faint doubts as to whether strict justice is always accorded to her sex, and probably shared in a measure in Fredrika's disapprobation of the Annunciation Day sermon from which she quotes; in which Bishop Wallin explained to his hearers that "what especially belonged to woman's mission was, that she ought humbly to step back when sudden angry passions vent themselves upon her; that there is no circumstance in life where a contrary conduct could be excused; that, in order to triumph, she ought carefully to watch her own temper and submit unconstrainedly to that of others; have respect for the opinions of others without any prepossession in favor of her own; and that even where her own opinion should in reality be the right one, she ought patiently to wait her time to make it valid."

Griselda's self might be excused for writhing a little under this too clerical admonition, especially as it proceeded to lay such unimportant faults as men occasionally commit to the account of their irreligious mothers and wives; but Fredrika's biographer hastens to clear her own skirts from any imputation of sharing further in her sister's views. "As a wife, a mother, an instructress—only there I saw woman in the place which God had assigned her," she says, and then she narrates how she endeavored to impress upon Fredrika's mind "the beautiful lines of Pope, which we learned by heart when we were children:

> "'Woman is born to dignify retreat,
> In shade to flourish, and unseen be great;
> Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
> Should seek but Heaven's applauses and her own.'"

Fredrika was incorrigible, however, and evidently remains in her sister's mind as an exception to general rules, who must be tolerated, and for love's sake excused, but not altogether approved.

This vein of sisterly criticism, which runs through the entire biography, never obtrusive, and in no way interfering with a hearty pride in and affection for the subject of it, and yet, it seems to us, always very clearly apparent, is not a little amusing. To us Fredrika Bremer has always appeared quite the model "true woman" in literature. As her novels recur to memory, we find them entirely free from moral blemishes, and innocent of any sentiments which could tend in the remotest manner to the subversion of social order. She did not, it is true, belong to that too-complaisant order of feminine writers, now somewhat less prevalent than formerly, and making their appearance most often in the religious magazines and journals, who hasten to concede even more than is demanded of them; who are ready to prove that it is basely unwomanly to desire much pay for much work, and in other gracefully submissive ways show their thorough appreciation of their natural inferiority to the male of their species; but she was, we fancy, at even a greater remove from those singularly constituted creatures who furnish the hopelessly unreadable and ejaculatory articles on woman's work and kindred topics of which *Putnam's* tells its subscribers it has already enough on hand to fill several numbers of the

* "Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works of Fredrika Bremer. Edited by her sister, Charlotte Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Fredr. Milow. The poetry marked with an asterisk translated by Emily Nonnen." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

magazine. In her own province, which was the delineation of social and family life, she observed closely and artistically, and described with much humor and picturesque force. She was a clear though thoroughly feminine thinker, with exceeding purity and kindliness of heart, and a sort of innocent, gushing sentimentality which perhaps belonged to her as much in virtue of her Scandinavian birth as of her personality. It must have been with something of a pang that the hospitable New Yorkers and Bostonians who received her on her visit to this country found themselves embalmed in her "Homes of the New World," albeit the thing was done with the sweetest of spices and the finest of Swedish linen, although she found Lowell a "perfect Apollo," and Emerson the "only Alp" among the Transcendentalists, of the rest of whom, by the way, she said a very good thing—they seemed to her to spread themselves out and powder themselves to give the impression of snow on their summits, but failed to chill her with their coldness or awe her with their height.

This volume we praise as being agreeable reading, though we are bound to say that we think it does Miss Bremer but scanty and inadequate justice. Those who have read her own works and gained from them the impression of goodness and thorough womanliness which they can hardly fail to convey, may gain a certain satisfaction from it; but those who see her here for the first time see her at great disadvantage. Her letters are not at all remarkable; the prose sketches, some of which are here first printed, and others reprinted from obscure Swedish annuals, are not in her best vein, and the poems have no further claim to that title than the fact of having been written in verse. However, there are probably few readers who will take up the book except those who do so with a wish to renew an old and pleasant acquaintance with the subject of it.

PROBABLE SETTLEMENT OF THE DEAF-MUTE CONTROVERSY.*

THE most important meeting of instructors of the deaf and dumb ever occurring in this country has recently been held in the city of Washington, where seventeen principals, ex-principals, and vice-principals, representing fourteen of our twenty-three institutions, met and had a five days' conference. In these fourteen establishments are two thousand children and youth, or more than four-fifths of the entire number taught in all the United States schools for the deaf and dumb. Many subjects were ably discussed, but the topic in which the general public will take the greatest interest is that of articulation, or the teaching of mutes to speak with their mouths and to apprehend the meaning of oral utterance in others by watching the motions of the lips.

The old-time controversy of Heinicke and de l'Epée has, within a few years, been renewed in New England, one side contending that the system introduced into the country in 1817 by Dr. Gallaudet, founded on the sign methods of de l'Epée, was not calculated to produce the most beneficial results, and the other maintaining the contrary of this proposition. The opponents of the system of Dr. Gallaudet held at one stage of the controversy that all deaf-mutes, except those mentally incapable of being educated, could be taught successfully to articulate and read from the lips, and that the language of signs might be dispensed with. After much effort they succeeded in securing the incorporation of a school at Northampton, Mass., and the patronage of the Legislature of the State in behalf of it.

It is distinctly stated in the first report of the Clarke Institution that the school was established particularly for children "who lost their hearing at three years of age and upwards, after they had acquired some language which they retain," and for those who are "semi-deaf and can distinguish articulate sounds, but not readily enough to attend the common schools with profit;" and the report closes by saying: "Articulation is used as the means of instruction because we believe it the best method for *our* pupils. The institution is not, however, pledged to any unchangeable system, but only to that, whatever it may be, which experience shall prove to give the best results."

When this new school, which thus in its first report announces the broad and liberal principles just cited, was going into operation, the youngest son of Dr. Gallaudet, who has followed his father's profession, was in Europe making extended and critical examinations into the systems made use of in that quarter of the globe. The results of his investigations have since been given to the public, and exhibit in certain particulars a remarkable coincidence with the views of Mr. Hubbard, the president of the Clarke Institution. President Gallaudet maintains very decidedly that to the mass of deaf-mutes articulation is not attainable, and sustains the judgment of his father in making the system of de l'Epée the basis of all efforts to teach deaf-mutes. He, however, frankly admits that the class proposed to be taught at the Northampton school may succeed in articulation, but prefers to add instruction in this branch as a *feature* in the general system rather than to accept it as the basis of effort in separate schools. He closes his report by recommending "that instruction in artificial speech and lip-reading be entered upon at as early a day as possible; that all pupils be afforded opportunities of engaging in this until it plainly appears that success is unlikely to crown their efforts; that with those who evince facility in oral exercises, instruction shall be continued during their entire residence in the institution." The general adoption by our schools of this recommendation would secure to the deaf and dumb throughout the country all the advantages sought to be conferred by the founders of the Northampton school, and so settle at once a controversy which has divided the schools of Europe for a hundred years.

That the "National Conference of Principals of Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb" has undertaken to remove all just cause of complaint on the part of those who demand articulation for deaf-mutes will appear from the following resolutions, wherein due respect is paid to the history of the work of Dr. Gallaudet and his successors, while at the same time a frank, full, and ready recognition is accorded to the modified claims of the Massachusetts reformers, as put forth in paragraphs which we shall by-and-by quote from Mr. Hubbard's report. The principals say:

"*Resolved*, That the American system of deaf-mute education, as practised and developed in the institutions of this country for the last fifty years, commends itself by the best of all tests—that of prolonged, careful, and successful experiment—as in a pre-eminent degree adapted to relieve the peculiar misfortune of deaf-mutes, *as a class*, and restore them to the blessings of society."

"*Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this conference, it is the duty of all institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb to provide adequate means for imparting instruction in articulation and lip-reading to such of their pupils as may be able to engage with profit in the exercises of this nature."

"*Resolved*, That while in our judgment it is desirable to give semi-mutes and semi-deaf children every facility for retaining and improving any power of articulate speech they may possess, it is not profitable except in promising cases discovered after fair experiment to carry congenital mutes through a course of instruction in articulation."

"*Resolved*, That to attain success in this department of instruction an added force of instructors will be necessary, and this conference hereby recommends to boards of directors of institutions for the deaf and dumb that speedy measures be taken to provide the funds needed for the prosecution of this work."

The first and third of these resolutions were offered by the Rev. Collins Stone, the principal of the American Asylum at Hartford, well understood to be the most conservative man in the conference, while the second and fourth were moved by President Edward M. Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-mute College at Washington, who bears the reputation of being one of the most progressive members of the profession.

That the resolutions, all but unanimously accepted, recommend the adoption of all that is offered deaf-mutes by the managers of the institution at Northampton, gives evidence of a pervading spirit of progress that cannot be too warmly commended; and how entirely the third resolution accords with the proposed work of the Northampton instructors will appear from the following passage in President Hubbard's report:

"There are various classes of deaf-mutes who can be taught articulation These are—

"'A. Those who lost their hearing at three years of age and upwards after they had acquired some language which they retain.

"'B. Those congenitally deaf, who have good mental ability, and a capacity for learning to speak.

"'C. Those who are semi-deaf and can distinguish articulate sounds, but not readily enough to attend the common schools with profit.'"

And how fully the *limitations* of the resolution are sustained by the advocates of articulation is seen in the following quotation from the same document:

"There are various classes of deaf-mutes who cannot be taught articulation, These are—

"'1. Those whose mental powers are feeble by nature or disease, and who are idiots rather than mutes.

"'2. Those whose organs of speech are imperfect, some of whom are not deaf,

* "Report of President Gallaudet, of the Columbia Institution, on European Systems of Deaf-mute Instruction. Washington, D. C. 1868."
"Annual Report of the Clarke Institution for Deaf-mutes at Northampton, Mass., Boston. 1868."
"Report of the Joint Special Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the Education of Deaf-mutes. May, 1867." Boston.
"On the Desirability of National Education for the Deaf and Dumb Poor. By James Hawkins, of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. Old Kent Road, London." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1866.

"'3. Those who have sufficient ability, but who can be no more taught articulation than many hearing persons can be taught singing. In the first and third classes the organs of speech are perfect, but the pupils do not possess the power or ability to use them correctly. How large a proportion of deaf-mutes in our country belong to these classes is not known.'"

And here it must be noted that the great mass of teachers of deaf-mutes on both sides of the Atlantic, and of all shades of opinion, are agreed that a large proportion of the deaf and dumb cannot be taught articulation with success. The terms, therefore, of the first resolution of the conference, that for "deaf-mutes, *as a class*, the American system, as developed during the past fifty years, is in a pre-eminent degree adapted to restore them to the blessings of society," would seem to be warranted by the facts in the case. As Mr. Hubbard, in effect, says, the articulation method must be limited to the few, and its introduction into the American system will result not in supplanting but in supplementing other methods, by the addition of an accomplishment of great value in those cases where it can be successfully acquired.

It is worth while, in conclusion, to say a word of a brief pamphlet by Mr. James Hawkins. The writer, an Englishman, who is known as the author of a work on "The Physical, Moral, and Intellectual Constitution of the Deaf and Dumb," desires to press on the attention of the reformers who are urging the claims to education of the English generally, the peculiar claims of a class peculiarly in need of instruction. No educational scheme, he maintains, deserves the name of national, or the name of Christian, unless it makes provision for the twenty-two thousand deaf and dumb persons now within the limits of the United Kingdom. At present the machinery for educating such persons is very limited and very inadequate. It rests on precarious foundations; the benevolence of private individuals is its chief support, and it is capable of benefiting but one-fourteenth of the aggregate number of men, women, and children who need it. Our own country, Mr. Hawkins says, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Belgium, are all in advance of England as regards legislation on this matter. It is to be sincerely hoped that his appeal will do something to prevent his clients from being forgotten in the approaching reorganization of English schools.

The Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy." From London to Paris, and back by Havre, the Isle of Wight, South Coast, etc. By John Macgregor, M.A. Second edition. (London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.)—The third volume of what bids fair to be the *Rob Roy* library, should the author's days be prolonged, as we hope they may be. The nautical incidents of the voyage are not so numerous as those of either canoe voyage that preceded it, so that there is occasion for more than the usual amount of moralizing to eke out the chapters. However, the statistics which accompany it, and relate to the English reform schoolships, are valuable, and are brought together here for the first time. When Mr. Macgregor comes again to America he will be interested to visit the Massachusetts school-ship in Boston harbor, and compare our imitation with the example of the mother country. A good deal of information not often met with is contained in the description of the passage of the Seine; while so much of the Exposition as was aquatic—including, of course, the international regattas—is represented in greater or less detail. At Dover the author met for the first time one of the lady members of the canoe club, paddling her own craft in sea water. The boys who get hold of this book will do well if, along with the spirit of adventure, they acquire also some of the ingenuity which the forethought and experience of our navigator turned not only to his own advantage, but, it would seem, to that of all seafarers, and permanently.

The Merchants' and Bankers' Almanac for 1868. (New York.)—The lists of banks and bankers which make up so large a part of this annual are of value chiefly to business men. Other statistics to be found in it have a less exclusive interest for them, and will afford whoever consults them a good deal of light on the progress of the country. Such are the tabular returns of our aggregate grain crops in 1863–66, and the same in detail for 1866; the statement of the public debt of each county in New York; the progress of railroads in each and all of the United States, 1835–1864; the monthly prices of various metals and of anthracite coal for the forty years, 1825–64; of coffee, pork, corn, cotton, wool, rye, oats, etc., etc. (eleven staples in all), for 1825–67. These and similar tables are of recognized importance in studying the history of the period which they cover, and if not properly literature in themselves, may become the foundation of one of the highest branches of literature.

Recent Republications.—Sir Samuel Baker's eminently readable account of his adventures in the Soudan* is republished by Messrs. Case & Co., of Hartford, in a style comparing very favorably with the English edition in all except the engravings and the sensational changes in the title-page. We believe that this firm commonly sells through agents, and we can but congratulate them on having chosen, in this instance, a work which, unlike the costly rubbish that usually disfigures the farmer's shelves, will be both an ornament and a source of pure instruction and amusement; in other words, a piece of first-class literature in its way. The more widely this is sold the better.

This volume† contains not only all of Mr. Saxe's old poems, but some thirty, we do not know which ones, that are new. It is hardly necessary to say much of Mr. Saxe's work. He is funny, and other people beside young men in college appreciate his fun, for some of his volumes have gone through thirty-odd editions; he is good-natured always; he is never guilty of impurity; he is sometimes witty; it is not very often that he attempts sentiment. It is not a thing to be regretted on moral, nor indeed on intellectual, grounds that he has been, and is, a favorite American author.

Messrs. Appleton continue their Globe Edition of standard authors, begun by Cary's "Dante," with Scott's poems,‡ apparently printed from less-used plates than was that work; at all events, perfectly clear in the text, and showing marks of wear only in the engravings, which of course does not matter. It is, as we have said, a very handy edition, and sufficiently well bound for most libraries. The same house are grouping the heretofore separate stories of their cheap "Plum-pudding edition" of Dickens in stout volumes whose rather elegant cloth binding sadly disappoints the expectation with which one opens to the typography.

* "Exploration of the Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, etc. By Sir S. W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S." Hartford: O. D. Case & Co. 1868.

† "The Poems of John Godfrey Saxe." Complete in one volume. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

‡ "The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With a Life of the Author." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

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The Week.

CONGRESS has admitted the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana, and the bill awaits the President's signature. On the day of final debate in the Senate, Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Trumbull actively opposed the inclusion of Alabama; but on the final vote the presence of its name among the others was not held to be a reason, as it well might have been, for a Republican's refusing to vote in the affirmative. The House passed the bill without much discussion, except Florida's case—Mr. Farnsworth believing the constitution of that State unrepublican, because it vests the appointment of many officials in the governor instead of in the people at large. No changes of great importance were made in any of the constitutions; Georgia, however, was prevented from dealing out one measure to debtors of loyal creditors, and another to debtors who had got money from creditors who have been disloyal. The other of the two chief events of the Congressional week was the action taken by the House on the new Tax Bill. The Committee of Ways and Means was ordered to take it back and report special bills in relation to the tax on whiskey and tobacco. The debate was very warm. It was led by Mr. Butler on the part of the opposition to the committee. Between the public services of Mr. Schenck, the chairman of the committee, and those of Mr. Butler, a comparison not very pleasing to the latter has recently been making the rounds of the press. The Opposition declared that the Republican party must do something decisive about whiskey frauds or it would be beaten in the fall elections; that, in order to do something, the main bill must be dropped and special bills brought forward. The committee, on the other hand, urged that it would take no longer to pass the bill than to prepare the new ones desired. It would, however, take longer, we suppose. The time which ought to have been given to the work that Mr. Schenck has been laboring at for some months is now past crying for; it was occupied by a variety of business of vastly less consequence. We confess we should have had a little more patience if it had not been Mr. Butler, to whose exertions we owe so great a part of the loss, who came forward to insist on the folly of delay. The committee was defeated by a majority of eleven.

Mr. Schenck's Tax Bill has been defeated and recommitted in spite of all his efforts and that of the best portion of the Republican members. The vote of last week, on Mr. Butler's first attempt to shelve it, seemed to assure its passage, but since then the War-Horse element in the House seems to have been strongly reinforced, and, snuffing the battle afar off, refuses to be kept any longer in Washington. Accordingly, Mr. Shanks, of Indiana, moved on Monday the substitution of two short bills dealing simply with tobacco and distilled spirits, and carried his motion by 74 to 63. Mr. Schenck made, though he had some difficulty in getting a hearing, an able and earnest protest, showing that the House had already got through the heaviest portion of the work—that the provisions of the bill still remaining to be discussed were comparatively unimportant—and that any short bills dealing specially with whiskey and tobacco would not contain the administrative changes made in the bill of the Committee of Ways and Means—a bill which is the result of five months' labor—and would, therefore, be inoperative or make confusion worse confounded; but it was all in vain. Mr. Butler assailed him with jokes and buncombe, and, with the assistance of the Democrats, vanquished him. "We are here," said Mr. Butler, "when we ought to be in the midst of a campaign in order to save this country to the men who have fought for it for the last eight years. And yet we are kept here doing what? We are kept here modifying taxes." The question naturally suggests itself to the reader, What will Mr. Butler and his friends do when they get away from there? what will the country gain by releasing them from the ignoble duty of "modifying taxes?" Simply an extra supply of Mr. Butler's oratory through the valleys and over the plains of the North on the subject of General Grant's merits as a candidate, and the sanctity of the public debt. Mr. Butler's objection that the House ought not to be expected to pass in seven days a bill which the Committee of Ways and Means has spent five months in preparing, and the custom which makes it necessary for the Finance Committee of the Senate to discuss the bill just as elaborately as the Committee of the House, we have considered elsewhere. We shall never have a decent system of taxation as long as every member of both Houses feels himself responsible for it and will take nothing on trust. One might almost as well try to acquire a good education by going to the original sources of knowledge on all subjects.

The Senate performed a most graceful act, and one which does much to clear away the smoke of the recent conflict, in unanimously, and without the usual reference to a committee, confirming Mr. Reverdy Johnson's appointment as Minister to England. There is no man in the country better fitted, both as regards character, intellect, and acquirements, and social standing, to discharge the duties of the post. There are but few men as well fitted to deal with the questions still in dispute between the two governments. Neither the national reputation nor the national interests will suffer in his hands. Moreover, we are very glad that the Republican majority has seized this opportunity of showing that it can appreciate the virtues of an honorable antagonist, and that its bitterness, if it feels any bitterness, is roused by factiousness and not by fair and manly opposition. If the Democratic party had had the good luck to be represented by many men in either

House or Senate who understood the duties of constitutional opposition as Mr. Reverdy Johnson understands them, and had performed them as he has performed them, it would not be to-day in its present low condition. He has always stopped short at the line where party becomes faction; and if the cranky, croaking orators who serve the Democrats in both Houses by their essays on negro physiology, and their buncombe jokes and caricatures, had only copied him—of comprehending him we are sure they are not capable—they would not only have hastened the close of the present crisis, but have confounded, instead of rejoicing, the enemies of human nature.

The Civil Service Bill, of course, goes over till next session. We had little hope, however, of anything being done at it this summer. Mr. Butler has played his cards too well for the House to have much time for any useful legislation. What gives a touch of the comic to the otherwise serious situation in which we find ourselves, is that the Tax Bill and Civil Service Bill are thrown aside in order to enable some scores of gentlemen to disperse themselves over the land to pour public abuse on Andrew Johnson for the corruption and frauds in the collection of the revenue. The Civil Service Bill, however, makes way in public estimation. The prominent party journals begin to see the absurdity of roaring about corruption as long as a bill of this kind lies unpassed, and are beginning to urge it faintly on Congress. A quarter of the space and enthusiasm that were spent in denouncing the seven senators and hunting Wooley down, would certainly pass it, and we are still in hopes that the sense of humor of which the party organs are not wholly devoid, will at least drive them into advocating it vigorously. Any further bare denunciation of corruption we advise them to withhold till after the Democratic Convention. If we are not greatly mistaken, there will be a plank in the Democratic platform on that subject which will make the hair of all defaulters, embezzlers, and other cheats and swindlers in the public service stand on end, and will furnish a model and a text to writers of editorials for the next three months.

Apparently the "Chase movement" has received its quietus, and the Chief-Justice will prove to be not very strong in the Fourth of July Convention. Whether it is that the tone of his "letter to a personal friend" did not quite please the Democratic leaders, we do not hear it said. Not impossibly that is so; the real leaders of the Democracy have never been pleased with candidates who were not biddable, well-trained, and did not appear undesirous of followers. The doctrine laid down in the letter may have offended them; it certainly was not theirs. But we doubt the adequacy of these causes. In a bargain so corrupt as the bargain proposed would have been, we are not forced to believe that either of the contracting parties would have stood long on words. One was to have the Presidency; the other was by help of his candidature to float the Democratic nominees for Congress into the House in force sufficient to control appropriations. It is of little importance what is said in "letters to personal friends," and in platforms, when the thing to be done is plainly understood and willingly assented to. The real reason for the apparent coolness of the Democracy—and it may be only apparent, and there is time for it to change into warmth again—we take to be this, that the Peace men of the Democracy, who have always hated the class of politicians to which Mr. Chase has belonged, have been encouraged into asserting their will by the recent Republican defeat in Oregon. Whatever the cause may be, the *World*, which has been the strongest supporter Mr. Chase has had—for it expresses the opinions of leaders here in New York who have no great love for Democrats of the Vallandigham and La Crosse stripe—has now given him up, seriously as we suppose, and not for strategic purposes. Mr. Chase's loss is of course not Hancock's gain. Doubtless it is to some extent a gain for Pendleton, who represents the opposing influences. But at last Johnson appears as a possible candidate for the nomination. It is said that General J. B. Steedman has brought up a delegation from Louisiana which intends to cast its vote for Mr. Johnson, and that other Southern delegations will do likewise. For him, however, we suppose there is no chance, though we doubt if he would be appreciably easier to beat than Pendleton.

Mr. Rollins, in resigning his office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, said that he did so because "the revenue laws, even in the most important localities, are badly administered by officers either dishonest or incompetent, appointed without my approval, and whose removal I see no hope of securing." Further, he says that many of the disgraceful officials were put into the places of good men whom Mr. Johnson turned out immediately after the famous Philadelphia Convention. So he charges the President with the responsibility of keeping bad men in office, to the great injury of the country. It is not necessary that we should say anything to our readers in regard to Mr. Rollins's character for veracity. Mr. McCulloch seems to impugn it, in the endorsement on Mr. Rollins's letter; but the issue between them is not a direct one. Mr. Rollins would no doubt agree with Mr. McCulloch that the "antagonism between the executive and legislature" had something to do with disordering the revenue service, as every other branch of the public service. And he has already stated his belief that the high tax on whiskey is another cause of the disorder. However, the Secretary declines to receive and put on file the letter of his late subordinate, who in turn insists that he shall, or disprove specifically what is said in it. This Mr. McCulloch will not be able to do, and it is just as well that grumbling Republicans should remember this when making up Mr. Johnson's account with Congress.

The *Chicago Tribune* thinks it cowardly in a portion of the Radical press to follow up Mr. Ross with charges against his character after they have ceased casting aspersions on Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Fessenden, and insinuates that as the proof against Mr. Ross is not one whit stronger than the proof against the others, the reason why he is thus distinguished is that he is younger and less known than the others, and may therefore be attacked with greater safety. The *Tribune* might have put forward its hypothesis with even greater confidence. Trumbull and Fessenden are undoubtedly large and dangerous game, and the party bravoes have in the highest degree that base love of torturing the weak and helpless which amongst animals is, strange to say, only found in cats and men. They delight in an antagonist who cannot defend himself, and enjoy nothing so highly as in picking out any tender spots he may have in his conformation, and sticking their quills into them. But they avoid meeting their match with truly Indian astuteness. We notice that some of the tribe are quite shocked because some Massachusetts Republicans propose to give Mr. Fessenden a dinner on his return from Washington, in order to show him, we presume, that his assailants do not represent the American people, and that there are plenty of good men and true to whom the right of private judgment is still sacred, and in whose eyes the character of public men is still a valuable public possession. But the critics "hope the thing will go no further," on the ground that impeachment ought to be "buried out of sight." The attacks on the seven senators are, however, something apart from impeachment. They raise a question which the verdict does not settle, and which will never be settled as long as there are political parties who keep moral bullies in their pay, and there are honored names for these bullies to besmirch, and honorable and useful careers for them to break up.

We are sorry to find that the unfavorable opinion we have long entertained of the qualifications of the Honorable Richard Busteed for the office of Federal judge at the South, or, in fact, in any portion of the country, seems to be confirmed by events. A petition is now before Congress from Henry C. Semple, accusing him of "ignorance" of law and "arbitrary and tyrannical conduct," of "corruption," and of soliciting suitors to bring their causes before him and conferring with them and their counsel as to the disposition to be made of the causes. Mr. Semple's specifications would be painful reading if we were not all getting hardened to this sort of thing. He calls General Swayne, Governor Smith, and thirty other prominent citizens of all parties in Alabama as witnesses to the truth of his allegations.

The report of the Commissioners appointed in England in consequence of the disputes arising out of the conduct of the British Government and the decisions of the British courts, during the late war, to examine and suggest amendments to the neutrality laws, has been published. The recommendations of the Commission are plainly suggested throughout by American demands in the cases of the *Alabama* and *Alexandra*. They propose to make "fitting out, arming, despatching, or causing to be despatched, with intent or knowledge," etc., a misdemeanor, which would have covered the *Alexandra* case; and to empower the Secretary of State or governor of a colony to seize any ship which he has "probable and reasonable cause for believing," etc., which would have covered the *Alexandra*, *Alabama*, and the Laird ironclads; and to make any prize captured by a belligerent cruiser, fitted out in England in violation of the law, liable to be seized and restored to the owner, if brought into a British port, and to exclude all such cruisers themselves from all British ports during the continuance of hostilities. These changes in the law were all urged on the attention of the English Government during the war, but they were treated as preposterous by Lord Palmerston.

The exact nature of the quarrel between the Archbishop of Algiers and Marshal MacMahon, of which we spoke last week, seems to be involved in some mystery. If the statement which each of the disputants makes of his own position be true, there is undoubtedly a difference between them, but not one that would seem to call for an appeal to the Emperor. The marshal writes to the papers to deny that he ever threatened to close the orphan asylums for Arab children founded by the archbishop; that what he said was that if the "families" of such children came forward to claim them they would have to be surrendered to them; and that if there was any dispute about the matter, the law courts, and not he, must decide it. The archbishop, on the other hand, reiterates his assertion that he asks for nothing but that liberty of evangelization which the Church has claimed in all ages, and which she has always enjoyed. Whatever be the nature of the trouble, however, the archbishop goes back to his diocese, and will probably take some extra pains not to excite the apprehensions of the military authorities in making converts. The Emperor, it is said, stands by the marshal. The Minister of War has formally approved of his course.

The movement of the French bishops against "materialistic" teaching in the Paris colleges has come to a disastrous conclusion in the Senate. They addressed a petition to that body, the cardinals strongly supporting it, in which they made sweeping charges of atheism against divers professors, and asked for the right of clerical interference with the higher education under the name of "free superior instruction." The movement was no doubt stimulated by the favor which the extreme clerical party meets with at court of late, a favor so strong as to lead many people to fear that the Emperor is going to treat the world to as edifying a spectacle of devotion in old age as Louis XIV. in the days of Madame de Maintenon; but they appear to have been a little too confident. They have a majority of the Senate on their side, but the orders from the ministry were positive, so the demand for "free superior instruction" was rejected by 84 to 31, and the allegations of the petition pronounced untrue in fact by 80 to 31.

The attempt has had for the clerical party the unfortunate effect of drawing out from the students a fresh display of the deep-seated hostility of the educated youth of France to the party and its pretensions. This is perhaps putting the matter too mildly, for we fear we ought to say their deep-seated hostility to religion in all forms. The students went in large bodies to the Luxembourg, in which the Senate sits, and rent the air during the debates with the shouts of "Down with the clericals!" hissing the cardinals as they entered the building. The police intervened; there was a riot, some of the students being badly wounded. Two days after, when one of the professors assailed by the petition appeared in his lecture-room, he was met with a burst of applause, which continued so long that he had to make a strong appeal to the class for silence and attention before he could begin his lecture. Another species of demonstration to which the young men are resorting is calling on M. Sainte-Beuve, who has been in the Senate the energetic champion of freedom of thought. On one day he made as many of the students as could find entrance to his rooms a short speech, exhorting them to industry and perseverance and good order. It seems as if, however, the clergy paid very little attention to the signs of the times, for the Archbishop of Paris has ordered the priests of his diocese not to give certificates of confession to young girls who attend the "professional schools" for women founded by the late Madame Lemonnier, an excellent woman who did wonders for the cause of female education. The *Avenir National* suggests significantly that this is simply placing before young women and their parents the alternative of staying away from confession or giving up a good education, and that a great many families may be led to decide in favor of the schools.

The Italian ministry have achieved a great triumph, and, as far as we can judge, have saved Italian credit, in the passage of three bills, one for a stamp duty, one for a tax on government concessions, and the multure tax (on all corn ground at the mill), of which we have spoken before, being the most important of all. Count Cambray-Digny has, after weeks of great anxiety and prolonged debates, carried them all three by large majorities. The result is an extraordinary rise in the Italian funds, both at Florence and on the Paris Bourse. The excitement at Florence during the last day of the debates was so intense that conflicting rumors as to the probable result sent the Five per cents up and down 7 per cent. Thes securities, when Cambray-Digny took office, were selling at 32; they now stand at 57; a result of which he may well be proud. It is said that the best friends of Italy have not been so hopeful since Cavour's death as they are at this moment.

From England there is little new beyond the decision of Mr. Disraeli as a last resource to dissolve Parliament. The election, it is supposed, will take place in October. Ex-Governor Eyre, emboldened by his last success in the courts, and no doubt instigated by the class of "friends" who gave him the banquet at Southampton, proposes, it is said, to contest Westminster with Mr. John Stuart Mill. A grosser offence against decency it would be difficult for a man in his position to commit; but it is a capital illustration of the cool impudence of the aristocratic temperament when thoroughly roused. We have little doubt the working-men who elected Mr. Mill will give Mr. Eyre a lesson in the proprieties which will prevent his committing any similar offence. There is something almost confusing in the talk one reads in the Tory papers of the "cruelty" of the Jamaica Committee in "persecuting" Mr. Eyre by dragging him before the law courts, considering what happened to Gordon, and considering what was the nature of the transactions for which it is sought to bring the ex-governor to trial. Are moral distinctions altogether arbitrary? one cannot help asking when one hears Mr. Eyre spoken of as a martyr, and his excesses as "errors of judgment."

The German Customs Parliament has closed its session, and the members, before leaving for their homes, were feasted most sumptuously by the King and by the commercial men of Berlin. The proceedings at the banquet given by the latter, Bismark being present, were very enthusiastic, and the speeches and applause both showed that the Parliament has really done much, and will do more, to draw North and South Germany together. Bismark was received with tumultuous enthusiasm as "the man for Germany," and when the cigars and coffee came he mingled in amiable converse with many of the fiercest of his old democratic foes. The entertainment was very costly, and one most remarkable feature about it was that of the 145 hosts who gave it 90 were Jews—a striking illustration of the rapidity with which men of this persuasion are winning the foremost places in nearly all the great capitals of the world.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should*

THE FINANCIAL MUDDLE.

The resignation of Mr. Rollins, a faithful and valuable officer, to whom we owe it that the revenue service has not been worse—which, to anybody who knows anything of the facts, will seem to be, what we intend it to be, very high praise—puts the anomalous condition of the financial department of the Government before us in a very strong light. The two departments which have the largest burden of responsibility resting upon them are the State Department and the Treasury. Now, well-established and reasonable usage has made the Secretary of State a real minister of foreign affairs, to whom the country looks for the proper transaction of them and on whose head falls the blame in case of miscarriage. He is, of course, somewhat dependent on the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, both as regards the selection of diplomatic agents and the negotiation of treaties; but we doubt very much whether a similar officer in any other state enjoys practically as much independence. The President—this is certainly true of the three last Presidents—knows little and cares less about our relations with other countries, except when some question likely to affect elections, such as an "outrage" or "dungeon" trouble, comes up. The opening and conduct of negotiations and of diplomatic correspondence is generally left to the Secretary, and he discharges the duty with little help or hindrance, and when it is done submits it to the public for its verdict. The House rarely troubles itself about foreign affairs except for purposes of buncombe, and the senators are generally men of too much judgment and self-restraint to meddle except in case of real necessity. The consequence is, that the State Department is perhaps the most tempting post in the Government to a man of ambition and ability, who seeks a world-wide reputation or desires to appear in a field in which the politicians and jurists of all civilized countries will pass judgment on his labors.

But in the position in which the country is now placed, and is likely to remain, the finances are really a far more important matter than everything else put together. There is nothing but depends on the management of them, not less the prosperity than the fair fame of the country—if indeed anything can be called prosperity from which fair fame is absent. As Burke says of it: "The revenue of the state is the state. In effect, all depends on it, whether for support or reformation. As all the great qualities of the mind which operate in public, and are not merely suffering and passive, require force for their display—I had almost said for their unequivocal existence—the revenue, which is the spring of all power, becomes in its administration the sphere of every active virtue." If, in fact, there is any department in the Government which more than another should be made tempting to the very best men, and to which the very best men should be assigned, and in which responsibility should be concentrated in one person, so that public criticism may tell upon him, and so that the people may know to whom to look when their substance is wasted or their credit tarnished by bad management, it is the Treasury Department. Yet there is not one in which the Secretary counts for less. In fact, we have one of the largest debts and largest revenues in the world, and we may be said to have no Minister of Finance. Our Treasury Department is very much in the condition in which the military affairs of the French Republic were when, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, every general in the field had two or three civil commissioners by his side to superintend his operations and keep him in mind of his responsibility to the people.

Mr. McCulloch may have a well-digested policy, and may lay it before the country in his report. The Special Commissioner of Revenue may reach most important conclusions on questions of taxation, as the result of an elaborate investigation, and may submit them in like manner to the popular judgment. But their opinions cannot be embodied in legislation until they have undergone the scrutiny of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House. The chairman of this committee, who is, of course, the most influential member of it, and often is the only one who really works at the subject, is often selected by the Speaker with little reference to his financial experience or ability. The Speaker himself is not apt to be a man who is interested in such questions. Amongst the qualities which procure him his election to the chair an enthusiasm on the subject of taxation is rarely found, and in appointing the committees he is guided largely by considerations of party or locality. So that the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, who is really the nearest approach to a responsible finance minister we have, sometimes finds himself put into his place without having ever troubled his head about taxation in his life. He consequently may, and often does, not go to work as an expert, or as the representative of certain financial ideas, of a certain financial policy. He may carry the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury or of the Special Commissioner of Revenue with him into the committee-room, or he may not. He may be on the worst possible terms with both of them, and think he knows more than either of them, and consequently may make a point of paying no attention to their recommendations. Or supposing him to be all he ought to be, supposing him to have the requisite union of theory with practical experience—which, as he is not connected with the actual administration of the government, he is not likely to have—there may be nobody else on the committee competent to enter into his ideas, or nobody whose head is not filled with fallacies, and he may, after working ever so hard, be obliged to carry into the House a measure which is only one-tenth part his own.

The House on its side is naturally, though perhaps unconsciously, affected by its knowledge of the chairman's position. It does not regard the tax bill as his, or treat it with the respect due to the carefully considered and matured scheme, complete in all its parts, of a man who is really familiar with his subject, whose voice ought to be listened to as the voice of authority, and whose recommendations are not to be lightly disregarded. A large number of members act under a secret feeling that they could draw as good a bill themselves if they got a chance, and accordingly have no scruple whatever in moving its indefinite postponement—as Mr. Butler did in the case of Mr. Schenck's bill during the past week—or blazing away at any item of it which conflicts with some private prejudice of their own, or has a look of hostility to some little local interest of their constituents. There is a case within our knowledge in which an important appropriation bill was, during the war, withdrawn when nearly passed, on the urgent solicitation of a gentleman high in office, its failure proving the cause of enormous expense to the Government afterwards, and he confessed that his sole objection to it was that it would have legislated out of a small office a young man "in whom he was much interested." Accordingly, a tax bill rarely passes in anything even nearly resembling the state in which it left the committee-room; still more rarely is it based on the recommendations made by the Treasury Department. Sometimes the chairman of the committee is not on good terms with the Secretary, or looks on him as a public enemy whom it is a high moral duty to abase and bring to naught. The consequence is that, when the tax bill is passed—or when it is not passed, or passed in shreds—and Congress adjourns leaving the Treasury plunged in difficulties and the country struggling with the burden of uncured abuses, and the public and the press begin to ask who is to blame, it is found to be just as difficult to fix upon the real offender as to fix upon the exact thimble which covers the pea.

The state of affairs at this moment is a good illustration of the truth of what we have been saying. Mr. McCulloch is nominally minister of finance, but he is in the worst possible odor with the majority of the House, some of whom consider him a genuine son of Belial. What his relations are with Mr. Schenck, the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, we cannot say; but, be they good or bad, Mr. Schenck has views of his own which are not Mr. McCulloch's. Now, Mr. Schenck was put in the chairmanship of the committee not because of his financial knowledge or experience, but because it was felt to be "due," in a party sense, to the Western inflationists or anti-contractionists. We mention this not for the purpose of finding fault with Mr. Schenck or casting any slur upon him. On the contrary, we desire to bear our testimony to the zeal and ability and good sense he has shown and is showing, in the production of the tax bill and its carriage through the House. But his bill, be it good or bad, is not Mr.

McCulloch's bill, and for aught we can tell it is not what Mr. Schenck himself would have liked it to be. Before it was debated at all, Mr. McCulloch could have repudiated all responsibility for it. Mr. Schenck might have said, too, that it was simply the best bill he could get the committee to agree to; and by the time it has got through the House and Senate, and been amended and reamended, the committee will doubtless be able to say, and say truly, that it is not their work either. Suppose it is found by this time next year to work very badly—to be, in fact, a piece of patchwork full of oversights and omissions—the only remedy the public will have will be to throw the blame on the House. This might be effective if there were more fixity about the composition of the House. But by following up the principle of "rotation in office," that is, of throwing members overboard as soon as they have learnt their work, constituencies deprive themselves of all check on their representatives. The worst they can do is not to renominate a member; but when he knows they will not renominate him in any case, his strongest motive to diligence, thoughtfulness, and study is gone. Mr. Garfield, for instance, who is a most valuable member of the House, for financial reasons, finds his seat in peril at this moment; the same thing is said of Mr. Schenck, who would also be a very great loss. "Rotation in office" is, in fact, a most ingenious scheme for keeping down the average capacity of the legislature to the lowest point possible in the existing state of the national civilization. So that it may truly be said that for the amount and distribution of the taxes there is nobody responsible but the party at large; but the responsibility of a whole party for the details of a financial policy is, of course, a mere name.

But the collection of the taxes is even more important than the voting of them, and here the responsibility is also divided. For the character of the persons employed in the revenue service the President is a little responsible, the Secretary is a little responsible, and the Senate is a little responsible. The result is that the taxes are, according to Mr. Wells, only half collected. Who is to blame? Nobody. Some of the great thieves are undoubtedly Johnson men; but others are Wade men and Grant men. It is positively asserted that, although the Tenure-of-Office Act was passed in order to give the Senate more immediate control of the civil service, and though the civil service is in the lowest condition of demoralization, no officer has been removed under it. Mr. Johnson has never removed a Democrat, and the Senate has never concurred in the removal of a Republican. In the meantime the unhappy taxpayer bleeds at every pore. Mr. Schenck, when he proposed to fill up the gap made by the abolition of taxes last year by increasing the returns from the tax on whiskey, and, in order to make sure, proposed to make some one person responsible for the conduct of the officials in the revenue service, and that person the officer at the head of the department, seized the key of the position. His case was plain as the shining sun: without concentrated responsibility in the head, no efficiency in the subordinates; without efficiency in subordinates, no $70,000,000 from whiskey duty. But the House was shocked, saw all sorts of objections, drove Mr. Schenck from his position, and, while showing every willingness to let him put what tax on whiskey he pleased, left him to collect the tax as best he could; that is, left the country still at the mercy of the "whiskey ring."

Finding this, Mr. Rollins resigns and throws the blame of the abominations of his department on the President, and Mr. McCulloch returns him his letter, and retorts that the President is not to blame at all; that the demoralization in the revenue service is due in part to the "want of harmony between the President and Congress," but mainly to the high duties on distilled spirits, tobacco, etc. This diffuses the responsibility over some hundreds of men and over a whole series of events. In fact, Mr. McCulloch might as well say at once that the revenue frauds are due to "the force of circumstances."

The moral of all this is, we repeat once more, that *the system* must be reformed. If Mr. Jenckes's bill were enacted, a quarrel between Congress and the President would not, as it has done, on Mr. McCulloch's theory, turn the public service into a den of thieves; the badness of the President and his desire to secure political support for a policy of his own would not, as Mr. Rollins maintains they have, make it impossible for an upright officer to remain at the head of an important bureauwithout doing violence to his own self-respect and seeming to connive at abuses. For the defects of the House in dealing with the tax bills, we do not see any remedy but the education of the constituencies into a belief that political economy and taxation form a science; that the man who has studied them is entitled to speak about them with authority, and ought to be kept in Congress, if he is willing to go, as long as he can be got to stay; and that members who have not studied them ought, if possible, to preserve a judicious silence about them.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

A TELEGRAM from Italy brings a report which, though it may turn out unfounded, is worth attention, that the Pope has sent or is sending an agent to this country to recruit for the singular legion which now constitutes his arm of flesh. This body numbers 4,593 men, and is composed, according to the latest accounts, as follows:

"1,910 Dutch, 1,301 French, 686 Belgians, 157 Romans and other Pontifical subjects, 135 Canadians, 101 Irish, 87 Prussians, 50 English, 32 Spaniards, 22 Germans, 19 Swiss, 14 Americans, 14 Neapolitans, 12 Modenese, 12 Poles, 10 Scotch, 6 Tuscans, 6 Portuguese, 3 Maltese, 2 Russians, and a South Sea Islander, an Indian, an African, a Peruvian, a Mexican, and a Circassian."

The Canadians are a contribution sent out a few months ago, passing through this city on their way, and the success of that experiment in the New Dominion has not improbably emboldened the Papal authorities into trying it here. That this summer would be as favorable a season for trying it as is ever likely to occur there can be no question. We are just entering on a Presidential campaign which will in all probability be very exciting and may be closely contested, and in which the Irish and German Catholic vote will count for much. The Papal "War Department" may, of course, reckon confidently on the hearty approval of the Irish for any attempt to raise troops in this country, and may count with equal confidence on drawing nine-tenths of the recruits from the Irish population. There is, of course, therefore, some reason to hope, judging from what occurred during the Fenian operations against Canada, that an influential portion of the Republican press, moved by party considerations, would either keep silent about illegal enlistments if carried on for the Pope, or would throw cold water on the efforts of the Government to put a stop to them, supposing Mr. Johnson to be as honest and determined on this matter as he was with regard to the Fenian invasion of Canada.

What will facilitate the breach of the law will be the comparative smallness of the number of men required. It is not likely over 1,000 will be called for, and it ought not, with so many sympathizers at all the seaports, and with not over-zealous officials, and a press very willing to be silent—for however little the Republican press may do by way of exposure, the Democratic press is certain to do nothing—to be very difficult to get this number safely shipped.

That the Catholic clergy will oppose the movement is not to be expected. They encouraged it in Canada and in Ireland, and in every other country from which the Pope has drawn soldiers, though such enlistments are illegal in all or nearly all of them. Illegality does not with these gentlemen count for much in cases in which the law conflicts with the interests of the Church, or even raises what the Jesuits called a "probable opinion" that they conflict with the interests of the Church, for absolute certainty is not necessary. That kind of worship of law as something in itself sacred, for which the Anglo-Saxon race has made itself famous, does not as a matter of fact exist in any country or amongst any people in which Catholicism has powerfully influenced either politics or morals. The Canadian clergy started the Canadian company with as many benisons and as much *éclat* as they could bestow on it, and the Canadian authorities winked at the performance with that cynical contempt for decency and consistency for which, during the last seven years, they have made themselves famous. We doubt if the judicial records of any constitutional country can supply evidence of a more disgraceful state of official morals than that revealed in the proceedings in the St. Albans and Lamirande cases; and if anything could lead the respectable portion of the community to laugh at the calamity of the Canadians now when the Fenian hordes are hanging on their border, it would be the remembrance of the manner in which, when international obligations are in question, they execute

their own laws. That, after what had happened, the Pope should step in and profit by their shame, was the most natural thing in the world.

Whether he will fare equally well here remains to be seen. To that sober portion of the Republican party who do not expect the advent of the millennium as the consequence of any particular political change, and who believe with us that the work of political and moral reform is and must be slow, and will have to be protracted through ages—because the evil with which it contends is, after all, not simply this or that bad law or bad custom, but the defects of human nature itself, the ignorance, the folly, and the blindness of men—an attempt of the Pope to recruit here, with the connivance and approval of the Catholic clergy, would be important, after all, rather for what it indicated or foreshadowed than what it is.

Nothing can be more respectable than the reluctance of a large portion of the press, and of a large number of public men, to raise questions which seem likely to make religious differences the basis of political differences, and thus transfer to this country the horrid strife by which for four hundred years some of the fairest portions of Europe have been desolated. But then we must take care that this delicacy is not carried too far. The relations of the state to the various religious sects are well settled in the minds of all, or nearly all, native Americans; but we are receiving from Europe every year half a million of people or thereabouts, and we have here already three or four millions more, in whose minds they are not well settled; in whose eyes the position of the Catholic Church in America is not what she is entitled to, but what the numerical weakness of her followers imposes upon her, and is therefore, they hope and believe, only temporary. She has never yet accepted a position of equality with other sects, except as a matter of necessity. It has been imposed upon her, of course, in Protestant countries, but never in Catholic ones, except by the alienation of the body of the people or of the governing classes. In no country in which the government is in the hands of sincere and fervent Catholics does the Church admit that other sects should be tolerated or admitted to an equality with her, or do the clergy refrain from seizing on every species of power which the state is willing to place within their reach. The Austrian Concordat of 1855 handed over to the bishops complete jurisdiction over the schools and over marriage, by an arrangement between a despotic monarch and the Pope, in defiance of the feelings and traditions of the people, and its abrogation within the last few weeks has been accomplished in the teeth of the threats and denunciations of the clergy. In France, Belgium, and Italy they have been ousted forcibly, owing to the long association of the Church with various forms of political tyranny, but largely owing to the growth of scepticism and materialism or other forms of heresy amongst the intelligent classes. In Spain, where the great body of the people remain attached to the Church, the pretensions of the clergy and their treatment of Protestants and other dissenters have undergone little or no change since the sixteenth century. They do not burn or torture heretics, it is true, but this is because manners have been softened by the advance of civilization, not because they no longer believe that purely carnal treatment is unsuited to spiritual disease.

We confess we know of no reason for expecting that in this country either they will ever be content with anything less in the way of privilege or immunity than what they can secure by working on the hopes or fears of the members of the Church. A striking illustration of what we may expect on this point has been afforded by the repeated attempts —one of which was partially defeated a month ago—to extract money from the State treasury for the support of the Catholic churches and schools. They defend this by saying that Catholics are taxed for the support of schools of which they do not approve and which they cannot use, or, in other words, that they must counteract one wrong by another. But this argument will cover every attempt either to escape from the jurisdiction of the State government or obtain the control of State machinery; for the Catholic Church, even when placed in a position of perfect equality, is, as we have said, held to be deprived of her just rights. Every school, no matter who pays for it or attends it, which might be directed and supervised by a priest, and is not, is in Catholic eyes a standing offence against religion and virtue.

We feel satisfied, therefore, that a firm, temperate, and persistent opposition to all pretensions on the part of the Church or its members to exemption from any laws or regulations to which other portions of the community are subject cannot be begun a minute too soon, because the sooner it is begun—the earlier the Catholic population are familiarized with the idea that religious equality is the law of the country, which cannot be evaded—the less trouble will there be hereafter. The evil which threatens us is one of those which gains prodigiously every year, which, if not met in its small beginnings, may produce a convulsion. We are not in a position here, and we hope never shall be, to seize a contumacious archbishop in the night, as the late King of Prussia did, and send him out of the country; and we have not that control over the clergy, and we hope never shall have, which the French Government secures by the Napoleonic Concordat. Whatever we do to keep them in bounds must be done by the pressure of public opinion and the rigid enforcement of equal laws.

An attempt to enlist troops here for the Pope would be not simply a gross violation of the law, but a gross insult. The Pope's army is one of those things which the best Catholic theologians of the best ages of the Church would have witnessed with sickness of heart. It is hard to say whether it is more contemptible, too, from a military or from an ecclesiastical point of view. It is unable to defend the Papal dominions against the Italian troops, as was shown by the affair of Castel Fidardo; though of course no trial of strength was needed to prove the idea that it was able, to be preposterous. It is unable to defend them from Garibaldi's bands, as was shown by the affair of Monte Rotondo; and it is unable to keep order in them, as is shown by the continued occupation of the French. It is composed of adventurers from all parts of the world, and is marked by the absence from it of all but a handful of Italians. There are only 157 Romans in it out of the 4,593 who compose it, and one-fourth of the whole number is made up of French soldiers whose service in it is allowed to count as service in their own army, and who find the life in it easier and their privileges somewhat greater than those of the force to which they properly belong. It was conceived and started by a mixture of mediæval enthusiasts and nineteenth-century charlatans and adventurers, practising on the fears and sentimentality of the old and not very strong-minded man who fills the Papal chair, and whose private virtues have unfortunately served to cover up his deficiency of political sense. His reign has nearly reached the extreme limit of the longest Pontifical recorded term—beyond which, according to the Roman superstition, no Pope can last—and his health is failing. On his death the present monstrous mixture of things sacred and profane which he has been keeping up at Rome will doubtless come to an end. In the meantime it will be the duty of the Government here to see that laws which are intended to prevent the United States being made a recruiting ground, even for the benefit of the best and holiest of causes, are not evaded for the benefit of a force which is of no use in war, and which in peace does not even serve as a police, and the very existence of which is, perhaps, one of the greatest scandals which has ever been brought upon the Christian faith.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CULTURE.

A MOVEMENT has been begun in this city, and, as well as we can judge, with every prospect of success, for the formation of an "Institute," like the French one as far as framework is concerned, with academics under it all over the country—any thirty persons who choose to organize one in any city being entitled to do so. The primary object of the undertaking, as set forth both in the preliminary circular and in the speeches made at a meeting held last Thursday, is the supply of better means of intercommunication than they have hitherto enjoyed to those interested in or engaged in the cultivation of science, arts, or literature; or, to put the idea into language more nearly technical, the "organization" of the chaotic mass of persons scattered from Maine to California to whom mental culture is one of the great objects of this mortal life. There is probably—indeed, we may say certainly—no country in the world in which the number of these persons is so large as in this; and there is no body of persons in this country, possessing so many tastes and interests and aims in common, who possess so few means of interchanging thought or of testing their progress by the use of a common standard. The professions and trades are all organized almost to perfection. The politicians have so thoroughly fused themselves into a homogeneous mass that a whole political party

now gets its thinking done by contract, and has it served out to it in rations every morning, each man receiving the same weight and measure, and being forced to live in a kind of intellectual barracks, from which "absence without leave" is punished with terrible severity. There is hardly a branch of manufacture that does not "meet in convention." Even editors, who every day communicate their "views" in print on all possible subjects to their brethren and to mankind, find organizations, in which the same "views" may be occasionally exchanged orally face to face, profitable for doctrine, for reproof, and for instruction. Those who are bound together by the noblest of all ties, a common interest in science or literature or art, and who desire the means of testing their own proficiency, clearing up their own doubts, or the mere pleasure of expressing intellectual and moral sympathy, which nearly every professional man secures in the ordinary course of his professional pursuits, find themselves almost completely isolated. Their nearest approach to intercourse is the reading of the same periodicals; but the reading of periodicals is, after all, a very dense medium, if for no other reason, for the very good one that a periodical, in order to live, has to be conducted on commercial principles.

We feel satisfied, however, that the promoters of this new enterprise do not overestimate the results they are likely to achieve, and we trust the public will not do so. Calling the new organization an "institute," and surrounding it with affiliated "academies," cannot, of course, give it the weight or influence or value of its French prototype, or make it anything but a faint and imperfect copy of it. The French Institute rests on a basis of time, of tradition, of culture, and is fenced about by a spirit of criticism and a standard of excellence unknown here, and which this country will be very lucky if it possesses a century hence. As there are no delusions on this point amongst the founders of the new Institute, we trust there will be no sneering about it on the part of those who think the intellectual work of the United States will be best done as the Western wilderness is settled, by scattered volunteers, each going his own way and carrying his tools and stores in the recesses of his moral consciousness. If we thought the organization was being set on foot as an end, or as a sign of victory, or even as an infallible tribunal to decide for us what to admire and what to dislike, or even to exercise that "academic influence" on literature which Matthew Arnold longs for, we should neither believe in its success nor desire it.

It is intended to be, and we believe it will be if it succeeds, a means of infusing something like discipline and order into the most undisciplined and disorderly host in the world—the thoughtful classes of the United States. It may, too, if well managed, furnish what these classes sorely need, a "place forte" on which they can rely for shelter and rallying-ground when oppressed in the open field by the weight of mere numbers or deafened by the horrid noise of the gongs of passion and ignorance. Numbers in politics must always and should always be a strong argument, nay, may sometimes take the place of right reason, because they supply the means of making things *practicable*, or, in other words, meet the greatest difficulty of government. The reason on which the rule that "the majority shall govern" rests has, as Barbeyrac, the French translator of Puffendorf, remarks, this solid foundation—"that there is no other means of bringing affairs to a conclusion." That force in a state, whatever it be, which, and which only, can execute the laws, ought to be, and must be, allowed to make them, and the happiness of the community is best subserved by its doing so. But as the world comes more and more under the dominion of numbers in matters political, the tendency to extend their jurisdiction over matters intellectual and æsthetic naturally grows stronger, until the wisdom or taste of a man comes to be measured not so much by the quality of his thought as by the number of persons of any kind or condition he can get to agree with him or to listen to him. We see this tendency in every civilized country in the present day, and it is strong in any given country in proportion to the strength of democracy; and against this tendency democracy needs to be on its guard, for it is a tendency pretty sure to prove in the long run fatal to excellence and to originality. It is stemmed in France and in Germany, and in a minor degree in England, by a love of distinction, in the best sense of the word, and a spirit of criticism and of individuality and a breadth of culture which have been transmitted from ages in which scholars were content to live laborious lives merely to gain the ear of a few dozen contemporaries and to look to remote posterity for applause.

In our day and generation, the spectacle of the enormous force wielded by numbers in the work of government, and the daily demonstrations which we witness of the power of numbers in taking things out of the region of the ideal, clothing them with form and substance, and transmuting society through their agency, has begotten a strange kind of superstition as to its value in determining questions purely intellectual. The coolest and most reflective of us all, if we saw one hundred fools collected together, could hardly rid ourselves of the belief that, if they should agree on a proposition in law or philosophy, it would in some mysterious manner be pervaded by a wisdom which no single fool could possibly have infused into it. The same fallacy furnishes the basis of the reputation enjoyed by a great many popular poets, lecturers, and editors. "See," we say, "how many people that man gets to listen to him and agree with him; what a wise man he must be." What we ought to say is: "See what a power that man wields for good or evil; may God clear his brains, make him use his power with knowledge and discretion, and give him grace to enable him to leave off talking when he ceases to have anything to say."

Now, we cannot help thinking that the proposed organization will do much to check this tendency here, by supporting and stimulating a large body of persons in all parts of the country in the use of intellectual tests and standards, and giving them courage and mutual confidence to enable them to stand fast by the results of their own mental processes, even when they find themselves in a minority. We have not by any means the formation of an intellectual aristocracy or of an order of illuminati in our minds, or of the creation of a body of any kind separated from or opposed to the masses in interest or feeling. We are contemplating simply the creation of a league, which any person properly qualified may join, for the extinction of the mob spirit by which the regions of thought and literature are still, in spite of our common schools and our newspapers—nay, in consequence of our common schools and newspapers—so greatly desolated; a body which, when Reason is dragged into the streets with a rope round her neck, as she so often is in times of popular excitement, shall come to her rescue, release and re-enthrone her, and proclaim the glories and beneficence of her rule, and the respectability of all honest worship of her, no matter how unpleasant for the moment the consequences may appear. To this reverence for her there is no reason why the whole community should not eventually be won over. If we rightly understand the great end and aim of modern civilization, and especially of the American share in the work of civilization, it is the spread of this reverence through all classes and conditions—the communication to the hod-carrier not, indeed, of the scholar's or philosopher's knowledge, for this will always be impossible, but of the scholar's and philosopher's spirit; not the extinction of the passions, but their conversion into the obedient and energetic ministers of a purified and enlightened will.

The Institute proposes, as a means of stimulating and rewarding intellectual exertion, to do what has never been attempted in this country before, and that is to bestow a certain conventional distinction in the shape of "fellowships" on persons nominated by the academies, and voted for by the Council after they have displayed their powers in the maintenance of a thesis. This will undoubtedly be the most difficult portion of the work, and that on the success of which we pronounce with least confidence. The French Academy is enabled to do this successfully, through the greatness of its prestige, and the familiarity of the French public with the bestowal of marks of distinction as the reward of achievements in various fields, and the powerful influence exercised in France by pure criticism in all departments of human culture. We are ready enough to worship poets, orators, and scientific men, but we are very jealous of any attempt to take the selection of the successful candidates for honors out of the hands of the people. There is and will be for some time to come very great jealousy of any test of merit except "circulation," "sales," and "size" of audiences. We do not say that the existence of these difficulties is a reason for not making the attempt; on the contrary, we hold it to be a reason for making it. But this condition of popular feeling will make the work one of great delicacy, and ought

to lead the organizers to make the tribunal of last resort one of undeniable lustre and strength from the very outset. Its authority ought to be unquestionable, or it will certainly be questioned, and questioned with so much fierceness that we shall see appeals taken from its decisions "to the people," and disappointed candidates for honors, armed with their publishers' accounts showing the enormous circulation of their poems, histories, and biographies, setting up a rival institute of their own on the grand "American plan" of dividing all honors amongst all persons equally. The academies, too, will suffer from the great curse of the age—the great enemy to excellence in literature and reform in politics—"good nature." As long as finding fault with anybody, denying anybody's claims to anything but money, or in any way giving anybody pain who is not a political opponent, is looked upon as the evidence of a bad heart, of a debased aristocratic disposition, and one of the worst offences an ordinarily respectable man can commit against society, the difficulties in the way of making an academy of letters anything better than a place in which rhetoricians can spout and charlatans secure notoriety will be immense. We do not say this, however, by way of discouragement, for we believe it is a difficulty which honesty and pluck can overcome; but it needs to be said by way of warning.

THE REFORM MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS.

JUDAISM, which, in spite of its original separatism, could not withstand the influence of Chaldean civilization during the Babylonish captivity, and of Hellenic philosophy in the times of the Ptolemies; which, having developed its austere talmudical shape simultaneously with the growth of Christianity, again assumed milder and more philosophical forms when the Caliphs from burners of libraries became collectors of literary treasures; which, following this new course, kept pace with Arabic culture from the Tigris to the Guadalquivir; which flourished in Provence and in the land of Dante when the vernacular Romanic tongues commenced blossoming in new literatures—Judaism had no revival in the times of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Those times, the centuries that preceded them, and the centuries that followed, belong in many respects to the darkest in the history of the Jews. Their bloody persecution during the Crusades and in the time of the black plague, their banishment from England and France in the reigns of Edward I. and Charles VI., their still more barbarous expulsion from Spain and Sicily in the year of the discovery of America, and from Portugal a few years later, were not only destructive to their prosperity, but also to their culture, which then, in Western Europe, was approaching a regenerating crisis; while their numbers were continually increasing in the more hospitable and tolerant, but still less civilized, Polish and Turkish provinces. Their condition grew still worse when both Poland and Turkey commenced decaying, and Germany became the bloody theatre of desolating wars between Catholicism and Protestantism. The Christian sects seemed to vie with each other in oppressing them. And the complicated system of petty tyranny—of extortion, exclusion, and humiliation—under which the Jews now groaned for centuries was more destructive to their intellectual development than had been their more sanguinary, but less constant and systematic, persecutions in the Middle Ages.

Even about the middle of the last century the Jews lived as strangers, and were treated as enemies, in almost all the European countries the air of which they were allowed to breathe. The land of their birth was to them a land of captivity or exile (*galuth*), as Babylonia had been in ancient times. Its language was to them the language of unholy oppressors, unworthy to be used as a medium for sacred rites and literature. The vernacular which they used in profane things or in translating Hebrew texts was a jargon, mostly German, mixed up with Semitic and other foreign words and forms. Spurned and hooted at for their wretchedness, and slandered as enemies of Christ and his followers, they, in their turn, despised the Christians as cruel and profligate idol-worshippers, and withdrew from their communion as contaminating. Modern literature was approached by them only with fear and suspicion. The sciences, which, with the exception of medicine, offered no reward, neither distinction nor position, to their Jewish votaries, were regarded as humble *ancillæ* of the holy science of the law (*torah*). The latter study, in all its scriptural, talmudical, and rabbinical vastness, was cultivated, with unparalleled zeal and perseverance, as the only source of true mental culture, spiritual felicity, and worldly honors. The study of the law and the observance of its numberless rites and obligations consumed a considerable portion of every educated or half-educated Jew's life. The wretchedness and bitterness of that life were borne with resignation as well-deserved chastisements for sins and transgressions, and softened by the recollections of a marvellous national past and the expectation of a Messianic future. There were exceptions of every kind, but they were rare.

Those exceptions, however, became more and more numerous with the general progress of enlightenment and of the spirit of toleration in the age of Voltaire and Rousseau, Hume and Gibbon, Frederic the Great and Joseph II., Lessing and Mendelssohn. But it is the latter period of the last-named philosopher's life with which the modern era in the intellectual and religious history of the Jews begins. What Luther was to Christian Germany and Europe in the sixteenth century, Mendelssohn became to his co-religionists in the eighteenth. What Luther's translation of the Bible worked among Christians, Mendelssohn's German Pentateuch, in Hebrew letters, with commentaries and an introduction, achieved among the Jews. Not that the Jewish philosopher advocated or intended a reform of the synagogue. Both his modesty and his principles opposed such an enterprise. The immense influence he exercised upon his people was due to his eminence as a writer and thinker, which attracted the admiration of all and the emulation of many; to the Socratic charms of his conversation, which made his circle in Berlin a focus of enlightenment; to his liberal views on church and state and on freedom of thought, as enunciated in his "Jerusalem;" to his theory, expounded in the same work and so welcome in an age of rationalism, that Judaism, which was a national religion, inculcated only practices leading to ideas, but promulgated no dogmas; to the revival among his co-religionists, through his Hebrew writings and German translations, of the taste for Biblical criticism, for exact and pure diction, for the beautiful and æsthetic in connection with the sacred, which had adorned the golden age of their forefathers in Spain and Provence; to the powerful co-operation, in this literary revival, of his Jewish friends or disciples, the great Hebraists Wessely, Euchel, and others, in whom the kindled imagination of the younger Hebrew students saw new Hallevis and Kimhis side by side with a new Maimonides; to the no less powerful co-operation of his numerous Christian co-laborers on the field of German literature, and especially of Lessing, in dispelling anti-Jewish prejudices, and thus making it possible to the Jews to issue from their isolation and occupy a place among the enlightened of other nations; and, finally, to the Jewish and moral purity of his life, which taught the Jews that, even after Spinoza, Judaism and philosophy were not irreconcilable, and the Christians, that a faithful disciple of the rabbis could serve as a model for a "Nathan the Wise." It is true bigotry and prejudice on both sides but slowly yielded the ground; some rabbis fulminated against him whom others revered as the third Moses—the lawgiver being the first, and Maimonides the second—and even the Voltairean Frederic crossed out his name on a list of proposed members of the Berlin Academy; but when that monarch and his *Schutzjude* died—both in 1786—freedom of thought and free thought had made immense strides. The "inalienable rights of man" had been proclaimed in the New World; they were going to be promulgated, in a more terrific revelation, to the Old.

The Abbé Grégoire carried the equality of the Jews in the French Constituent Assembly. The armies of France carried it into the Austrian Netherlands, into Holland—long a refuge to persecuted Jews—and across the Rhine and the Alps. Even where equality was not granted, the condition of the Jews was gradually ameliorated. They ceased to be considered as strangers, and, what was more important, they gradually ceased to consider themselves as such. A desire for political and social disenthralment added fuel to the already kindled desire for mental self-regeneration. This double movement among the Jews, which from the fatherland of Mendelssohn radiated into the adjoining countries, was not only effective in ripening a vast number of individual talents and capacities, soon to be distinguished in various fields of literature, science, and art, but also productive of public reforms in congregational life, schools, and synagogues. Wessely and his friends, the learned and brilliant writers of the *Measseph* ("Gatherer"), gave a powerful impulse to educational reform, and met with the hearty co-operation of Friedländer, Herz, and Jacobson, Jews distinguished by wealth, refinement, and social position, who carried the agitation also into other fields.

The question of religious reform was the highest, the gravest, and the hardest of solution. The want of it began to be seriously felt, but on what principle, in what spirit, and how far it was to be carried, were questions in answering which opinions differed widely. The bulk of the Jews at that time—as is still now the case in Poland—consisted of strict believers, to whom the least and last rabbinical injunction was equally divine with the Decalogue, and whose faith in a future Messianic restoration was no less firm than their belief in monotheism; others were more or less strict conformists from habit, from love for the more essential parts of Judaism, or

from repugnance to the trinitarian and similar dogmas of Christianity; still others, whose number was daily increasing, were only nominal Jews, having given up all religious practice from conviction, indifferentism, or light-mindedness; and finally, not a few, yielding to outer pressure, and despairing of the future of their people, were daily abandoning the faith of Israel to seek repose or emoluments in the shade of the cross. Mendelssohn seemed to have expected a remedy for this condition of affairs only from the influence of enlightenment upon the individual Jews, each of whom was to save, first, his freedom of thought, and then his conscience as well as he could. Wessely, an enlightened but zealous rabbinist, demanded the purification of Judaism on the strictest orthodox principles, chiefly by means of education. Others, like Jacobson, a man of the younger generation and of the world, agitated for a thorough-going reform of the ritual. The Kantian philosopher, Bendavid, proposed the total abandonment of all ceremonial parts of Judaism, which, under entirely altered circumstances, he argued, had lost their efficiency for good, and were only a dead weight on pure Mosaic monotheism. And, driven on by a still more violent current of rationalistic opinion, Friedländer even went so far as to ask in an "Epistle" to a distinguished Christian theologian, Teller, for reasonable terms under which conscientious liberal Jews could join the Church. Most of these early attempts, however, meeting with no encouragement on the part of the Jewish people as well as of the governments, hardly led to any immediate result. The time, too—that of the Napoleonic wars—was decidedly adverse to movements of this kind, though by its crushing power it worked wonders in transforming the formerly so-despised Jews of Central Europe into active, energetic, and often leading members of modern society. When peace returned, and literature and science, art and commerce, revived, single Jews soon became conspicuous everywhere, some, it is true, only Jews by name, like the composers, Moscheles, Meyerbeer, and Halévy, and others even nominal Christians, like Heine, Börne, and Gans. Jewish congregational life, too, assumed a new aspect. Sermons in pure living idioms, vocal music of a modern style, and here and there an organ, were heard in the synagogues; catechisms and other manuals elaborated on modern principles were introduced in the schools. A kind of general reform had taken place in France, consisting mainly of a declaration of radical Jewish principles by a so-called French Sanhedrim, in accordance with the wishes of Napoleon, but also involving a systematic congregational organization with a leading central consistory for the whole of France.

Jewish literature, in the stricter sense of the term, now took a fresh start. Of the vast number of writers, chiefly in German and Hebrew, who flourished during the first two decades after the Napoleonic era, we can mention here only a few of the most conspicuous: Jost, the author of various comprehensive histories of the Jews and of Judaism; the Galician, Rapoport, whose biographico-critical masterpieces, contributed to the *Bikkurey Haittim* ("First-Fruits of the Times"), may be said to have created a new literature; Zunz, who in his "Gottesdienstliche Vorträge der Juden" showed himself a worthy disciple, if not a rival, of Rapoport; Reggio, the author of "Hattorah veha-Philosophia" ("The Law and Philosophy"), and of some more valuable minor works; and S. D. Luzzatto, of the Padua Rabbinical College, chiefly renowned as Biblical critic and Aramaic scholar. These were closely followed by a new generation of *literati*, to the most eminent of whom belong Geiger, Sachs, Frankel, Philippson, Fürst, Munk, Franck, and Grätz, all Germans by birth. Independent criticism searched and ransacked every corner and remnant of the Jewish past. Numerous important periodicals were started. The *Kerem Hemed* ("Lovely Vineyard") took the place of the *Bikkurey Haittim*, to be succeeded in its turn by the more radical *Halutz* ("Vanguard"), published chiefly by Galician writers, and by the *Carmel*, an organ of the Russian Jews; Riesser published his *Jude;* Geiger, his *Zeitschrift für jüdische Theologie*, and similar periodicals; Philippson, his *Allgemeine Zeitung des Judenthums;* Fürst, his *Orient;* Cahen, the *Archives israélites de France;* Frankel, his *Monatschrift*—not to mention a multitude of other, mostly short-lived, journals in Hebrew and various living tongues.

While this progress in literature was going on, partly promoting and partly following the progress of Jewish political emancipation, the cause of religious reform, too, was advanced, first feebly, but afterwards more powerfully by Geiger, who in 1835 took the lead in a movement for the regeneration of rabbinical Judaism through a rational and liberal development of its own spirit. In this he was aided by Philippson, by powerful synagogue orators like Salomon and Mannheimer, and by numerous rabbis, of whom Holdheim soon outstripped his master. This movement culminated in the three rabbinical synods of Braunschweig, Frankfort, and Breslau in 1844, 1845, and 1846, which adopted, among others, resolutions confirming those of the Napoleonic Sanhedrim, and advocating considerable changes in the liturgy, in sacramental and marriage rites, and in the observance of the holidays, all tending to harmonize the religious life of the Jew with his civil life and with the ideas of the age. This agitation met with a storm of opposition from various quarters. Some assailed it as heretical, and in spirit or tendency subversive of all Judaism; others, as a slow, timid, and double-faced movement, which, while pretending to be both rabbinical and rational, was neither the one nor the other. Hirsch and other orthodox scholars attacked it with the weapons both of erudition and sarcasm, while reform associations in Frankfort, Berlin, and elsewhere just as loudly declared their disapproval on opposite grounds, and, under the lead of men like Creizenach, Holdheim, Bernstein, and Stern, openly renounced all allegiance to the Talmud, repudiated all hope of Jewish national restoration, rejected almost all the ceremonies as dead, and generally made the Sunday, instead of the Saturday, their day of worship. Revelation, if not ignored as purely dogmatical, was by most reformers accepted only in a rationalistic sense. Behind Geiger and his associates, though still inclined towards reform, remained Frankel, while other enlightened theologians, like Rapoport, seemed still to occupy the standpoint of Mendelssohn, and cautiously avoided the arena. Generally, however, the discussions were animated and often violent, leading to dissensions and splits in the congregations, and not rarely, also, to interference by the government. The great political events of 1848–1850 for a time quieted the animosities and considerably diminished the interest in these struggles, but they have since been resumed, though with abated vigor. The questions, the tendencies, the differences of opinion are still the same; a harmonious solution is still far remote.

Germany has remained to this day the central theatre of the movement, which is felt, with more or less force, from Odessa to San Francisco, and from Stockholm to Algiers. In France discussions on reform, representing all shades of opinion, have been participated in, among others, by Terquem, Cahen, Cerfbeer, Crémieux, Munk, Franck, and Rodrigues, but with little effect, owing to the religious indifference or ignorance of the mass of French Jews. In all other countries, England and the United States not excepted, the religious as well as literary movements of the Jews are but reflections of those going on in Germany.

AN ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY.

As we grow older we no doubt grow better-natured. Or, rather, we grow more good-natured. The youth sets out on the voyage of life with a demand for perfection; but then, as the cynic says, he lives; and, as all of us would have known without the cynic's help, to live is to learn one's self; so the youth ends the voyage of life by accepting in lieu of perfection mankind as it is. From a complete acquiescence in man there is always, however, this refuge, or, if one likes to say so, there is always possible thus much of revenge for our enforced acquiescences: we can despise preceding generations. If, in view of the ideal man, our contemporaries are not so very admirable, we can at least see that they have their ancestors at an advantage.

To people who feel weak and unable to believe this we can recommend something that will probably do them good; it is a slight and simple thing, but we have found it useful in our own case. Circumstances over which we had no control having compelled us to a wide acquaintance with the magazine writing of the present day, and our complaint having been rather aggravated than relieved, we were induced to try a volume or two of the date of 1791 or thereabouts. We at once began to feel returning strength, as the certificates say, and had made but a brief contemplation of our ancestors as producers and consumers of periodical literature when we were completely restored to civility to the writers of our own generation and to a sound and bracing contempt for their literary foregoers. We have since extended this course, and always with the same result. Of course judgment must be exercised. One does not set the *Northern Monthly* of to-day against the *Gentleman's Magazine* of a hundred years ago, but with the *Evening Mail* of the period. Comparing like with like, our good with their good, our bad with their bad, not making cross-comparisons and not comparing all our things in a lump with the peculiar glories of their time, they, we think, our ancestors, will be found many degrees worse than we are and we admirable enough. However, one goes botanizing for health's sake and finds that in his culling of simples he has gathered a nosegay. We intend here not to argue with the pessimists nor to encourage the uncynical, but merely to exhibit for a moment or two some little things that amused us in turning over the *New York Magazine and Literary Repository* for a part of the year 1791.

It seems, we notice in the first place, that to "write a letter to

the editor" is not a new crime. It must have its roots, one would say, in the primal depravity of the universal heart of man. Here it is flourishing as rankly in "R." of July, 1791, as in the breast of the youngest subscriber of the current month. The publishers, it appears, had printed an article professing to be extracts from a certain sermon. "R."—"Rambler" was perhaps what he meant by the initial—admonishes them for misdoing:

"GENTLEMEN: In your magazine of the last month is inserted a sermon," etc., etc.

"This production is profane and wicked, without the least alloy of wit or humor, and can serve no other purpose than to countenance the vicious and harden the profligate," etc., etc., etc.

"The indulgence you have shown it illy comports with the professions which ushered in your *Literary Repository*," etc., etc., etc.

"After these remarks, which unfortunately to be just must be severe, I, in justice to you, declare that the subject of them is the first essay I have seen in your magazine from which religion or virtue ought to turn away; and that it requires no very great exertion or charity to believe that the hurry of publication betrayed you to be the editors of a blasphemous narrative that ought long since to have mouldered in oblivion."

The editors, it is sad to say, were far from taking so decided a course with Mister "R." as would be taken with him if he were to revisit the world of to-day and write his impudent letters. On the contrary, they weakly submitted, and probably they had enough of him before they were done. See them in their abasement:

"They admit, with the writer of the remarks, that an unfavorable construction may be drawn from the sermon; though they are convinced that the friend who sent it for insertion considered it a piece of ingenuity, in which light alone the editors themselves viewed it, and which will, no doubt, be accepted as an apology for its having been admitted."

The "Woman Question," which is so prominent a feature in the magazine writing of our day, appears, but appears only once, in its present aspect in the *Literary Repository*. The editors had been struck by Mary Wolstonecraft's forcible "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and copied some pages of the introduction without, so far as we can discern, calling down on themselves the rebukes of any friends of morality. Generally, however, woman appears as a thing of verse, in her familiar character of "Melissa" and "Calista" and "Eliza, or Amiable Sorrow," and "Miss E—— W——"—singing:

> "Charm on, soft Eliza, in song ever charm,
> Still ravish our ears and our bosoms disarm,
> Till Truth, Fame, and Love in thy numbers have sung
> How Celestial thy mind is, and resistless thy tongue."

"The American Muse" occupies her appropriate place in the magazine, and may be observed practising some of her now customary activities. There is, of course, something in the way of odes written for the celebration of the Fourth of July at Alexandria, Virginia, and other towns, and something in praise of Washington, and various references to American rivers and plains, and to the aboriginal inhabitants of the country; but there is less of this than one would have supposed. The cast-off gowns of the Muse of Albion were still the favorite wear of her transatlantic sister, and even in the "Songs of the Frontier" there is a strong savor of "the town" of Gay and Goldsmith. This, now, for a "Frontier Song" is not very full of the wilderness; we do not easily think of it as chanted by the stalwart pioneer:

> "Let statesmen tread their giddy round,
> Undoing and undone,
> I hug my cot, where still is found
> My wife, my dog, and gun.
>
> "Let the gay beau and tinselled belle
> In Pleasure's circle run;
> My happiness their joys excel,
> My wife, my dog, and gun.
>
> "Where forests nod and lakes expand,
> And foaming cat'racts stun,
> I've fixed my home, on either hand,
> My wife, my dog, and gun.
>
> "Ambition's path, the miser's road,
> The legal maze I shun,
> But cling to my beloved abode,
> My wife, my dog, and gun."

It might perhaps have been expected that the frontiersman of the day would have been highly Europeanized in poetry, but in the case of the Red Man one would have thought that the true American doctrine—"no good Indians but dead ones"—would have prevailed. The "cot" of the pioneer in West Virginia and on the Ohio border was often enough, in those days, on fire, and his wife and dog and gun, in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, not at all unfrequently confiscated. But we find "W. D." dressing the heathen scalper in the full nobility of the noble savage. The editor having said in his "Notes to Correspondents" that he will "be happy to be able frequently to adorn the pages of this work with performances from the pen" which wrote the "Triumphs of Logan," we turned to that ode and discovered the dusky child of literature as follows:

> "Wild rang the shrieks thro' air,
> Fast flew the night away;
> The chiefs in arms appear,
> And thus salute the day.
>
> "Aged Logan led the fight,
> Logan's fame is ever new.
> Logan seized a treach'rous white—
> His murdered children rushed to view.
>
> "Curses blast thee, pale-fac'd savage,
> Ruin seize thy ruthless kind!"
> Etc., etc., etc.

We do not know whether the editor would have been so happy to be able to adorn his pages with W. D.'s odes if he had been so well acquainted with his Gray as he should have been. Probably he would, though; although on occasion he can rebuke plagiarism, as when he says to "A Subscriber": "The song sent by 'A Subscriber' is, excepting the chorus, a mere copy of the song 'Rule Britannia,' substituting the word 'America' for 'Britannia.' . . . As this song seems to have been sent by some well-meaning patriot, it is somewhat surprising that he should reduce our *continent* to an island —'Blest *isle*, with beauty, matchless beauty, crowned.'"

They were not very particular in those days, though there were some things that were rather too much. On the whole, the reader of the *Repository* understands how Dr. Griswold acquired his facility for admiration, and how our early writers of verses got fame as poets, and also how the later way of talking about them and their works should shock and perplex and enrage them. They were better a good deal than the people they displaced—so much better that it is not astonishing they should fall into bewilderment when told they are not good.

Correspondence.

IMPEACHMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Now that Mr. Johnson has been acquitted, we may probably take for granted that there will never be another President impeached in this country. If a man of his temperament and in his situation has succeeded in keeping himself within the bounds of the law, or at least in securing himself against legal proof of his offences, we may safely assume that none of his successors will be less fortunate. We can hardly have a President less discreet than he, or with a larger adverse majority in the Senate; and the conjunction of these two circumstances under another administration would be remarkable indeed.

Impeachment may therefore be pronounced, as Macaulay held it to be, an obsolete institution, borrowed from an age which had different ideas and different political practices from ours. It certainly seems absurd, in the nature of things, to constitute a set of politicians into a court for the trial of a political offender; and the outcry that has been raised against the seven delinquents whose votes decided the matter against their own party shows that the public appreciate the absurdity, however much injustice is done to the considerations which decided these seven votes. It could not be otherwise. Granted that impeachment is a purely judicial process, still enough judges will find it impossible to forget their political ties to divest the trial of much of the dignity and solemnity which it should possess. Grant that it is a merely political process, there still will be enough senators who cannot forget their oaths and their legal training to frustrate the best plans of their party. Even Lord Strafford could not be convicted by an impeachment; but a bill of attainder must accomplish what a trial at law failed to effect. And of the trial of Warren Hastings, Macaulay says that "the result ceased to be a matter of doubt from the time when the Lords resolved that they would be guided by the rules of evidence which are received in the inferior courts of the realm." In the case of Mr. Johnson, the people do earnestly desire to see him removed from the Presidency, and perhaps none desire this more earnestly than Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Fessenden, only that they are not willing to see a judicial process perverted to a purely political end. The fact is, there ought to be some legitimate way of accomplishing this removal; that there is not, is one of the greatest defects of our form of government, and perhaps its most undemocratic feature.

The experience of our Government appears to show that the framers of the Constitution made two fundamental mistakes as to the executive department. In copying from the English constitution, they took the office of the king for model instead of that of prime minister; and further, they

wholly underestimated the power and violence of political parties, and the degree in which the President would come to identify himself with them. Their idea was of an exalted personage raised above parties, with no "policy" of his own, but satisfied to carry out the will of the legislature, changing his ministers from time to time, as the king did, in compliance with this will. In consistency with this idea they gave him a fixed term of office, not foreseeing that during this brief term a change of opinions might lead to a direct antagonism between executive and legislative. They provided, further, that the principal candidate in opposition to the President should be associated with him as Vice-President, and should succeed in case of his death or removal—a wholly preposterous plan, except upon the notion that party ties made no difference with this officer, and that his functions were to be purely executive. Mr. Hamilton, indeed, went so far as to propose a President for life or good behavior—of course with the same idea, that this President would change his administration with changes in parties, just as the King of England did.

But it is absurd to suppose that able statesmen such as we need for Presidents—and once had—should be satisfied with this kind of position. A king may well be satisfied with it by reason of the dignity and permanence of his office; but no Adams or Jefferson will consent to be the mere instrument of Congress. It cannot be but that a President of any mark will have, or will desire to have, a policy of his own; and when this policy is opposed to that of Congress few men will have the sagacity and moderation to recognize that the right as well as the power is after all with the legislature and not with the executive. And indeed they are half right. The President ought to be, as is the English prime minister, the leader of the party in power for the time being—none the less a President of the nation, but with all political branches of government ready to co-operate in a harmonious administration of affairs.

This brings us to the English system, which is of precisely this nature. The English have, to be sure, a very illogical and expensive method of accomplishing it; but they do accomplish it, nevertheless, and the result is a far more efficient and, in this respect, more democratic administration than ours. They have two executives: a nominal one, the king, who stands, in fact, above all parties, unchanged in political changes, with the sole function of being the source of executive action and the representative of the national will—and a real one, the prime minister, an active member of his party, nay, its leader, changed with every decided change in popular sentiment, and thus at once the active executive head of the government and the acknowledged leader of Parliament for the time being. In this way the wheels of government run smooth through all changes of party; for it is the jarring and irregularity of action that lead to mischief, rather than the open and honest conflicts of opinion.

The second mistake which the framers of the Constitution made was in not appreciating the power of party spirit and the strength of party ties. It would be interesting to enquire how it comes that party organizations are so much more potent under our form of government than any other, but this is not the place for this enquiry. The fact is undisputed; elsewhere parties exist—they have existed in all free states—but nowhere else do they form a state within a state, nowhere else are they so elaborately constituted, and of such independent, almost corporate action; nowhere else do they claim allegiance as a right; nowhere else would they dare to claim the fealty of the chief magistrate as superior to his duty to his country. From this enormous power of party it results that not only the President will not be the mere agent, nor even will content himself with a policy of his own, but he is expected to act as the agent of his party.

From lack of comprehending these two points, the framers of the Constitution failed to organize the executive department in such a manner as to meet the wants of the nation, in this generation at least. Perhaps we shall never again have a bitter hostility between President and Congress as at present; but we have several times had an approach to it, and it may be questioned whether it does not put a strain upon the system too severe for it—whether this is not partly the cause of the indifference to constitutional obligations that has grown up of late. It is seen that the restraints of the Constitution are unreasonable—that they force us to put up with an inefficient or mischievous administration, and may at some time imperil the country itself. This feeling is at the bottom of the present disposition to scout at all judicial considerations in the trial of impeachment. There ought to be some way, in these cases of dead-lock, of appealing to the country, and taking a fresh start. Either the President ought to be allowed to dissolve Congress, or, what is better, Congress should be allowed to call for a new election of President.

It may be objected that this would destroy the balance of the departments. We think not, so far at least as the balance is of any value in our day. This doctrine of the independence of the departments is an outgrowth of the time and institutions in which the monarch was the sovereign, and the popular rights had to be struggled for and protected by special guaranties. When the people and the king were antagonistic powers, each must be jealously guarded against the encroachments of the other. But in our democratic government this is not the case. The judicial department, indeed, for reasons which need not be given here, is in as great danger as ever, and requires as thorough security as under a monarchy. But the President and Congress are equally agents of the same sovereign people; and the only possible benefit we can derive from the independence of these departments is that thereby the popular will is rendered less intense and concentrated, that—like the division of the legislature into two chambers—it serves, as Mr. Mill says, to "break the headlong impulses of popular opinion by delay, rigor of forms, and adverse discussions." But it would not be necessary to destroy this independence, or to render either branch of government dependent on the other. Each would still rest immediately upon the popular will; only that one would obtain the right of appealing to this will in case of a conflict of powers.

It may be objected, more plausibly, that any such plan would only intensify the already overweening power of party, by removing a principal obstacle to its success. But it may well be doubted whether the virulence of party spirit is not more enhanced by these violent conflicts than it would be by the undivided possession of power. It seems probable that if one party at a time possessed full, instead of divided, power, its sense of responsibility would be increased, and we should see moderation in place of much of the present intolerance and violence. The Athenians were wont to allay the intemperance of party spirit in times of great excitement by banishing temporarily the one of two rivals whom they could best spare; the plan proposed would accomplish the same end by deciding which of the two rivals should have the sole management and responsibility of public affairs for a season.

MARCEL.

THE CIVIL SERVICE DISGRACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

What with the bill of Mr. Jenckes, and the urgencies of yourself and other depositaries of the national wisdom and authority, we have hoped that Congress would have done something ere this to retrieve the utterly disgraceful condition of our consular un-system. If there were a single M. C who had ever been imbecile or poor enough to serve a term of years as U. S. consul anywhere in the bounds of civilization proper, I should anticipate a ventilation of the state of things obtaining, from the culpable neglect of our law-makers, in this department of the national representation.

As the consular service (?) now stands, the nation must be content to be represented before the commercial and popular intelligences of the world by men from one of three classes—viz., invalids whose health demands foreign air and who are glad to eke out their incomes by the pittance of a consular salary; incapables who have never been able to make a living by any occupation and are content to live in a garret and go through the official routine, subsisting on a minimum of nutriment and self-respect, or else making out their incomes by swindling all the innocents who are confiding enough in the prestige of the United States to believe that one of its officials must be a man of honor; and, lastly, those who, having a sufficient income go abroad to enjoy themselves officially and ride the spread eagle before the admiring eyes of the ignorant Europeans. I belong to the first class with perhaps an admixture of the second, and therefore have the good luck not to participate in the third, though, thanks to confiding friends at home, I have not yet been obliged to swindle the people to whom I represent the greatest of republics and the most free and enlightened of nations to keep from starvation.

I am forty years of age, read and write three languages, have served the United States seven years in two consulates. In the first, one which demanded a good deal of labor and constant office attention, I sunk $3,000 (gold) in four years, part of which I had and the rest of which I owe (I lived *au cinquième* and kept one servant, never went into society and gave no parties). I may mention that, on my arrival, I had occasion to order a cheap suit of clothes, and that the tailor, who had had dealings with my predecessor, refused to send them to my house without having the money paid before they left the shop. I found that being U. S. Consul did not increase my credit.

Having no "influence," I suppose it was owing to my fidelity in small matters that I was promoted to my second consulate, which had been vacant for several years, and of which the salary is $1,000. I have been here three years, and have only increased my debts about $500; but if (which in

our service one must always count on) I am dismissed to-morrow, I must run in debt about $600 (gold) to get home with my family. I have been obliged to learn another language, making the fourth, to incur the expenses of settling in a new country, to study up a new set of political and commercial relations, and while here have seen two of the most profitable consulates in my vicinity filled by men who had not the claim (speaking the language of common sense) that I had to them. I live in a house which is in no respect equal to a good log-cabin. I am obliged to refuse all social invitations more serious than to tea, because I cannot return them. I am obliged, more or less, to hold my own with my colleagues, the poorest paid of whom of my grade receives 12,000 francs (the highest receiving 32,500), and so far I have kept my credit intact.

My nearest neighbor (U. S. consul) has just absconded, after a course of life which will leave his successor some work to retrieve the consular dignity, leaving 10,000 to 12,000 francs of debts, and a reputation for drunkenness and licentiousness which one good and creditable consul will not cause to be forgotten.

A predecessor of my *proximus* on the other side made a fortune by selling his agencies, passports, protections, etc., etc., a thing which is not difficult in some sections of the world. I have myself been offered £200 each for two agencies in my appointment, with numerous overtures as to passports and protections. It is safe to say that I might have doubled my income by illegal practices, *against which our system gives no assurance beyond discharging a detected offender*, and against the temptations to which, when a consul finds himself running behind his expenses, it offers little support. Of the not strictly felonious but forbidden practices of working for certain merchants for a consideration, from which many of our consuls have received large profit, I say nothing, though I know that but for them few of our European consulates would be retained long, for the simple reason that not one of them enables a man by his legal receipts to pay his expenses.

On the whole, our system is so unequivocally disgraceful and fraudulent that I am astonished that any honest man, capable intellectually and physically of following any regular occupation, should, save as a temporary change, accept a consular appointment; and the probability of such an one devoting himself, as with other countries, to the service with the intention to study the interests and develop the resources of our commerce, to fit himself really to be of the greatest possible use to the country, and looking forward to the service as a profession, is *inappreciably* small. He is sure of being ill paid for the time being; he is pretty sure that the most exemplary conduct will not ensure promotion or increase of salary; equally so that his best performance of his duty will bring him no honor or higher consideration at home; and may count with tolerable certitude on being dismissed the moment his post is worth seeking for by any one who has more influence, though he has never served a day in the service.

Our system, therefore, will bring us men who want to go abroad a short time on public expense, who are willing to spend their money in official soirées and make a sensation in a pocket court as the Hon. Adam Parvenu, U. S. Consul, etc., etc., leaving all the official duties to some knavish native who finds his account therein, or who count on making the place pay so well by irregular practices that in the term for which they hope to hold it they can make it pay all expenses, and net something for retirement.

For myself, unable to endure the American winter, I had looked forward to a possible permanency in the consular service, and being really able to be of use to my country; but I have come to the conclusion that I had better run the risks of consumption at home than starvation in the U. S. consular service, and shall avail myself of the first opening which permits my returning home, assured that my generation will have passed away before our legislators will be sufficiently educated to the sense of national respectability to be able to organize a consular service which will be worth an honest man's while to enter it.

ULYSSES EBORACUS, A.M.,
U. S. Consul, Buncomberg.

U. S. CONSULATE, BUNCOMBERG, May 10, 1868.

[Mr. Eboracus, we may mention, for the information of those who may be astonished by the singularity of his name, is a real consul at a real post.—ED. NATION.]

"RED TAPE" WHICH IS NOT "BRITISH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

On the 28th of May a letter, very carefully addressed to me, with the number of my box, was deposited in one of the lamp post boxes up-town. The postage *was prepaid;* but, as subsequently appeared, owing to its defective adhesive properties, the stamp worked off. The letter was not delivered in due course, and not until the 1st of June did I learn that it had been mailed. Upon applying to the postmaster's secretary in search of it, I was informed that it had been "held for postage," and been sent to the dead-letter office at Washington on the 29th of May. I was therefore advised to write to the "Third Assistant Postmaster-General" for it, enclosing a postage stamp. This I did at once. On the 4th day of June I received a reply, in the shape of a printed circular, stating that "the letter to which you refer *cannot be found*," and also that in the case of a letter, sent to the dead-letter office, containing money or "property value," an effort would be made to return it to the writer or to the person addressed. All other letters are destroyed. A series of printed enquiries accompanied the circular, to which I made answer, and as my letter did contain what I presumed would be regarded as "property value," I added a request for the best endeavors of the department toward its recovery, as the postage really had been prepaid. On the 6th of June I received another printed circular from the department, making no reference to any previous communications, stating that a letter addressed to me, but held for postage, would be forwarded upon receipt of a postage stamp. I immediately returned this circular, as requested, with another stamp enclosed, and on the 10th of June I received my letter, with the *seal broken*.

SUMMARY.

Two letters to the Post-office Department.
Two stamps do. do.
Two circulars from the do.
Distance from point of departure to destination, three miles.
Time, thirteen days.

Now, Mr. Editor, I presume my experience is that of very many others, and the question arises, What ought we to do? Should we suffer in silence? I understand the fault to be with the law, not with the Department. Perhaps you will tell me to write to "my member of Congress;" yet I would infinitely prefer to appeal to every member of Congress if you can grant me the requisite space. Presuming upon your acquiescence, therefore, let me beg them to remedy this evil of which my facts are an abundant illustration. Make it the rule, gentlemen, that all our letters *ought* to be prepaid. If we forget or fail, charge us twice or thrice the usual postage for them, or more, if need be. But cut the present "red tape" in some way, at all events. Give us our letters, give us them promptly and regularly, and give us postage stamps that will "stick."

I am, etc.,
B. E. F.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1868.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY TO BE SOLD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several days ago I received a letter from a Jewish scholar in Amsterdam, Holland, from Mr. M. Roest, who is favorably known throughout the learned world as an eminent Hebraist and as one of the foremost Hebrew bibliographers of our time, which letter, amongst many other topics, expresses an idea on a certain subject which I deem it my duty not to withhold from the American public. Perhaps some reader might be induced thereby to an action that would be highly praiseworthy.

There is at present in Amsterdam a Jewish library for sale, the like of which is not in all America. The bookseller, Frederik Muller (Heerengracht, K. K. 130, Amsterdam), in whose charge the collection is, intends to sell the same by auction in the first week of November next. A catalogue of the books is now being printed. "It would indeed be a pity"—so Mr. Roest writes to me, and I translate from his letter—"if this grand collection should be torn asunder. America ought to acquire it. Some public library, some institution of learning, some Jewish congregation, ought to buy it *en bloc*. America would then come into possession of a collection of *Hebraica* and *Judaica* which, if properly fostered and judiciously augmented, soon might be favorably compared with the great Hebrew libraries in the Bodleian in Oxford and in the British Museum in London. The collection spoken of contains more than 3,000 printed *Hebraica*, more than 2,000 *Judaica*, about 100 manuscripts in Hebrew, Spanish, and Hollandish, and beside these many engravings, portraits, etc. Amongst the books are a great number of incunabula, of books printed in the sixteenth century, books printed on parchment, even some *unica*."

Is there not a library in the land for which this literary treasure could be bought? Is there no rich Jewish congregation in New York willing to invest some thousands of dollars? Indeed, I should be happy if I could think I had drawn the attention of able and willing persons to the matter in such a manner as to secure the collection for America.

I am, dear sir, yours, etc.,
B. FELSENTHAL.

237 S. DESPLAINES ST., CHICAGO, June 12, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

In connection with Messrs. Rivington & Co., of London, Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co. will publish immediately Doctor Newman's "Parochial and Plain Sermons." Their author has hitherto been unwilling to republish this work, which he prepared before he became a Roman Catholic, and for a long time it has been next to impossible to procure a copy. In its new form it will consist of eight octavo volumes, which will contain all the well-known sermons—the "Parochial," written, preached, and published between 1825 and 1843, the "Plain," contributed to the series of "Tracts for the Times." No change whatever will be made in the text. What has made Doctor Newman give his long withheld consent to the republication of these sermons, we are not told. He would decline, of course, to stand by all that he said when he wrote them, but probably thinks his error was rather in saying too little than in saying anything wrong, and believes that, so far as they go, the sermons will do only good. It will be nearly a year before all the eight volumes are out.—George Routledge & Sons will issue a shilling edition of "The Charles Knight Shakespeare." It will be in one volume of 730 pages. It will, we suppose, be sold in this country by Messrs. Routledge & Sons for fifty cents. The paper and printing of the specimen pages which we have seen are surprisingly good.

—The prizes offered by the Philadelphia Union League for the four best "essays on the legal organization of the people to select candidates for office" have just been awarded. The committee has been almost excessively considerate of the feelings of the competitors in the manner of making known its decision. Only the successful candidates have been notified of the result, and the names of these have not been publicly announced. The unsuccessful men are to understand from their not receiving notifications that their essays failed, and whether they have failed or not will not be discovered till the fortunate writers proceed to the dignity of print, as they all probably will.

—At Hong Kong the 2,151 American and European souls have boldly begun the publication of a weekly magazine with photographic illustrations. For some little time, we believe, our fellow-citizens in Aliaska have been publishing a newspaper half in Russian and half in English. These are two of the latest born of such periodicals. It is a pity that they all, wherever they are published—India, Africa, Aliaska, or where not—are too apt to be exclusively collections of home news for the exiles. It is natural. But they might without too much difficulty, one would think, do much good in being permanent, stationary travellers, as it were, in foreign realms and lands remote—travellers willing as able to tell tales to us home-keeping folk. Once in a while an Indian paper does so; gives us new, valuable, and interesting information of the people among whom, though not for whom, it is published; but generally the wandering newspaper of the wandering Anglo-Saxon is severely for the wanderer alone, and a cheap way of subscribing for them for us who live in civilization is to buy files of our own old journals, especially such as have long market reviews and much shipping intelligence.

—It was long ago said in praise of Wisdom and to encourage her followers, that "she filleth all their house with things desirable." If we may understand by the Wisdom of the Apocryphal writings the power that presides over a certain portion of our religious press, the text is just now getting a striking commentary. A paper to which, out of politeness, we decline "to give the benefit of our circulation" is printing each week a long list of the desirable things which its lovers may secure for their houses and persons by bringing it new subscribers. A sewing-machine is one of them; another is a piano; another is a "Webster's" or "Worcester's Unabridged;" a cyclopædia is another. Other lots are thus described:

"Five quart bottles of *Woodworth's French Violet Ink* (see advertisement) for five names and $12 50. Ten bottles for ten names and $25. This superior ink is used throughout our entire establishment.

"A Derrick & Felgemaker Portable Pipe Organ for Church, for two hundred names and $500, worth $450. Larger Organ in same proportion.

"An Oroide Gold Watch, Swiss manufacture, for twelve names and $30."

Watches, in fact, would appear to have very great fascinating power over the ordinary subscriber; no less than six or eight kinds are specified by the publishers, who, furthermore, seem to be rather easy in their dealings:

"A Gold Watch, Waltham, American, worth $100, every one can have for eighty-five names and the full subscription money, $2 50, for each.

"Or, a Silver American Waltham Watch, worth $30, for twenty names and $50; or, one worth $25, for fifteen names and $37 50. Every man or woman should remember this. Send in all the names you get, and the balance as soon as you can get them."

It is, we suppose, proper to stimulate agents to great activity and zeal by holding out to them such prizes. But we confess that about the "Oroide Gold Watch" we have serious doubts. There is a look about you of encouraging humbug when you tempt a man to shine in "Oroide Gold;" and to abstain from even the appearance of evil is a saying we all ought to bear in mind—particularly if we are a religious paper, whose general tone is apt to be as influential as its words can be.

—Probably the very latest of epithalamia written in the English tongue is one now before us, recently received from England. It is beautifully printed, impressive as regards margins, and in its appearance worthy of being offered and dedicated, "by august and gracious permission of his Majesty Victor Emanuel II.," to Prince Umberto and the Princess Margherita. "The Benison" is the title of it. Its author announces himself as a master of arts of Oxford and of Cambridge also. But we do not know that we advise people to get it and read it. By reason of increasing age, we suppose, and infirmities that grow upon us, and a gradual sealing of the fresh young fountains, we, for our own part, take a small and steadily diminishing delight in lays of troth-plight,

"Where rapturous chorus fans the flame of song."

Though, for that matter, a man might be fond of nuptial songs and not like this one:

"The Day shone bright,
Lay vanquish'd Night—
Blind Darkness went,
For ever spent—
Came Life, came Breath,
Defying Death—
Came Freedom, free,
Came Victory!" . . .

We do not find that any part of the ode is really better than this. It is a good illustrative example of the truth, often exemplified, that a man and master of arts, capable of being in prose a respectable member of society (*vide* preface to "The Benison"), may in verse make himself really ridiculous, and never in the least suspect it. The book, with its large, handsome pages, is an excellent one for "mounting," and we commend it to the attention of persons who have portraits of Humbert, his wife, Victor Emanuel, any of his predecessors, Cupid, the Genius of Italy or Italia, Freedom, and so forth, and pictures of wreaths of maidens dancing, of Blooming Summers scattering flowers, and similar figures.

—Speaking of mounted books, we are reminded of one recently imported by Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co., which possesses rather more interest than most books of the kind. It is "The Father's Revenge: a Tragedy, with other Poems"—all of them being the offspring of the muse of that Earl of Carlisle whose name is of frequent recurrence in Byron's earlier performances. A fine inserted portrait of the noble author gives him a face of the order of vacuous Scotch faces—one which justifies Oblivion for having made a prey of his tragical and other poems, and which seems also to account for some of his ward's trying observations. Besides this there are many other inserted plates, after designs which probably the author of "The Father's Revenge" caused to be made for the illustration of that work. The dons and donnas of the tragedy of the period are seen to swoon and draw swords, and menace and dissolve in grief in a pleasing manner, and the eye aids the mind to understand how great a deliverance was wrought by Lord Carlisle's ward and Sir Walter. Illustrated works of more value than this, and which also form a part of the importation newly added to Messrs. Scribner & Welford's stock, are an atlas folio containing six hundred of Gilray's caricatures, accompanied by an octavo volume of descriptive notices of the men and things satirized by the artist; some twenty-two volumes, several of them very scarce, of the works of Gilray's great successor, George Cruikshank; one fine and one splendid edition of Grammont; and, finally, an old folio, two volumes in one, of Bible prints, by Romaine de Hooghe, with descriptive text in Dutch. We must refer our readers to a late catalogue for the names of several hundreds of other imported books, to read whose names even is a sort of pleasure to the book-buyer. But we may mention here a complete set of the well-known *Retrospective Review*, which many college libraries want, and ought not to want unless they are far richer than most of the college libraries of our new country in "Curious, Useful, and Valuable Old Authors," and rejoice in a population of readers more learned and critical than most undergraduates were formerly.

—Many good judges have held the opinion that sound literature prepared not with exclusive reference to the tastes of boys is the best

"Boy Literature." This, at any rate, can be said in favor of their view, that the man or woman writing for men and women has a valuable safeguard against his work's being vitiated by the curse of ungenuineness—humbug is often the proper word—in that he has in his knowledge of himself a guiding standard as to what he shall say and how he shall say it. He is, so to speak, writing to himself. It is a rare genius who has the sympathetic imagination so developed that when he sets about writing for children he is not writing at a conjectural understanding and supposed tastes—drawing his bow at a venture. So we have few enough classics in the child's library, and of the few that we have not all, perhaps not the most, were originally intended for children. For our own part, we should call most books for children "unhealthy" on this account; very unhealthy they might be called if the child's digestive powers were not generally so strong. The ability to skip, so necessary to all readers, is fortunately great in children. But below the indirectly injurious books for boys, as to which the boys must take their chance, is the mass of directly poisonous literature that boys eagerly devour when it is put before them, and which their elders are bound to prevent their seeing. Attention has just been called to this matter by the robberies, followed by a remarkably brutal attempt at murder, recently committed by two little English boys, the younger of whom was hardly eleven years old. We have had the same thing here; the known instances are numerous in which similar crimes were directly consequent on the reading of "yellow-covered literature." Once in a while the newspapers print accounts of boys banded together as housebreakers, or occupants of some disgraceful youthful club-room. Probably most of our readers can recall two or three such cases as within their own knowledge. It is well when the infected children make known their disease so soon; the unpublished ruin arising from this cause is immense and harder to deal with. But in spite of a recent act of the Legislature we have flourishing openly among us a literature that plainly is making murderers, as any one may see who walks up and down Broadway. One passes a policeman on his post, and next, within ten steps perhaps, two or three boys staring at a newspaper-stand adorned with a picture where a man breaks in somebody's head with an iron bar, or "a jealous woman knifes her rival," or "a negro is skinned alive and then burnt." Beyond a doubt some of the young spectators will pay for their studies by being hanged by-and-by. There is nothing, we suppose, to prevent Superintendent Kennedy's putting a stop to the public exhibition of certain brutifying newspapers any morning that he chooses. Meantime Mr. Bergh might, without straining his conscience or misspending his society's funds, try how much virtue there is in the present act against their existence. The connection is close enough between such pictures and cruelty to any animal that is in the power of the men who delight in them.

—Dr. Tobler, of Switzerland, the well-known writer of monographs on Palestine, and one of the most learned travellers who has ever explored the Holy Land, has published a "Bibliographia Geographica Palestinæ." It comes down to the close of 1864, and embraces not only all works relating to his subject, but views and maps as well. It is indispensable to the close student of Biblical antiquities, for Tobler's erudition in this department is even beyond that of Ritter and Robinson, and his judgments are generally fair. At any rate, they are always severe enough; there is no over-leniency in the man, and he takes a peculiar pleasure in launching hard adjectives at worthless books. He is a physician in extensive practice at Horn, near Lake Constance; as a man he is gruff, harsh, and opinionated; but his life-long devotion to the study of Palestine and all that pertains to it makes him a peculiarly competent judge of its literature.

LINDA TRESSEL.*

AMONG the new books of the present moment there are many more noteworthy than the little story whose name we transcribe; but we have read "Linda Tressel" because it is by the author of "Nina Balatka," and because it is as clear as noonday to our penetrating intellect that the author of "Nina Balatka" is but another title of the author of "Barchester Towers" and "The Small House at Allington." Mr. Trollope's style is as little to be mistaken as it is to be imitated, and we find it in this anonymous tale in all its purity—with its flatness and simpleness, its half-quaint ponderosity and verbosity, and all its roundabout graces. Mr. Trollope has, of course, his own reasons for suppressing his name, reasons which we have no desire to investigate; but if perchance his motive had been partially to refute the charge that he has exhausted his vein and that his later novels owe their popularity only to the species of halo irradiated by his signature, he may assure himself that he has been amply successful. The author of these two little German tales must, in fact, by this time have become proof against all doubt of his being a born story-teller. These short novels are rich with their own intrinsic merits, and looking at them candidly, taking the good with the bad and comparing them with the multitudinous host of kindred works, we find ourselves ready to say that they contain more of the real substance of common life and more natural energy of conception than any of the clever novels now begotten on our much-tried English speech.

"Nina Balatka," our readers will probably remember, was a young *bourgeoise* of Prague, who, being minded to take a husband, was determined to take a lover at the same time, and had the bad taste to prefer a Jew. Persecuted and reviled by her family, and finally alienated from her lover and reduced to the extremity of suffering, she is ultimately redeemed from her sorrows by the gentleman himself and locked fast within the gates of matrimony. The story was told in so simple and uninspired a fashion as to be absolutely dull, and yet if you could bring yourself to have patience with its dulness—which was certainly a great deal to ask—it seemed full of truthfulness and pathos. In "Linda Tressel" you have to make the same concession to the author; but here the reward is even richer. Toward the close, without in the least departing from its dulness, without raising its key or smuggling in any leavening substance from abroad, or calling upon the averted muse, but by simply keeping its sturdy shoulders to the wheel, the story forces its way up into truly tragic interest and dignity. We doubt that Mr. Trollope has ever written anything more touching and forcible—more replete with that abject *human* quality in which he is master—than the pages from the passage in which Linda is described as receiving her lover at the door of her room to the end of the book. And it is really a matter of which he may be proud that he should have written these pages in the way we have attempted to indicate. They have not a whit more purely literary merit than will decently clothe the narrative. They are neither seasoned with wit nor sweetened with poetry. As far as the narrator is concerned, he brings nothing to his task but common sense and common sensibility. The whole force of the story lies just where, after all, it should—*in* the story, in its movement, its action, and the fidelity with which it reflects the little patch of human life which the author unrolls, heaven-wise, above it. When you can add nothing to a story in the telling, you must rest your claim to your reader's gratitude on your taking away as little as possible. This, it seems to us, is the ground for Mr. Trollope's claim, and standing on this ground he stands with his head above his competitors. More clearly and honestly than they, with less of false delineation and false coloring, he repeats in literature the image projected by life upon his moral consciousness. The lines are somewhat blurred in being thus reproduced, and the colors somewhat deadened; they have nothing of ideal perfection or radiance; but they are true; human nature recognizes herself.

Linda Tressel is an orphan, with a small property, living in Nuremberg under the care of her aunt, Madame Stanbach, a woman of rigid virtue and exemplary piety. In the same house lives an elderly man, a town-clerk, Peter Steinmarc by name, as lodger of the two ladies. It occurs to Madame Stanbach that it would be a good thing that her niece, excellent girl, should marry this old Steinmarc—this rusty coeval of Linda's father, with his big shoes adapted to his protuberant corns, his scanty hair, his greasy hat, and his vulgar probity. We mention these little traits as the chief items in the description given by Mr. Trollope. The reader will see that they do not penetrate very far into the realms of psychology and cannot exactly be said to embody the essence of the man. And yet for the author they form an all-sufficient starting-point. With a hundred touches like these Peter Steinmarc is placed before us quite vividly enough to make us feel in our own hearts all of poor Linda's antipathy, and yet at the same time all of her suitor's own half-conscientious obstinacy and self-contentment. The idea of such a match is, of course, revolting to Linda; she refuses, resists, and rebels. Her aunt and her aunt's *protégé* persist and press upon her with a pitilessness which, through various tribulations, finally brings her to the grave. The story is little more than this: A simple, lovely, lonely girl, struggling to the death, without help, or with such help as only aggravated her case, with two hard, vulgar persecutors. The peculiar merit of the story—in fact, its beauty, we may say—lies in the perfect moderation with which it is told. It is not the moderation of a Goethe, let us say; of one who stands on a great intellectual height, far above the heady fumes of our simmering human prejudices; it is something more agreeable than this—a moderation born of humble good sense and sympathetic discretion. The pathos of Linda Tressel's fate is deepened by the perfect medi-

* "Linda Tressel." By the Author of "Nina Balatka, the Story of a Maiden of Prague." Boston: Little & Gay. 1868.

ocrity of her persecutors—to say nothing of her own. The author has made his heroine neither a whit more interesting, nor her enemies a whit more cruel, than the story strictly requires, them to be. This universal mediocrity gives the work a depressing and melancholy character which we may be certain that the author is very far from suspecting; inasmuch as if he had duly measured it, he would be, instead of one of the smallest, one of the greatest of artists. Linda Tressel, with all the dignity of her trials, is an essentially *common* girl, chiefly, we imagine, because the author is a man of a common intellect, and not because he had nicely calculated the dramatic effect of making her common—of making her, in the depths of her sorrow, talk in the most natural and unilluminated and harrowing commonplaces. And so with Madame Stanbach and Steinmarc. The former is an extremely good woman—a narrow woman, to begin with, and contracted and desiccated by religious bigotry, but utterly incapable of deliberate unkindness, and for ever invoking the approval of her conscience and her God—such as they are. She is cruel and fatal from simple dulness and flatness and impenetrability—from the noxious promptings of an unventilated mind. Peter Steinmarc plays his dingy part in obedience to petty covetousness, and petty vanity, and obstinacy and resentment. It is all the sublime of prose. But better than anything in the story, we think—and here it is quite impossible not to accuse the author of having builded better than he knew—is the nature of Ludovic Valcarm's influence and action. He is the author of that assistance which we spoke of as having been so detrimental to Linda's cause. A disavowed nephew of Steinmarc and a clandestine lover of the young girl, he himself crowns her cup with bitterness. In fact, we are told very little about him; we are obliged to put up with a few bare hints. But the vulgarity of character which we suspect under the warmth and audacity of his conduct, at the same time that we deeply appreciate the effect of such warmth upon the poor girl's starveling fancy, serves to round off and complete the tragic homeliness and prosiness of the tale. We remember few touches more painful than the passage in which, when she is making her escape to Augsburg with her lover, and she sits in the darkness in the railway carriage, racked with anguish and half-frozen, she discovers the man for whom she has abandoned everything to be grossly and stupidly asleep. This whole episode, indeed, is admirably related, without the slightest discordance of color as we have said, in all its length of abject soberness and dinginess, as well as the subsequent scenes describing Linda's return and final betrothal to Steinmarc. The atmosphere of the tale here becomes positively heavy with despair and madness and coming death, and it is not too much to say that it recalls forcibly that brooding thunderous stillness which (having read it a long time since) our imagination associates with the last pages of "The Bride of Lammermoor" as a prelude to the catastrophe. There are a great many different ways by which an effect may be reached. Scott travelled through romantic gorges and enchanted forests, and scaled the summits of mountains crowned with feudal towers. Mr. Trollope trudges through crowded city streets and dusty highways and level garden paths. But the two roads converge and meet at the spot where a sweet young girl lies dying of a broken heart. It matters little whether she be called Lucy Ashton or Linda Tressel.

The Artist's Dream. By Ellerton Vincent. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1868.)—The author of this book evidently got his idea of the plot from Pinnock's Catechism, and his title would have been less misleading had it read thus: "The Artist's Dream; or, History made Easy." The facile conundrum forms in it the model of discourse, and the characters are animated by so irrepressible a zeal for imparting useful information that they form a series of peripatetic school-books, carefully adapted to very mean capacities. Their conversation slides, by easy transitions, from Frederick the Great to Washington and Julius Cæsar—from Mary Stuart to Paradise and the Protestant Reformation. Thus, for instance, do two females of tender age while away the hours of friendly intercourse—the stream of discourse having meandered from a lace collar to the Queen of Scots:

"Mary's health became seriously impaired and her beautiful hair prematurely grey.

"'Did she die in prison?'

"'No; Elizabeth signed a warrant for her execution, an act which will be a lasting disgrace to the memory of the maiden queen.'

"'When did it happen?'

"'In 1587, more than two hundred years ago.'

"'Oh! what a long time,' said Marion. 'When as many years roll by, where shall we be?'

"It was a solemn question; and the heart of the young teacher echoed, Where? She replied that she trusted they would be found among the redeemed.

"'Do people go immediately to heaven when they die?'

"'It is the general belief that, when the soul is departed from the body, it goes to an intermediate state called Paradise, and remains there until the judgment. The good then enjoy eternal rest in heaven, and the wicked are sent to a place of punishment.'

"'And that is called hell!' said Marion. . . . 'How came we by the prayer 'Our Father who art in Heaven'?

"'King Alfred translated the Holy Gospels into the Saxon tongue; and hence we derive the simple and beautiful prayer given us by our Saviour.'

"'He must have been a good man.'

"'Yes, he was very pious, and one of the greatest monarchs that ever swayed the sceptre of England. He was sent to Rome to receive his education. There he drank deeply of the fountain for which he had so long thirsted. The regular militia was established by him, and he greatly encouraged literature.'"

One naturally takes it for granted that in a novel there must be a hero and a heroine, not to say a love story—but in this case any traces of them which may exist are so overlaid with lore that we have been unable to find them. In looking over the pages one frequently finds in juxtaposition two persons of opposite sexes either engaged in fishing, or ensconced behind the usual drawing-room curtains, or playing backgammon together—but they never seem to be the same pair twice, and their thoughts are always rolling on subjects far too awful to admit the idea of love-making. Here are a couple, supposed to be "angling":

"'Have you always resided in the country?' she asked.

"'Yes; with the exception of four years that I was in college. I sometimes wish that I could travel and see something of city life, but perhaps I would be less happy than I am now. Did you ever consider how many of the greatest men, both in ancient and modern times, found their chief enjoyment in rural life? Homer, Hesiod, Seneca, Varro, and Horace. Cicero, in particular, seems to have delighted in agricultural pursuits. The emperors and dictators of Rome were ever ready to retire from the honors of state to their peaceful villas; and even employed couriers to run between the capital and their rural residences. We all know how welcome the retirement of Mount Vernon was to Washington. What exquisite glimpses of rural life have been given us by Wordsworth, Spencer, and a host of other bards."

On another occasion, when an old lady, who is, on the whole, rather less erudite than any one else in the book, interrupts what she supposes to be a lovers' conversation with the question, "What interesting topic were you discussing?" she learns with ill-concealed disappointment that they "were speaking of the instinct of the brute creation, compared with the reason of human beings"—from which topic the talk naturally enough flows to Julius Cæsar, who "expressed in public his disbelief in the immortality of the soul. He belonged to the Epicurean school, you know, and denied all divine mediation in human affairs."

"'And yet, with all his atheism,' replied Augusta, 'it was not without hesitation that he crossed the Rubicon.'

"'Man is a queer compound,' said the captain. 'He is an anomaly, an incongruity.'"

Count out the old lady above-mentioned, and there is no one of the characters who occupies any proud pre-eminence over any other as to the number of facts he has in possession or as to a keen perception of possible chances for ventilating them. People meet with the ostensible purpose of going to the Mammoth Cave, or having a masquerade ball, or visiting studios, or going to Paris in company—but really for the sake of being encyclopædic and mutually instructive. In the Kentucky Cave the author artfully allows the oil in the lamps to burn out in order to leave his *dramatis personæ* under the necessity of "playing" that they are "in Dante's Inferno, under the special guidance of Virgil." And when they "stopped in front of a rock forty feet in length, which all instantly remarked must be the Giant's Coffin, 'Who knows but what Titus [*sic*] rests beneath this stone?' remarked Captain Ryland.

"'That is not possible,' replied Arthur, 'for mythology tells us that his body covers nine acres of ground. It would be a fit receptacle for Polhemus [*sic*], or one of the Cyclops.'"

In the following fine passage the author forsakes the routine of the more ordinary class-books, except the geographies, and soars to the level of Boyd's Rhetoric. Ellerton is describing a young man who possibly is the hero that we missed finding:

"'Ellersley Cavendish is again in his native land, after an absence of five years. What advantages he has thrown away! He travelled for some time in Great Britain, France, and Germany. He crossed the mighty Alps. He stood beneath the great dome of St. Peter's, and listened to the far-famed Miserere. He gazed at the wonderful pyramids of Egypt, tarried a while in the Holy City, and knelt devoutly on Mount Olivet. Yet he has returned home to study medicine with his father.'"

The Special Operations of War; Comprising the Forcing and Defence of Defiles, the Forcing and Defence of Rivers, and the Passage of Rivers in Retreat; the Attack and Defence of Open Towns and Villages; the Conduct of Detachments for Special Purposes, and Notes on Tactical Opera-

tions in Sieges. By Francis J. Lippitt, late Colonel Second California Infantry; Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers, author of "Tactical Use of the Three Arms," and a "Treatise on Entrenchments." (Providence: Sidney S. Rider & Brother. 1868.)—We are very glad to see a third volume added to General Lippitt's series of excellent little books. They are well and handsomely printed, and, without being too large for the pocket, they contain a great deal of well-selected and well-arranged information on the subject of which they treat. The present volume is even an improvement on the last, the "Treatise on Entrenchments." That, of necessity, was, to a considerable extent, a dictionary of technical terms, but the subject of this hardly requires a single definition, and the special operations of war are, to all but highly educated and scientific officers, more interesting studies than the preparation, attack, and defence of entrenchments, with their precise and comparatively inflexible rules.

In a former number of the *Nation* we bore our testimony to the excellence of the "Treatise on Entrenchments." What we said of that book might be repeated of this, but with additions, viz., that the subjects discussed are judiciously chosen, and that the discussion of each is well considered, well reasoned, and well put. There is not a word too much, and, we are inclined to think, not a word too little. Most of us hope that there will not be another war in America during the present century at least, but there may be, and it is a wise maxim to prepare for war in time of peace. Our country now numbers many men in civil life to whom the art of war has become an interesting study, and our regular army, though not large, has a *cadre* large enough to include many officers who must desire to learn what they do not know, or to refresh their recollection of what they have learned and forgotten. To all such we cordially commend the book. They will find it thoroughly business-like. It is all to the point; and yet the illustrations are so well chosen, and so generally taken either from our recent war or from Napoleon's campaigns, that it is as far as possible from being dull. The general reader, with a taste for military subjects, will find it agreeable reading, and will be probably much interested to find how simple is the explanation of many of the successes and disasters of our war, and how directly traceable they were to the observance or violation of some well-settled military principle. The author is eminently successful in perceiving the principles involved in actual operations, and he points the moral to be drawn from such of them as he refers to in a way that readily fixes it in the memory.

General Lippitt generally writes so well that he can afford to take a bit of censure upon a matter of mere style, so we remark that the language of the following sentence is not justified by the usage of any good writer, military or other: "In the siege of a fortress of masonry, the besieging army has but to . . . and the time of the place is considered up." It is fair to add, however, that such faults are not only not common, but that this is a solitary instance.

Elements of Agriculture. By Geo. E. Waring, Jr. (New York: Tribune Association.)—Mr. Waring's book was first published as a text-book for schools, and was excellent for that purpose. Like all manuals which only design to introduce a young student to a new subject, most of the facts and theories were briefly stated, and much left either to inference or to the elaboration of teachers. It was easy, therefore, to content one's self with its general dryness and encyclopædic character; but in its present form—revised, enlarged, and offered to us as a general treatise—it has lost its value as a text-book, without a corresponding gain in interest. In a simple and prepossessing way the author tells us that the subject of agriculture is too large and varied to be treated in a small compass, and that accordingly he has been compelled to make general statements—some almost inaccurate, and many very unscientific—in order to save time and space; but hopes that the reader will excuse the want of finish and possible confusion. He has concentrated a great deal of useful information and some good advice in a small compass, and his book will be of service to many amateurs and some practical men, if it does not, by giving just a little too much condensed statement, discourage study on the part of the reader.

Recent Republications.—There are very different opinions in the matter of teaching mankind by the aid of romance, and possibly the border-land is not well defined. What may be written in a novel or story for fact, for the sake of the possible, and yet be fiction, seems to be an open question. But surely it is straining a cord to its utmost tension when a writer pretends to give you his personal experience in a practical matter—buys his land, of just so many acres, for a specific sum; adds a precise money value in improvements, plants a definite area with crops at a fixed cost; cultivates, gathers, and sells those crops for a profit or a loss—and gets the whole tissue of his theories and facts out of the depths of his consciousness, as the German did his camel. "Ten Acres Enough" is given as a personal experience, and has led hundreds of poor but enthusiastic people to try experiments which have involved many in ruin and sorrow, and yet is fiction throughout. That it seems true is its worst feature, because it deals with the actual facts of life in a way calculated to lead men to spend their time and money in speculations which are quite likely to prove disastrous. It is very pleasant reading, as is "Farming for Boys"*—a reprint from *Our Young Folks*—which, being understood to be a romance, would be a good book for general circulation, containing many valuable hints, and likely to help and teach country boys and girls—if they ever see it—that their lives need not be all drudgery. On the whole, however, it must have an enervating influence, for although all the things described might happen, if all the conditions were right, no allowance is made for the contingent difficulties and obstacles which are almost sure to block the progress of theoretical agricultural enterprise, and fill their projectors with bitter mortification. Boys and girls, of course, must be entertained, and they like stories, and like to dream of making money and doing all sorts of hard work if they are to grow suddenly rich by it; and as a stimulus to their imagination this kind of agricultural pap may be nourishing and excusable. Certainly it would be more manly to confess the fiction at the outset, and get a hearing and belief by the reasonableness of the story.

Against Mrs. Conant's "Butterfly Hunters,"† also a reprint from *Our Young Folks*, the objection that it is fiction will not lie. Her aim being to interest the young in a rather tempting natural pursuit, she is at liberty to stimulate curiosity by the use of almost any supposable incidents and adventures. Upon the art thus displayed by the author depends her success; and judged by that, in the present instance, we cannot think her wholly successful. There are some glimpses of boy nature and boy language in the story, but as a whole it is clearly not real. The difficulty, however, of uniting science with sport is great enough to make failure pardonable; and we have no hesitation in choosing between Mrs. Conant and Mayne Reid, who writes for the same juvenile magazine. The butterfly illustrations are quite as good as need be, though far removed from the extraordinary excellence of Mr. Marsh's engravings in Harris's well-known work.

The very ingenious one-syllable *Crusoe*‡ has been issued from an American press in a style if anything superior to the English edition. We could not name at this moment a book better deserving to be given to young readers, or to be used in primary schools either as a text-book or as a prize for excellence. It is remarkable for avoiding the great stumbling-block of most writers for children—not polysyllabic words as such, but words too big for the age addressed, which are apt to be at once long, and derived from classical rather than from Saxon roots.

*"Farming for Boys." By the author of "Ten Acres Enough." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

†"The Butterfly Hunters. By Helen S. Conant." With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

‡"Robinson Crusoe in Words of One Syllable. By Mary Godolphin." With colored illustrations. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

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The Week.

CONGRESS has been waiting till the tax on whiskey and tobacco is finally arranged, and, meantime, has been getting through with a good deal of work, of a kind not specially interesting to the general public. On Wednesday week the bill in relation to the national currency passed the Senate, and now goes to the House, where it is likely to pass without much discussion or delay. It is the bill in which Mr. Sherman endeavored to expand the currency, on the plea of establishing national banks in the Territories and the South. He was unable to effect this, however, and the parts of the country unsupplied with banks are to be supplied by a diminution in the currency of those States now oversupplied. The House, on the same day, laid on the table the bill to reduce the burdens on American commerce by allowing a drawback of the duties on certain materials used in ship-building. The agricultural and mining interests opposed and defeated the bill. On Thursday there was debate in the Senate on a topic that has once before been pretty fully discussed. The *Golden Fleece* is an American vessel which sailed under the British flag during the rebellion, for the reason that her owners did not want to lose her, and our Government seemed quite unable to do its duty by its citizens in protecting their ships from Confederate cruisers. Her owners now want an American register for her, but the Senate refuses, and virtually declares that it was the owners' duty to stop business, or to carry it on at imminent risk of losing their property, or under the disadvantage of paying war-risks that would soon have driven them from the sea. There can be little doubt that it is time for Congress to relax the stringency of its patriotic rule on this subject. In the House, on the same day, a stop was put to a gigantic fraud on the Osage Indians and the American people, by which 8,000,000 acres of Indian land were sold at a ridiculously low rate to a railroad company. "A commission of thieves" Mr. Julian called the men who negotiated the transfer. In the House, on Friday, a bill framed by Mr. O'Neill, of Philadelphia, which may be called a bill for the protection of immigrants during the coming campaign, was passed. It regulates the carriage of passengers in steamships and other vessels, and is a humane measure which may possibly be enforced. The House, on Saturday, made short work of the President's message in regard to the Arkansas bill, passing that measure over the veto in a very few minutes by 111 years to 31 nays. On Monday the Senate passed the bill over the veto by 30 yeas to 7 nays, and on Tuesday administered the oath to the new senators. On Monday Mr. Schenck brought in his bill to tax whiskey and tobacco, and that will be the subject of discussion, probably, for some days.

Mr. Schenck, from the Committee of Ways and Means, has brought in the new Tax bill, as instructed by the House, and we trust every body who is interested in the success of the Republican party and the safety of the public credit will read the speech he made on Monday in doing so. It must be remembered that this new bill has been forced on the committee, which is, therefore, not responsible for it. The tactics by which the regular Tax bill was defeated were, as Mr. Schenck pointed out, unprecedented in Congressional annals. Never before, we believe, has a Committee of Ways and Means been denied a hearing in defence of a financial measure of the highest importance and the result of five months' hard, honest labor, and it was only accorded in this case after a good deal of filibustering. Mr. Schenck's opinion is that, in point of time, nothing is gained by the new bill; that had the House stuck to its work at the old bill through the past week it would have got through the whiskey and tobacco sections by Monday last; and that in throwing aside provisions made by the first bill for additions to the revenue, such as the additions made to the tax on banks and the doubling of the tax on the sales of wholesale dealers, the revenue will fall short of the wants of the country. The new bill proposes to fix the whiskey tax at 60 cents instead of 70, as in the last; but the House has fixed it at 50, in spite of what appeared to be a plan organized between the whiskey ring and the enemies of Grant to defeat any attempt to change the whiskey tax at all, by repeated motions to keep it at $1, or lower to twenty-five cents, and thus keep up during the campaigns the scandal caused by the present frauds and abuses. An excellent occasion offers for people who are fond of writing letters to members of Congress to indulge their propensity. Any Republican member who now takes part in any factious opposition to the Tax bill, either by dilatory motions or otherwise, ought to be "criticised," abused, and privately dealt with, and held up to odium to any extent that may be necessary to subdue and reform him.

The House Committee, to whom was referred the question whether or not Congress has power to regulate and control railroads, have reported that, in their opinion, Congress has no such power except in the case of railroads which "form parts of continuous lines extending from one State to another." In other words, they apply to railroads the constitutional doctrine which asserts the right of Congress to control a navigable stream which is a means of commerce between two or more States, and denies the right of Congressional interference with the navigation of a stream wholly within the limits of one State and unconnected with the waters of other States. The committee were instructed, if they found that Congress had the desired power, to report a bill providing for, first, the safety of passengers; second, uniform and equitable rates of fare; third, uniform and equitable charges for

freight; and, finally, proper connections of railroad with railroad. This they ask to be excused from doing; the bill should be prepared, they say, after full and careful examination of experts. We hope the question will not be allowed to drop into forgetfulness. The railroad corporations are already of immense power. They own New Jersey, for example, and, any day they like, a railroad president or two can reduce Washington to the telegraph for communication with New York. The Postmaster has to make what terms he can, not what terms the law commands, in getting the New Jersey railroads to carry the mails. We cannot tell till next October whether Mr. Drew and Mr. Vanderbilt have not now entered into an alliance which puts for many important purposes the whole State of New York into their hands. It is plain that we need a different order of things from what we had when the Constitution was adopted, when railroads were unthought of, and when the whole inter-State commerce amounted in value to what the Erie Railway does in a day or a day and a half.

It now seems as if we should never know what Judge Field, of the Supreme Court, said at Mr. Jeremiah Black's dinner party. The committee of the House appointed some months ago to enquire into the matter has asked to be discharged from the further consideration of it, without making any report. We do not like to cast any imputation on anybody, but we cannot help saying that this lame and impotent conclusion has a most suspicious look. We shall ask one or two plain questions about it; if, to use the language of another great exposer of abuses, any friend of ours thinks we shall damage ourselves by them, "we advise him to get out of the way." Has, or has not, Judge Field been seen conversing, in low tones, with any member of the committee, in any lobby or lobbies of the Capitol, during the last three months? What has he done with his last quarter's salary, and with his last California dividends? Are they lying in his bank? *If not, what has become of them?* We hardly venture to hope that he will answer these questions. Men that have been at so many dinner parties as he are apt to be hardened; but we may safely leave it to a betrayed public to put a proper construction on his silence.

To make Senator Sherman's bill for keeping the currency equally diffused really effective, it is not enough to make a fresh distribution of currency among the several States; a supplemental bill should be passed, forbidding the accumulation, under any circumstances, of more than a certain amount of currency in any one State. This will be the way to get the better of the greedy Wall Street men. We all know, too, the great inconvenience which is occasioned, both in domestic life and in agriculture, by the unwillingness of water to run up-hill. Why not let us have a short bill, before Congress adjourns, depriving water of this disagreeable quality, and making it squirt and flow in all directions with equal facility? The saving of labor this would cause would be enormous.

We spoke some months ago of the attempt which was being made by the Californian Legislature to break through the conditions attached to the grant, made by the General Government to the State, of the Yo-Semite Valley. The condition was that that magnificent scene should be reserved for ever as a park or pleasure-ground for all comers. The Californian Legislature, however, "moved thereto," no doubt, as the old indictments say, "by the instigation of the devil," whom the spectacle of human enjoyment of so much beauty and sublimity would, doubtless put fairly beside himself, have been conveying large tracts of the valley to two squatters, whose cuttings and diggings and taverns and liquors would utterly deface it, and convert it into a repulsive resort of tipplers and trotters. The bill has been vetoed by the governor and passed over his head, and now only waits the confirmation of Congress to take effect; but this, we trust, it will never receive. There ought to be enough men of taste and sensibility in both Houses to block the scheme effectually. The Valley is, at present, in the hands of a commission, composed of competent persons, charged with the duty of laying it out for public use. A petition against any concessions to the Californian vandals is in circulation, and ought to be numerously signed.

Mr. Johnson has sent in another veto—this time to the Arkansas bill. It was the general expectation that, sobered by events, he was going to let this opportunity escape him; but this, it seems, was based on a miscount of the time he had allowed to run by. He repeats his old argument against the right of Congress to impose any terms on any of the States, as a condition of readmission to the Union, being apparently still of opinion that this is one of the things which the President only can lawfully do. Commenting on the oath which binds the Arkansas elector not to attempt to create political discriminations between persons, on account of race or color, he asks, with much solemnity, "What will happen in case the people of Arkansas should see fit, hereafter, in defiance of this oath, to alter their constitution, and create such discriminations?" He, however, does not answer his question himself, and he can hardly expect any one else to do so.

The air is thick with rumors of a reconciliation between Butler and Grant, Mr. George Wilkes being the mediator. The correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* tells the story of the negotiations in a letter to that paper, but we hope the recital will be put into a more permanent form. Butler's griefs are three: 1. That Grant removed him from the command of the Army of the James. 2. That Grant spoke unfairly of him in his report. 3. That Grant invited him to an evening party in Washington after the war. To which Grant replies: 1. That when he invited Butler to his evening party he really desired Butler's presence at that entertainment, and did not mean to insult him, as Butler cruelly and falsely imagined. 2. That when he used the phrase "bottled up," he used it in a technical military sense. The basis of reconciliation is: 1. That Grant's card of invitation be taken as a *bonâ-fide* invitation, intended to bring Butler to the feast. 2. That Butler's unkind return of that card be considered, as diplomatists say, *non avenu*. 3. That if Butler retains unpleasant recollections of his operations on the James River he may demand a court of enquiry. The latest news is of Sunday night, and at that date "Butler's friends" were understood to be satisfied.

Senator Fowler, in a speech in Tennessee, has been making some unpleasant remarks about the conduct of Messrs. Wade and Sumner in the impeachment matter, and has alleged that "the whole House of Representatives is under the lead of those good old Democrats, B. F. Butler and John A. Logan." We are very sorry that Senator Fowler can find no better occupation for his vacation than making attacks of this kind on his colleagues and on the House of Representatives, and thought this particular one both weak and foolish. But all animadversion on him is rendered unnecessary by the remark of the *New York Tribune*, that his attack on the House is "in wretched taste." Condemnation from the *Tribune*, on this point, is like a gentle tap on the scalp from a steam-hammer—nothing more is needed. A man might be a very good fellow, and be disapproved of by Chesterfield; but when the *Tribune* says his language is in "wretched taste," women and children, and even decent men, ought to avoid his society. Mr. Butler has retorted by showing that Senator Fowler, in 1866, travelled 500 miles to see him at his home in Lowell, "to urge him vehemently not to cease his efforts till Andrew Johnson was impeached."

It looks as if the financial question in France must shortly come to a crisis. A new loan has been announced for $88,000,000. The present Emperor found the public debt about $1,000,000,000; after the addition to it of this last loan, it will reach $2,775,000,000, and the interest on this will be equal in amount to that paid by Great Britain on a debt of $4,000,000,000, owing to the bad terms on which the Imperial loans have been negotiated. It is true that neither the debt nor the interest will then be any greater than that of the United States, but they will bear on a population which hardly increases, and which supports 500,000 men in the flower of their age in complete idleness. The financial condition of the city of Paris is,

owing to Baron Haussmann's improvements, even worse than that of the State, as he bids fair to "improve" the inhabitants out of house and home. He has made three distinct sets of improvements. The first cost $52,000,000, and has been paid for; the second he was authorized to make by law, and it was to cost $30,000,000, but it turns out that it will cost $82,000,000; the third one he is now at work upon, without any authorization whatever, and it is to cost $60,000,000. Moreover, he borrowed $75,000,000 for these purposes from the Crédit Foncier, on his own motion, without any legal warrant, and had it charged to the city; and, what is more extraordinary, the Crédit Foncier lent it without asking for his authority, showing that the "legal mind" is rare enough in France to satisfy any Son of Thunder in this country who wants to have the government carried on by "popular instinct" and public speaking, without the aid of rules or forms. The "Cours des Comptes," which has in a loose way the supervision of the municipal accounts, has now brought the Baron to book, and compelled him to acknowledge a deficit. The burden disclosed is so enormous that it looks as if either a portion of it would have to be thrown on the already overtasked general treasury, or the city would have to be laid under taxes that will diminish population and drive away strangers, to whom it owes so much of its prosperity.

The last telegraphic news foreshadows the defeat of the Irish Church bill in the House of Lords; but as a dissolution of Parliament seems certain, this will not affect its ultimate fate. Mr. Disraeli, after trying to raise the "No Popery" cry with indifferent success, has taken to calling the disestablishment scheme an attempt at "revolution," and declares that the people must be consulted before anything so dreadful is accomplished. The New York *World*, in a long and elaborate article on this subject the other day, brought the coronation oath, binding the Queen to "maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof as by law established," etc., as a reason for believing that she would be forced to veto it. We have always supposed that the question of the force of the coronation oath, as regards legislation, was settled finally in the minds of all reasonable men by the discussion created by George the Third's scruples on the Catholic question. It is certainly the general understanding of English lawyers that the oath only binds the sovereign in his executive capacity; that in his capacity as a branch of the legislature, one of the enacting powers, he is under the same restrictions and no others as the House of Commons, and is bound, in vetoing and assenting to bills, to govern himself by the same considerations. It will certainly not be asserted in terms, that it was in the power of Elizabeth's Parliament to do anything which the present Parliament is not competent to undo, which is, however, what is really asserted by implication when it is said that Parliament has no power to disestablish the Irish Church. As regards the sacredness of Church property, whatever part this idea may have played in the Middle Ages, it has now no place in the jurisprudence of any civilized country. All modern governments deal with it on the same principles as other endowments.

The Municipal Council of Florence (Italy), which seems to have the control of the schools of the city, has been discussing the question by which every Catholic country, and every country in which Catholics are to be found in large numbers, is likely to be torn during the next fifty years—for we feel sure that, whatever laws may be passed, that period, at least, will have elapsed before the priests give up the struggle—viz.: Who shall control the schools—the state or the clergy? The point raised in Florence is whether the priests shall teach religion in the common schools or not, Tuscany being still exempt from the general school law of the rest of the kingdom. It is feared that if the common schools are taken completely out of the hands of the clergy, they will use their influence to keep the children away from them. On the other hand, the firmest opponents of clerical influence and firmest defenders of educational freedom are the members of what may almost be called a new sect, the "Liberi Pensatori," or Free Thinkers, who are the enemies of all religious teaching, and, in fact, of all religious feeling. This party, the equivalent of the French Encyclopædists and English "Secularists," which is swelling its ranks every day amongst the town populations, and which refuses to concern itself with a future state at all, seems to be, in our day, the usual product of revolt against Catholicism. Protestantism, in the ordinary sense of the term, no longer gains what Catholicism loses. The chief opponent of priestly teaching at Florence, however, is a statistician, Signor Maestri, the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, who takes the ground that no system of popular education can ever be established in Italy, or, if established, can be made effective, if the clergy are allowed to have anything to do with it, and that, as they must be fought, they may as well be fought first as last.

The Cretan trouble has entered upon a new and singular phase. The fighting has, as yet, decided nothing, inasmuch as the Cretans hold one portion of the island and the Turks another, and when we hear of peace, it means simply a temporary cessation of hostilities; but not even a truce. The Cretans have, however, been unable to make any impression on the Great Powers, and are apparently as far off from recognized annexation to Greece as ever. But they have determined to cut the knot themselves, and, accordingly, have sent deputies to Athens to represent them in the Greek Parliament. Amongst the number is M. Flourens, a French Philhellene, who has been fighting on the side of the insurgents ever since the insurrection broke out, and has actually proved enthusiastic enough to have himself "naturalized" by the Provisional Government. The sacrifice is not, however, so great as it seems, as we presume he does not lose his French citizenship by accepting that of a state of which the French Foreign Office knows nothing. The police in the Piræus attempted to prevent the delegates landing; but they have made their way to Athens, where the question of admitting them to seats has been creating a good deal of excitement. The Turkish Minister has protested in a note, in which it is said the representatives of the other Great Powers have joined. He announces that if they are received, he will demand his passports; and it is hard to see how Turkey could avoid treating it as a *casus belli*. The advantage to the Cretans of pressing the matter is, however, plain enough. It would be hard for them to hit on a form of demonstration more likely to impress the European imagination.

The Sultan's "Grand Council," which is to transform Turkey into a constitutional government, is getting slowly to work, and the chiefs of the rayah races, that is, the Patriarchs and Grand Rabbi, have paid him a visit in state, to thank him for his concessions. There is no good reason for supposing, however, that the scheme will work any better than other Turkish reforms. The disease of which the empire is perishing is, like all serious national diseases, moral rather than political. The fundamental reason why Turkey does not flourish is not because the laws are not good, but because Turks are Turks, and Bulgarians Bulgarians, and Greeks Greeks. There may be something behind this to account for the phenomenon of Turkish decrepitude, but if there is, it has not yet been found out. The Sultan is simply going through the hallucination by which nearly all reformers in Christian countries were possessed at the end of the last century, that all that was needed to make a nation free and happy was a well-drawn constitution. He will wake out of it, as they have done, if he lives long enough. What the combination of influences is which enables a people to live under laws of its own making no mortal can tell, though we can with tolerable certainty point out single circumstances which do *not* affect the case. The Hungarians are of the same race as the Turks, and yet they have shown more political capacity of a certain kind—and that a very high kind—than the Germans, who are of the same race as the English and Americans. The Irish are of the same race as the French, and yet stand lower in organizing power, while the French stand higher than any other European people. So that we may say with safety that it is not race simply which makes the spectacle of Turks sitting in parliament a comical and absurd spectacle; but what it is, who can tell? Any real solution of the difficulty would go far to account for the whole difference between Oriental and European civilization.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this Journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE FINANCIAL PROSPECT.

It is by no means as unreasonable or unsuitable as many people think, that the national fiscal year should close with the close of June. There is, on the contrary, much wisdom in it, and it is a pity that we should not be able to take the national census also at this precise time, as it would result in a far more accurate statement of our national wealth than when taken at any other season. What a nation most needs to know in this respect is the amount of its production, the amount of its consumption, and the balance between the two, the year's surplus, the savings of the nation, the addition to the total national wealth, so as to ascertain whether the whole people as a body are making every year that addition to their substance which is one of the absolute conditions of national welfare. The summer is the time to ascertain this. In early summer, before the new crops come in to confuse the account, we can best ascertain how much we have *saved* out of last year's crops, how much we have *failed to consume* of the products of last year's labor, how much we have *added to* the national wealth.

For these reasons the time seems to us peculiarly appropriate for studying the condition of our national household. The data to guide us are unfortunately very imperfect, but such as they are they will enable us to arrive at many conclusions of interest and importance.

The one great feature of our national housekeeping which obtrudes itself on our attention first, last, and at all times, our national debt, must here likewise claim attention first. We find on examination that from Sept. 1, 1865, when the debt first became fairly settled and its highest point was reached, up to June 1, 1866, a period of nine months, the total amount of the debt was reduced by nearly ninety millions. In the twelvemonth from June 1, 1866, to June 1, 1867, the total amount was reduced by the very large sum of over one hundred and fifty millions. In other words, the taxes levied upon the people's property and income sufficed to pay the regular expenses of the nation and the interest on the debt, and left a surplus in nineteen months of nearly two hundred and fifty millions, or of over thirteen millions a month, to be applied to the reduction of the debt. For the twelvemonth expiring June 1, 1868, the total reduction of the debt amounts to less than six millions of dollars, or about one-fortieth of the reduction of the previous year. As there has been no important change in the *rates* of taxation sufficient to affect materially the result for the past year, we must infer that the *amount* taxed, the property and income of the people, has been less, or else that the expenses of the nation have been greater. The very imperfect information vouchsafed to the people on this subject by their servants at Washington does not enable us to judge accurately to what extent the expenses have been greater than last year. The interest on the public debt has probably not been greater; the amount of debt on which interest was paid was less than last year, and the conversion of the debt from currency interest-bearing to coin interest-bearing securities has rather diminished than increased the rate of interest; for although, when calculated in currency, the coin interest makes a larger sum, yet this should not adversely change the figures in the Treasury accounts, since the interest is collected in coin from the customs duties, and in the departmental accounts coin and greenbacks are counted equal. The other ordinary expenses of the government cannot or should not have been much greater than last year; but a large portion of the year's income has been paid out as an extraordinary expense for bounties, estimated at about sixty millions. Even this large sum, of which only a small portion has really gone to benefit the troops, to whom it was pretended to be appropriated as a national gift or reward, cannot account for the striking deficiency. Indeed, it is confidently asserted that the payments on account of bounties have been purposely retarded and evaded as long as possible, in order not to alarm the people by too unfavorable exhibits of the Treasury's condition; and at the same time journals known as warm supporters of the financial department of the administration tell us that the last month's statement would have shown a much larger increase in the debt if the War Department requisitions had not been kept back for the same reason. It is, therefore, not unfair to surmise that but for these various devices the debt, instead of nominally decreasing during the year, would have shown a real increase of considerable magnitude. How far the surmise is correct we shall probably not learn positively until the middle of August, unless the totally inexcusable and suspicious practice of entirely withholding the June debt statement should this year be abandoned. But leaving all surmise aside, the fact remains that the reduction of the debt has fallen one hundred and fifty millions below that of last year, without important reductions in the rate of taxation, and without extraordinary expenditures sufficient to account for more than a small portion of the difference.

The inference is inevitable. The taxes have not been collected, or else the taxable property and income have diminished. That the former is the case to a very large extent everybody is well aware. The open, undisguised frauds in the collection of the whiskey and tobacco taxes are a disgrace to the nation, and are exerting a most poisonous influence upon public and private morals. The income from the whiskey tax, which should produce two hundred millions, will, it is said, fall below twenty millions, the difference of one hundred and eighty millions being divided between dishonest distillers and corrupt tax collectors. But the whiskey tax was not much better collected last year than it has been this, and the falling off in our surplus, as compared with last year, cannot, therefore, be due to the whiskey ring. There is in fact only one way to account for the falling off of our national income, and that is, startling as the statement may appear, *our steadily increasing poverty. The people of the United States are, and have been for several years past, steadily decreasing in wealth.* It is to this cause and to no other that we must attribute the falling off in our surplus revenue during the last year.

We do not propose to answer all the objections to our assertion, especially not those based upon "our vast mineral resources, the wealth of our merchant princes, our miles of marble palaces, and our leagues of costly equipages, etc." We do not intend to enquire what the total property of the nation is estimated at in greenback dollars and cents. If a man owns one cow, she can produce but one calf and a given amount of milk per annum, whether her market price be one hundred dollars or fifty, whether the calf sell for ten dollars or twenty, and the milk for five cents a gallon or for ten. Whatever the price may be in greenbacks or gold, there will be but one cow, one calf, and just one cow's daily milk. And when the calf is killed, it will furnish just one meal to fifty or a hundred people, no matter what the meat sells at per pound. The question of wealth for a nation is not how many dollars will their milch cows sell for, but how many milch cows are there to produce calves and milk to feed a hungry people. Now, a comparison of the census of 1860 with recent reports of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington shows that, whereas the people of the United States have largely increased in numbers, the milch cows have decreased to the extent of fully five per cent.; that, where before the war enough calves were every year allowed to grow up to furnish an addition to the existing number of milch cows, during the war and since not enough have been allowed to grow up even to replace the number of cows annually dying, much less to keep up the increase required by the growing wants of a growing population. Is it to be wondered that milk and butter and meat are high? Is it necessary to attribute to paper money some miraculous influence in raising prices, when we see that in this instance, at least, the rise in prices is due to a very different cause? Is the nation poorer or not in the matter of milch cows? The farmer who values his cow at one hundred dollars may think himself richer than when his cow was worth fifty dollars only, but the nation that has four hundred thousand less milch cows to feed four millions more people can scarcely be thought to have increased its wealth.

In our climate and with our habits milk and all its products are an absolute necessity. Hence, whatever else may be recklessly consumed, wasted, or destroyed, milch cows will be carefully preserved and every effort made to keep up their number. Thus the decrease in the number of milch cows, though sufficiently startling, is in reality

comparatively light. The decrease in the number of milch cows is estimated at five per cent. for the seven years; the decrease in the number of oxen and working cattle during the same time is six times as great, or over thirty per cent.; the decrease in asses and mules is twenty-eight per cent., in horses seventeen per cent., in swine nearly twenty-five per cent. Truly, most startling figures. Of all domestic animals the only one that has increased in numbers is the sheep, and here the increase is large, nearly seventy per cent. The cutting off of our cotton supply during the war, with the necessity of substituting wool wherever practicable, and the enormous demand for woollen clothing and blankets for the army, made it seem extremely profitable to raise sheep; few were killed for meat, and they increased rapidly, until we have more than the country needs or can use. In a dollars-and-cents estimate of our wealth, this increase in the number of sheep may partially offset the decrease in the number of other cattle, but it cannot in any real estimate of our wealth. The value of sheep is based almost exclusively on their wool, and we are producing more wool than we fairly know what to do with; we cannot produce it cheaply enough to export it; it is selling to-day at less in greenbacks than before the war in gold; and the whole Northwest is clamorous for higher duties on the few fine imported wools, as though that would suddenly increase the demand for our home product. (This is another illustration of the way in which prices rise and fall without the slightest reference to an inflated currency). We cannot, except under direct compulsion, as during the war, substitute wool for cotton or linen; we cannot, except to a very moderate extent, eat mutton, even were it ever so cheap, which it is not; nor do sheep yield us milk, butter, cheese, nor have we found means to make them labor for us. It appears, therefore, that the apparent increase of our wealth through the increased number of sheep will only very slightly offset the actual and positive decrease of our wealth through the decrease in the number of horses, mules, cows, and oxen. The fact remains, that we are as a people very much poorer in domestic animals than we were a few years ago.

The figures in regard to domestic animals are so striking and their importance is so readily understood, that we have given them fuller consideration. But we might go through one-half the principal objects comprising our national wealth with the same result. With the exception of corn, our supply of almost every article of farinaceous food is less to-day than it has been for years at this season. Our stock of cotton is less than one-half of what it was this time last year, and shrewd dealers fear that we, the United States of America, may again have to import cotton from Europe this summer, as our supply will not suffice to keep our mills going until the new crop comes in. Surely we are not rich in cotton. Six or seven steamships cross the Atlantic Ocean weekly from and to our shores; not one of them is ours. We are not rich in steamships, save in the costly and unwieldy monsters rusting away our wealth under the name of vessels of war out of commission or laid up in ordinary. The foreign steamers ploughing the Atlantic bring us weekly their costly loads of foreign merchandise; but even of these we have no accumulated stocks to represent our wealth. Even in foreign merchandise we are poorer than usual. Whatever arrives is rapidly consumed, and we look around in vain in all our markets to find the wherewithal to pay for them. We are exporting next to nothing; we have next to nothing to export, to pay our debts with, save—promises to pay our debts at some future time, that is to say, our bonds, five-twenties, and ten-forties. But even these are not taken abroad in sufficient numbers or with sufficient rapidity to pay for all we owe, and hence we are obliged to send gold; send it in larger quantities than we have ever sent it before—over forty-six millions of dollars since the first of January; send it, too, at a time when all Europe is at peace, and the banks of England and France and all the principal Continental cities are glutted with the accumulation of idle coin; send it until our stock even of gold has fallen off nearly twelve per cent. from what it was this time last year; send it, it seems likely, until some day we shall suddenly awake to find ourselves ten years further off from specie payments than we now seem to be.

The coming fall is going to be our season of trial. From what we have said, it must be evident that the Secretary of the Treasury has, with the utmost good management, been barely able during the last twelvemonth to keep his head above water, and that it is doubtful now whether the year about to close will not have to close on a financial deficiency, an actual increase over last year in the amount of the total debt. The prospect for the more distant future is gloomier still. In face of the fact that the present income of the Government is barely sufficient for meeting its expenditures, Congress has reduced that income one-fourth, by remitting the manufacturing taxes to the extent of about eighty millions without making the slightest provision for an increase of revenue from any other source. It proposes, it is true, to reduce the tax on whiskey, which is in itself a measure of unquestionable wisdom. But the whole administration of the revenue is so lax and irregular that honest men are compelled to protest against well-established taxes because their neighbors and competitors are not called upon to pay them; and the head of the revenue department is so much occuped with a quarrel with his official superior that he keeps the most important questions "under advisement," and both the people and the officials are beginning to believe that there is no head to the department at all. The Secretary himself is the object of violent attacks, coupled with repeated rumors of his intended resignation and of the appointment of his successor, all evidently intended to force him to resign.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that our position is a very serious one, but the whole country seems infatuated with the contrary belief, or, at least, is sunk in total apathy or wrapt in ignorant selfishness. Can it be that sensible men are indifferent to the fact that Congress is about to adjourn with an all but undoubted revenue deficit of many millions staring us in the face? Is it of little or no consequence that the two most important financial officials of the country are openly at war at the very time when our whole financial system requires the most skilful handling to prevent the most awkward complications? Who can doubt that an outbreak this summer or fall of the oft-threatened war in Europe would affect us tenfold more injuriously than it did two years ago? May be, much of the indifference is due to the vague hope that good luck will carry us through this winter without disaster, and to the unquestioning faith in the honesty, purity, and ability of the administration which General Grant is to give to the nation after March next. May he prove worthy of so much trust!

WHAT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY WANTS.

Are there any good reasons why the Democratic party should now receive the approval of the people of the United States, and why the management of public affairs should now be committed to its charge? In answer to this question we state two propositions, which we think can be clearly established by a reference to the political history of the country.

All of the principles and measures which the Democratic party held and maintained during its period of growth, strength, and activity have either been abandoned by it, or have been finally and for ever rejected by the people; secondly, all of the principles and measures which it now holds and advocates are either in direct antagonism to those which it formerly maintained, or are in equally direct antagonism to the will of the people most solemnly expressed by a life-and-death struggle for national existence.

During the period prior to the adoption of the present Constitution, two ideas were contending for the mastery—national power and local liberty. The Articles of Confederation represented the latter idea, the Constitution the former. Still, the Constitution was so much a work of compromise that it endeavored to strike the golden mean between two equally impracticable extremes, by giving absolute supremacy to the General Government in those matters which are peculiarly national, and by leaving the States with the control of those matters which are local and private. But the balance was very nicely adjusted, and the old struggle has been continued, and perhaps will be continued indefinitely.

Those who originally opposed the Constitution naturally became grouped into a party which upheld the local supremacy of the States. To these were added some men, like Madison, who had taken a very active part in forming the organized law. This party represented and upheld the idea of personal, local political liberty. We cannot doubt that the Federalists were as patriotic, as honorable, and as devoted as their opponents; but they rather wished to govern for the people

than by the people. It is a mistake to suppose that slavery entered very largely into the contest which preceded the adoption of the Constitution. The opposition to that instrument was most powerful in Massachusetts, and only failed of success in New York, notwithstanding the labors of Hamilton and Jay, by a distinct understanding that a number of amendments protecting individual and political liberty should be immediately adopted; while in South Carolina the proposed scheme of government was accepted by an overwhelming majority. To this idea of local and personal liberty was soon added that of the extension of political rights, and particularly the right of suffrage. The party which maintained these principles was sure of success, and success soon followed. Everywhere aggressive, everywhere proclaiming the rights of man, and sympathizing with the peoples of Europe who were struggling with old dynasties, this party won an easy victory, and long held the results of its triumph.

But from the very beginning of the present government many leaders of this party had not only insisted with emphasis upon the rights reserved to the States by the terms of the Constitution, but had maintained that the States not only originally were, but still continue to be, sovereign; not only originally were, but still continue to be, the parties to a voluntary compact—a compact binding upon them only during the continuance of their tacit consent. This doctrine, simply because it was more logical than any other which desired the supremacy of the nation, and because it could not be successfully answered in any other way than by maintaining the absolute sovereignty of the one people of the United States, rapidly gained ground. Jefferson was its first prominent apostle: Calhoun wrought it out with irresistible logical deductions from his premises, and linked it with the cause of slavery. This theory produced one necessary effect, that of denying to the General Government the authority to decide upon its own powers. It is true that this denial was by many limited to the Supreme Court. Jefferson, the champion of absolute State sovereignty, and Jackson, the champion of a modified State sovereignty, were ready enough to uphold the power of the President while they held that high office; but they denied, with equal alacrity and emphasis, the capacity of the Supreme Court to settle any questions of constitutional construction, and to pronounce upon the powers of co-ordinate departments of the Government. It was Jackson who made the brutal remark upon C. J. Marshall's righteous decision in the Cherokee case, which the *Tribune* is so fond of quoting. We think there was a general consistency in these doctrines and principles. Between the absolute State sovereignty of Jefferson and Calhoun, and the modified State sovereignty of Madison and Jackson, the line of separation was shadowy and indistinct, and was fast disappearing. It did finally disappear within our own immediate times, and the Democratic party has become united upon the theory of Calhoun.

Compare this retrospect with the present position of political affairs. If there is one question which the people of the United States have finally settled, it is the absolute nationality and oneness of themselves, separate and distinct from any State boundaries and State organizations. If there is one claim which they have denied and for ever rejected, it is that of any independent State sovereignty. Millions of dollars, burdens voluntarily assumed for generations, thousands of lives willingly given up, attest this fact. We fought for our nationality, not for an assemblage of sovereign States. What does the Democratic party offer us as the result of the war and of the victory? It proposes the doctrine of absolute State sovereignty in its most offensive form. It asserts the complete right of the insurgent States to resume their former position with no loss of political power or capacity; it requires no conditions from the rebellious commonwealth; it denies the authority of the Congress to legislate upon the subject. Disguise it as we may, cover it up with an assumed love for the Union, this is the assertion of absolute State sovereignty, and a virtual abdication of national authority. It offers a premium to organized rebellion. Should these views be adopted, we believe that it would have been better had the Southern States succeeded in their war upon the nation. For the precedent thus established would virtually say to every State: "There is no risk in rebellion; resist at your pleasure; if you succeed, you will have obtained the object of your desires; if you fail, you will have lost no political attribute; therefore, rebel, and rebel as occasion shall permit." This is what the Democratic party now virtually says: the Western Democrats are not more reticent in the expression of their opinion than those of South Carolina or of Mississippi. Can the people of the United States adopt these views? We believe that the Republican party, as represented by its legislators, has done many unwise, and some invalid acts; but we more firmly believe that if the positions of the Democratic party be adopted, the war for nationality will have been turned into a farce.

The other principle which the Democratic party now maintains, is, that this is a "white man's government," and therefore that the electoral franchise should under no circumstances be given to the negro. We would not mistake the position. If we could see any signs of a desire to establish a qualification of intelligence or moral worth, we might be satisfied. But there is no such sign. The party has placed itself boldly upon the position of denying to the negro citizen any part whatever in the management of public affairs. The "visible admixture" law of Ohio, passed during the present session of the State Legislature, illustrates this tendency. We need not argue that all this is in direct antagonism with the living principles which the Democratic party once promulgated with an enthusiasm which made success certain. We do not now stop to discuss the correctness of the opposing theory in relation to the electoral franchise; it may be a manhood right; it may be a trust wielded for the benefit of the whole mass of people. We only say that the Democratic party originally attained its ascendency by advocating the former theory, and that now it has no argument whatever to support its restriction of the theory to white men. It appeals only to prejudice, and upon the prejudices of the "baser sort" it hopes to ride into power. But we will for a moment recall our statement. One gentleman of prominence among the New York Democrats has thought it important to suggest a scientific basis for the rejection of negro voters. He has with much show of learning stated that the family is the unit of society, and therefore that the family should be the source of political power. We can understand this. The notion is, in fact, somewhat old; it carries us back to Abraham and the other tribal sheiks among the Western Asiatics, and to the paterfamilias of the early Roman republic. But still the notion has a certain logical consistency. The head of the family may be in some sense looked upon as the representative of his descendants and dependents, and as, therefore, the depositary of all political power belonging to that aggregate of individuals. We can understand this conception of a social organization, but can hardly reconcile it with our modern notions of a republican government. But we have misunderstood the scientific Democrat. He gives a different term to the idea of the family. The family is the social and political unit, and therefore no persons who cannot become members of the family are clothed with any political rights. Negroes cannot become members of a white family, and therefore should not be permitted to vote. That is to say, all families must be white; all Asiatic and African connections are mere concubinage. We are afraid that, if the learned and scientific members of the Manhattan Club should carry out their theory to its easy results, they would disfranchise the Sixth Ward and many other strongholds of Democracy.

We have thus seen that of the two grand principles now set forth by the Democratic Party, one has received the unmistakable condemnation of the people, and the other is in direct hostility to its earlier and better doctrines.

Our time and space will not permit us to enlarge upon some of the practical measures of policy which were once the points of contest between the Democratic party and the Whigs. Do we expect now any clear utterance from the approaching Convention upon the subjects of internal improvements, United States banks, protective tariff, metallic currency? The people have settled the question of those improvements which aid the foreign and the inter-State commerce. Will the Democratic party raise its voice against the Pacific Railway? The National Bank system has not only taken the place of the old United States Bank against which Jackson and Benton fought with such untiring zeal, but has swallowed up the State institutions. Will the Democratic party decree its overthrow? A paper currency has driven all gold and silver out of circulation. Will the Democratic

party repeat its old hard-money doctrines? It appears as though they hoped to obtain power upon the extreme opposite measure.

GRANT AND CHASE.

A CORRESPONDENT on another page accuses us of deviating from the principle which we have so freely advocated in the selection of public servants, by our expression of preference for Grant over Chase as a candidate for the Presidency. There is no doubt whatever that if the Presidency was to be the prize of a competitive examination, and was to be awarded to the best answerer of questions in logic, jurisprudence, political economy, common and statute law, taxation and revenue, General Grant's chance against Chief-Justice Chase would be very small. Those branches of knowledge with which the Chief-Justice's career as a lawyer and politician has naturally made him familiar, are those on which, if the Presidency were the reward of intellectual proficiency, candidates would naturally be examined. In other words, a lawyer and politician is, in the ordinary course of his life, in a certain sense, qualifying for the Presidency in so far as knowledge and experience qualify a man for it, and this cannot be said of a mere soldier. There is evidently in the minds of many people, and of our correspondent amongst the number, a feeling that when we have admitted this, we have admitted all that the Chief-Justice needs to have admitted to make plain his superiority to Grant. If we can place confidence in the reports of his opinions made by newspaper correspondents—and he has of late been so very outspoken, and the correspondents have on this point so generally agreed, that we feel warranted in believing them—he himself rests his claims largely on his intellectual acquirements and his experience of public affairs—matters in which Grant cannot compare with him, and in which anything like a competitive examination would make his superiority more evident still.

We of course speak of competitive examinations in connection with the Presidency merely by way of illustration. No one has ever seriously contemplated any such mode of selecting candidates for that office, because, in the first place, nobody aspires to it before he has reached the latter half of an active and conspicuous life, in which all his powers have been tried in the presence of the public by tests far more varied and searching than any examination could supply; and, in the second place, because—and this is the important point—moral qualities count for vastly more in fitting a man for such position than intellectual acquirements, and the existence or nature of these qualities in any particular case can only be got at by observation of a man's whole career. By moral qualities we do not mean what are ordinarily called "the moral sentiments"—a man's benevolence, a love of justice or of truth. We mean courage, persistence, perception, tact, knowledge of human nature, the faculty of superintendence; that whole assemblage of qualities, in short, which has in so many cases made great rulers and statesmen of men whose knowledge or experience was, in the strict sense of the words, comparatively small. Now, you cannot find out by any self-examination or particular intellectual feat—be it speech, book, bill, sermon, or report—whether a man has these qualities or not. There is no plummet by which you can sound the portion of his nature in which they lie. You have, in the case of obscure persons, to take on these points the testimony of those who have known them long. You have, in the case of well-known aspirants to high official positions, to take the judgment of the community at large, based on observation of their conduct under varied and trying circumstances. This may not be a perfect test, but it is the best possible. So that even if it were not the settled custom of the country for the higher officers of the government to be chosen by the popular vote, we should advocate it as the most effective mode of selection. In other words, a man's fitness for the Presidency is rather a question of character than of acquirements. Of the character of a public man, the public, and the public only, can be judge.

If we apply this rule to the two candidates most talked of—we will not say before the country, for the Chief-Justice has not yet been nominated, and we cannot yet believe that he will be—there is little in our humble opinion to be said for the Chief-Justice, and a great deal to be said for Grant; and in order to show that what we say now with regard to their respective merits is not said perfunctorily as part of the regular campaign work of a Republican paper, we shall take the liberty of referring such of our readers as think it worth their while to keep back numbers of the *Nation* to an article on General Grant appearing Dec. 9, and to two others, making a somewhat elaborate comparison between the two men, appearing Jan. 16. On both of these occasions we pointed out not only what we conceived to be Grant's fitness for the Presidency, and his great moral superiority to the Chief-Justice, but what we conceived to be the Chief-Justice's want of fitness for the Presidency, even supposing there was nobody else in the field. We may mention, too, not for the purpose of taking away from the effect of what any other journal is now saying in support of Grant, but for the purpose of vindicating our own right to refrain from bellowing and ranting at periods when others of the brethren are pleased to consider bellowing and ranting the only trustworthy indication of "soundness," that many of those journals which are now loudest in support of Grant were then foremost in decrying him, and were praying for the election of Chase as the one thing needed to restore peace and prosperity. Moreover, we took the liberty on that same occasion to commend in as strong terms as we had at our disposal that habit of reserve for which Grant is famous, although at that time many of the people were treating it as an indication either of stupidity or knavery. We now read with some bewilderment, therefore, but nevertheless with great satisfaction, glowing eulogies in the same columns on the golden gift of silence, the blessed art of holding one's tongue.

There was no reason at that time for thinking ill of Chase and well of Grant which does not now exist. We condemned the Chief-Justice for seeking the Republican nomination; we condemn still more strongly his seeking the Democratic nomination, and we considered his seeking the one, proof that he was capable of seeking the other. We confess we do not well see how any person who has carefully considered the duties and obligations of his judicial position can, after witnessing his political labors in 1866–67 in the Republican ranks, feel either shocked or surprised at his coquetting with the Democrats in 1868. His fall consisted in his coming down into the political arena at all. Once there his choice lies between tweedledum and tweedledee. He may be as learned, as honest, as upright, and as patriotic as you please; he has nevertheless committed the unpardonable sin. We are told that he is opposed to the attacks of the Radicals on the Supreme Court, and is in favor of judicial independence. We tell him, not as our opinion only, but as that of every man who knows what place the judiciary of a free state ought to hold, that he is the worst enemy the Supreme Court has ever had. By showing that a man as able, as learned as he, possessing as many claims to public confidence as he possesses, can, without shame or scruple, use the highest judicial position in the country as a stepping-stone to the Presidency, and can divide his time between hearing appeals on the loftiest of benches and discussing his own "chances" and "principles" with wire-pullers and newspaper correspondents, he has not only created the greatest scandal of the day, but given the Boutwells and the Stevenses all the excuse they need desire for wresting from the Court the last shreds of dignity or authority.

We know that the only inducement the Democrats have for even thinking of him as a candidate is the expectation that his name, linked with such a platform as he would be willing to stand on, would draw off a considerable number from the Republican ranks. We know, too, that this expectation is not altogether unfounded, and that in the Eastern States, at least, the exploits of the impeachers and the judicial disquisitions of the New York *Tribune* have prepared more Republicans for desertion, in case a reasonable excuse should offer itself, than many of the "earnest men" of the party imagine. But any Republican who allows his disgust with anything that has yet occurred in the party ranks to drive him into voting for Chase must certainly have singular notions of reform. Anybody who admires the declamation of a judge on the stump against trial by military commissions or in favor of "equal rights for all"—the great defence against both military commissions and all infringements of equal rights being pure, independent, and unsuspected civil courts—must have a singularly constituted mind. Grant is also abandoning a high and independent position, but not so much for the pursuit of political honors as for the acceptance of them from men who firmly believe his acceptance of them necessary for the

good of the country. This at the very least must be said; whatever harm he does by it, he does to himself. He looses no bond and shakes no faith by which society is held together; he has incurred no obligation, as Mr. Chase has, to leave hope and fear behind him and make himself no man's suitor or debtor, and to act in the midst of change as the representative of the one thing which knows no change.

OFFICIAL SALARIES.

THE attempt to increase the pay of the Government clerks in Washington which was made and failed last week was so clearly one of those little spurts into which the lower House occasionally breaks without either rhyme or reason, information or deliberation, when the importunity of the lobby becomes greater than some active members can bear, that it does not of itself call for much attention. But the comments of the press upon it and the arguments generally used against it suggest strongly that the public has not given the matter enough attention to enable it to say positively what the duty of Congress is. We have not seen it anywhere denied that the clerks are poorly paid, that they get less than is needed to enable men and women in their position to live with decency and with reasonable freedom from what may be called the animal cares of life. The newspapers have, as far as our observation has gone, disposed of their claims by asserting that they cannot be underpaid because thousands stand ready to take their places whenever they choose to vacate them. This is no doubt true, but if it proves anything it proves too much. It is just as good an argument for reducing their salaries as for not increasing them. If twenty per cent. were taken off the salaries instead of being added to them, there would be as many people ready to take the places as there are now, but this does not show that the clerks are now overpaid. There is hardly any office of which the emoluments are so small that nobody whatever is willing to fill it, if nothing but willingness is exacted of him as a qualification. The market price of labor is no doubt the price at which people can be got to perform it, but this is only true of cases in which the kind and quantity of labor are strictly defined. If an employer does not care what sort of men he employs, how many hours they work, or how their work is done, he will find no difficulty in securing men at almost any rate; but then to call his maximum the market rate would be absurd.

The United States is practically, as far as the Civil Service is concerned, an employer of this kind. It takes any kind of laborer and lets him work pretty much as he pleases, and can, of course, therefore always say in reply to his complaints of insufficient payment, Your discontent is unreasonable, because we can readily fill your place for the same wages. But supposing the true rule to be adopted, that the government work needs to be performed with a certain degree of efficiency, by men of a certain character and of a certain degree of capacity, and that none others will be received, it will be found that its officials are both in Washington and elsewhere greatly and disgracefully underpaid, and that to expect honesty or efficiency in return for the present salaries is preposterous.

A comparison in mere figures of the salaries paid by the United States with those paid by foreign powers would not settle the question. Living is a great deal dearer here than it is in any foreign country; it is a great deal dearer now than it was when the salaries were fixed. In other words, they have been reduced within the last seven years from thirty to forty per cent., and seven years ago they were insufficient. The servants of foreign governments are only part paid in money. They receive very large remuneration over and above their salaries in *honor*, in *security*, and in *hope*. Their office adds to the consideration in which they are held by society—or, in other words, gratifies one of the most constant, most powerful, and most respectable feelings of the human heart, a feeling which, as Mr. Jenckes ably showed in his speech, in May, on reform in the civil service, might be made greatly instrumental in promoting purity in our service, but which we allow to run wholly to waste. In this country a man loses rather than gains in popular estimation by accepting any but the highest positions under government. Moreover, the salaries paid by foreign governments—we are speaking, of course, of the more highly civilized nations—are in the nature of a life annuity. They give a man almost complete security as to his future and that of his family as long as he lives and behaves well. That is, they do not destroy all the risks to which a man dependent on his own exertions is exposed, but they greatly diminish their number by making the continuance of his income depend simply on his health and good conduct. There is nobody who has had the slightest experience of a life of toil who does not know what a boon this security would be to a vast number of persons of unsurpassed fidelity, honesty, industry, and punctuality, who are unfitted by temperament or intellect to take the risks of the great battle of commerce or the professions. Foreign governments by offering them security procure their services; they avoid ours except as a last resource. Finally, foreign governments, by means of promotion and superannuation pensions, pay their servants largely in hope. They not only supply them with a constant incentive to good behavior by offering a fair prospect of rising, but they supply them with a source of solid, daily comfort. They make their lives brighter and more cheerful, in doing away with the necessity under which all men, really fit to do honest service for anybody, feel of saving for the helpless period of old age.

It is, of course, difficult to estimate the value of these three things in dollars and cents. To different men they have different degrees of value; but, taking the average man, and considering what are the objects for which he toils, it is, we think, no exaggeration to set them down as equivalent to an addition of fifty per cent. to his yearly income. In the great army of "carpet-baggers," who are one year found editing a newspaper in Nebraska, the next keeping a grocery in Michigan, the next peddling patent double-action toothpicks in New York, and perhaps the next defending "the rights of man" on the stump in Georgia or Mississippi, whose home is on the railroad car, and whose furniture consists of a shawl, these things have few attractions. These gentlemen like to get their pay in money, and the government service is unfortunately largely recruited from them. But the best portion of this, as of every other, community is composed of men for whom a fixed residence, a comfortable fireside, and a tranquil old age are ends to which money is but the means, and it is from this class we should draw our public servants.

It is quite true that efficiency does not increase in the ratio of salary. In fact, one tendency of a fixed salary is to beget sloth, and there are few things more demoralizing than over-payment for any kind of work. The soporific influence of salaries ought to be combated not only by the fear of dismissal, which in practice must always have little influence, but by the prospect of promotion. Without this every service must be pervaded by indifference and languor, unless, indeed, activity is kept up by the chance of committing frauds. But it is as certain as anything of the kind can be that underpayment is the most powerful of known stimuli to peculation. There is hardly any man, no matter how strong his principles may be, who can resist its influence. M. de Launay, who was farmer-general of the Prussian revenues under Frederick II., found the salaries of the custom-house officers too small for their support, and begged the king to raise them as the only means of putting a stop to fraud. The king refused at first, said his subjects were all rogues, and alleged, as many of the newspapers do now with regard to our officials, that if his officers were paid better the revenues would be diminished, but they would not rob any the less. To which De Launay replied by an argument which was a valuable contribution to political science, but which, simple as it is when stated, few governments have acted on, and ours less than most others, in their management of their officers. "There is, sire," said he, "a most important maxim, which in matters of government is too frequently neglected. It is that *men in general desire to be honest;* but it is always necessary to leave them the ability of being so." The king gave way; the salaries of the officers were increased by one-half; and the result was that the revenue was increased by one-third without any new taxes.

We underpay nearly everybody in the public service; and, in fact, nearly everybody in the country, the returns of whose labor are not capable of estimation in figures, is underpaid. The managers of commercial enterprises usually conduct them in the light of experience and on principles of human nature, and therefore pay whatever is neces-

sary to secure good honest service, and consider no salary extravagant which does this, and lawyers are generally pretty well paid, because everybody knows what the amount is which he hopes to gain and fears to lose when he employs them. But the judges, teachers, professors, ministers, and government clerks are paid at rates which, considering the interest of money and the real wealth of the country, are absurdly low. In estimating the wants of these classes, Cincinnatus or the Apostle Peter, or some other extraordinary person, seems to be often selected as the standard, and the common nineteenth-century "provider" is expected to display, as a matter of course, for twelve or fifteen hundred a year, virtues so rare that they have secured deathless fame for a few sages and heroes of antiquity.

One great reason, in our opinion, why the rewards of the higher kinds of labor are so low amongst us, is that the sentiment which decides what a man's wants ought to be is largely, more largely than in any other country, that of farmers. In every other civilized nation the city population rules the country population, and regulates everything connected with the public service. It decides what the wants of a public functionary ought to be, what his dignity or their tastes or their feelings require, and how far they should be consulted in fixing the amount of his salary. Here the agricultural classes may, for the first time in history, be said to control completely the government, not in general only, but in details. Now, a farmer's notions of the real wants of a family differ considerably from those of a city man; his notions of the value of ready money differ more widely still. He handles comparatively little ready money, or if he does, spends but little of it himself on the supply of his personal wants in the course of the year. He has no sympathy with the city man's love of society, his temptations in the way of books and amusements, his particularity about his dress and his furniture. Of that prodigious nervous activity and sensitiveness which the urban life of modern times has developed, and which seems every year to increase, he knows nothing, and will make no allowance for it; and the consequence is that, as our functionaries have to live mostly in cities, they are exposed to extraordinary trials, while their stock of virtue, owing to our mode of selecting them, is not sufficient even for ordinary ones.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 5, 1868.

FOR the last few days there has been a lull in political matters. After a sharpish tussle, Mr. Disraeli succeeded in getting his own way with the Scotch Reform bill, aided by the general desire to see business wound up, and by the comparative smallness of the issues at stake. A little more work still remains to be done in Parliament, in which no hitch is likely to occur, and we shall then have an appeal, either in the autumn or winter, to the new constituencies. The "leap in the dark" will be taken, and we shall learn what are the proclivities of an English democracy. Meanwhile a little wrangling goes on, chiefly with a view to electioneering. The Liberal party are rather nervous as to the possible effects of a "No Popery" cry, and are doing their best to fix upon Mr. Disraeli and his subordinates the blame of having proposed to endow the Roman Catholic priesthood. There can be no doubt that the Ministry, in fact, coquetted with the Roman Catholic party, and tried to hold out to them some hopes, but of a studiously vague nature. The Irish Secretary, Lord Mayo, compromised himself by a statement that the government policy was to be one of "levelling upwards;" that is to say, of raising the Roman Catholic clergy instead of disendowing the Protestant Church. Mr. Disraeli does his best to wriggle out of this, and to demonstrate that it meant nothing more than some vague proposal about workhouse chaplains. No one can presume to say what it did mean, except that it meant in some way a bid for support from the Roman Catholics. But whether the odium thus thrown upon the government will counterbalance the odium accruing to the opposition for their liberal policy, is a difficult problem. We shall see before long, and that is all that is to be said at present.

Meanwhile Parliament has been enjoying the short foretaste of bliss known as the Whitsuntide recess, and, favored by lovely summer weather, the short holidays have passed pleasantly to most persons. The Derby has been won and lost amidst more than usual excitement. The special excitement on the present occasion was produced by the Marquis of Hastings. This nobleman, though still young, has managed to spend a large fortune upon the turf. He has brought matters to such a pass that he was unable to pay his bets. The British public always sympathizes with a young nobleman in such a position, and was particularly excited by the fact that he owned the favorite for the Derby, and would win, in the event of success, enough money to set him upon his legs again, something, it was said, between one and two hundred thousand pounds. Unluckily, his horse turned out to be a thorough impostor, and instead of winning was last but two. The marquis is, therefore, worse off than before, and adds one more to the many victims of our glorious national sport. The sums of money at stake are so large, and have of late years increased so enormously, that the temptation to all the disreputable practices which accompany gambling is overwhelming for many young men with more money than brains. It is not surprising to hear on all hands complaints of the decay of the turf in all the qualities by which its faults were formerly redeemed. But it passes the skill of reformers to suggest any effectual remedy so long as such vast amounts are daily won and lost. The breed of horses is being damaged by the practice of running them off their legs as two-year-olds; gambling is stimulated, young men are ruined, and the whole business becomes so dirty that few people can touch it without being defiled. Whether any reformation can be effected is doubtful; but if not, we must expect to see the sport gradually lose ground in public estimation till it follows the downward path of prize-fighting and other amusements of our ancestors.

I indulged lately in a holiday of a different kind, which I think might be recommended to any one who desires to see some of the outward and visible signs of the strength of English conservatism. I refer to a trip down the Thames from Oxford to Eton. The Thames, as you are aware, is not quite so big as the Mississippi, nor even as the Rhine; but it has the merit that in a few miles it gives the very essence of English scenery. The whole landscape is on a miniature scale, with miniature hills and meadows and woods; but they have that grace which is almost peculiar to England —the grace of elaborate finish such as that of a well-kept garden. Every inch shows the expenditure of centuries of civilized labor, and is significant of wealthy comfort. Old manor-houses—some of them enclosing the remnants of extinct abbeys—picturesque churches, new villas, and stately mansions abound; trim lawns, rich in flowers, as smooth and carefully swept as drawing-room carpets, slope to the water's edge; the river encloses sleepy and well-ordered parks, or reflects the shadows of woods full of aged forest trees; even the cottages of old stained brick, and frequently covered with flowers, are at least picturesque outside. In short, it realizes the picture of an English home in Tennyson's "Palace of Art"—

> "Softer than sleep, all things in order stood,
> A haunt of ancient peace."

And at the two termini of the voyage, some seventy miles by water, are the venerable college buildings of Oxford and the "distant spires and ancient towers" of Eton, with the grand old walls of Windsor Castle looking down upon them. A boy brought up under the shadow of Windsor, in the pleasures of our greatest public school, sent afterwards to Oxford, where every street-corner is historical, and with a chance of settling down in some grand mansion on the banks of the Thames, must, one would think, be a thorough Conservative. Everything is so toned by time, so harmonious, and possibly so enervating, that change seems harsh and wanton. And yet symptoms of change may be observed. At Oxford, indeed, two of our best-known preachers were thundering from the University pulpit. The Bishop of Oxford was eloquent in his usual unctuous style, which to me, I confess, is simply repulsive; he is one of the very cleverest men in England; he is, it is said, an active and useful bishop; and he is an acknowledged leader of the High Church party; unluckily, no one outside his own party puts any faith in "Soapy Sam," to use his vulgar nickname. His ruling passion seems to be a love of applause; and he will indulge in the silliest of claptrap and the most fulsome of rhetoric to obtain it. He made himself ridiculous some years ago by denouncing Darwin after a fashion which simply showed his utter scientific ignorance, and he is always ready to put himself forward to talk any amount of reckless nonsense about any matter that in any way concerns the Church, with a special turn for appealing to ignorant popular prejudices. It is no wonder that he has a reputation for insincerity, and that in spite of his great talents, especially as an orator, he has little weight with the secular world. Mr. Liddon, the other preacher, is a man of rising reputation amongst the High-Churchmen. In appearance he is of the type of the foreign ecclesiastic, with a dark, aquiline, ascetic face. His eloquence is carefully modelled on that of French preachers; and though his manner is rather artificial, it is earnest and impressive. He has a great flow of language, and uses it to support the highest sacramental doctrines. Indeed, he is probably one of the most powerful of living English orators in the pulpit.

Such preachers might be said to represent, not inadequately, the mediæval tendencies of the old University. But, even in Oxford, they are a minority. There had been a meeting of Liberals the day before, intended to smooth the way for very radical changes. Oxford men at large, perhaps half of them being clergymen, are strongly conservative; but the teaching body, including the pick of the intellectual lights of the place, are in great part bitterly radical. The thunders of Dr. Pusey or Mr. Liddon or the Bishop of Oxford may affect a part of the students, and may rally the zealous country clergy; but the Liberal party is growing in spite of such denunciations, and, with the help of a new Parliament, will doubtless carry out many changes. Dissenters will soon be admitted, in spite of all opposition; and in time, it is to be hoped, the whole university system will be modernized without being vulgarized. The only danger is that the resistance may delay reform till revolution becomes inevitable, and then much that is desirable might be swept away. At Eton the same conflict is approaching. The walls were inscribed in many places with "No Reform," showing the conservative sympathies of the boys. Boys, indeed, are always Tories, at least in an English public school. They have the most stubborn affection for the old order of things, right or wrong. The reason, however, for the present manifestation is probably simple—namely, the simple boyish dislike to learning anything. Eton is in a certain way an excellent school. What it teaches it teaches well, especially to the best boys. But there is still a great mass of idleness to be encountered. One master spends a large part of his time in teaching the boys to row; and another is equally energetic in teaching them to play cricket; and though it may be very well that masters should take an interest in the sports, it is not so well that the sports should be encouraged at the expense of the studies. Under the present system, eminence in cricket and rowing is not merely estimated by the boys as at least equal to eminence in the school studies, but a great deal has been done by the masters to foster that singular conception of the functions of a school. Meanwhile, a new head-master of very high reputation has been lately appointed; most of his subordinates, who are drawn from distinguished students at the universities, are in favor of reform; and with the assistance of Parliament—for Parliament has to be invoked in every business, however small or great—there is a prospect of speedy improvement. For the present, old traditions flourish, and to one who passes through Eton and looks at the vigorous, hearty lads on the river and in the playing-fields, amongst the picturesque buildings, and who sympathizes a little with their keen *esprit de corps*, it is difficult not to wish that reform may touch them gently. Most of the old brutality practised at such schools has disappeared, and if the boys only learned a little, there would not be much to complain of. Such are one or two of the symptoms of the times to be discovered during a trip down our ancient river, if Americans will allow me to apply that name to "Father Thames." Lower down he becomes a very dirty old gentleman, though cleaner than two or three years ago, when the London sewerage made him absolutely pestilential. But in his upper course he not only possesses very high beauties of the peaceful and domestic order, but may suggest many hints to the observer of men and manners.

As I have gone aside from politics, I may mention one or two literary matters. Two or three books which have just appeared will be worth attention. We have a poem by G. Eliot called "The Spanish Gypsy." No verdict has yet been passed upon it by qualified critics, though her reputation naturally excites much interest. I think I may say that those who think "Romola" a step in advance of "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss" (amongst whom I do not reckon myself) will probably admire it. Others will think it rather a proof of cultivated ability than of pure poetical genius. A very remarkable poem called the "Earthly Paradise" has lately been published by Mr. Morris, the author of "Jason." I have not yet studied it, but it has already a great reputation. Mr. Morris is a young Oxford man who has taken to business, and sells paper and furniture of artistic designs; it seems that his occupation leaves him time for acquiring literary distinction as well. The new volume of poems by Mr. Lytton has also been much praised in the *Times* and elsewhere; but the general verdict is that it is at best only clever, and that he must be put in the rank of secondary and imitative poets. Another book to which we are looking forward with much interest is the continuation of Mr. Kinglake's "Crimean War." The subject is a little stale; but Mr. Kinglake's style is enough to recommend it independently of the subject. There was a rumor, too, that it had been suppressed in consequence of indiscreet revelations, which will tend to attract attention to it. If Mr. Kinglake is rather partial, at least he is admirably painstaking.

Gov. Eyre, as I anticipated, has escaped. The general feeling, on which I have not space to comment, is undoubtedly that his prosecution was becoming a persecution; and the memory of his services has eclipsed in popular estimation the recollection of his severities. The attack upon him will probably injure the popularity of Mr. Mill and Mr. Charles Buxton, until it too is forgotten.

Correspondence.

CHASE AND GRANT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Dear Sir: I have read the *Nation* for the last ten months and have derived more instruction from it than from any other political paper. You are the only journalist of either party who criticises the misdeeds and false reasonings of your own. You have clearly stated the mission of the Republican party, and have faithfully warned its members when they have deviated from its principles. You carry conscience into politics and are a better moral teacher than most of the religious papers. By your sure, clear statements of the wisdom of meeting our obligations for paying the war debt with honesty, you have convinced all your attentive readers that it is the best policy. It is a pity they needed to be convinced—but they did. You have shown up the sophistries of Butler in his dishonorable propositions, and you have convicted Senator Sherman of his weakness. You are foremost in the advocacy of common sense and honesty in the management of the affairs of the state.

By your advocacy of Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill you have awakened public attention to the subject. I esteem your paper so highly that, after a careful reading of each number, I mail it to an intelligent friend in Mississippi who is not able to subscribe for it. It cannot be disagreeable to you to learn that your labors are appreciated by one of your subscribers.

I see that in your liberality you publish letters arraigning many of your positions, with freedom; but with great respect for you, I now arraign you of inconsistency in not applying the principles of the Civil Service Bill, which you so much commend, to the case of the highest officer of the Government. Could General Grant stand the test of an examination such as that bill requires for the highest officers? It is only very lately that you have advocated him as the fit standard-bearer of the party. Have you not yielded principle to expediency? Can it be that you believe he is the only man of the Republican party who can be elected President, and he not on account of any political principles or opinions he has expressed, nor for his experience, culture, and fitness, but because the party in Congress have committed so many blunders, mistakes, extravagances, and perversions of principle that only the successful leader of our armies can be elected? If you have sacrificed your own teachings and convictions for this expediency, you are not equal to Henry Clay when he said, "He would rather be right than be President."

You are the boldest teacher of reforms in the Republican party. You are read by the thinkers of our country. You have lately taught, in an effective article, that "mind rules;" you should not give to party what was meant for mankind, your superior knowledge and your love of truth.

You have made latterly various efforts to damage the elevated standing of Chief-Justice Chase. You have praised him for his conduct in the impeachment trial; but you seem to see an unfitness in the Chief-Justice being elevated to the Presidency. Apply the principles which you advocate in the Civil Service Bill to his case—where will you find a riper statesman, a purer patriot, a more consistent advocate of human rights? It strikes me as strangely as it does you that possibly he may get the Democratic nomination; but would not his nomination and election work a revolution in the party? and might it not, regenerated and reformed, prove a superior public guardian to the party now in power? I have known Mr. Chase for forty years, and know him to be a persistent advocate of what he deems *right*.

June 16, 1868.

[The above was not written with a view to publication; in fact, it was accompanied by a request that it might not be published. But in suppressing the signature, which is that of a Western general of volunteers, we have reduced it simply to an expression of opinion which we know many good Republicans hold, and on which we are glad to have an opportunity of saying something.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

By special arrangement with the author, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt will be the American publishers of the "Annals of Rural Bengal" of W. W. Hunter, a gentleman whose work is praised as giving a better view of the relations subsisting between the British in India and the people they rule than half a dozen of the so-called "authorities" on Indian history.——Hurd & Houghton announce: "The Jesus of the Evangelist; his Historical Character Vindicated," etc., by Rev. C. A. Row, of Pembroke College, Oxford; "The Primitive Eirenicon: one Evangelical Ministry," by Rev. M. Gallagher.——J. B. Ford & Co., of Nassau Street, are about to publish, by subscription, Horace Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life." The book is made up of Mr. Greeley's recent contributions to the *Ledger;* but they are revised and enlarged, and make a good autobiography.——T. B. Peterson & Co. announce the second and third volumes of a series of T. Adolphus Trollope's novels. They are "Marietta" and "Beppo, the Conscript," which succeed "Gemma," already published. The same house announces a "Campaign Life of General Grant and the Hon. Schuyler Colfax." It is a duodecimo of four hundred pages. Another campaign life of Colfax is that by the Rev. Mr. A. Y. Moore, "who was for twelve years, as pastor and friend, in the entire confidence of Mr. Colfax."

—We are pleased to be able to announce "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen. Illustrated by translations from the Icelandic Sagas." The editor is the Rev. Mr. B. F. De Costa. The introduction will give the reader the substance of all that has been said about the supposed voyages of the Phœnicians, Tyrians, and others to this continent; the settlement of Iceland and colonization of Greenland will be described; and, finally, the editor will give some account of the Northmen, their literature, nautical knowledge, mythology, etc. The main body of the work will be translated extracts from the Sagas, and these, the editor says, will comprise the earliest fragments from the *Landanama* (or Icelandic Doomsday Book) relating to Greenland; Eric the Red's voyages to Greenland and settlement, A.D. 983–5; Biorne Heriulfson's voyage to the coast of America, A.D. 986; Leif Ericson's voyage to Vinland (New England), A.D. 1000–1; Thorwald Ericson's voyage to South Vinland, A.D. 1002; Thorstein Ericson's attempt to seek Vinland, A.D. 1005; Thorfinn Karlsefne's settlement in Vinland, A.D. 1006–7; Freydisa's voyage and settlement in Vinland, A.D. 1012–13; together with the minor narratives, as Are Marson's sojourn in Hvitramanna-Land, A.D. 983; voyage of Biorne Asbranson, A.D. 999; Gudlief Gudlaugson's voyage, A.D. 1027; Bishop Eric's voyage to Vinland, A.D. 1121; Newfoundland rediscovered, A.D. 1285; voyage to Markland (Nova Scotia), A.D. 1347, etc. Hitherto the English-reading portion of historical students in this country have been obliged to draw their information in regard to these voyages from garbled extracts; but the object of the present work is to give the Sagas that relate to America in their integrity. This work will be published by Mr. Joel Munsell, of Albany.

—It is of some interest to persons who watch the American book market to know that Messrs. Charles Scribner & Company's publication of Lange's Commentary is selling very well indeed for so large and learned a work. And it is selling not in this country only but abroad; Messrs. T. & T. Clarke, of Edinburgh—who themselves began to publish it, but by-and-by stopped—have just sent out an order for a thousand copies of the "Genesis." We failed, we think, to mention the "Theological and Philosophical Library," which Messrs. Scribner & Co. announced a week or two ago. They intend to issue a select library of text-books, in all the main departments of theology and philosophy, especially adapted for the libraries of ministers. The editors, Doctor Philip Schaff and Doctor Henry B. Smith, have not completed their scheme in all its details, but in general it may be said that they will publish, with notes by various writers, some of them American, standard works of foreign and native authors on the different topics included in the wide field which they propose to occupy. They say:

"The editors, reserving the right of making the best selections, do not commit themselves finally to special treatises on all the topics. Among the works which it is proposed to bring out first, are: Tischendorf's 'Greek New Testament,' the last edition, revised by the author, and edited by Dr. Schaff; an 'Introduction to the Old Testament,' on the basis of Keil, Bleek, Havernick, and others; an 'Introduction to the New Testament,' on the basis of Reuss, Bleek, Guericke, Hug, and others; 'Patrology,' on the basis of Alzog, Fessler, Möhler, etc., by Prof. R. D. Hitchcock; 'Hase's Polemics,' edited by Prof. G. P. Fisher, Yale College; 'Symbolism,' on the basis of Winer, Matthes, Hoffman, Köllner, etc.; an 'Encyclopædia of Theology,' by Prof. H. B. Smith; a collection of the 'Ancient Creeds and Definitions of Faith;' 'Manual of Theological Definitions;' 'Christian Ethics,' on the basis of Schmid, Harless, Wuttke, and others; Ueberweg's 'History of Philosophy,' three volumes, supplemented from Erdmann and other writers; Ulrici's 'God and Nature,'" etc.

—In 1864, S. Low, Son & Marston published a book called "Haunted Hearts," by Miss M. S. Cummins, an American writer, well known as the author of the "Lamplighter," who is not long deceased. It had previously been arranged between the author and the publishers that the former should go to Canada and stay there during and until after the publication in England was complete. This she did, and we may add that since then many other American authors have done the same thing for the same purpose. On the 13th of June, Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Marston found that George Routledge & Sons were selling another edition of "Haunted Hearts," and this house last-mentioned being called on for an explanation, replied that the book had been sent them by a New York correspondent; that Miss Cummins, its author, was an alien, a native of the United States, between which country and England no international copyright law exists. They declined, therefore, to stop their issue of the book, and the dispute was carried into the courts. Vice-Chancellor Kindersley granted Messrs. Low, Son & Marston an injunction. On appeal, the Lords Justices set aside the Vice-Chancellor's decision, and the final appeal was taken to the House of Lords. Before that tribunal the case has just been decided, and it is laid down as law that any American, without going to Canada or any part of the British possessions, may acquire copyright which shall be his property throughout the British Empire, by simply having his book first published on English soil. We can hardly refrain much longer from doing our duty in this matter.

—A Connecticut lady, accustomed to writing for the press, has invented three new styles of writing paper, of which one is designed for Author's Manuscript, one for Contributor's Manuscript, and one for Sermon Note Paper. The sheets of the first may be described as slips ten inches long by six inches wide, with two round holes at the top for the purpose of tying the sheets together in parts or chapters. One of the holes is to be used for the compositor's hook when he sets up the copy. The paper, which is of very good quality, is ruled on one side only, so that the author may not be led into writing on both sides of the sheet—an error which, as the country editors every little while tell their correspondents, yearly causes many hundreds of articles of the first excellence to be thrown remorselessly and instantaneously into the waste-paper basket of the sanctum. In fact, the inventor takes special pains to give instruction to authors on many points of their duty in the preparation of manuscript. The paper being put up in neat boxes, she has put inside, on the cover, fourteen rules or directions—as to capitalizing, numbering pages, paragraphing, etc.—which young writers will find of service. As for the old writers, most of them are hopeless, we fear. The second style of these papers, the Contributor's Manuscript, is an inch narrower than the Author's Manuscript, and the sheets have but one hole at the top. Some considerable space at the top is left unruled, so that the compositor's hook may not tear or deface the writing. The Sermon Note Paper has two holes at the side of the sheets, and an eyeleted cover accompanies each box. The cover and paper will lie open without rubbing down. We are told that the inventor conferred with many editors and publishers before settling on the size of the sheets, the width of the space between the ruled lines, and so on; and, so far as we can judge, she has had good advice, and done a service to the writing fraternity, to say nothing of proof-readers and printers. Writers get into fashions of their own, to be sure; manuscript-making is a matter with which habit, founded perhaps on whim, may have much to do; for instance, there are people who can hardly judge of the value of what they have written unless it is set before their eyes in a microscopic-hand-like print; again, it was only in part due to avarice, we dare say, that Pope wrote on the backs of old letters; in part it was whim; there are writers fond of all sorts of odd old scraps for scribbling; then there is the man who likes a vast expanse of smooth, fine paper, and the man who wants strips about as wide as three telegraphic strips, and the man who must have buff paper, and so on. But the majority of paper consumers, we should say, will find these new styles very much to their taste.

—An article on Harvard College in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been widely copied in this country. It is, in the main, favorable; and we wish that the sole uncomplimentary remark—that the "library is sadly deficient in the literature of the last ten years"—would attract general attention to the crying want of a permanent library fund. It is certainly surprising that the friends of Harvard should have left her so ill provided in this respect. One cause

we have been told, is that some of those who have the ability to give remember the library of their own college days, so hedged round with restrictions that it was of little use, and protest that they will not provide books to slumber untouched on the shelves. They have not heard of the more liberal management, under which it is open seven hours every week-day instead of the hour or two twice a week, which most college libraries consider sufficient. And they probably do not know how much researches are facilitated by the classed catalogue in course of preparation, which has been called, more epigrammatically than justly, "the best catalogue of the worst library in the country." A larger number of persons are deceived by the reputed richness of the library. "115,000 volumes" has an imposing sound. They do not reflect how large a portion of these volumes are out of date, which in science, at least, means "worthless," and in *belles-lettres* too often means "uninteresting." They see by the annual reports that the library is increasing at the rate of three thousand volumes a year, and suppose that it is doing as well as could be desired. But a very large part of this increase consists of donations, and a large portion of the donations are the clearings of closets and garrets, given because they are of no value to the owner. Even these it is well to have. They are better than nothing, and may possibly be at some time of use to some enquirer, but to those for whom the library is especially designed they are of no service whatever. And, moreover, even when desirable as filling up the gaps in the older literature, they leave the library still unsupplied with the books of the day, and unable to inform its *habitués* of the latest theories, the latest discoveries, the latest achievements. The library assumes the appearance of a second-hand bookstore, while professors have to spend a considerable portion of their salaries in purchasing the latest works in their respective departments, and students borrow of professors. Cambridge will never have a library worthy of the oldest college in America until she is furnished with means to procure, as they appear, the books which are attracting notice in the world of letters, those which are destined to become standard works, and those from which her students can learn what is going on around them. She cannot hope to train up her sons into accurate and scholarly investigators, when in almost every enquiry to which she directs their attention they are brought to a pause by the want of the best sources of information. Eight years ago she had a good foundation for a library—old and valuable books for which a new library would have to wait long and pay high—but that was all. In the works of the great thinkers and best scholars of the present day, works which are of the highest importance in the proper education of her pupils, she was miserably deficient. Every department of the university had profited more by the public liberality than that one which is a common help to them all. Then came Mr. William Gray's gift of $5,000 a year for five years, with which the library supplied some of its wants, and for a time kept abreast with the advance of science. Mr. Gray could not have wished a better proof of the wisdom of this liberality than the greatly increased use of the library which immediately ensued. But the experience of those five years showed that $5,000 is the very least sum that should be spent for books (exclusive of periodicals) where such varied demands are to be satisfied. And when the money was gone and no one emulated his generosity, the library began again to fall behindhand, and its momentary opulence only made its poverty seem greater. Were it not for the kindness of a few friends, especially of Ticknor & Fields, Gould & Lincoln, and W. V. Spencer, who give most of their publications, its state would be unendurable. After paying for "Memoirs and Transactions" of learned societies, and a list of periodicals from which they are obliged to omit the *Contemporary, Fortnightly*, and *Saturday Reviews*, the *Pall Mall Gazette, Punch, Blackwood, Fraser, Macmillan*, the *Cornhill*, all the lighter magazines, and most of those published on the Continent, and, setting aside certain restricted funds, the library council have less than $400 with which to purchase books in the wide subjects of theology, law, medicine, bibliography, philosophy, politics and social science, philology (excepting classical), the fine arts, music, the belles-lettres in every language but the English, history, geography, travels, antiquities and ethnography, zoölogy, botany, mineralogy, geology and palæontology, physics, chemistry, engineering, and the numerous useful arts and manufactures. When few books of any importance can be purchased for less than $5, and so necessary a book as the "Life of Bunsen" costs $26, it will readily be seen that the library may well be "sadly deficient in the literature of the last ten years."

—Mr. Bouton will describe in a catalogue soon to be printed three or four works of a sort not often offered to the American, nor indeed any other, book-buyer. First is Hogarth's complete works, comprising three folio volumes, containing 329 plates, together with their variations, *i.e.*, First, Second, Third, and Fourth State, which number 91 more. For this collection, probably not matched in this country, $1,200 is expected. The second work is a copy of Spence's "Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men," extended from one to four volumes by the insertion of more than two hundred and forty portraits and views—all of which are in proof condition—and the originals of all the letters mentioned in Spence's appendix. Autographs of Pope, Christopher Pitt, Bobb Doddington, Hume, Joseph Warton, Robert Dodsley, Stephen Duck, and so on, are among these originals. It seems safe to say that the possession of these letters will ensure this copy from being surpassed by any hereafter made, as certainly it is superior to any other now known as having been made already. The price set upon this work is one thousand dollars. A fine Byzantine manuscript—"Evangelia Quatuor, Græce"—on vellum, declared to have been written in the latter half of the ninth century, adorned with paintings of the four Evangelists, and with capitals and headings in gold, is offered for $2,100. For $1,235 one may buy a complete set—the completest set Mr. Quaritch had ever seen—of the old English Chronicles, including, as well as those of Froissart, Monstrelet, Hollinshed, William of Malmesbury, Robert of Gloucester, and others usually put together in sets of Chronicles, Fuller's "Worthies," Roberts's "Chronicles of the Kings and Chronicle of London," and others too numerous to be mentioned here, and which we advise such of our readers as can to go and look at as specimens of fine binding, if not as possible inmates of their libraries.

KIRK'S "CHARLES THE BOLD."*

AMERICAN historiography, like American history, has its starting point in the discovery of this continent. Its first productions—be the cause rational choice, predilection, or accident—cluster around that natural base as if around a fountain-head, from which its streams are to flow through radiating channels in various directions. Irving takes us to Andalusia to witness the great departure from Palos, and after carrying us across the sea with his hero, "Christopher Columbus," and across the new continent with the "Companions of Columbus," he returns to the Hispano-Moorish province, studies and sketches the "Conquest of Granada," the Moslem stronghold, and in after-life reaches both ends of his double course in his "History of Mahomet and his Successors" and in his "Life of Washington." The downward western course is more amply developed by Sparks, Bancroft, and Palfrey, but Prescott takes us back to Spain and the times of "Ferdinand and Isabella," to descend to those of their grandson, Charles V., in his "Conquest of Mexico" and "Conquest of Peru," and finally to those of their great-grandson, "Philip the Second." Motley takes up this line, going over from Charles V. and Philip of Spain to their revolted subjects in the Low Countries, and in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and the "History of the United Netherlands," describes the grandest and purest struggles of Protestantism, the further grapplings of which with the power of the house of Austria he intends to sketch—if the report be true—in a history of the Thirty Years' War. Kirk, another and more intentional continuator of Prescott, goes a step further backward, ascending to an earlier period of the history of the Netherlands, which the daughter of his hero, "Charles the Bold," Mary of Burgundy—the grandmother of Charles V.—was to bring over, as her dowry, to the house of Austria.

How far Mr. Kirk has been influenced in his choice of subject by the study of the rich collection on the close of the fifteenth century which Mr. Prescott and his heirs placed at his free disposal, it would be idle curiosity to enquire. In itself, had it been the object of the author to write a comprehensive work on the life or reign, and not also on the times, of Charles the Bold, we should have to pronounce this choice a decidedly unhappy one. Neither the moral nor the intellectual nor the military qualities of that Burgundian duke were such as to render him an object of just admiration; there was nothing great in his rise or exploits; nothing to move or astound in his fall. "That he was not a man of lofty genius or versatile talents, that his conceptions transcended his ability to execute, that he was especially deficient in that faculty of adapting his policy and mode of action to the dispositions and requirements of others, and to the exigencies of the moment, "are conclusions which the author does not seek to disturb." . . . . . Granting that this new history, coming after "a mass of documents and relations have been dragged from their hiding-places, cleansed from the dust of ages, and thrust into publicity," "could not repeat the assertions that he was whirled along by the mere turbulence of his passions; that his conceptions were confused and his plans destitute of meaning or solidity; that he plunged without forethought into difficulties which he might easily have avoided; that he defied all obstacles, despised all considerations either of policy or right; and fell a victim to the insane

* "History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. By John Foster Kirk." 3 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1864-1868.

pursuit of an empty fame;" granting all of that clearness of vision—"within a limited range"—those powers of reasoning, that consistency and soundness of his principles of action, that sense of equity and sincerity, which are claimed for him—always in palliation of bloody deeds and fatal errors—granting all this on the ground of these new discoveries, what is there, after all, that would constitute him a great man or monarch? "The virtues for which he stood conspicuous among princes—his continence, sobriety, unequalled laboriousness, rigid economy, strict impartiality, inaccessibility to sycophants and parasites, openness to every appeal, and promptness to expedite every affair," are qualities which can be found united in so small—were it not for Mr. Carlyle, we would say so contemptible—a monarch as Frederic William I., and found less closely connected "with a distempered judgment, extravagant fancies, and an inordinate egotism" (Vol. II., pp. 345–350). And whither that judgment, those fancies, and that egotism could lead, the descriptions of the sacks of Dinant, Liége, and Nesle, of the ravage of Normandy, in 1472, and similar scenes, tell us but too distinctly. When Liége was taken Charles removed all formerly imposed restraint on passion. His soldiery was to know "no restriction, no cause for secresy or fear. Rapacity, cruelty, lust—all the foul desires of the unbridled heart—were to rage with license and impunity." Blood "flowed in rivulets upon the floors" of "all, or nearly all," the "four hundred churches" of the city. "The monuments were broken, the tombs entered and despoiled. The convents were forced, the nuns violated. Neither age, sex, nor condition was respected. Where life was spared, it was in the hope of extorting ransom, or, more often, in order that death might be inflicted at greater leisure and with greater barbarity." On the following day the surviving aged persons, women, and young children were allowed to quit the town. "The remaining inhabitants were left entirely to the discretion of their captors. It was not so much a wanton carnage that ensued as a long series of cold-blooded murders. Hanging was a favorite mode of disposing of the prisoners. Some were thrown from the roofs of houses, and the mangled corpses left unburied in the streets. But, in general, they were collected in gangs, driven upon the bridge, tied together in twos or threes, and hurled into the flood beneath. It would be idle to attempt any estimate of the numbers that perished. . . . . What is certain is, that nothing less was intended and deliberately aimed at than utter extermination" (II., 598–603). On the capture of Nesle, Charles "entered the principal church without dismounting from his horse, whose hoofs plashed through a stream of blood that ran several inches deep upon the floor. As he gazed at this appalling sight, and at the corpses—already rifled and stripped—of men, women, and children," he muttered, 'Here is a fine spectacle! Truly I have good butchers with me!'" (II., 135–136). In the campaign of 1472, Charles "razed or burned, as appeared from the record kept by his provost-marshal, two thousand and seventy-two towns, villages, and castles" (II., 152). And besides these crimes, and perhaps his personal bravery, there is nothing extraordinary in the career of him whom some have called the "Napoleon of the Middle Ages." He resembled the great Corsican only in stubbornness, overbearing pride, and reckless selfishness. Not his greatness, but his fall, was his own work. His power he inherited, succeeding to his father, Philip the Good, in 1467, as Duke of Burgundy, Brabant, Limburg, and Luxemburg; Count of Flanders, Artois, Burgundy, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Namur; Lord of Friesland, Malines, etc. (I., 439). To these possessions he added Gueldres, Alsace, and Lorraine, grasped after more, strove for independence both of France and the Empire, by turns fought and intrigued with all his neighbors, tyrannized over his subjects, was assailed by a coalition, and fell manfully fighting. He created nothing, and left but ruins behind him.

But the aim of our author is higher. In the struggles of his hero, or rather of his heroes—for Louis XI. of France almost equally divides the interest of the book with the bold Duke of Burgundy—he attempts to sketch a period; that in which the stream of European history, before making the final precipitate plunge from mediæval into modern times, grew rapid and resistless. The Catholic Church, with its hierarchy; the feudal system, with its orders of chivalry; the civic communities, with their organization of labor and of trade, their leagues and confederacies, were to go down, "not because they were radically vicious and false, because their dominion had been wrongful or usurped," but because they had done their work, had "exhausted their vitality, in stimulating men to escape into simpler and broader forms of opinion and of life." They were shattered by the irrepressible struggle for a freer play of the principles which they had themselves embodied. "They were to go down before revolutions which were not so much a sudden inburst of new and before unheard of truths, or a return to primitive usages, to earlier and purer conceptions and beliefs, as the full development and open triumph of principles which had all along been moulding the destinies of mankind, a taking possession of the inheritance that had accumulated through a long minority, the accomplishment of a design to which all that had gone before had tended and conduced." A greater era—the sixteenth century—was soon to set in, an era in which mankind would appear to have grown taller, in which the principal states of Europe would be "seen consolidated in the forms and within the limits which, for the most part, they have since retained;" and government, "resting on a new basis, having become at once authoritative and dependent—in a word, representative."

We have thus presented to our readers Mr. Kirk's own conception of this double picture, of a feudal prince struggling against destiny, and a period convulsed by an incipient process of transformation—a work of great dimensions, which he has constructed of materials no less zealously used than ample. This picture is wanting neither in grandeur of the *ensemble* nor in variety of figures, neither in power of delineation nor of vividness of coloring, neither in symmetry of grouping nor in minute elaboration of details. If it lacks the power to produce a great and pleasant emotion, the defect must be attributed to the total absence of attractive characters, the pettiness and grotesqueness of the central figure, the repulsiveness of many others—like Louis XI., Frederic and Sigismund of Austria, Adolphus of Gueldres, or Hagenbach—and the horror or disgust with which endless scenes of carnage necessarily inspire us. These blemishes are inherent in the subject, and the author has exerted himself to veil them—at least some of them—rather more, perhaps, than is compatible with strict fidelity to history. We have already mentioned his great fondness for his hero, Charles, in spite of his acknowledged defects. This we should be inclined to judge leniently as a natural foible common to many writers long engaged in studying and depicting characters not devoid of virtue and vigor. We would fain pardon the numberless and often tedious expositions of circumstances and causes and difficulties and motives by which the writer, reasoning with and for Charles, labors to explain, to palliate, or to exculpate his actions, sometimes with perhaps no less zeal and no more success than those historians who exhaust their powers to prove that the first Emperor of France, in his wars, was not so much an aggressor as a victim of aggression. But we must decidedly condemn that excess of whitewashing ardor which, overstepping the limits of a fair defensive, becomes passionately and vituperatively offensive, and, while claiming all possible indulgence for one universally accused and condemned, is unsparing in virulent invective against his opponents. A course like this—as pursued by our author, *pro* Charles and Hagenbach *contra* Swiss cantons and Alsatian towns—may be expedient in a forum; it is as useless as unfair in history. Louis XI., too, we believe, is too favorably treated, and altogether we too often discover unmistakable traces of Carlylean hero-worship—in a mild form, however. Carlylean talkativeness is equally discoverable here and there; and we are also inclined to believe that, had there been no such models as the Scotchman's "Frederic the Great," Mr. Kirk would never have drawn out his "Charles the Bold" to the length of seventeen hundred pages. The picture of the Burgundian prince is decidedly overladen, and that partly with details which add nothing to our knowledge of his character or of the age, and which we should consider uninteresting in the delineation of even a monarch so little remote from our times and so grand in history as Frederic, or even Napoleon.

Our author's diction, too, though logical, lucid, and pleasant in general, is not free from blemishes. It is often too florid and pictorial, not rarely turgid, and very frequently digressive, prolixly discursive and argumentative. It indulges too much in similes and generalizing remarks. Neither has it a pronounced and steady character. We are here reminded of Macaulay, there of Lamartine, elsewhere of Carlyle or Michelet, and most frequently of Prescott. Inaccurate, inelegant, and illogical expressions occur here and there. Quotations in the notes from modern French and German works are often ungrammatically executed, while parts of others from mediæval books and manuscripts seem to be but too grammatically given. A few words from Heine, quoted from memory (I., 69), are disfigured in every way. In the text, however, everything foreign, names included, is most correctly rendered. We should prefer, however, "Dauphiny" (like "Normandy," "Picardy," "Brittany," etc.) to "Dauphiné," and (Swiss) "Friburg" to "Freyburg," "Middleburg" to "Middlebourg," and "Limburg" to "Limbourg." Statements of minor facts based on too slender a foundation seem to occur more frequently than even the poetry of history would cover with its license, but indisputable mistakes, such as the mention of Philip Second's visiting the Netherlands in 1529 (I., 68), or of an intended "expulsion of the Turks from Germany" long before they had taken a foothold in that country (II., 211), seem to be either misprints or slips of the pen.

EGYPT'S PLACE IN HISTORY.*

To write his five volumes of historical, philological, and scientific criticism, with a view to determine "Egypt's place in universal history," was with Bunsen a work of fifteen years. Simply to read those volumes, so as to master their contents and pronounce an intelligent opinion upon their theories and results, is the work of as many weeks; while to make a digest of them, and present a clear and consecutive view of their argument and its evidences, would require at least as many months. This last is what Mrs. Dall has attempted in a pamphlet of 100 pages, which she offers partly as a guide to students of the original work, but chiefly as a suggestive sketch to those who can afford neither time nor money for five octavos averaging 700 pages each and costing not less than $70. To say that she has done her work fairly and well is high praise, for her task was like attempting to reduce the differential and integral calculus to the measure of a first book in arithmetic. Bunsen was an omnivorous student, devouring eagerly every form of knowledge that came within his reach, but he lacked the assimilative power of the thorough scholar. Of quick apprehension, great versatility, and prodigious industry, he yet wanted that patient discrimination which alone enables one to separate fact from conjecture, truth from theory, and to work up materials slowly and steadily upon the sure foundations of evidence. His identification of the *Philosophumena*, or the "Refutation of all Heresies," as a work of Hippolytus, after the Oxford press had issued it as a lost fragment of Origen, was a marvel of discernment and ingenuity, and soon received the suffrages of the learned world. But the rapidity with which he evolved from this treatise theories of religious faith, of church order and worship, of humanitary progress, of the philosophy of language, was a characteristic illustration of the essentially speculative tendencies of his mind. With a scientific spirit and ostensibly a scientific method, Bunsen nevertheless failed of the true scientific faculty either for the discriminating selection of details or the logical combination of materials. His great work on Egypt betrays this defect.

A member of his family once informed us that Baron Bunsen had in his study three distinct working-tables: one for diplomatic correspondence and public affairs, another for Egyptology, and a third for church questions and miscellaneous studies; and that he would pass from one to another of these without relaxation or loss of time. It has seemed to us in reading his "Egypt's Place in History" that in writing it he must sometimes have fancied himself engaged upon a work of diplomacy, and at others have mistaken it for the promiscuous receptacle of his third table. It is a work that always impresses us with a profound respect for the author's varied attainments, for his grasp of intellect, his conscientious labor after truth, and his devout and earnest spirit; but the more we study it, the greater is our distrust of Bunsen as an authority. He has accumulated a vast amount of materials bearing upon his subject—some only in a remote way—and has marshalled these with ingenuity, with eloquence, and often with force, in support of his theory. But where a fact is wanting he substitutes an arbitrary or fanciful conjecture, and then reasons from this as if it were an established fact, and builds up theories from conclusions compounded equally of speculation and knowledge. His work will always be indispensable to the student because of its grand array of historical and philological data; many of its suggestions and conclusions may stand the final test of criticism and discovery, and its generous enthusiasm will impart to it a perpetual freshness. Mrs. Dall is a devoted admirer of Bunsen, and accepts his every word as the utterance of an oracle. Hence her "Presentation" has also the tone of an apology, and should be taken *cum grano*. But one can learn from her pages what Bunsen sought to accomplish and believed himself to have accomplished, and the grounds upon which his chronological scheme is based. We admonish our readers, however, that this pamphlet is not of the nature of light literature, but will task their thinking powers like a mathematical problem. But the study of Egyptology can no longer be ignored as barren and chimerical; it is not only rewarding, but fascinating, as is any subject where the lines of mystery and of discovery continually interblend. Mrs. Dall has provided a good hand-book for beginners.

* "Egypt's Place in History. A Presentation. By Mrs. Dall." Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

As nicely done and as pleasant to read as anything in the July *Harper's* is Mr. Curtis's "chaffing" of "Thomas Tomahawk, Esquire," a critic of art in "an influential morning paper." The badinage is rather more than half contemptuous; perhaps there is a shade too much seriousness in it, but on the whole it is gay and graceful, and the satirist preserves well the tone of easy superiority to his victim. We are bound to say, however, that on the merits of the question raised we think the art-critic right, and the critic of his criticism wrong. Why, sure enough—as T. T. is supposed to enquire,—why should the critic of painting do his work in fond and genial memory of the golden days when "Giovanni was one of us," and "Tomaso" was one of us, and we all used to float, holding the while melodious converse, over the lagunes of Venice? There seems no reason why, none which in the interest of true criticism must be accepted as good. To write "for the honor of remembered Italy and sacred friendship" is not, probably, to write with the ardent desire "to see the thing as it is," nor to write very valuable criticism—valuable to us, for example, who perhaps want information as to whether Tomaso and Giovanni are to be admired, nor of great value, we suppose, to Tomaso and Giovanni themselves. The Easy Chair, it appears to us, made the mistake of putting T. T. in an impregnable position before going into the fight. Mistake, we say, for there was no need of it; he might have been left in the open field. And for our own part we should not have said that "the edge of Tomahawk's weapon is so sharp, and the gleam of the blade so bright, and the thrust so trenchant, that it is always pleasant to the spectator to watch his play." To some otherwise indifferent spectators of his mode of warfare it is a spectacle that they would describe as odious, and, to use strong words, painful and disgusting. But for the doing of certain things it is punishment enough to have done them. Besides, it is hardly our place here to say more of the matter.

The illustrated papers in *Harper's* are "Street Pavements;" "Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia," by E. G. Squier; "New York in the Revolution;" "David Garrick;" "The Fashions in Guinea;" and an instalment of Mrs. Craik's love story. The Reverend Dr. Newman Hall's "Address to the American People" is good-natured and sound, but will hardly keep any very large portion of the people "awake nights" by its novelty. It is a good sample of a kind of literature to which our late war gave occasion, and which is not entirely pleasing—that kind which says to us, "Come, let us reason together," and says it in a tone which does not give us over-much credit for ability to reason coolly on our course in national emergencies. It is just precisely in these, however, if we are anywhere superior to the rest of mankind, that we are furthest ahead of creation in general.

There is no very clever article in this month's *Lippincott's*, but several of the articles will be read with pleasure. "A Literary Hospital" is by a physician apparently, and treats in a humorous way of the medical knowledge displayed by novelists when they go into the sick-room or the hospital. The fact is that a thoroughly good realistic novelist would call in a physician when his characters are taken down, and have them put through the regular course on payment of the regular fees. Struggling young medical students could be got to do it cheap, or retired physicians who cure by mail if the sufferer will fill in the blanks of a printed form of diagnosis. Not so much is made of the "Literary Hospital" as might have been made of it, but it was well thought of, it is well written, and the anonymous author has made a good first step in magazine writing. So, if it is his first step, has Mr. R. Wilson in "The Legend of Ball's Lake." It is a tale of Marion and his men, preceded by a good description of South Carolina swamp waters and of a fishing party of the old times. We can recommend for perusal "The Chinese in California," although it is too slight, and although the author leaves his facts, which we wanted to hear, and gives us theorizing, which is not very profitable, as to God's intentions in permitting the Chinese to come to this country and in simultaneously causing the small California boys to be born with bigger heads than the young of any other State in the Union. On the whole, however, the paper is a good one and worth reading. We say the same of almost all the other articles except the poetry and "No More Metaphysics," which latter is a sad example of what is often enough seen—namely, a man who thinks he knows a subject, who has been for years thinking so, who has written upon it with some acceptance, who would be reduced to a condition near to speechlessness if some one were to tell him that he really knows nothing about it, and yet who for some reason—the mental structure of some distant ancestor, perhaps—is quite incapable of making so much as even a beginning to think on it. We should remark before leaving *Lippincott's* that Miss Annie Thomas has a little story in it. So has Miss Maria L. Pool, a young writer of some ability, who is travelling in a road that will lead her into no very fine places, and who would do well to stop short and give some hard study to the story-telling trade before practising it any more.

The brokers who are never tired of talking over the fight, and who sin-

cerely re verence Mr. Vanderbilt and think Mr. Drew (a new and revised edition of) the noblest work of God, will like Mr. Medbery's *Atlantic* article on "The Great Erie Imbroglio." But the *Atlantic's* usual readers will find it too technical, we should say, and will bring away from it no very clear idea of what it was all about, or at any rate of just how the battle was fought. "Tonelli's Marriage" is a little picture from Venice by Mr. Howells—the pathos and the mirth and the business all a little dim and dreamy, and seeming far off, as we suppose is right when the time and place is the Venice of a decade since. Mr. Henry James, Jr., writes "De Grey: A Romance." The romancer's success, as distinguished from the novel-writer's, is, doubtless, that he creates not new individuals of our species and puts them in known places, but that he creates for his characters a world with certain new conditions, or makes this everyday life strange and new by bringing into it characters differing from men and women of flesh and blood. Mr. James has been more than tolerably successful, we think, in "De Grey," though perhaps it is better to read it as hints towards a tragical story, with the priest for chief actor, than as a romance. "St. Michael's Night" will not, we presume, be as a story anything but one of the ordinary love stories. But apparently it is to be praised as having much of local truth in its pictures of Norman scenes and the character of Norman peasants and fishermen; and certainly it is very honest and well-finished writing, which might well be given as a lesson to nine out of ten of our women that write. Even better than that—we speak of the reader's pleasure, and not of the nature of the writer, as revealed by her style—the author shows that she has an eye for character, and quick, true sympathies. Read, for example, her account of the touching conversation between Jeanne and Epiphanie as they walked together to Dieppe on the day of the fête. On "Modern French Painting," as criticism of paintings, we are incompetent to give an opinion. As a rule, however, we find ourselves disinclined to take the word of a declaiming person on any subject whatever. The Frenchman is believed—in England and the British colonies—to admire the Englishman very much because, when he tells the Frenchman a lie, he commits the crime with so little gesticulation and protestation, with an air of such unconcern, of such indifference as to whether his interlocutor takes it or leaves it, that the light Gaul is very apt to be often fearfully deceived. Thus should art criticism also be written for the calculating American. Most of us cannot tell, when the talk is of painting, whether a man is telling us the sacred truth or endeavoring to hoax us, and we assure Mr. Benson that he stands an indefinitely better chance of commanding our assent if he rhapsodizes not at all, nor flings gay-colored adjectives about, nor gets ecstatic to any great degree of ecstasy; it ought to be done with a firm face and a thoroughly composed demeanor. Mr. Whipple furnishes a set of his rough-and-ready criticisms—"surface indications" of the wealth beneath—on Daniel, Drayton, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Hall, Herbert, Donne, and some others of the minor Elizabethan or post-Elizabethan poets. We must not forget to mention the article on the Coral Islanders, which gives an amusing account of the miseries among the missionaries of two bad seamen who proposed to themselves a life of license in Manihiki, and were set to work on the roads.

For poetry in this month's *Atlantic* we have the "Dole of Jarl Thorkell," which sings, in cadences of sweet irregularity, Mr. Whittier's benign creed. The two other pieces are by Mr. R. S. Spofford and Mrs. H. Prescott Spofford, and they make this reviewer sigh—as much in anticipation as from present trouble. It is the appearance of verses like this in a magazine like the *Atlantic*, that encourages countless millions of editors and poets to write and print similar verses in quantities incalculable.

Readers of the *Catholic World* will be interested in an English Romanist's account of the "Condition and Prospects of Catholics in England." Four hundred and thirty-four was the number of priests in England forty years ago; now it is, in England and Scotland, 1,639, to say nothing of 67 monasteries or similar collections of men, and 227 nunneries. The magazine begins with "A Plea for Liberty of Conscience." The Roman Catholics in the United States are, so to speak, under a cloud; there is a system of domestic and social tyranny which impedes a person in his right to embrace, profess, and practise the Catholic religion. We very much doubt if there is much cause for complaints of this kind. However, if there were, it would not be wonderful. Americans generally distrust the Catholic Church; most of them believe it is never safe to trust good Roman Catholics with power over others, and, loving personal liberty, they dislike to see the strength of "the Church" increased. "An Italian Girl of Our Day" continues to be very good. This instalment of "Science and Faith" is like the others; it might be constructed from the title by any person of average reading who knew for what magazine the essay was to be prepared; there is nothing new in it. "The Legend of Glastonbury" is an amusing story, and "Glimpses of Tuscany" is not bad reading of the tourists' kind, though not exciting. The translator of Petrarch's "St. Mary Magdalen" seems to have wilfully perverted the text; some of his errors are too obvious not to have been purposely made. The other poetry is pretty—that on "Wild Flowers" very pretty for the dramatic way in which it is told.

Putnam's seems to be the best of the July magazines, and a very long way indeed ahead of what it has ever been before since its resurrection. It begins with a readable article on "Mural Paintings at Pompeii," by Mr. Bayard Taylor. One of the things that prevents one's enjoying Mr. Taylor's writing is, that one sees there need be no end to it when he has once begun. The imagination is haunted and dismayed by a fear that he will flow on for ever and ever, as he undoubtedly might. But we found in the case of this article that the fear we speak of might safely be dismissed, and it is worth reading and pleasant enough from beginning to end. "My Berkshire Home" is some realistic poetry, the best yet published in *Putnam's*, but full of minor faults. "Brutish" is an odd choice of an adjective in this line:

> . . . . "The flock and spotted herd
> Both daily lick my hand with brutish joy."

But the poem is full of the peace of nature. "Life in Paris" is by Mr. C. W. Elliott, who makes his article more valuable by giving at the end of it a letter from an American long resident in France, who decidedly dissents from Mr. Elliott's conclusions. Thus the reader has put before him in rather a novel way his bane and antidote. The "Journal of a Poor Musician" is, we are glad to see, to be continued. "Cotton Planting at Port Hudson," "The Fables of Bidpai," and "After Three Thousand Years" will be found agreeable reading, and readers will be interested in the exposure of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, "The Last of the Bourbons," who is pretty plainly shown to have been a mere pretender. We commend to the notice of all whom it concerns the remarks of the art editor on a recent appointment to the Chair of Fine Arts in Michigan University. It is anything but genial, and can hardly fail to do good.

The same thing is not to be said of the criticism in *Hours at Home*. The readers of the review of new books in that periodical, if they trust at all to the editor's sentences, must be without any knowledge of the absolute or the relative value of the books of the month. Aside from the critical notices and the large patch of dulness made by the "Chaplet of Pearls," the July number of *Hours at Home* is a good one. Doctor Bushnell has an eloquent paper with the title "Training for the Pulpit Manward," which sounds as much like a name given in baptism to a Puritan child of two hundred and twenty years ago as like an educated man's title for an oration. The body of the article has instances of the same fault, but it is just in thought and fit to be pondered by theological students who intend preaching. Another good article, "Christianity and Morality," is by M. Guizot. It is translated from the *Revue Chrétienne*, in which its author permitted it to appear before its publication in his forthcoming volume of "Meditations upon the Christian Religion." "Translations of the 'Dies Iræ'" is by Dr. Schaff, who ought to have taken a little more room and made a somewhat better finished article on a topic of which he is in some respects very well qualified to treat. Doctor J. F. Hurst sends home some anecdotes about the late King of Bavaria which are very kind to that monarch's memory, and will cause some surprise in the minds of those of us who have been thinking of him as a very bad old man of good tastes, who loved tyranny and Lola Montez.

The *Galaxy* for the coming month is of its usual goodness. Doctor Hammond makes an article on "The Brain and the Spinal Cord" which, doubtless, is to be accepted as authoritative, and may therefore be read with satisfaction. "T. W." will tell those who care to know about the great diamonds of the world, and he seems to have a little vein of pleasing humor. Miss Anna L. Johnson writes a story and an attempt at estimating Margaret Fuller, which are unequally disagreeable, the story being less affected, and giving fewer signs of the writer's ill-cultivated likings in literature, than the biographical sketch. A course of Dryden, say, or Boswell's Johnson, or the Duke of Wellington's Despatches would be the literary salvation of numbers of people who are now writing in the magazines and newspapers. To say a thing and have done with it; to say what one feels, no more and no less; to find out just what one thinks and put it into plain English without grimacing, is what we have more of in American literature than we used to have, but what we have too little of by far. Bad models, we imagine, are chargeable with the faults of some of the worst offenders, but innate dishonesty of character is what it looks like, and what probably it is, in too many cases. "The Church of the Future" is Methodism, if we are to believe an

anonymous writer in the *Galaxy's* list. Whether or not he is somewhat mistaken, he gives a mass of statistics of Methodism which some people will be glad to have put before them. Miss Annie Thomas and Miss Maria L. Pool are to be found in the *Galaxy* as well as in *Lippincott's;* Mr. Eugene Benson is in it ("Eastman Johnson") as well as in the *Atlantic*, and so is Mr. Henry James, Jr., whose story is called "Osborne's Revenge." There are all sorts of possibilities as to how it may turn out, and the reader is kept in suspense till the end, gazing on the inscrutability of Miss Congreve, and not feeling very well paid for his time when she and her lovers turn out to be nothing in particular. A writer in the "Nebulæ" quotes from John Fletcher some lines of a hymn to Venus, which must have been, the writer thinks, consciously or unconsciously, in Mr. Emerson's mind when he wrote Brahma. It is possible; but the poem remains as much Mr. Emerson's as before. It is to be found set forth in full in the essay on the Over-Soul in Emerson's prose works. Indeed, it is merely the Indian mystic's conception of life and being; and not the Indian mystic's alone, but the conception to which, so far as we can tell, idealists of all ages and countries have been sure to come. The Elizabethan poet stringing conceits about Love, or, if you like to say so, philosophizing in the idealistic manner about love, may say what seems good to him. All the same if he had never existed, the transcendentalist, endeavoring to put into English the Brahminical view of being, would have been compelled by unescapable necessity to say just what Mr. Emerson said. Of course, we speak as to the essence of the poem; "the red slayer" and other figures might be varied an utterly inconceivable number of times. But it is precisely in the figures or properties, so to speak, that Emerson and Fletcher differ. They differ, then, where they should, and the coincidence in idea is to be spoken of as mere coincidence. It is not to be forgotten that Mr. Emerson's whole being has long been saturated with this Orientalism, and to seek in Fletcher for the source of particular manifestations of it is to look in some pitcher for the source and origin of a drop of the water of the sea.

Man: Where, Whence, and Whither? Being a Glance at Man in his Natural History Relations. By David Page, LL.D. (New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond. 1868.)—The answers to the first and second questions on the title-page of this work are in the main a statement of the argument in favor of accounting for the origin of man through the theory of progressive development, the argument being based upon man's zoölogical and ethical relationships, physical surroundings, and geological history. The reasoning followed is not essentially different from that usually adopted, and, as far as the statement goes, has the merit of being clearly and methodically, though we cannot say that it is always carefully, made. A theory of progressive development of some kind meets with favor at the present time from such leading naturalists as Von Baer, Owen, Huxley, Siebold, Darwin, Rutemeyer, and others, chiefly, as we believe, because it enables one to form a reasonable conception of the mode of the incoming of organic forms upon the surface of the earth. Such a theory has in its favor the support of obvious analogies, seen in the development of plants and animals as it takes place daily under our eyes, each individual always passing from homogeneous organic matter, or at least from a nucleated cell, to a more or less complex structure of tissues and organs. In addition to this, there is in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as they now exist, on the whole, a progressive series of forms, though not without gaps and breaks, and among the extinct races other forms which make these breaks both fewer and smaller, though they do not bridge them over. Lastly, the whole history of the organic world points to an upward manifestation of life-force. Nevertheless, the progressive development of each individual organism out of a simple structure is no proof that the same is true of the race, and if the breaks in the animal series were wholly filled up, and there were as many intermediate forms between man and apes as the most zealous transmutationist might desire, although the consistency of facts and theory would thus become vastly more impressive, the actual derivation of one species from another would still remain to be proved. The mode of bringing about the transmutation, whether by "natural selection," according to Darwin, or by certain inherent qualities of the primordial forms, according to others, is a matter of secondary consideration, and about which the advocates of progressive development might widely differ.

The great and obvious difficulty in the way of the theory at present is the absence of any proof that the needed transmutations have taken place, and the opponents—foremost among whom is Agassiz, whose opinions are entitled to the highest consideration on account of the comprehensive manner in which he has studied through his busy life both extinct and existing forms—can point complacently at this negative objection. They do not, however, offer anything as a substitute for the theory they reject, unless it be, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, the view admitted by some, that all organic forms became at once, at the very beginning of their existence, the perfect beings we now see, through the coming together of inorganic atoms. This hypothesis is without a single analogy or positive observation in its favor, and at present is equally incapable of proof with the transmutation process itself.

Dr. Page's book is a special plea for transmutation, and for the most part his case is well presented; but he not unfrequently damages the cause he advocates by unwarranted assumptions, all the more damaging because they form so important a part in the foundations of his argument. The assertions that the mollusc is but "a more concentrated expression" of the radiate and articulate, and "the vertebrate a higher specialization of the mollusc," is conclusive evidence that the author is ignorant of the fact that the ablest comparative anatomists have failed to recognize any common type for these groups, a circumstance entirely opposed to the derivation of one from the other. Again, "reasoning from what we know," he says, "the Caucasian, or white man, has been preceded by the Mongol, Red Indian, and Malay; and these, in turn, were preceded by the Ethiopian or negro." As far as our knowledge of the relative antiquity of the races goes, the very reverse seems to be the case. The oldest remains of man hitherto discovered are not from Africa, but from the north of Europe, France, and California, and in their anatomical features do not even suggest the negro. Notwithstanding these and other defects, the work we are considering leaves upon the mind the feeling that the theory of progressive development is assuming day by day larger proportions and a more definite shape; but before it can be accepted as a legitimate hypothesis, it must await further research into that early condition out of which, if the hypothesis be true, man must have emerged before he became even a worker of stone or clay—when he stood on the borders of the brute creation.

Where is the City? (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.)—"Israel Knight, just under his majority, and fresh from a college"—which we may conjecture to have been a "business college," from the degree of subtle appreciation of the niceties of his native tongue which his style betrays, and the fine commercial air which pervades his correspondence and his "notes" on theological topics—set out to discover which among several of the sects of Christendom embodied the whole of Christian doctrine and practice. Having read the results of his investigations with some care, we find ourselves undecided whether to consider him as having conducted them in the interests of "our Roman Catholic brethren," or simply in his own interests as a maker of salable books. There is something to be said in behalf of each supposition—very little for the book itself, regarded in any other light than that in which it affects the publisher and the author. As a contribution to religious thought, or, indeed, to thought of any kind, it is absolutely worthless. After peering into various dark closets to find the sun, the ardent seeker after light who plays the part of hero reports that it is to be found in none of them—which may be a just, but is surely an insignificant conclusion. There is an elaborate show of fairness about his researches, which appearance is partly owing to the fact that he is to be described as a thinker of the "ardent and sensitive" stamp, prone to look at the illuminated side of things; to weep in Spiritualist circles when his deceased relatives appear over his left shoulder; to "free his mind" in Methodist love-feasts; and to be frequently in imminent danger of being converted to different sets of opinions. Nothing saves him but a great natural facility for blowing hot and cold in one breath. Except the Spiritualists, it is only among the Protestant sects that he looks, and he fixes his attention on the most orthodox division of each of them—what he calls "the right wing"—in order that his dissent from them shall be seen to proceed not from a consideration of their perversions, but from something unsatisfactory in their premises. According to Mr. Parton, the Catholics are just now very busy in the work of converting us all to the true fold—in the light of which fact this little book, which assumes to hold on to the fundamental principles of Christianity on one side, while carrying on a suggestive process of elimination among the sects on the other, wears a somewhat dubious and Jesuitical air. We ourselves, however, incline to the book-making theory as a sufficiently plausible one to account for its production. There is a want of acuteness in its investigations and of perceptible direction in its conclusions which is better adapted to interest without seriously dissatisfying the members of the different religious bodies of which it treats than to make it an efficient agent in the work of proselytism. As its thought is superficial, and its style by no means good, various considerations as to the shortness of human life decide us not to recommend it for perusal.